





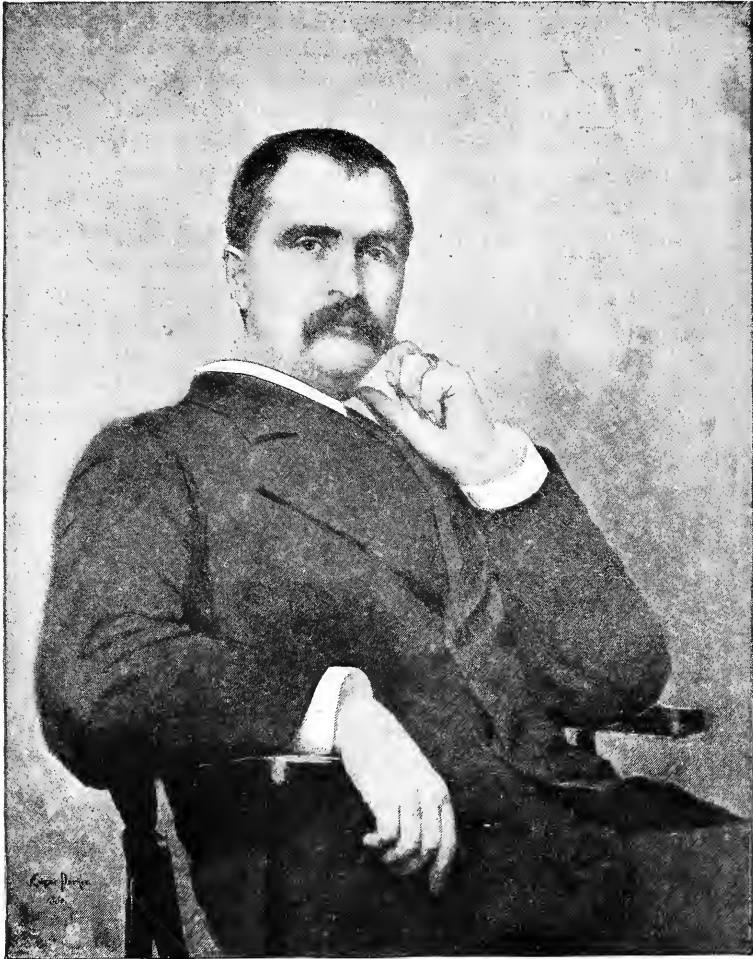
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Yours truly
John Boyle O'Reilly



THE

POETRY



AND

SONG



OF

IRELAND.

EDITED BY

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY,

EDITOR OF "THE BOSTON PILOT;" AUTHOR OF "SONGS FROM SOUTHERN SEAS;" "SONGS, LEGENDS
AND BALLADS;" "MOONDYNE;" "THE STATUES IN THE BLOCK;" "IN BOHEMIA," AND
"THE KING'S MEN: A TALE OF TO-MORROW."

WITH THE

PUBLISHER'S SUPPLEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION

THE WHOLE FORMING A STANDARD



ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ERIN'S POETRY AND SONG;

AND

A BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF HER POETS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER ONE HUNDRED CHOICE ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK:
GAY BROTHERS & CO.,
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- 1889

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BY

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

"THE Poetry and Song of Ireland" is the outgrowth of a most excellent collection of poems, for which the Publishers, in 1886, secured Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly as Editor, to make such revision and additions as seemed necessary, as well as to prepare biographical notices of all the poets embraced in the work.

The first edition, issued in 1887, as prepared by Mr. O'Reilly (which is retained unaltered in the present volume), was so well received that the Publishers immediately decided to greatly enlarge the scope of the work and make it a Standard Encyclopædia of Erin's Poetry and Song." The result will be seen in the "Publishers' Supplement," beginning at page 815, wherein selections in great number and variety are given from many authors not previously represented in the compilation.

The biographies of the poets appearing in the "Supplement" have, for the convenience of the reader, been arranged in the same alphabetical series with those printed in the previous edition.

It is believed that the present edition of "The Poetry and Song" embraces selections from a larger number of the Irish poets than has hitherto appeared in any one volume. The principle followed in admitting new selections to the present edition of the work has been to admit verses of real merit, regardless of the degree of fame enjoyed by the author.

In the biographical department of the work will be found a brief sketch of each poet. If in a few instances the sketches are not as full as might be desired, we trust that the difficulty of securing material of this kind will be taken into account, as much of it has never before appeared in permanent form. In connection with the biographies the publishers have given portraits of all poets whose likenesses they have been able to secure, having put forth no inconsiderable effort and expense in the attempt to secure portraits of all.

The Publishers are greatly indebted, and desire to express their thanks to the many friends of the work who have given aid in the preparation of the present edition, and trust that the same kindly interest and co-operation will be extended by both old and new friends for the further enrichment of succeeding editions.

The Publishers are confident that the compilation will prove to be a thoroughly representative one of the best work of the Irish poets, and will fill a long felt want in giving within the compass of one volume a collection of verse worthy of the poetic genius of the "Land of Poets."

They are assured that the present edition of "The Poetry and Song" will afford to all lovers of Ireland's muse a rich symposium of the choicest fruit of Erin's bards in every land and every age.

THE EDITOR'S SHARE IN THE WORK.

Upon the appearance of the first edition of "Poetry and Song," a question was raised in the public press regarding Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly's share in the work as editor, and the publishers' right to use his name. Mr. O'Reilly has not conceded the necessity and importance of his publicly correcting these adverse comments. Under these circumstances the publishers, as a matter of public interest, and in order to protect their reputation, think themselves justified, and guilty of no breach of good faith, if to settle this question beyond all doubt they print herewith, in full, a fac-simile of the document drawn up in Mr. O'Reilly's own handwriting, outlining in advance the work he deemed proper to be done,—which he afterward undertook, consummated, and received pay for as stipulated.

The publishers not only had full authority to use the editor's name but it was obligatory upon them to do so, as will be seen by reference to the clause in which Mr. O'Reilly wrote "my name to follow the book and copyright."

If further evidence were wanting as to whether Mr. O'Reilly personally edited the volume, his desire to be held fully responsible therefor, expressed in an unsolicited letter to the publishers, dated June 11th, 1886, should be conclusive. In this letter, written upon his completion of the work, he states in regard to his relation thereto "The literary part is mine, the business part yours."

The entire work prepared by Mr. O'Reilly, including the biographical sketches, is retained unaltered in the present volume which also contains the "Publishers' Supplement" to the second edition.

The Pilot Editorial Rooms.

John Boyle O'Reilly
I agree to do the following work in preparing
the volume of Poets & Poetry of Ireland
for the press & to have it done by the 1st of
June 1886 or earlier if possible — &
will furnish the work as finished —

Revision & rearrangement of present
book : to wit, new poems of Moore to
take the place of 22 pages cancelled, & follow
worth to follow Irish Melodies :

To save all that may be omitted from present
introductions & index (amounting to probably
130 pages) & to substitute with new parts.

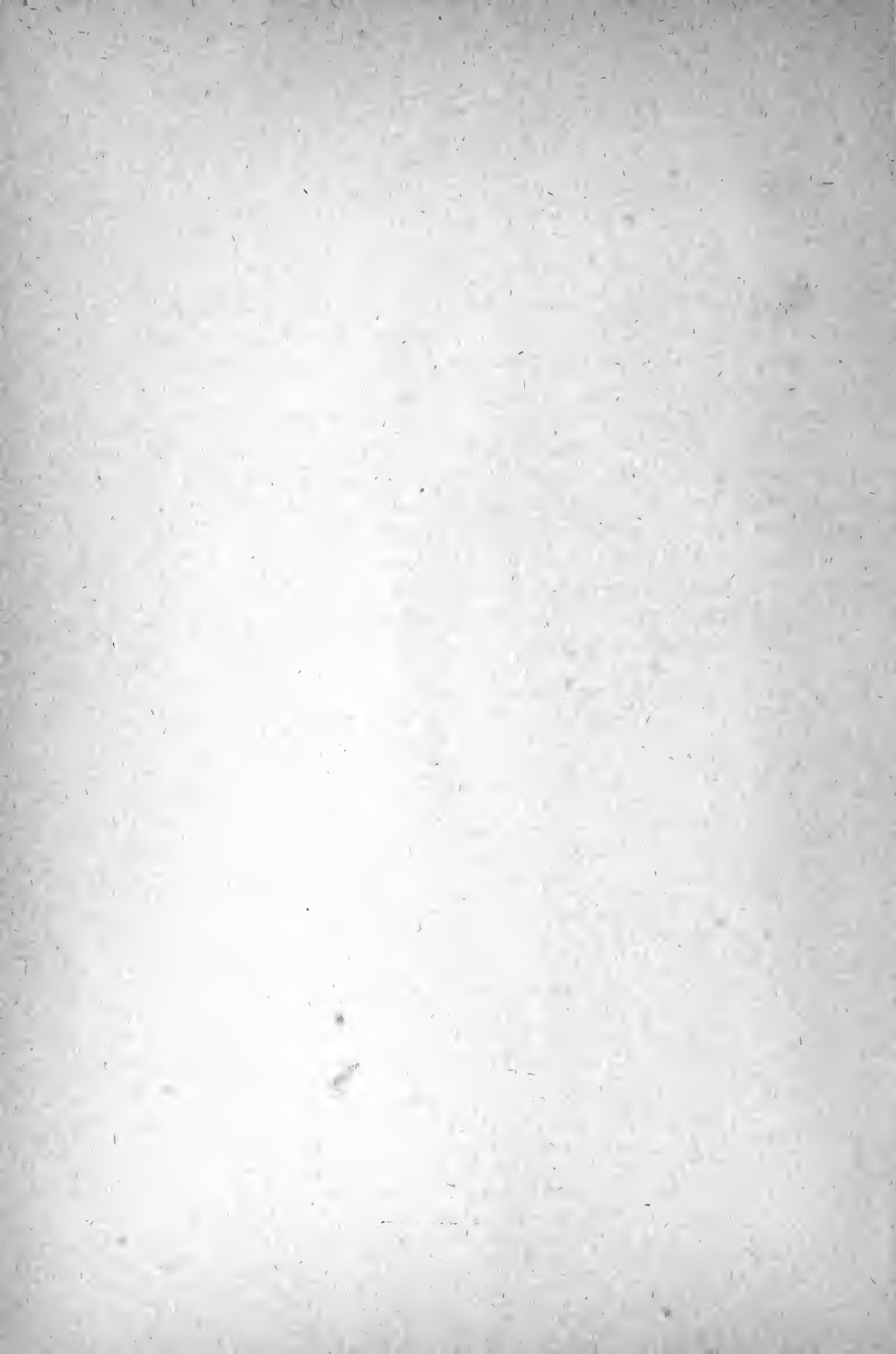
To add to present parts represented,
such poems as may be desirable.

To write an introduction of at-
least seven pages, my name to
follow the book & copyright.

For the sum of five hundred dollars
to be paid by Gay Bros & Co as follows
Two hundred & fifty dollars when signed

demanded and
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John Boyle O'Reilly
J. B. O'Reilly



INTRODUCTION.

THE many-sided Celtic nature has no more distinct aspect than its poetic one. The Celt is a born poet or lover of poetry. His mental method is symbolic like a Persian rather than picturesque like an Italian or logical like an Anglo-Saxon.

The Poet has been more highly honored by the Irish race than by any other, except perhaps, the Jews. But the Jewish poet was removed from the masses, a man apart, a monitor, a Prophet. The Irish poet and bard was the very voice of the people, high and low, sad and merry—the song-maker, the croon-chanter, the story-teller, the preserver of history, the rewarder of heroes.

In the old days of Celtic freedom, art and learning, the poet was part of the retinue or household organization of every Irish prince or chieftain.

The claim of the poet in Arthur O'Shaughnessy's exquisite ode is nowhere more readily allowed than in Ireland:—

“ WE are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams:
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers,
Of the world forever, it seems.

“ With wonderful deathless ditties,
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory;
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure,
Can trample a kingdom down.

“ A breath of our inspiration,
Is the life of each generation;
A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
Unearthly, impossible-seeming,
The soldier, the king and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present,
And their work in the world be done.”

The true nature of a developed race is best tested by its abstractions. Not by the digging of mines, the building of cities or the fighting of battles, but by the singing of songs, the weaving of folk-lore, the half-unconscious plaint or laugh of the lilted melody. These are the springs from the very heart of the mountain, and the subtle meanings of the whole descending river of centuries are only the hidden voices of the fountain-head.

To the end of the stream, the art-voice of a distinct people is distinct. An Irish song is as peculiarly Irish as a round tower or the interwoven decoration traced on a Celtic cross.

The latest expressions of Irish poets are even more purely characteristic of the race than those of a century ago, or half a century. A century ago, the Irish mind had hardly begun to think in English, and the heart had absolutely no voice but the beloved and eloquent language of the Gael. All the cultivated poetry of the 18th century was cast in English moulds. The old songs of Ireland were lost in the transition; and for a whole century or more the Irish people made no songs or only those of a rude versification. They carried the ancient wordless music in their hearts; the wandering piper and harper played the dear melodies and planxties to them; the ploughboy whistled and the milk-maid sung the archaic airs; and so they were preserved like the disconnected jewels of a queen's necklace, till the master-singer came, eighty years ago, and gathered them up lovingly and placed them forever in his precious setting of the "Melodies." Ireland's indebtedness to Thomas Moore is inestimable.

English has now become the Irishman's native tongue; and his oriental mind is putting it to strange and beautiful uses. For instance: a few years ago, the lamented poet, Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, who was a physician in Boston, was returning to Ireland in broken health—he returned only to die in the land of his love). A brother Irishman and poet of Boston, the Rev. Henry Bernard Carpenter, sent after him a "Vive Valeque," (the complete poem is contained in this collection,) a superb illustration of Celtic imagery, pathos, and rhythm:—

"O SADDEST of all the sea's daughters, Ierne, dear mother isle,
Take home to thy sweet, still waters thy son whom we lend thee awhile.
Twenty years has he poured out his song, epic echoes heard in our street,
Twenty years have the sick been made strong as they heard the sound of his feet.
For few there be in his lands whom Apollo deigns to choose
On whose heads to lay both his hands in medicine-gift and the muse.
Double-grieved because double-gifted now take him and make strong again
The heart long winnowed and sifted on the threshing-floor of pain.
Saving others, he saved not himself, like a shipmaster staunch and brave
Whose men leave the surge-beaten shelf while he sinks alone in the wave.
The child in the night cries 'mother,' and straight one dear hand gives peace;
Ierne, be kind to our brother; speak thou, and his plague shall cease.
Thou gavest him once as revealer song-breath and the starry scroll,
Give him now as his heart's best healer, life-breath and balsam for the soul."

And nowhere could a bolder example of the facility of the Celt to use outer

things to express the inward image than these lines from John Savage's poem on "Washington:"—

" Could I have seen thee in the council bland,
Firm as a wall, but as deep stream thy manner;
Or when, at trembling Liberty's command,
Facing grim havoc like a flag-staff stand,
The squadrons rolling round thee like a banner!"

But among the latest and surely one of the best examples of true Celtic passion and poetry—a voice as mystical and as spiritual as the winds of Ossian—are the poems of Fanny Parnell. Crushed out, like the sweet life of a bruised flower, these "Land League Songs" are the very soul-cry of a race. The life of the singer was fast wearing away when they were written; and she hurried their publication in the form most suited to circulation among the poorest readers, wishing to see the little book before she died. All her poems breathe depths of love that seem like the actual breath of existence. Here is one that is the utterance of an antique Celtic soul:—

" As the breath of the musk-rose is sweetest 'mid flowers,
As the palm like a queen o'er the forest-trees towers,
As the pearl of the deep sea 'mid gems is the fairest,
As the spice-cradled phoenix 'mid birds is the rarest,
As the star that keeps guard o'er Flath-Innis shines brightest,
As the angel-twined snow-wreaths 'mid all things are whitest,
As the dream of the singer his faint speech transcendeth,
As the rapture of martyrs all agony endeth,
As the rivers of Aidenn 'mid earth's turbid waters,
As Una the Pure One 'mid Eve's fallen daughters,
So is Erin, my shining one,
So is Erin, my peerless one!"

If there existed no other specimen of Gaelic verse, this poem, "Erin, my Queen!" might be taken as a translation of a high order. In the form of her verse, as well as in its purpose, Fanny Parnell was an inspired Irish poet, expressing in sound, sense, and sight the symbolic meaning of the Gael.

In all the history of poetry, I know nothing more sadly beautiful than the song she wrote just before her death, when the awful vision must have already come to her in the night, and when the pure spirit was only held down strongly by one great sacrificial earthly love. With the shadow upon her face, she bravely wrote down as the title of her poem the words "POST-MORTEM," and after them placed the date, "August 27, 1881," as if she had measured the distance to be traversed, and had grown so familiar with the desolate path as to mark it as she went. I was in constant communication with her at this time, in relation to the publication of her book; and I know that if ever poet died with the love-cry on her lips, it was this dear singer in her death-song:—

AUG. 27, 1881.

- “ SHALL mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country?
 Shall mine eyes behold thy glory?
 Or shall the darkness close around them, ere the sun-blaze
 Breaks at last upon thy story?
- “ When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle,
 As a sweet, new sister hail thee,
 Shall these lips be sealed in callous death and silence,
 That have known but to bewail thee?
- “ Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises,
 When all men their tribute bring thee?
 Shall the mouth be clay, that sang thee in thy squalor,
 When all poets' mouths shall sing thee?
- “ Ah! the harpings and the salvos and the shoutings
 Of thy exiled sons returning!
 I should hear, though dead and mouldered, and the grave damp
 Should not chill my bosom's burning.
- “ Ah! the tramp of feet victorious! I should hear them
 'Mid the shamrocks and the mosses,
 And my heart should toss within the shroud and quiver,
 As a captive dreamer tosses.
- “ I should turn and rend the cere-clothes round me,
 Giant-sinews I should borrow,
 Crying, 'O my brothers, I have also loved her,
 In her lowliness and sorrow.
- “ ‘ Let me join with you the jubilant procession,
 Let me chant with you her story;
 Then contented I shall go back to the shamrocks,
 Now mine eyes have seen her glory.’ ”

No land in human history has evoked deeper or more sacrificial devotion than Ireland; and, it is fitting that her poets should be the voice of this profound feeling. There are joyous notes in their gamut, they sing at times merrily, boldly, amorously; but the unceasing undertone is there, like a river in a forest. How touching is the question of D'Arcy McGee, written in a strange country, where he had earned fame and power:—

“ AM I remember'd in Erin—
 I charge you, speak me true—
 Has my name a sound, a meaning
 In the scenes my boyhood knew?
 Does the heart of the Mother ever
 Recall her exile's name?
 For to be forgot in Erin,
 And on earth is all the same.”

But the days of gloom and travail are passing away from Ireland, and her scattered children "are like the ocean sand." Generations intensely Irish in blood and sympathies have never seen Ireland. They have been born under American, Australian and Argentine skies; they wander by Canadian rivers and vast American lakes; they tend their flocks on South African and New Zealand valleys. And the fancy of the poet must feed on what it sees as well as on what it dreams. Arthur O'Shaughnessy's noble poem, "The Song of a Fellow Worker," unconsciously brings to mind a street in London—for his life was passed in the vast city. In his almost peerless prefatory ode (to "Music and Moonlight,") he is abstract as a Greek of old—one of the singers for mankind, unrelated, unrestrained. There is a rare far-sighted philosophy in this dream of a poet, calmly placing his non-productive class highest and apart from the industrious, the potential, the ambitious, the utilitarian.

"Among eminent persons," says Emerson, "those who are most dear to men are not of the class which the economist calls producers; they have nothing in their hands; they have not cultivated corn nor made bread; they have not led out a colony nor invented a loom." So sings Arthur O'Shaughnessy:—

"But we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing:
O men! it must ever be
That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,
A little apart from ye.

"For we are afar with the dawning
And the suns that are not yet high,
And out of the infinite morning
Intrepid you hear us cry—
How, spite of your human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die."

Patriots, too, in other causes than Erin's are "the sea-divided Gael." No love for Ireland was ever more passionately laid around her feet than Father Abram Ryan's devotion to the South and her "Lost Cause." There is no deeper note of manly dejection, no more poignant word of defeat than his "Conquered Banner." The sweat and smoke-stain of the battle are on his face when the waved hand puts aside the beloved flag:—

"Furl the Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
Furl it, fold it—it is best.
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,

And there's not one left to lave it
 In the blood which heroes gave it;
 And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, hide it,—let it rest."

Father Ryan is a fitting voice for a Lost Cause. At his brightest he is sad. The shadow of the South's failure in the field seems hardly ever to lift from his spirit. His is the yearning of a soul that cannot compromise—that walks with death "down the valley of Silence" sooner than accept new and strange conditions. But with the indestructible will of the poet and patriot he sends out "Sentinel Songs" to keep watch and ward over those who fell in the brave fight, that the victor may not trample on their graves and blot out their names forever:—

"Songs, march! he gives command,
 Keep faithful watch and true;
 The living and dead of the conquered land
 Have now no guards save you.

"List! Songs, your watch is long,
 The soldiers' guard was brief;
 Whilst right is right, and wrong is wrong
 Ye may not seek relief."

Another phase of the Irish poetical nature, and a noble one, is moral, prophetic, and symbolical. This is well exemplified by William Allingham, a poet who touches two strong Irish keys, the peasant's song and the philosopher's vision, on consecutive pages—as for instance, his popular "Farewell to Ballyshannon and the Winding Banks of Erin," and his wonderful little poem, "The Touchstone." Another poem of Allingham's seems to me to be one of the best examples of an Irish song, for its melody and spirit—"Among the Heather." Observe the flow of these lines:—

"One evening walking out, I o'ertook a modest *colleen*,
 When the wind was blowing cool and the harvest-leaves were falling:
 "Is our road by chance, the same? Might we travel on together?"
 "O I keep the mountain-side," (she replied,) "among the heather."

But Allingham's "Touchstone" is a poem of another kind altogether. It is the utterance of a deep thought in allegory—the only means of expressing it whole, or without the cheap setting of mere intellectuality. The very rhythm suits the story as if invented for it:—

"A man there came, whence none can tell,
 Bearing a touchstone in his hand;
 And tested all things in the land
 By its unerring spell."

The poem will be read many times during a lifetime by him who reads it once; and it will never be forgotten. It will feed the mind with rare fancy to reflect on the strewn ashes, each grain of which "conveyed the perfect charm."

There is one remarkable feature absent from modern Irish poetry, from the work of poets born in Ireland and other countries: the song-maker is rare, and becoming rarer. Allingham has written only a few songs; McCarthy not many; Alfred Perceval Graves a good many, and very good ones. In America the poets of the Irish have had only one eminent song-maker, Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce. His volume "Songs and Poems," is a most notable book of songs, written mainly to old Irish airs, which adds to their value and charm. Joyce had in a high degree the melody-sense and the brief one-ideal and richly-chased song method. His ballads are stirring songs, as anyone knows who has ever heard the chorus of "The Iron Cannon" or "The Blacksmith of Limerick." In "Deirdré" and "Blanid," both noble epics, the songs interspersed are the high-water mark of Joyce's genius. We range the fields of literature to find more exquisite songs than "Forget me not," and "O, Wind of the West that Bringest." Not only sweet to the ear but to the soul, the cry of the little blue-eyed blossom in the deadly embrace of the "bitter-fanged strong East wind:"—

"O woods of waving trees! O living streams,
In all your noontide joys and starry dreams,
Let me, for love, let me be unforgot!
O birds that sing your carols while I die,
O list to me! O hear my piteous cry—
Forget me not! alas! forget me not!"

Joyce's life was a poem in its unrealities, achievements, agony and gloom. He died in the strength of manhood, beloved by the friends whom he had made, proudly secretive, but beyond hope, and heart-broken. He was so strong, so wise, and so harmless to man or woman, that his life, under fair conditions, would have been as fair and natural as the flow of a river. He wrote his songs in his happier years. He composed as he walked in the crowded city streets. On his daily rounds as an over-burdened physician, the strongly-marked face was usually pre-occupied, the sight introverted. He was always "making a song," or working some of his characters in or out of difficult positions. A friend met him once in Boston and was passed unnoticed. He stopped the Doctor by touching his arm, and the spell was broken. "Oh man!" cried the poet, with his rich Limerick utterance, "I was getting Deirdré down from the tower! she's been up there for three months, with the ladder stolen; and I could'nt think how I was ever to get her down, without a balloon."

But in the streets, too, the chill of the secret grief would strike his heart like a breath from the grave, and the powerful form would shudder with the spirit's suffering. It was then he wrote the woful nameless little song in "Blanid," which I have called in this collection "The Cry of the Sufferer." There was no dainty seeking after artificial misery when Joyce wrote these lines:—

"The measured rounds of dancing feet,
The songs of wood-birds wild and sweet,

The music of the horn and flute,
Of the gold strings of harp and lute
Unheeded all shall come and go—
For I am suffering, and I know!

No kindly counsel of a friend
With soothing balm the hurt can mend;
I walk alone in grief, and make
My bitter moan for her dear sake,
For loss of love is man's worst woe,
And I am suffering, and I know!"

Dr. Joyce won a distinct and deserved renown in America's literary capital. Respect and affection met him in the street, the garret, and the drawing-room. Old Harvard honored him with a degree. The poor, among whom he labored unceasingly, and to whom he gave unstintedly of money and gratuitous attendance, repaid him with love. A physician, who took his vacant place and much of his practice, and who did not know Joyce, has since said:—"He was an extraordinary man, and a very good man. His charity was never-ending. I find traces of it in every poor street and tenement-house I visit."

The splendid "Hymnos Paionios," or song of healing, by the Rev. Henry Bernard Carpenter, was sent after him to Ireland as a message of love, when he went there to die. The poem reached him in time to bring joy to his heart with the knowledge that the men whom he loved in America had given love in return, and would keep his memory green. Very beautiful are these strong lines:—

"O saddest of all the sea's daughters, Ierne, sweet mother isle
Say how canst thou heal at thy waters the son whom we lend thee awhile?
When the gathering cries implore thee to help and to heal thy kind,
When thy dying are strewn before thee, thy living ones crouch behind;
When about thee thy perishing children cling, crying, 'Thou only art fair,
We have seen through their maze bewildering that the earth-gods never spare.'
And the wolves blood-ripe with slaughter gnaw at thee with fangs of steel;
Thou, Niobe-Land of the water, hast many children to heal.
Yet heal him, Ierne, dear mother, thy days with his days shall increase,
At the song of this Delphic brother, nigh half of thy pangs shall cease.
Nor art thou, sweet friend, in a far land,—all places are near on the globe,—
Our greeting wear for thy garland, our love for the festival robe.
While we keep through glory and gloom two altar-candles for thee,
Thy 'Blaid' of deathless doom and thy dead but undying 'Deirdré.' "

In adding to this fine collection of Irish poems, originally compiled some years ago by another hand, I am necessarily restricted in space and in the number of the later Irish and Irish-American poets represented. But the names here are likely to "hold their own" till another generation gleans the literary field and throws away the crumbling ears.

It is remarkable that Boston, the literary centre of the Anglo-American stock,

should also promise a similar harvest for the Irish-American. Here at one and the same time were Dr. Joyce, Rev. H. B. Carpenter, Louise Imogen Guiney, James Jeffrey Roche, Mrs. M. E. Blake and Katharine Conway—poets winning garlands outside the limits of their own race. Indeed, no truer New England singer than Louise Guiney has come in a generation. Her “Gloucester Harbor” is a memorable poem. How striking are these stanzas:—

“North from the beautiful islands,
North from the headlands and highlands,
The long sea-wall,
The white ships flee with the swallow;
The day-beams follow and follow,
Glitter and fall.

“The brown ruddy children that fear not,
Lean over the quay, and they hear not
Warnings of lips;
For their hearts go a-sailing, a-sailing,
Out from the wharves and the wailing
After the ships!”

It may be that the sweetest songs are sung in sorrow. An Irish air

“is full of farewells for the dying
And murmurings for the dead.”

It surely is true that “Affliction is a mother whose painful throes yield many sons, each fairer than the other.” In the past, for nearly 1000 years, the Irish heart-song has been shaded by the woe of desolation. Dane and Saxon have oppressed and harried the land. There is no sorrow so piteous as the cry of weakness in the strangling grasp of Power. This cry is heard in all the songs of the Gael—even in the most joyous.

The future has a hoarded summer time for Ireland—when her ancient glory may be revived and surpassed. In the dream of Clarence Mangan he pictures the Irish realm of the 13th century:—

“I walked entranced
Through a land of morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens aleft and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain,
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
’Twas in the reign,
Of Cúhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.”

The despair of the past is now rarely expressed by an Irish poet—and never

by the poet of the exiled race. Those who have wholly sung for Americans have expressed as deep love as those who had to stay and see the mother-country in her sufferings. The poems of Daniel Connolly and James J. Roche are notable illustrations, as for instance this fine poem from Mr. Roche:—

ANDROMEDA.

THEY chained her fair young body to the cold and cruel stone;
The beast begot of sea and slime had marked her for his own;
The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her there alone.
Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who denied her,
Ye left her there alone !

My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy pain;
The night that hath no morrow was brooding on the main;
But lo ! a light is breaking of hope for thee again.
'Tis Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of day proclaiming
Across the western main.

O Ireland ! O my country ! he comes to break thy chain !

When the foreign blight is removed from Ireland; when the valleys and hills and rivers ring with happy Irish voices, the voices of the owners of the land; when the long silence is broken by the whirr of busy wheels; when the dark treasures are dug from the earth and fashioned into lovely Art; when the nets of the fishers in lough and river and ocean are burdened daily with the heaping wealth; when the ships sail in and out on every tide from the harbor-serried coast; when Irish marbles and porphyries are carved into precious forms of beauty, and Irish metals are worked into shapes of loveliness and use; when the Irishman stretches out his hand to the world full of his kindred and rejoices in other men's joy instead of constantly grieving over his own grief—then there shall come poets to Ireland with songs attuned to a new spirit, and the voice of the Celt shall be heard through a thousand years of triumph as it has been through a thousand years of pain.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

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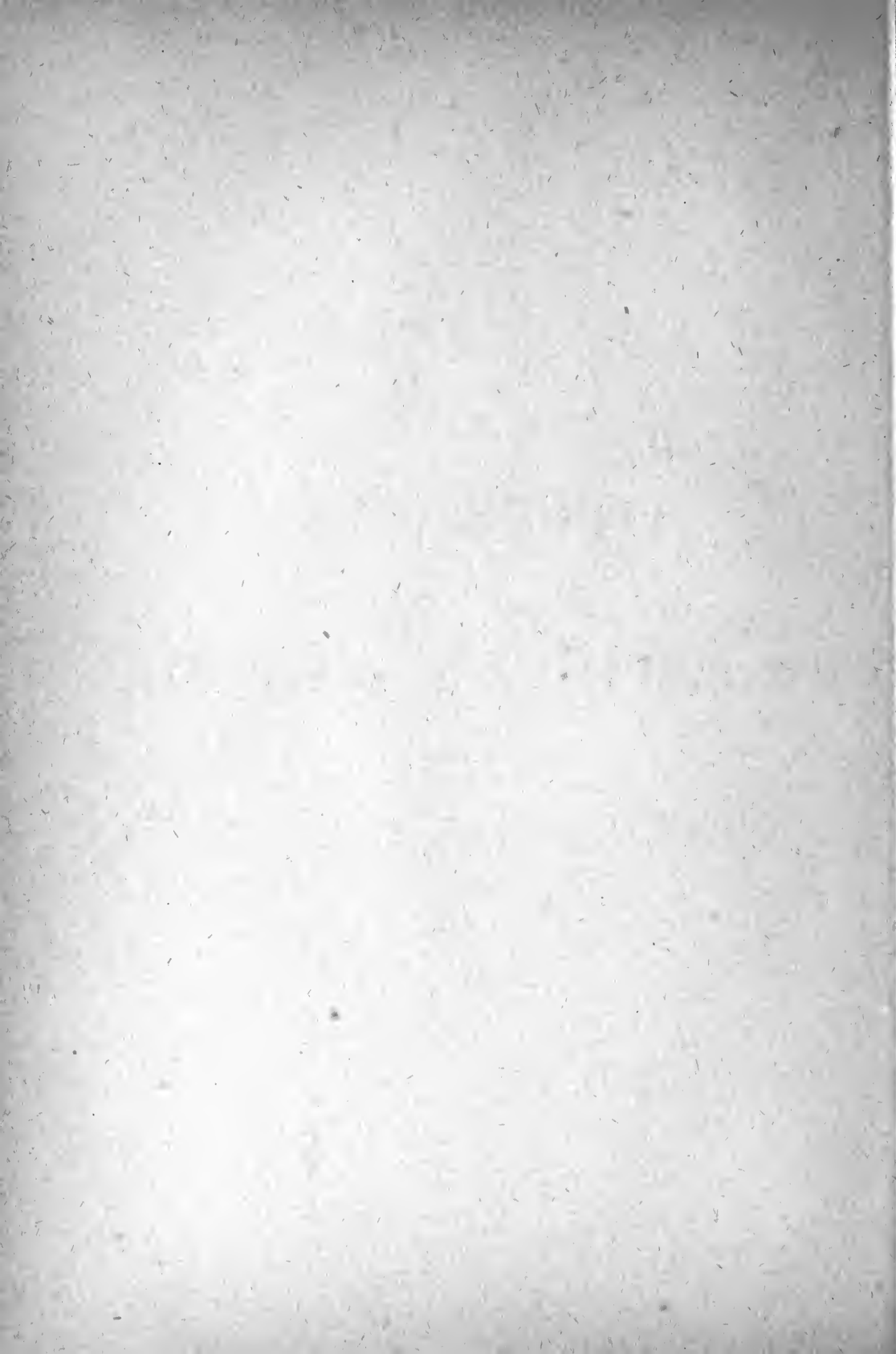
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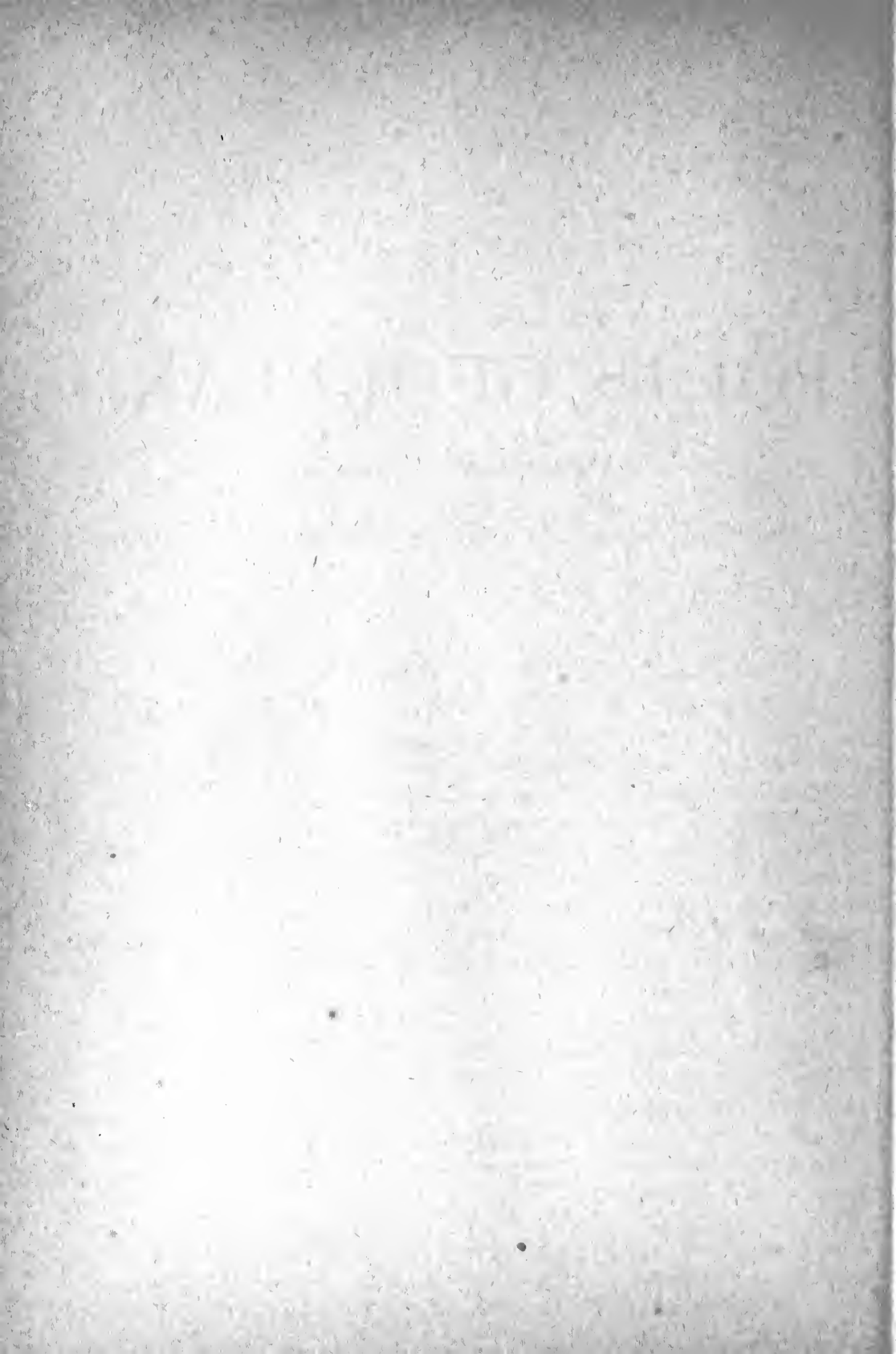
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PORTRAITS
AND
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
THE POETS OF IRELAND.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE POETS OF IRELAND

Alphabetically Arranged

AND GIVING PAGE WHERE POEMS OF EACH CAN BE FOUND IN THIS VOLUME.

WM. ALLINGHAM.

WM. ALLINGHAM, poet and writer, born 1828 at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, Ireland, to which picturesque locality he often refers in his lyrics. At a very early age he displayed marked literary taste. He served in the English Customs, meantime contributing to the *Athenæum*, *Household Words* and other periodicals. The first volume of his poems was published in 1850, followed in 1854 by his "Day and Night Songs." In 1869 he brought out "*Latrence Bloomfield in Ireland*," its characteristic features of Irish life being a subject new to narrative poetry. Retiring from the Customs in 1872 he in 1874 succeeded James A. Froude as Editor of *Frazer's Magazine*. His marriage with Miss Helen Patterson, the artist, took place the same year. (Poems, page, 598.)

JOHN ANSTER.

JOHN ANSTER, LL.D., a distinguished poet and essayist, was born at Charleville, in the county of Cork in 1796. He entered Trinity college, Dublin, in the year 1810. Some of his earlier pieces were published before he took his degree. Subsequently to that period, he published a prize poem on the death of the Princess Charlotte, and in 1819 he published his "Poems, with translations from the German." These were at once received into favor. The truth and vigor of the translated extracts from "*Faust*" were at once acknowledged, and it is said that the great German poet himself recognized their excellence. These extracts were reprinted in England and America, and their success encouraged Anster to undertake the laborious task of translating the entire poem, which

he completed in 1835. The publication of this work established the reputation of Anster. It is a production of rare felicity and genius, and one of the few instances in which translation attains to the level of original composition. In 1837, Dr. Anster published a small volume of poems under the title of "Xeniola," which contains many pieces of merit. He also contributed largely to the leading British periodicals, and was a constant writer in "The Dublin University Magazine," and the "North British Review." He was called to the Irish bar in 1824. During his later years he confined himself to the duties of his chair as regius professor of civil law in the University of Dublin. His literary services were recognized by a pension on the civil list, conferred upon him in 1841. (Poems, page 675.)

MICHAEL JOSEPH BALFE.

M. J. BALFE, one of the most distinguished of modern musicians and composers, was born in Dublin, May 15, 1808. In his eighth year he appeared in public in a concert at the Exchange, Dublin. At sixteen he removed to London and supported himself by performing in the orchestra at Drury Lane. In 1825,



a Russian count, Mezzara, took him to Italy and educated him at his own expense. For many years he remained in Italy, where he produced many of his operas, and won an European reputation. He wrote altogether about thirty





JOHN BANIM.

years. The "Bohemian Girl" and "A Talisman" are his best. For many years he was conductor in Her Majesty's Theatre, London. He died Oct. 20, 1870. A tablet was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey a few years ago. (Poem, page 830.)

JOHN BANIM.

JOHN BANIM, a talented and popular novelist, was born in Kilkenny, April 3, 1798. After a collegiate course, his artistic tastes urged him to adopt painting as a profession. Studying faithfully and successfully for two years at the academy of the Royal Dublin Society, he returned to his native city as a portrait painter; he also edited the *Leinster Gazette*. In 1820, we find him again in Dublin engaged in literary pursuits, but discouraged and disheartened with the product of his labors, until the production of his tragedy of "Damon and Pythias." This play, which was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, Macready and Charles Kemble supporting the principal characters, established his reputation. The first series of the popular "Tales by the O'Hara family" was published in 1825, the last in 1829. They are "The Peep o' Day," "The Smuggler," "The Disowned," "The Fetches," and "The Nowlans." These tales were the joint production of John and Michael Banim, and although highly sensational are well and powerfully written. John Banim was a hopeless invalid from his thirty-first year, and the close of his life was overshadowed by much privation and misfortune. Death ended his suffering in 1842 in the forty-fourth year of his age. (Poems, page 358.)

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY was a prominent member of the young Ireland party—the disciples of Davis, the founders of the Irish Confederation. He was the author of the first prize Repeal Essay and a frequent contributor to the *Nation*, in prose and verse. After the failure of '48, he openly abandoned the national cause of Ireland as a cause lost and defeated forever, announcing this change boldly and explicitly, and advising his countrymen to make the best of British provincialism, disagreeable as it might be. He was for some years editor of the *Cork Southern Reporter*, and later on held a minor government position. He died February, 1889. He was a nephew of the renowned Bishop of Charleston, the late Dr. England. (Poems, page 840.)

RIGHT REV. GEORGE BERKELEY.

GEORGE BERKELEY, Bishop of Cloyne, was born at Dysart Castle, on the river Nore, March 12, 1683. He was educated in Trinity College, and in 1705 founded a society to "promote investigations in the new philosophy of Boyle, Newton

and Locke." He published many works, the principal of which is "The Principles of Human Knowledge." He was the friend of Steele, Addison and Swift. He conceived the idea of emigrating to America and establishing a college for the advancement of its people. He procured a charter for a college; about £5000 was subscribed, the government promised £20,000 more, and he threw all his



private means into the undertaking. He landed at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1729. The government grant not arriving, he returned home after three years, leaving his Rhode Island property to Yale College as an endowment. His house on Rhode Island still stands. He died in 1753. (Poem, page 816.)

MRS. M. E. BLAKE.

MRS. MARY E. BLAKE is one of Boston's sweetest poets. Her maiden-name was McGrath. She was born September, 1840, at Dungarvan, county Waterford, Ireland, and came to America when six years old. She married Dr. John G. Blake, of Boston, in 1865; and has resided since in Boston—formerly in Quincy, Mass. Mrs. Blake is a poet of extensive range. She published a volume of "Poems" in 1882. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.) (Poems, page 769.)

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

JOSEPH BRENNAN was one of the band of gifted young men who participated in the troubles of '48 in Ireland. After the failure of the movement, he was obliged to seek the shores of America. Here he devoted himself to the profession of journalism and soon won a name by his poetic contributions to the jour-

nals and magazines of the day. He died in New Orleans in 1857, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was totally blind the year before his death. Joseph Brennan married Miss Mary Savage, a sister of Mrs. Col. Murphy, of San Fran-



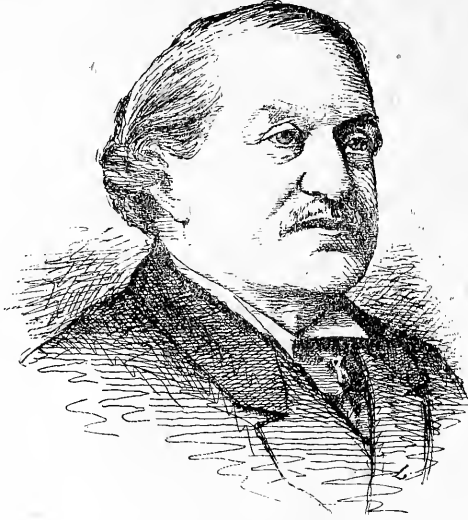
cisco, and of the late John Savage. Four children were the issue of the marriage, only one of whom survives—a daughter—who was named after Florence McCarthy, a bosom friend of Brennan's. She is now Sister Mary Angela of the Convent of Mercy, Omaha. He was born in Cork, Ireland. His poems are distinguished for their power, pathos, and exquisite diction. (Poems, page 864.)

FRANCES BROWNE.

FRANCES BROWNE (The Blind Poetess) was born in the County Donegal, June 16, 1818. Her loss of sight was owing to a severe attack of small pox during her infancy, which left this deplorable mark of its presence. Her early education was acquired through the attention with which she listened to the instructions given her sisters and brother; her natural literary tastes requiring but little assistance to grow to perfect fruition. As early as her seventh year, her desire for verse-making made itself manifest. In 1844 her first volume of poems was published and received with much favor. "The Legends of Ulster," a volume of "Lyrics" and "Miscellaneous Poems" soon followed. Taking up her residence in London, her sister accompanied her, acting as her amanuensis. Here she became a contributor to the leading periodicals of the day. Her novels "The Hidden Sin" and the "Ericksons" acquired much popularity. In 1861 she published "My Thoughts of the World." (Poems, page 800.)

JOHN BROUGHAM.

JOHN BROUGHAM, dramatist, actor, and poet, was born in the city of Dublin in 1810. He came to the United States in 1842, and was connected with the stage until his death, which occurred in 1880. As a comedian he had few equals



in his day. For a time he published in New York a comic paper, *The Lantern*, in which many of his fugitive pieces appeared. He was the author of many plays, poems and stories, of high literary merit. A volume of his select works has been published by Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass. (Poems, page 877.)

MARY C. BURKE.

MRS. BURKE was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, and was brought by her parents to this country when about six years old. Her father, William H. Dunn, was a lawyer, and practised in Philadelphia, where he was well known as a man of superior education, a witty, brilliant writer and speaker, a high-minded, generous gentleman. He removed with his family to New York where, in 1854, his eldest daughter, Mary Catharine, then 20 years of age married the late Dr. John Burke, one of New York's best known and most successful physicians. Mrs. Burke, encouraged by Dr. Huntington, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and her father, had already written poems, which were published and praised, but an uncommonly happy home, and the cares of a large family, interfered with a literary career which, under less fortunate circumstances, might have been more successful, as all that she has written has been most favorably received. Her poems are simple and natural, appealing from her own heart to others of the same mind. (Poems, page 902.)

VERY REV. THOS. N. BURKE.

VERY REV. T. N. BURKE, one of the most distinguished pulpit orators and lecturers of the age, was born in the city of Galway, Ireland, in 1830. In his sixteenth year he went to Rome, where he studied for five years and was then elevated to the priesthood. He became a member of the Order of Dominicans, and labored as a missionary for many years in England and Ireland. He quickly distinguished himself by his zeal and energy and attracted public attention by his eloquence as a speaker and his skill as a debater. He again went to Rome, was made Superior of St. Clement's, and after a brief stay returned to Ireland and resumed his labors. While Provincial of his Order, in 1872, he visited the United States. Here he preached and lectured to vast audiences in all the principal cities of the Union. As indicated by his portrait, Father Burke had with a kindly disposition and a keen sense of humor an intensely combative spirit. While on this tour the latter element of his character found full scope. The English historian Froude was on a mission to this country at the



time, in order to win over the moral support of the American people for the English in their continued course of oppression of the Irish. Father Burke at once delivered a powerful lecture in New York in which he presented the Irish side of the case with remarkable power. This led to a vigorous controversy. In a debate wonderful for its eloquence and conclusiveness, Father Burke defeated the English representative, and sent him home baffled and crest-fallen. The lectures of the eloquent Father were printed in the leading daily papers of New York. No other priest from Ireland, not even Father Matthew, ever gained such wide popularity by means of his public utterances in the United States. His lectures were widely circulated in book form as well as in newspapers. They were first issued in two sumptuous volumes by P. M. Haverty. Another edition, in cheaper form, was soon put out by another publisher and had an extensive sale. Father Burke was the author of several volumes of sermons, lectures, and speeches. He died at Tallaght, in 1883. (Poem, page 834.)

REV. T. A. BUTLER.

REV. THOMAS AMBROSE BUTLER is a native of Ireland, where he was born in the year 1837. He is at present a resident of St. Louis, Mo. He published a



few years ago a meritorious volume of verse, entitled "The Irish on the Prairies and Other Poems." (Poem, page 903.)

J. J. CALLANAN

J. J. CALLANAN was born in Cork in 1795, and was intended by his parents for the priesthood. After a preparatory classical course in his native city, he entered Maynooth College at seventeen. At twenty, he found that he had mistaken his vocation, and he left the college. The next year he took two prizes in a poetical competition, and this decided his profession. He entered Trinity College to study medicine, and continued there for two years. He was full of literary projects; but they were not carried out. He was morbidly sensitive; and his unsettled aim and dependence increased his unrest. In 1827 he was a teacher in a school in Lisbon, Portugal, where his fatal illness came upon him. His moral qualities were of a very high order. Those who knew him well speak of him as scrupulously truthful, and honorable almost to romance. He was meek and charitable in speech to a degree not very common in those days. He never spoke ill of man; no injury could provoke him to it. Ingratitude itself did not awaken in him a spirit of resentment. Add to these qualities a rare gentleness of manner, and it is no wonder that he was, as is told, very dear to all that had intercourse with him. (Poems, page 551.)

DR. CAMPION.

DR. CAMPION was born in Ireland in the early part of the present century. He was a physician by profession, but was known as a devoted student of Irish historical literature, and he was a poet of more than ordinary merit. Many of his poems, notably those on historical subjects, display uncommon power. He was an ardent patriot. (Poems, page 826.)



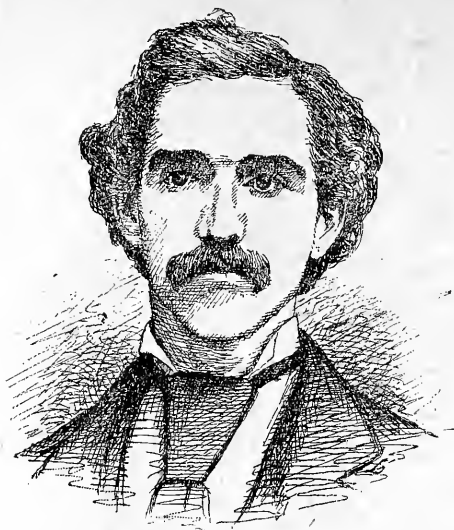
WILLIAM CARLETON.

WM. CARLETON, novelist, was born at Clogher, county Tyrone, 1798. Intended for the Church he, in his twelfth year, started on foot to attend a classical school in Munster. On the way the kindness of the peasantry provided him with bed and board. Disheartened, he returned, but had gained such a knowledge of the manners and customs of the people that, though the Church, perhaps, lost a gifted ornament, literature secured the most successful descriptive writer of the peasant character of Ireland. In turn village tutor in Louth and classical teacher in Dublin, he later devoted himself to literature, producing his *Traits and Stories of the Irish peasantry*. He died in Dublin, 1869. (Poems, page 695.)

GERALD CARLETON.

GERALD CARLETON is a native of Galway, Ireland, where he was born in

the year 1844. At an early age he engaged in journalism, and was for many years connected with leading British publications. He is best known as a pop-



ular novelist. He came to the United States in 1866, and, excepting eight years which he spent in Europe, has since resided in New York. (Poems, page 947.)



HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER.

REV. HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER, the successor of Rev. Thomas Starr King, and Pastor of Hollis St. Church, Boston, Mass., was born in Ireland in the year 1840. He sprang from two old and honored families in Kilkenny and Derry. His early training and taste for ancient and modern literature he de-

rived from his father, a clergyman of the once Established Church of Ireland, and an excellent classical scholar. After five years' residence at Oxford, where he was prizeman, honorman, and exhibitor of his college, he was appointed by Her Majesty's Commissioners of Education in Ireland as tutor and assistant-master in the upper department of Portora Royal Collegiate School, often called "the Eton of Ireland." As a lecturer on classic and historic themes, he has obtained celebrity in the New England states and in Canada, where he began his career about twelve years ago. Discharging all the duties of the religious society, to which he has ministered for nearly eight years, Rev. Bernard Carpenter devotes his hard-earned leisure to the poetic studies to which he is most ardently attached. (Poems, page 785.)

JOHN K. CASEY.

JOHN KEGAN CASEY, better known by his *nom de plume*, "Leo," was born in the county Westmeath, Ireland, in 1846. He soon made a name by his contributions to the national press, and he was arrested March 13, 1867, and confined in Roscommon jail. Being of a delicate constitution his health gave way under his harsh treatment, and he died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs shortly after his release from prison, 1870. He is the author of a volume of poems intensely national in spirit and of literary excellence. (Poems, page 837.)



P. S. CASSIDY.

PATRICK SARSFIELD CASSIDY was born in the county of Donegal, Ireland, Oct. 31, 1852. He came to the United States in his eighteenth year, and entered the field of journalism. While so engaged he managed to steal enough hours from

the night to enable him to write the thrilling tale, "Glenough: or Victims of Vengeance," and several others. He was a member of the staff of the Associated Press, New York, for eight years. During part of that time, he also wrote the editorial pages for two weekly newspapers, and contributed an article and poem each month to the *Celtic Magazine*, of which he was part owner.

Starting with nothing behind him but a thorough honesty, a soldier-like resolution, and a tireless desire to make the most of his opportunities, and he steadily forged ahead in newspaper life. For several years past he has been city editor of the New York *Mercury*, and his facile genius and enormous capacity for work finds outlet as contributor and special writer upon several weekly and monthly literary publications. He is a graceful and pleasing writer of verse, and several of his poems have achieved wide circulation and popularity. The warm impulsive heart of the man naturally gives itself expression through the medium of poetry. (Poems, page 881.)

MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

MICHAEL CAVANAGH was born in Cappoquin, county of Waterford, Ireland. His father was a cooper, and his mother the daughter of a farmer. She was instructed in the Irish language, and from her the son derived his first knowledge of his native tongue in print, as well as his love for the traditional lore with which her mind was well stored, and to which he added by the study and research



of after-years. His connection with revolutionary movements in 1849, led to his self-expatriation from Ireland, and he came to America in the close of that year. For several years subsequently he worked at coopering, and it was not until 1868 that he commenced writing for a livelihood in the *Emerald*, a literary illustrated weekly published in New York. To this periodical he contributed several original Irish sketches and tales, some translations from Gaelic poetry

(which met the commendation of eminent Irish scholars), and an occasional English song on some Irish subject.

He subsequently became connected with the *Celtic Monthly Magazine*, and it was in this periodical that the greater portion of his published poems, original and translated, appeared; though many of his best English poems were published in the *Boston Pilot*. The specimens given in this volume may be considered fair samples of his English poetry, though but few of his literary friends set the same value on them as they accord to his prose sketches of Irish home life, scenery, and character. The following lines are copied from the back of the photograph from which the above portrait of Mr. Cavanagh was engraved.

MY EXCUSE.

The graceless King—before a “cat”
 His “tile” can sport—Her “wig” the “Queen,”
 And surely when it comes to *that*,
 A “decent man” may wear his “hat”
 By fellow-Christians to be seen :—
 Nor care a single, bare “*traneen*”
 If, by some brainless swell’s fiat—
 Because his name be “Mick,” or “Pat,”
 He should, therefore, be counted—“Green !”

CLOCH-ON-CUINNE. (Poems, p. 965.)

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE was born in Ireland at Kingstown, near Dublin, on July 31, 1846. With his family he crossed to London when a boy of twelve. In 1863



he entered the English Civil Service in the Department of the Board of Trade, and remained there until 1868. The Irish National movement, which began in

1861, found in him an ardent disciple, and this it was which led to his resignation from the Civil Service. He went to Paris from London and thence to America. In New York he entered the ranks of journalism, first associating himself with the *Irish Republic*, a weekly paper brilliantly edited by Michael Scanlan, the poet. In 1870 he entered the service of the *New York Herald* and remained with that paper thirteen years, filling almost every position on it from reporter to managing editor. In 1883 he left the *Herald* to take the managing editorship of the *New York Morning Journal* which position he still fills. Although in the centre of the maelstrom of journalism Mr. Clarke has found time for poetic and literary effort. Last year he published "Robert Emmet, a Tragedy of Irish History," and stray verses from his pen appear from time to time in the press. He is always proud to say that his first verses that found their way into print appeared in the *Dublin Irish People*, edited by John O'Leary. (Poems, page 941.)

RICHARD W. COLLENDER.

RICHARD W. COLLENDER was born in Cappoquin, county of Waterford, Ireland, in the year 1841. He was educated in the famous school of Mount Melerey, where, though a mere youth, he attracted notice by his talent and love of knowledge. He came to the United States in 1869, and wrote for the *Celtic Monthly Magazine* and other publications. Though splendid inducements were before him, his love of home prevailed, and he left, in 1883, for Ireland. Mr.



Collender is an ardent Nationalist, and his vigorous poems have been among the most attractive features of *United Ireland* for some years past. He has also written many sketches, stories and novelettes, but his complete works have never been collected. His brother, Mr. Hugh M. Collender, is a wealthy merchant of

New York. Mr. Collender was a school-mate and life-long friend of the Cappoquin poet, John Walsh, and much of their best work was the result of collaboration. (Poems, page 984.)

WILLIAM COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born in the town of Strabane, County of Tyrone, Ireland, and came to America in his fourteenth year. He resided for many years in the neighborhood of the Upper Ottawa, Canada, and while yet a boy contributed largely to the periodicals of the day. Having passed over to the United States, during the early period of the war, he enlisted in a Western regiment



and served till the close of the conflict. In 1866, he accompanied Gen. O'Neill in the Fenian invasion of Canada, and participated in the battle of Ridgeway, and the rout of the "Queens' Own." He has resided in New York for many years and is at present on the editorial staff of the *New York Tablet*. Mr. Collins has published a volume of poems that has had an extensive sale, besides several prose works of fiction. He is a contributor to many of the periodicals of the day. (Poems, page 895.)

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, an eminent dramatist, was born of Dublin parents, at Bardsey Grange, near Leeds, in 1670. Returning to Dublin he received his early education at Kilkenny and afterward at Trinity College, Dublin. While studying law at the Middle Temple, his love for literature asserted itself, and setting aside his legal studies he applied himself to writing for the stage. The novel *Incognita* was published under the fictitious name of "Cleophil." His comedy

the "Old Bachelor", was received with great favor at the Drury Lane Theatre in 1693. He subsequently produced "Love for Love," "Double Dealer," "The Mourning Bride," and "The Way of the World."

"Love for Love" is Congreve's masterpiece. The general tone of his writings savors much of immorality, and their popularity indicates the spirit of the times. He was ruined by the adulation heaped upon him by the most distinguished men of his time. Pope honored him by dedicating to him his *Iliad*. Dryden was extravagance itself in his praise. After years of suffering from blindness and bodily weakness he died January 19, 1729. (Poems, page 677.)



KATHARINE E. CONWAY.

MISS KATHARINE E. CONWAY was born of Irish Catholic parents at Rochester, New York, September, 1853. Her first literary work was contributed to the daily press of that city. She has since written much in prose and poetry for New York and other periodicals, and in 1883 produced a volume of poems entitled "On the Sunrise Slope." She was for some years a member of the editorial staff of the *Buffalo Catholic Union and Times*, and is now connected with the *Boston Pilot*. (Poems, page 767.)

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

DANIEL CONNOLLY was born in Bealeek, Fermanagh County, Ireland, in the year 1836. He came to America in 1851, and adopted the profession of journalism. He was for some time the special war correspondent of the *New York Daily News*, during the Rebellion, and he became subsequently associate editor of the *Metropolitan Record*, a New York weekly. He is at present engaged in commercial business. His poetical contributions to the periodicals of the day are numerous, and are distinguished for their vigor of expression and strong patriotic feeling. He has recently compiled an excellent collection of Irish poetry. (Poems, page 899.)

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO is at present parish priest at Athens, Pa. He has been for many years a well-known contributor to Irish and Catholic publications. He



is an accomplished linguist, and has translated into English many of the gems of poetic literature from the various European languages. Some of his translations are equal to those of Mangan and "Prout." (Poems, page 905.)

MRS. CRAWFORD.

MRS. CRAWFORD was born in the county of Cavan, Ireland, early in the present century. She wrote several pieces of merit, and is said, on good authority, to be the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," for which Crouch furnished the music. (Poems, page 833.)

DANIEL CRILLY.

DANIEL CRILLY, poet, journalist, and politician, was born near Rostrevor, in the county of Down, Ireland, thirty-five years ago. He received his early edu-

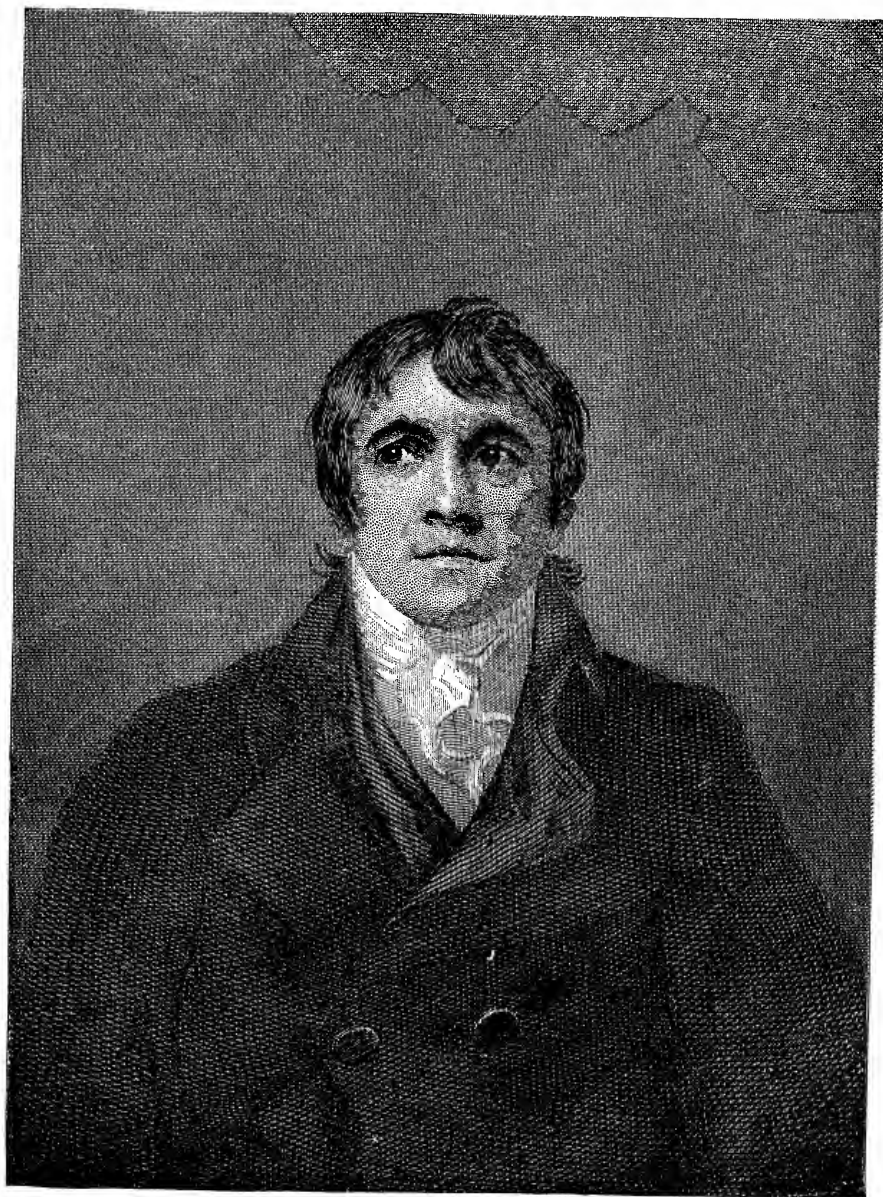
cation in the National school of his native place, and afterward spent some time in the Catholic Institute, Hope Street, Liverpool—whither his family removed—and Sedgley Park College, Wolverhampton, England. After five years passed in the Cotton Exchange of Liverpool, his desire to enter political



journalism proved irresistible. He became a contributor to the *Dublin Nation*, and eventually a member of its staff. In 1885, Mr. Crilly was elected a Member of Parliament for North Mayo. Besides his political articles and journalistic correspondence, and burdensome parliamentary duties, Mr. Crilly finds time to write many tales and sketches, and stirring songs and lyrics. He is one of Mr. Parnell's ablest lieutenants, and is one of the most trusted advisers in the Irish Parliamentary Councils. (Poems, page 980.)

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, a brilliant popular orator, was born at Newmarket, county Cork, July, 1750. His ready wit attracted the attention of the Rector, Rev. Wm. Boyse, who sent him to Middleton College, whence he was transplanted to Trinity College, Dublin, in 1767. He studied Law at the Middle Temple and on his call to the Bar returned to Ireland in 1775. From 1783 to 1797 in the Irish Parliament he advocated emancipation and reform. There he was the "assistant most demanded," whilst in court "he was the advocate deemed essential." His defence of Hamilton Rowan stands unequalled. He resigned the Mastership of the Rolls in 1816, and died in London from an apoplectic attack, October, 1817, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. (Poems, page 678.)



JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.



THOMAS DAVIS.

See memoirs and introduction by John Mitchel, preceding Poems, page 479.



FRANCIS DAVIS.

FRANCIS DAVIS, more widely known in his day by his *nom de plume* of "The Belfast Man," was a native of Cork, Ireland, where he was born in 1810. He

removed to Belfast at an early age, where he lived till his death, supporting himself for many years by his occupation of weaver. He wrote for the *Dublin Nation* in its early years, and contributed to most of the national journals. Many of his finest productions were composed while busy with the loom. In his latter years he received from his townsmen a situation more congenial to his tastes. Shortly before his death he joined the Catholic church. His complete poetical works were published in Belfast a few years ago. He died in 1885. (Poems, page 838.)

EUGENE DAVIS.

EUGENE DAVIS was born in Clonakilty, county of Cork, Ireland, March 23, 1857. He was educated at the University of Louvain, Belgium, and subsequently in Paris. He was a contributor at an early age to the *Dublin Irishman* and *Shamrock* over the *nom de plume* of "Owen Roe," the series of articles



being, "Hours with Irish Poets," "The Orators of Ireland," and a novel of Belgo-Irish life entitled "The True Love and the False." He contributed poetry also to the same papers. Mr. Davis spent a large portion of his life in Paris, where at one time he was the acting editor of *United Ireland*, when that journal was transferred to the French capital after having been suppressed in Dublin. He was expelled from France, with James Stephens, in March, 1885, at the request of Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, for political reasons. He travelled, afterward, over almost the entire continent of Europe, and contributed articles, under the name of "Viator," on social life in Switzerland and Italy to the Sunday edition of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. In November, 1887, he returned to Ireland, and was appointed to a post on the editorial staff of the

Dublin *Nation*. Mr. Davis is the author of a series of articles entitled "Souvenirs of Irish Footprints over Europe," which appeared in the Dublin *Evening Telegraph* in the spring of 1889, and will soon be published in book form. A volume of his poems, entitled "A Vision of Ireland, and other Poems," has recently been published, and he has edited the posthumous poems of the late J. K. Casey. (Poems, page 915.)

MICHAEL DAVITT.

MICHAEL DAVITT was born near the village of Straid, County of Mayo, Ireland, in 1846. He was the son of a farmer, who was evicted from his home during the terrible landlord clearances of that period. When four years of age, Michael went with his parents to England, and when still little more than a child had the misfortune to lose his arm, while engaged in working in a mill. In 1870, he was arrested in London and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servi-



tude, for participation in the Fenian movement. He was released in 1877. Mr. Davitt founded the Land League at Irishtown, Mayo, April 20, 1879. He was afterward arrested and imprisoned in connection with the agitation. His subsequent career is identified with the history of the Land League and the National League. Mr. Davitt has published a record of his prison life, and is the author of numerous speeches and writings on contemporary Irish affairs. (Poem, page 1025.)

AUBREY DE VERE.

THOS. AUBREY DE VERE, poet and political writer; born in county Limerick in 1814. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Devoting his leisure to travel

and literature, almost every year since 1842 beheld some production of his prolific pen. Amongst his poetic works, are "Recollections of Greece," and 1843,



"Poems Miscellaneous and Sacred ;" 1856, "Innisfail ;" 1861, "Alexander the Great ;" a dramatic poem. 1874. His prose works include "Church Settlement of Ireland," 1886, and in 1878 Correspondence Religious and Philosophical, entitled "Proteus and Amadeus." (Poems, p. 445.)

MICHAEL DOHENY.

MICHAEL DOHENY, orator, poet and patriot, was born at Brookhill, Tipperary, Ireland, May 22, 1805. The son of a small farmer, the first twenty years of his life were passed on the farm. He devoted all his spare time to study, and when a young man entered the Temple in London as a law student, meantime supporting himself by the proceeds of his pen. After being admitted to the bar, he returned to Ireland and took up his residence in the town of Cashel, Tipperary. He was one of O'Connell's ablest lieutenants in the then great struggle going on for popular rights. He afterward joined the young Ireland organization and devoted all his talents and energies to the revolutionary movement. After many vicissitudes he succeeded in making his escape, arriving in New York in 1849. There he resumed his profession, and became an active and untiring worker for the diffusion of Irish principles. His death occurred suddenly April 1, 1863. He is the author of "The Felon's Track," descriptive of the abortive insurrection of



'48. His poetic contributions to the periodicals of the day were numerous.
(Poems, page 869.)



ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY is a resident of the city of Philadelphia, where she was born in the year 1848. She has been for many years one of the most popu-

lar contributors to American Catholic periodicals. Many of her poems are on spiritual subjects, and she is the author of a number of prose works, most of them being of a religious character. Miss Donnelly is a sister of the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota, author of "Atlantis," and the Shakespeare Bacon Cryptogram. (Poems, page 992.)

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING was born in Listowel, county Kerry, Ireland, in 1817. His parents emigrated to Canada, but on the death of his father, while yet a mere child, his mother returned with him and her other children to her old home in Limerick, where he was educated and commenced a successful business career. In everything relating to Ireland he was an ardent enthusiast, and when the young Ireland movement culminated in disaster for the leaders in 1848, his personal interests were for the time shipwrecked with those of many of his brave companions. Later on, he resumed business in Liverpool, and from



thence emigrated a second time to America, stimulated by the grand exodus of the Modern Argonauts to the golden shores of California.

Here his career was varied and honorable. He successfully edited the *San Francisco Monitor* for some years, and in conjunction with his younger brother conducted a large farming business in Contra Costa County.

In a brief notice like the present we have room to do him little more than passing justice by referring to the specimen poem from his pen which is to be found in this volume, and saying that when in 1863, at the early age of 46, death summoned him to judgment, the close of his blameless and honorable life was cheered by the love of a host of warm personal friends. (Poem, page 854.)

WILLIAM DOWLING.

WILLIAM DOWLING was born of Irish parents in Kingston, Upper Canada. While very young his father died, and the mother returned with her family to her old home in Limerick, Ireland. Here, under his mother's care and that of his elder brother Batholomew (whose biography appears in these pages) he received his education and imbibed a taste and love for all that was beautiful and true. On the death of his mother and the breaking up of the old home he emigrated to America, finally settling down in San Francisco, where he at present resides, surrounded by a large and happy family. Mr. Dowling has written pretty gems, which occasionally may be found in the newspapers without credit. But they have never been published as a collection. (Poems, page 1024.)

ELLEN DOWNING.

MISS ELLEN DOWNING was a Munster lady, and one of the most brilliant contributors to the *Nation* newspaper, during the '48 period. She had formed an attachment for one of the young Ireland writers, who was forced, on the failure of the movement, to seek refuge in America. In the new land he learned to forget his home vows. "Mary" sank under the blow, and in utter seclusion from the world lingered for a while, but ere long the spring flowers bloomed on her grave. She died a nun in one of the Convents of Cork. (Poems, page 829.)

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

DR. DRENNAN, a United Irishman, was born in Belfast, May 23, 1754. He was the son of Thomas Drennan, a Presbyterian minister. He took his degree of M.D. at Edinburgh in 1778, and after practising some years in Belfast and Newry, removed to Dublin in 1789. He originated the establishment of the Society of United Irishmen, and published a prospectus in June, 1791. He vigorously advocated the cause of Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform. In 1794, he was tried for sedition and acquitted. Relinquishing his practise in 1800, he returned to Belfast and commenced the *Belfast Magazine*. In 1815, he published a volume of "Fugitive Pieces," and in 1817 a translation of the "Electra" of Sophocles. He died in Belfast June 5, 1820. He first applied to Ireland the epithet: "Emerald Isle." He published some excellent hymns, and, says Dr. Drummond, "in some of the lighter kinds of poetry showed much of the playful wit and ingenuity of Goldsmith." (Poem, page 920.)

LADY DUFFERIN.

LADY DUFFERIN was the daughter of Thomas Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and was born in the year 1807. She married the Hon. Price

Blackwood, afterward Lord Dufferin. After his death, she married the Earl of Gifford, when on his death bed. She was the mother of the present Earl of Dufferin. She was the author of some touching Irish ballads. She died in 1867. (Poems, page 815.)

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, the son of a Monaghan farmer, of Celtic extraction, was born in 1816. In his 10th year he went to Dublin, friendless and unknown; but determining on becoming an author, he obtained employment on the newspaper press. He next became the editor of an influential newspaper in Belfast. He returned to Dublin in 1841, and connected himself with "*The Mountain*" of the O'Connell party. In 1842 he started "*The Nation*," as an educational journal, to create and foster public opinion in Ireland, and to make it racy of the soil. In five years Mr. Duffy collected a party, afterward known as "Young Ireland." In 1844 he was a fellow-prisoner with O'Connell in Richmond jail, Dublin; he acted in concert with O'Connell until 1847, when he left the Repeal Association, and was one of the founders of the Irish Confederation. He was tried for treason and felony in 1848-9, but after several ineffectual attempts, the prosecution was abandoned by the Government. He then resumed "*The Nation*," which had been suspended, which he limited to social reforms, such as landlord and tenant right, in support of which was formed the "Independent Irish Party" in Parliament. Mr. Duffy was elected in 1852 member for the borough of New Ross, but resigned his seat in 1856, on proceeding to Australia. He has since held office twice in the government of Victoria as Minister of Public Lands and Works, and was sent for by the governor to form an administration during a severe ministerial crisis of 1860, but declined on his excellency's hesitating to grant the power of dissolving Parliament. Mr. Duffy, on his arrival in Victoria, was presented with a handsome estate by the Irish of that colony. Mr. Duffy has been thrice married. He is a barrister, but has never practised. (Poems, page 685.)

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

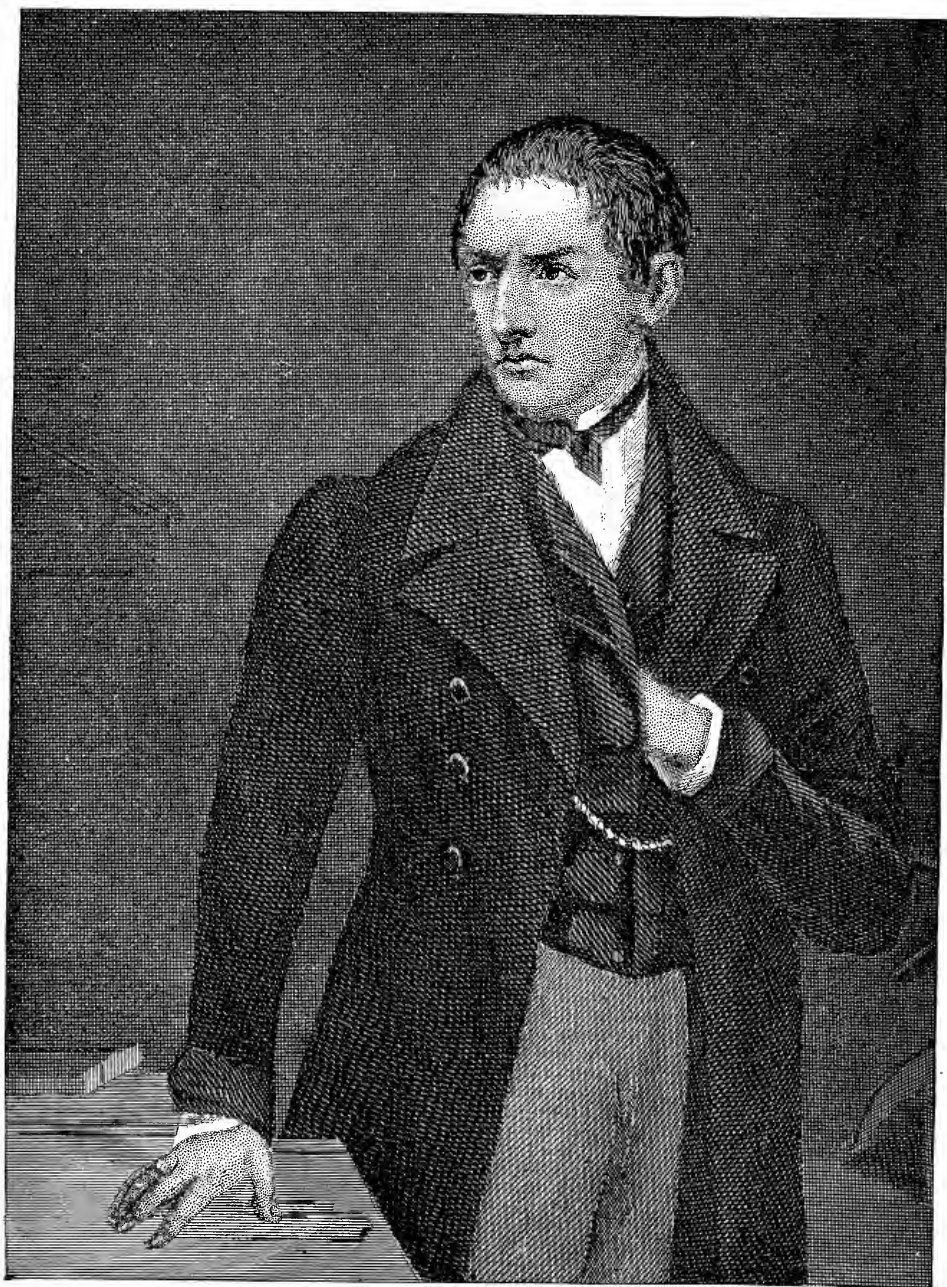
MAURICE F. EGAN was born in the city of Philadelphia in 1852. He was educated in La Salle College, and after completing his studies, he entered Georgetown College as one of the lay members of the Faculty. Shortly afterward Mr. Egan made a business of journalism, contributing meantime to most of the leading periodicals of the day. His poetical contributions to the *Century Magazine* were received with a general burst of welcome and pleasure from critics of eminence, among them being Longfellow and Steadman. Shortly before his death, Mr. Longfellow referring to Mr. Egan's "Preludes" wrote: "I have



CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.







ROBERT EMMET.

already read enough in it to see the elevated tone and spirit in which it is written; I recognize in these sonnets a certain freshness in the thought and manner of expression which is very attractive. Might I ask you to congratulate the author for me, both on the promise and the performance of his work." Mr.



Egan edited for some years *McGee's Illustrated Weekly*, and the *New York Freeman's Journal*. He is at present professor of English literature in Notre Dame University, Indiana. Mr. Egan is the author of two volumes of poems, one of which was published in London, and of a volume of excellent Catholic stories entitled "The World Around Us." (Poems, page 878.)

ROBERT EMMET.

ROBERT EMMET, the Irish martyr, was born in Dublin, in 1778. He was educated at Trinity College, where he took a prominent part in the Historical Society and espoused the national side in the debates. Among his fellow-students was the poet Moore. Emmet's subsequent career, and his execution in 1803, are too well known to require an extended notice. He was the author of several pieces of poetry, which are published in his memoir by Dr. Madden. (Poem, page 819.)

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

SAMUEL FERGUSON, poet and writer of historical romance, was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1815. He was educated at the Belfast Academical Institute, also at the University of Dublin, which gave him the degree of LL.D., in 1865. He

was admitted to the Irish bar in 1838. Ferguson (the original of which is McFergus) is a descendant from an ancient Celtic family; which ancestry is accountable for the wonderful power and energy, combined with the sweetness and descriptive beauty, which are the leading characteristics of his writings.

During his earlier years, the practice of law becoming distasteful, his youthful imagination found more enjoyment in gratifying his natural love of literature. He became a contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*, in whose pages first appeared his fine romances of Irish History, "The Rebellion of Silken Thomas" and "Corbie McGilmore." His genius as ballad-writer alone is sufficient to build his poetic reputation. "The Forging of the Anchor" has of its own excellence become famous, and "The Welshmen of Tirawley" shows in every line the powerful poetic genius of the author. Samuel Ferguson's "Lays of the Western Gael" breathe the genuine spirit of the Irish bards. As a translator of Irish ballads he is unrivalled. The latter years of Ferguson's life have been devoted almost entirely to his profession, working faithfully and earnestly. He acquired a high and honorable position at the Irish bar, and has been honored—if social title be an honor for a poet—with a baronetcy. He died in August, 1886. (Poems, page 604.)

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD was born in Frampton, Canada, Feb. 23d, 1845, a village established by her grandparents, who emigrated with their children from the county of Wexford, Ireland, in 1820. After her father's death her mother in 1851, went to California with her children to join her father, Martin Murphy the well-known Irish pioneer, who had traversed the continent, and in 1844 pitched his tent on the Pacific. Miss Fitzgerald has resided in California since childhood, receiving her education at the college of Notre Dame, San José. She has been a regular and a highly valued contributor to the press since 1865. A volume embracing many of her poems was published in 1886, by the Catholic Publication Society of New York. (Poem. page 974.)

JOHN FRAZER.

JOHN FRAZER was born near Birr, Kings County, Ireland, in 1809, and was a cabinet maker by trade. He possessed literary and poetic talents of a high order. He wrote under the assumed name of "J. De Jean." Died, 1849. A collection of his writings was published in Dublin after his death. (Poems, p. 817.)

UNA (MRS. A. E. FORD).

MRS. AUGUSTINE FORD, better known under her *nom de plume* of "Una," was born in the county of Antrim, Ireland, and came to the United States at an early age. She completed her education at St. Martin's convent, Brown County, Ohio, and while yet a mere girl won wide recognition by her poetic contributions to the periodicals of the day. Her writings are intensely national, and those on sentimental subjects are characterized by a delicate play of fancy and beauty of



SAMUEL FERGUSON.





diction. Died, 1876. She was author of two volumes of poems. (Poems, p. 975.)

JAMES T. GALLAGHER.

A biographical sketch of Mr. Gallagher precedes his poems, page 1026.



WILLIAM GEOGHEGAN.

WILLIAM GEOGHEGAN, poet and journalist, was born in the town of Bally-

mahon, County Longford, Ireland, in the year 1844. His birth place is close by the classic shades of "Sweet Auburn," which Oliver Goldsmith's gentle muse has rendered forever famous. He left Ireland at the early age of seventeen years, and making New York his future home adopted the profession of journalism. He rose to an honored place in its ranks. Impressions of the hallowed surroundings of his youth can be readily traced in many of his contributions to the American Journals and magazines, both in poetry and prose. He has been for over twenty years, and still is a contributor of serial stories, poems and other light literature to the leading periodicals of the day, and is at present a member of the staff of the New York *Evening Sun*. He revisited Ireland on two occasions since his first arrival in the United States, and drew vivid pen pictures of the scenic and social aspects of Ireland that have been widely read and appreciated for their gracefulness and simplicity of style. (Poems, page 889.)

PATRICK SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PATRICK SARSFIELD GILMORE was born in the county of Galway, Ireland, on Christmas Day, 1829. He came to the United States when nineteen years old, landing in Boston. His talents as a musical leader and organizer were soon recognized. He was installed as leader of the Boston Brigade Band. Later he organized the Suffolk Band of Boston and the famous Salem Brass Band. His own band—Gilmore's Band—he organized in 1858. The musical jubilees in Boston in 1869 and 1870, particularly the latter, are red letter events in musical history. In 1878 he made a tour of Europe, taking his band with him and staying away from us for six months. He was sadly missed, but America was content to do without him for a while, that Europe might know that we could give her a few valuable hints about music. His two Boston jubilees together cost \$1,000,000, and at the conclusion of the second one Mr. Gilmore was given \$80,000 by the wealthy men of Boston. Ten years ago Mr. Gilmore published his national anthem "Columbia," which has steadily increased in popularity as it has advanced in age. Mr. Gilmore resides at present in New York. (Poem, page 1011.)

MINNIE GILMORE.

MISS MINNIE GILMORE is the daughter of Mr. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the famous musician, and is about twenty-two years of age. She is the author of a volume of poems that has been well received, and that gives bright promise of future work in the same line. These poems have been written since she left a convent school three years ago. "A Boston girl by birth," she said to the writer, "a Gothamite by adoption, a cosmopolitan by virtue of our Bohemian, strolling life, it may seem strange that my first work should be distinctly western. The verses are simply the records of rose-colored impressions received during my first peep at life, when from the seclusion of a convent school I was transferred, for a year, to the wild, free life of the prairie. The country, which

I have loved 'from my youth up,'--the primitive social atmosphere here, and above all, the life on horseback which I led, took my heart by storm, and I have



been restive under civilization ever since. Literary habits? Oh, none; beyond the inveterate habit of scribbling, I fear I have none." Miss Gilmore resides in New York City. (Poems, page 948.)

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. His father was a poor curate of the Established Church. As a child, Oliver was remarkably dull, and was pronounced by his teacher an incorrigible dunce. Entering Trinity College (as a sizar) in his seventeenth year, he was noted for his inattention to his studies, and took his degree in 1749 as last on the list of graduates. After leaving the University he made futile efforts to enter the church, also to secure a livelihood in the professions of teaching, law and medicine. Disgusted and disappointed he travelled on foot over a considerable portion of the continent, paying for his food and lodgings by playing the flute. Arriving in England penniless, in 1756, he varied his occupation, as chemist's clerk, usher in a school, book-seller's apprentice, and medical practitioner. After a period of obscure drudgery, devoted to writing tales for children, articles for magazines and critical reviews, he became con-

tributor to the *Public Ledger*. Under the title "Letters from a Citizen of the World," these publications attracted popular notice. His beautiful poem "The Traveller," the plan of which was sketched from his journeyings through Europe, was the beginning of his literary fame. "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Good-natured Man," "The Deserted Village" following in quick succession, he was acknowledged one of the leading writers of his time. In 1773 his comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" won a triumphant success at Covent Garden Theatre. He was surrounded by the leading artists, statesmen, and



writers of the day; he was also a member of the famous Literary Club. His inability to keep out of debt made him the slave of booksellers; his historical works were written to meet the wants of these creditors, and are not up to the general standard of his writings. He died in 1774 deeply mourned by his friends and by the many recipients of his charity. (Poems, page 427.)

LAWRENCE G. GOULDING.

LAWRENCE G. GOULDING was born in Clare, Ireland, in 1838, where he was educated and studied law. He came to America when quite a young man, and made New York his home, where he has since resided. After devoting some time to law and journalism, Mr. Goulding entered the publishing business, in

which he became extensively engaged. He is the author of a valuable work entitled "The Catholic Churches of New York;" "Ireland's Destiny;" "An



Epitome of Irish History," etc., etc. Mr. Goulding was an officer in the "gal-
lant sixty-ninth" regiment, and for many years a commissioner of education.
(Poems, page 925.)



ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

ALFRED P. GRAVES was born in Dublin in the year 1846, but spent most of his life in the South of Ireland. His portrayals of the feelings of the peasantry

are always true to nature, and the vein of humor that pervades his writings lends to them a peculiar charm, while never detracting from their dignity. For some years past he has lived in London, England. (Poems, page 914.)

GERALD GRIFFIN.

GERALD GRIFFIN, a most popular and talented Irish novelist and dramatist, was born in Limerick, December 12, 1803. As his parents desired him to study medicine he remained with an elder brother, Dr. Griffin, while they emigrated to the United States in 1820. His tastes inclining more to literature, he early



contributed to Limerick newspapers, and in his nineteenth year wrote his drama of "Aguire." His brother, recognizing in Gerald the stamp of literary genius, encouraged him to go to London to work for fame and fortune. "Gisippus" was published while yet twenty, and at twenty-five "The Collegians" was written. Unable to procure a manager who would purchase his dramas, he grew despondent. His ambition to write for the stage receiving a chill from which he never recovered, he turned his attention to writing for magazines and soon acquired a brilliant reputation. But success had come too late; his health had become undermined by his unceasing toil, long vigils and disappointments. His "Holland Tide," "Tales of the Munster Festivals," "The Rivals," "The Invasion," "The Duke of Monmouth," a second series of

“Tales of the Munster Festivals,” etc., prove his ability to perform the tasks to which he set himself. His poems are creations of a singularly beautiful and chaste imagination. His deeply religious nature yearning after a more perfect life, found its desire gratified in joining the Society of Christian Brothers.

He died in Cork, June 12, 1840. After his death his tragedy of “Gisippus” was successfully brought out at Drury Lane Theatre. “The Collegians” has been successfully dramatized by Dion Boucicault as “The Colleen Bawn.” (Poems, page 199.)

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY, the only child of General Patrick Robert Guiney, was born in Boston, January 7th, 1861, her childish associations being mainly with camps and soldiers. She graduated from the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Elmhurst, Providence, R. I., in 1879, and began writing in the following year, publishing “Songs at the Start” in 1884, and “Goosequill Papers” in 1885. (Poems, page 717.)

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE. (MILES O'REILLY).

GEN. CHAS. G. HALPINE, better known under his *nom de plume* of Miles O'Reilly, was born in the county of Meath, Ireland, in the year 1829. His father was an Episcopal clergyman and a man of eminent abilities, who about 1840 became editor of the Dublin *Evening Mail*, the great Protestant organ of Ireland. Charles was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and on graduating, engaged in journalism. After spending a few years in London, he sailed for New York in 1852, where he became connected with the leading metropolitan journals. In 1856, he moved to Boston where he edited the *Carpet Bag*, a comic paper, in conjunction with Mr. Shillaber (“Mrs. Partington”) and Dr. Shepley. Returning to New York, he became associate editor of the *Times*, and subsequently founded a journal of his own. At the beginning of the war, he went out with his countrymen under Col. Corcoran, and participated in the first battle of the war, Bull Run. He was afterwards removed to Major Gen. Hunter's staff, and subsequently served on the staff of Major Gen. Halleck. After being breveted Major General, he tendered his resignation, and returned to New York. He was elected to the office of City Register, which he held till his death in 1868. He was connected with the Young Ireland party in his youth, and remained an ardent patriot to the time of his death. His poem on “The Flaunting Lie” was written on the occasion of the return of Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave, from Boston to his Southern master by the United States authorities. It created a great sensation at the time, and as it first appeared in the N. Y. *Tribune*, it was for a time attributed to Horace Greeley. The humorous poem, “Sambo's Right to be Kilt,” possesses a historical significance, as it powerfully contributed to dissipate the absurd prejudice of the white soldiers against admitting colored troops into



the Union army. Gen. Halpine was the first man who advocated the use of colored troops in the army, and his commander, Gen. Hunter, was the first man who employed them. (Poems, page 873.)

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS, though born in England, may justly be placed among the poets of Ireland. Her father, whose name was Browne, was a native of Ireland and her mother was of Venetian decent and numbered in her history many of the Doges. She was born in 1793. It is said that at the early age of six years she had read Shakespeare and was familiar with all the characters of the great poet. When she was about seven years old her father retired to a wild and romantic spot on the sea shore of Wales. Here she lived for several years, reading and studying constantly, but receiving little practical help from others. When but eight years of age she began writing poetry, and a volume of her poems published in her fourteenth year attracted considerable attention. In 1812 she married Captain Hemans, but the marriage proved unhappy, and they lived but a few years together.

Her character was as delicate and refined as her poems were pure and beautiful. Sir Walter Scott said to her, as she was leaving Abbotsford after a long visit, "There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin : and you are one of those." Mrs. Hemans removed to Dublin, Ireland, some years before her death, which occurred in that city in 1835. Her re-

mains were interred in St. Anne's Church, Dublin. Lord Jeffrey, in a critique of unstinted praise, ranks Mrs. Hemans as "beyond all comparison the most



touching and accomplished writer of occasional verses that our literature has yet to boast of." (Poems, page 978.)

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

J. K. INGRAM was born in Dublin in the year 1822, and has been for many years a professor in Trinity College, Dublin. He is the author of "Who Fears to Speak of '98," written at the time of the Young Ireland movement, one of the most spirited of Irish songs. He is at present engaged in an exhaustive work, to be entitled, "The History of Political Economy." He has never taken any part in political affairs. (Poems, page 844.)

ISABEL C. IRWIN.

MRS. WILLIAM H. IRWIN was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, but was brought here by her father William H. Dunn, together with her sister Mary, now Mrs. Burke, and her brother, John P. Dunn, who was distinguished during the war with the South as one of the most successful of the *Herald* correspondents, his letters being compared to those of Russell of the *London Times*. Isabel C. Dunn married, when about 20 years of age, Mr. William H. Irwin. She was

a girl of remarkable personal attractions, witty and vivacious, who although she wrote much, seemed to care little for literary fame, which is to be regretted, as the few poems which were published possessed great merit. She and her sister, Mrs. Burke, reside in New York, where they enjoy the society of a large and appreciative circle of friends. (Poem, page 910.)

THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN.

THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN was born in Warrenpoint, county Down, Ireland, on May 4th, 1823. His father Thomas Irwin was a practising physician of the place and his mother Anne Maria Cooke was the daughter of Caulfield Cooke, a barrister in Dublin. No expense was spared on his education. He inclined to literature when a youth, and being independent in circumstances he wrote for amusement. He has been connected with literature, as a writer of poetry and prose since 1853. Seven volumes of his poetical compositions have been published, namely, "Versicles," 1856; "Poems," 1866; "Ballads," 1868; "Songs and Romances," 1878; "Pictures and Songs," 1880; "Sonnets on the Poetry and Problems of Life," 1881; "Winter and Summer Stories," and at present writing, has a volume in press entitled "Poems, Songs and Sketches." He is the author of over one hundred and twenty stories and sketches, and a work in three volumes which is an antique romance, entitled "From Cæsar to Christ," as also several dramas. It will be seen that Mr. Irwin is a prolific writer. His productions are noted for picturesque word-painting of scene and situation, in variety of subject, fancy and imagination, and artistic finish in the form and diction of his poetical compositions. He is at present on the staff of *The Irish Times*, Dublin. (See Poems page 911.)

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

DR. ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, an eminent physician and celebrated poet, was born in Ireland about 1831. His poems are exclusively Irish in their subjects, he having had an intense love and appreciation for the legends and literature of his native country. His first venture, a volume of ballads, romances and songs, was published in Dublin in 1861. All his subsequent writings were published in Boston, Mass., which city he made his residence during the last seventeen years of his life, and where he enjoyed a position as one of the leading lights in the literary and social world. In 1868 and 1871, appeared "Legends of the Wars in Ireland," and "Fireside Stories of Ireland," followed by "Ballads of Irish Chivalry." His finest work, "Deirdre," was published in 1876. This immediately won universal popularity, 10,000 copies being sold in a few days. His last poem, "Blaid," also merits much praise and won much favor. His desire to write a long poem on "The Courtship of Imar" was not gratified, failing health making it necessary to cease all labor.

In the hope of regaining strength he sought his native land, where he died



on the 23d of October, 1883, in less than two months after reaching its shores. Dr. Joyce was one of the leading medical practitioners of Boston, and was greatly beloved by all who knew him. (Poems, page 707.)

REV. JAMES KEEGAN.

REV. JAMES KEEGAN was born in the county of Leitrim, Ireland, in the year 1860, and is at present attached to the church of St. Malachy, St. Louis, Mo. His numerous contributions, both in poetry and prose, to the daily press, and several publications, have made his name well known to Irish-American readers. Father Keegan is a thorough Irish scholar, and many of his finest poems are translations or renderings from the too-long neglected bards of old. (Poems, page 900.)

JOHN KEEGAN.

JOHN KEEGAN was born in 1809, on the banks of the Nore, in Queens County. He received only a common-school education, and was all his life essentially a man of the people. He was the author of many poems of singular beauty. Says a biographer: "All the different phases of Irish passion—the fierce outbursts of anger—the muttered tone of contempt—all the deep and heart-rending sorrow of the people—he was master of all. Not a side of the Irish character

was there that he did not probe and understand." He died in 1849. (Poems, page 823.)

W. D. KELLY.

REV. WILLIAM D. KELLY was born in Ireland in the year 1846. He was educated in Boston and Worcester, and having completed his course of theology was ordained a priest of the diocese of Boston. Rev. Mr. Kelly is well known for many years as a contributor to the journals and periodicals of the day, in prose and verse. His poems are numerous and of a high order of merit. (Poems, page 940.)

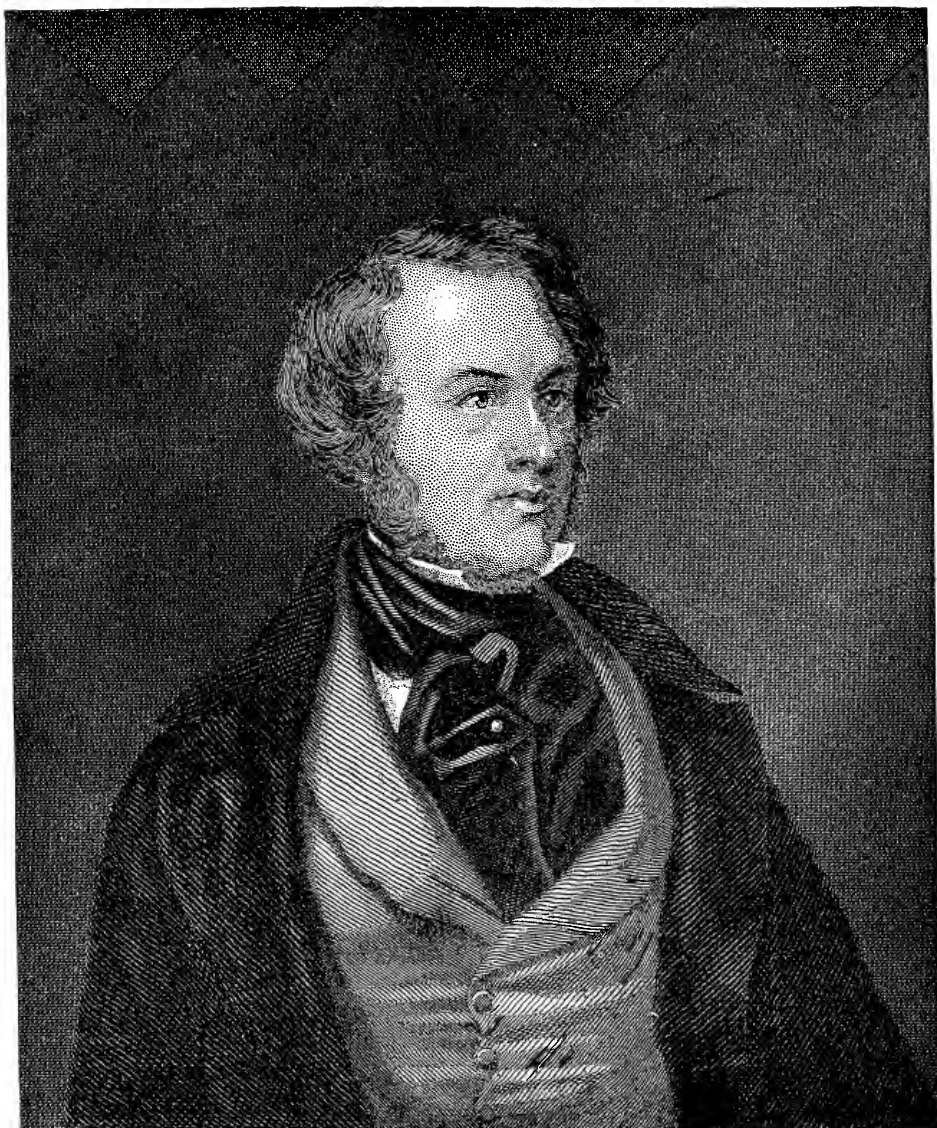
CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHARLES JOSEPH KICKHAM was born in the village of Mullinahone, in Tipperary county, Ireland, in 1830. He was descended from a wealthy and highly respected family. In his eighteenth year he met with an accident which nearly



destroyed his sight and hearing for the remainder of his life. He was an ardent nationalist, and at an early age wrote fugitive pieces for the periodicals. He joined the Fenian organization, was arrested and condemned to fourteen years penal servitude. He was released, after four years' incarceration. Many of his





CHARLES LEVER.

poems are very popular, especially in the South of Ireland. He also wrote a highly dramatic and powerful novel on the sufferings of the Irish peasantry—"Sally Kavanagh: or the Untenanted Graves." He died at his home in Tipperary in 1882. (Poems, page 831.)

DENNY LANE.

DENNY LANE was born in Cork about the year 1825, and after the establishment of the *Nation* became a contributor to that journal. "He had," says Mr. Duffy, "a singularly prolific mind, which threw out showers of speculation, covering a wide field of art, philosophy and practical politics." His poems are few. Mr. Lane still resides in the city of Cork, and has ever remained an ardent and consistent patriot. (Poem, page 839.)

CHARLES JAMES LEVER.

CHARLES JAMES LEVER, a most successful Irish novelist, was born in Dublin, August 31, 1806. He was educated for the medical profession, having taken his degree at Trinity College, also a degree at Gottingen, where he afterward studied. During the cholera which visited Ireland in 1832, as medical superintendent, he acquired notable repute for his ability and skill in coping with the disease. Shortly afterward he became attached to the British Legation at Brussels in his professional capacity. During this time he published as a serial the novel "Harry Lorrequer," which met with unbounded popularity. Other novels followed in rapid succession: "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," "Our Mess," "The O'Donoghue," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "Arthur O'Leary," and a host of others, in fact a whole library of graphic sketches introducing amusing incidents of Irish life and character. His anonymous writings are almost as numerous, among the best of which are his "Diary of Horace Templeton" and "Con Cregan." Most of his life was passed on the Continent, being appointed to a consular post on the Mediterranean. He died at Trieste in 1872. (Poems, page 661.)

JOHN LOCKE.

JOHN LOCKE was born near the town of Callan, in the historic county of Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1847, and died at his home, 296 Henry Street, New York City, on January 31st. 1889, at the comparatively early age of 42 years. As an Irish poet he became famous in Irish circles many years ago under the *nom de plume* of "The Southern Gael." As a patriot he was distinguished for the ardent love which he bore his native land, and which is voiced in his passionate and musical verses. He was quite familiar with the scenes, history and traditions of Ireland. While yet in his teens he became connected with the Irish

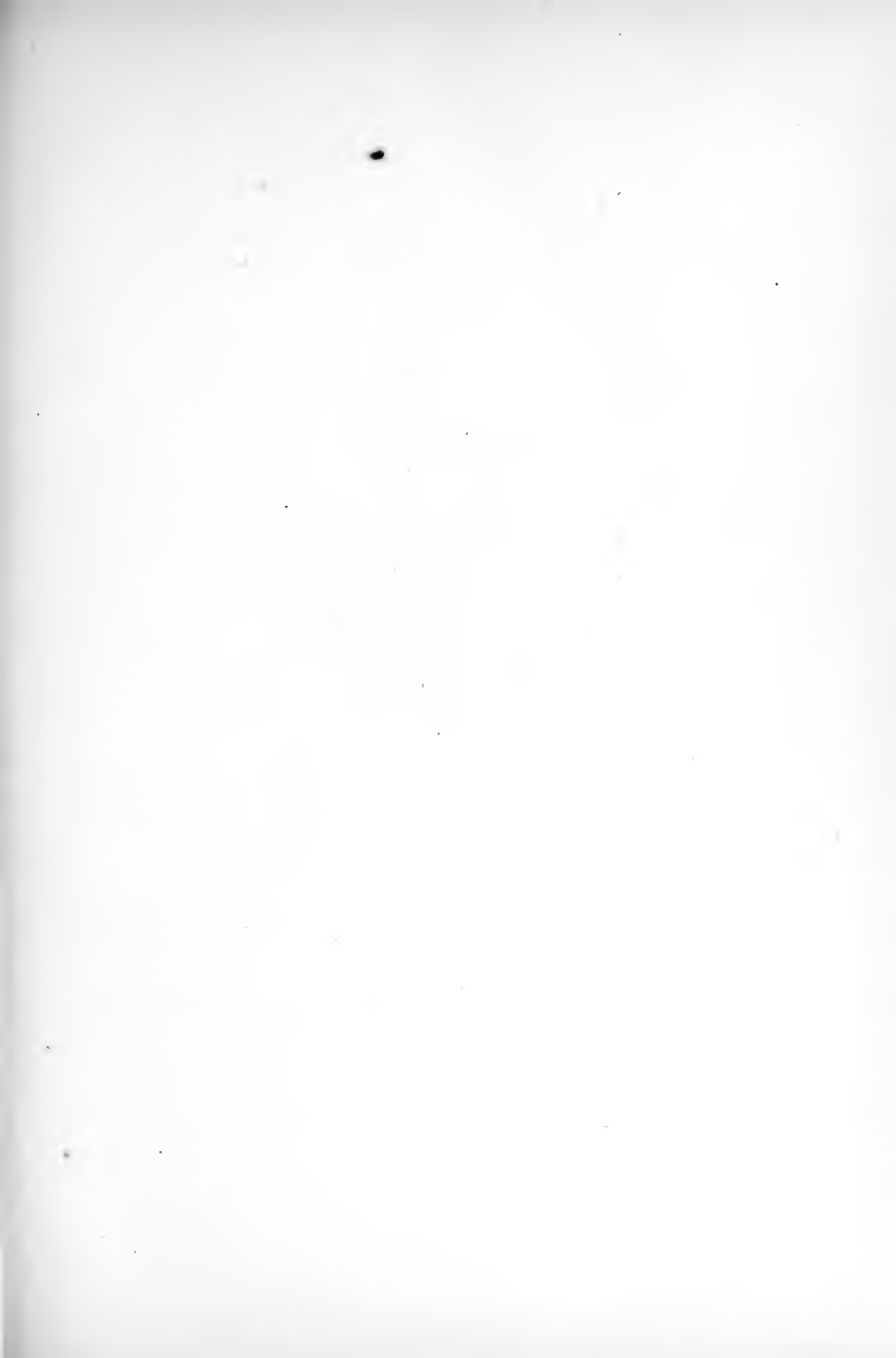
Revolutionary or Fenian movement, and having participated in the "rising" of March, 1867, he was arrested and imprisoned, and after his release in the same year he migrated to the United States and settled in New York. His bright talents and liberal education soon secured him employment on the staff of the *Emerald*, then one of the representative Irish-American journals, and in which many of his best poems appeared. He subsequently edited the *Celtic Weekly*, the *Citizen* and *Celtic Monthly*, besides contributing frequently to the *Sunday*

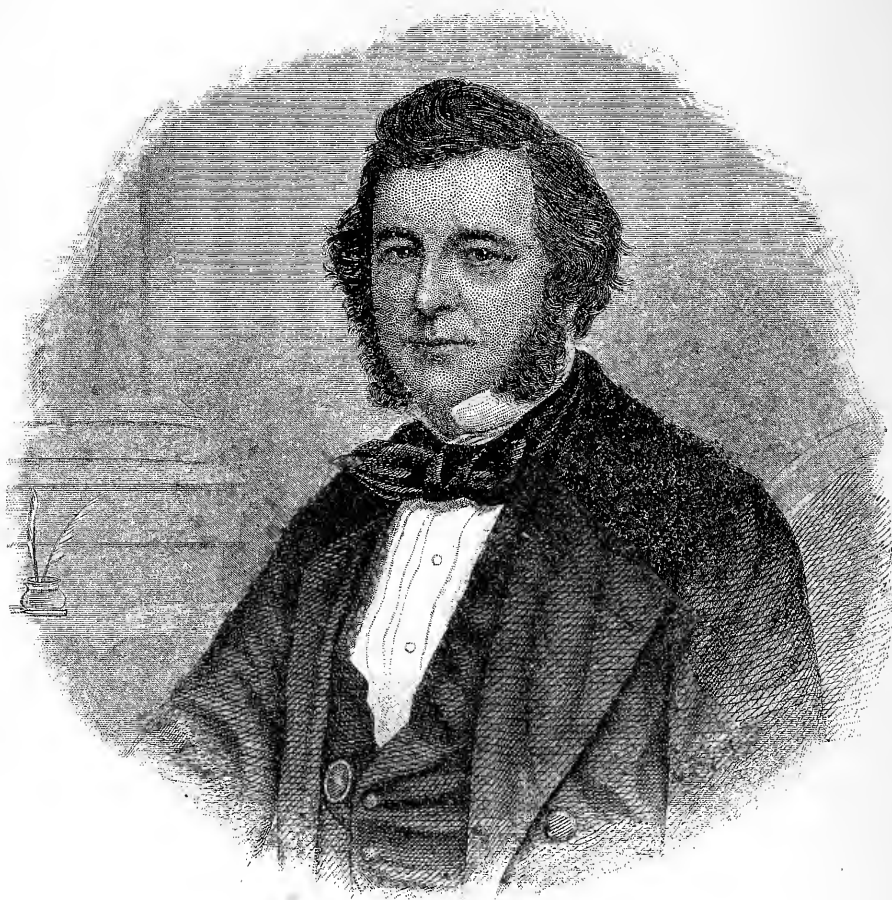


Democrat, *Irish-American*, *Boston Pilot*, and other papers. His poems were always extensively copied, the best-known among them being his fine ballad entitled "Dawn on the Irish Coast." Apart from his poetry, he wrote several stories and numerous short sketches, in which he cleverly depicted Irish scenery and Irish character. His two brothers are in the Catholic Priesthood—the Rev. Joseph Locke, now in Rome, and the Rev. Michael A. Locke, of St. Augustine College, Villanova, Pa. (Poems, page 993.)

MRS. JOHN LOCKE (MARY A. COONEY).

MARY A. COONEY was born in the town of Clonmel, Tipperary, Ireland. She was educated in the National school of her native town, and when scarcely sixteen years of age was a welcome contributor to most of the Irish national periodicals of the day. The most of her poems were published in the Dublin *Irishman*, *The Flag of Ireland*, and *The Shamrock*. In the year 1879, Miss Cooney came to the United States, and meantime continued to contribute to both Irish and Irish-American serial publications. In 1881, she married the Irish poet, John Locke, whose untimely death has been regretted by the Irish people in all lands. Since her marriage Mrs. Locke has written less than formerly, but her productions are always welcome. She resides in New York City. (Poems, page 997.)





SAMUEL LOVER.

SAMUEL LOVER.

SAMUEL LOVER, novelist, poet, musician and artist, was born in Dublin, Ireland, 1797. His paintings, which were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1833, gained for him the notice of the public, and he became miniature painter to the local aristocracy, at the same time cultivating his taste for literature. "Legends and Shrines of Ireland," published in 1832 in Dublin, was his first venture; the illustrations were by himself. This book won such a reputation and became so popular, that a second edition was published in 1834. Taking up his residence in London he contributed largely to the literature of the time, also writing some of the wittiest novels in the English language. Of these "Rory O'More" and "Handy Andy" have been dramatized. His other works are "Treasure Trove," "Lyrics of Ireland," "Metrical Tales," and other poems. Next to Thomas Moore he is the best known and most popular writer of Irish songs. The best known of them are, "Rory O'More," "Molly Bawn," "The Low-Backed Car," and "The Angel's Whisper." He was very popular in society, where he sang his own songs. His visit to the United States in 1847 proved him a general favorite. He died in 1868. (Poems, page 179.)

DANIEL R. LYDDY.

DANIEL R. LYDDY was born in the City of Limerick, Ireland, in the year 1842; he was the eldest son of Mr. P. Henry Lyddy, T. C., a prominent mer-



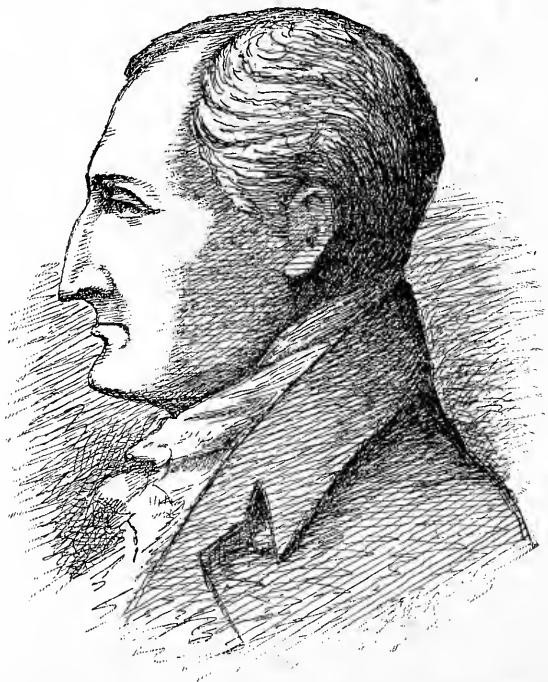
chant and a member of the town council of that city. Mr. Lyddy was educated at the Jesuits' College, Crescent House, Limerick, and was noted as a class orator, and for his proficiency in the French and German languages.

At an early age he became a leader in the National movement of twenty years ago and endured much suffering for his country's cause. He first visited the United States during the late Civil War. and returned making his home in New York in 1867. He was admitted to the bar in 1870, and subsequently, on motion of the Solicitor General of the United States, was called to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States which sits at the Capitol, Washington, D. C. In 1873, Mr. Lyddy was tendered the nomination by the young Democracy of New York for Judge of the Marine Court, which he declined in favor of Judge Spaulding.

Mr. Lyddy was the founder and publisher of three journals and had a large and lucrative law practice. He wrote several works of fiction and some fugitive poems. At the bar he was an eloquent advocate, in the lyceum he was an instructive lecturer, in conversation brilliant, and as a host almost without any superior. He died in New York of pneumonia after a week's illness, November 27th, 1887. He left surviving him three brothers, two of whom are members of the legal profession. (Poem, page 894.)

EDWARD LYSAGHT.

EDWARD LYSAGHT was born in the county of Clare, Ireland, in 1763. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was called both to the English and



Irish bar. A small collection of his writings was published in Dublin, shortly after his death, which occurred in 1811. (Poems, page 924.)

MICHAEL JOSEPH McCANN.

MICHAEL JOSEPH McCANN was born in Galway, about the year 1824. His earlier studies, which were conducted under a private tutor, were followed by a successful collegiate course. While yet a very young man, scarcely more than twenty, he accepted the professorship of sciences. French, etc., offered him by the illustrious Archbishop McHale, in St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, and the glowing testimonials bestowed upon him on leaving that Institute bore testimony to the brilliant manner in which he had for eight years filled that position.

It was during that period memorable in Irish history for the "Repeal" agitation, that the spirit of patriotism, which distinguished him throughout his life, found expression in the glorious war song, "O'Donnell Abu,"—a song which is sung wherever the Irish race is represented, and which has been translated into four languages. This poem was set up by the printers of the *Dublin Nation*, and had a local reputation among the little community of printers long before



the world heard of it. He had, prior to this, contributed some of the most spirited poems that appeared in the *Spirit of the Nation*, one of which, "The Battle of Glendalough," was translated into French by the Vicomte O'Neill de Tyrone, Prefect of Paris, and recited at a banquet given to the descendents of notable Irishmen in that city. His many contributions of prose and verse, extending over a period of more than thirty years, all breathe the same spirit—love of Ireland and hatred of the tyranny under which she groaned.

Most of his poems are descriptive of battles and are literally historical episodes in verse, to secure the minute accuracy of which no labor was spared in searching out the rarest sources of information. In 1859 he published a magazine, *The Irish Harp*, of which he was editor, and which continued to appear until 1865. After the collapse of the Fenian

movement he went to reside in London, still contributing to the Irish press leaders which were frequently copied *verbatim* into American papers. He died in London, January 31st, 1883, having laid down the pen only three days before his death, and leaving a number of unpublished poems, full of the love of country—a love increased rather than diminished by a residence in England. His obituaries, appearing in many of the leading Irish papers, and even in some of the pro-Irish English ones, bear testimony not only to his talents, but also to the unflinching integrity and honor of the man—qualities which made him proof against many a tempting offer to wield his pen against his country's cause.

He is buried in St. Patrick's Cemetery, near London, the place where he rests being fitly marked by a handsome Irish cross entwined with shamrocks and, bearing within its arms the twofold inscription—God and my country, and O'Donnell Abu ! (Poems, page 845.)



DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY, poet, born in Dublin 1820. Composed ballads, poems, and lyrics, chiefly based on Irish traditions, written in a patriotic spirit and published in 1850. The volume includes translations from nearly every European language. His translation of Calderon's poems into English verse, with notes, was published in 1853. He has also written "Bell-founder" and other poems, "Shelley's Early Life," etc. In 1871 he received a pension in consideration of his merit as a poet. He died in 1882. (Poems, page 297.)

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

JUSTIN H. McCARTHY is a son of the eminent novelist and historian, Justin McCarthy. He is twenty-nine years of age. He is the author of a number



of historical works on contemporary events, and he has produced the best farce since Sheridan, "The Candidate." He has also published two volumes of verse. He is a member of Parliament, and like his distinguished father, an ardent nationalist. (Poems, page 852.)

REV. WILLIAM JAMES McCLURE.

REV. WILLIAM McCLURE was born of Irish parents at Dobb's Ferry, Westchester County, New York, November 23d, 1842. He received a "common-school" education in his native place, and from childhood was noted for his love of retirement and reading. At the age of eighteen he entered upon mercantile life in the city of New York, and continued thereat until 1872, when, feeling the strength of his vocation to the priesthood, he put himself under the direction of Rev. Father T. S. Preston, now the Right Rev. Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of New York, and went to Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J., then under the presidency of Rev. Father M. A. Corrigan, now the most Rev. Archbishop of New York. Mr. McClure's progress was such that he was enabled to take up philosophy in St. Therese College, Canada, in 1873. He entered the Great Seminary, Montreal, for his theological course in 1874, was ordained sub-deacon in 1876, Deacon in the spring of 1877, and priest, December 22d, 1877, by Bishop Fabre, of Montreal. On Rev. Father McClure's arrival in New York to commence his mission, Cardinal McCloskey, then Archbishop, appointed him as

assistant to Rev. H. C. Macdowall, St. Agnes' Church, New York City. He was for a while assistant to Rev. Dr. McGlynn, St. Stephen's Church. In 1882 he was called to St. Ann's, as first assistant to Right Rev. Mgr. Preston, where he continued his priestly work, until appointed in 1886 by Archbishop Corrigan, Rector of the church of the Sacred Heart of Barrytown, Dutchess County, N. Y., the parish including Red Hook and Tivoli. He is still (1889) in charge of that mission.

Rev. Father McClurè early evinced talent for literary pursuits, and from the period of his going to New York (1860), he continued to write, and found his pen moving into poetical lines, insomuch that he published, in 1869, a volume of



poems, the principal one of which is "Zillora; A Tale." His impressions of nature are shown by a number of smaller pieces; also his patriotism shines forth in uncompromising measures.

During his priesthood Father McClurè's poems have been mainly of a religious caste. They accumulated in ten years, so that in 1888, he made a selection of the whole body of his poetical pieces and published them in one volume, 12mo, pp. 190. The book has been well received. Some of the poems are given in the present work by permission of the Rev. author. Father McClurè's sympathy for Ireland is well-known, and we take pleasure in publishing undoubted evidences of his love of the green land of his forefathers. Also some specimens are given of devotional poetry, and some inspired by external nature. (Poems, Page 1003.)

HUGH FARRAR McDERMOTT.

HUGH FARRAR McDERMOTT was born at Enniskillen, Ireland, on the 16th of August, 1835. He was intended for the law, and was prepared for college by

the Rev. Robert Elliot, a Methodist minister of Beltwebet, in the county Cavan. His parentage was Scotch-Irish. His mother's name was Helen Cairns. His father, Thomas Gould McDermott, failed in mercantile business in 1849. He came to this country the same year with his family, and purchased a homestead near Boston, where he soon afterward died. Mr. McDermott entered the late Judge Brigham's office in Boston, as a law student, but soon found a ready market for his sketches and a wide appreciation of his verses, and at seventeen he had made a local fame in literature. He was a writer on the *Boston Post, Courier, Transcript, and Advertiser*, and in New York on the



Times, Tribune, Herald, and Leader. His literary successes have been many. G. P. Putnam's Sons have published two editions of his poems, and a third will soon be ready for the press. Several of his poems, notably "The Blind Canary," have been translated into many languages. Of one of Mr. McDermott's poems Oliver Wendell Holmes has said: "If I could sing as I once thought I could, I would make the air vocal with 'Do Not Sing That Song Again.'" Of his poem "Self-Communing," the late Chauncey C. Burr said, in a published criticism: "Some lines of 'Self-Communing' are as sublime and weird as Byron's 'Manfred,' and others are as closely philosophical as the 'De Natura Rerum' of Lucretius. It is a poem of extraordinary power." (Poems, page 921.)

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

D'ARCY MCGEE was born in Carlingford, Ireland, on April 13, 1825, and died by the hands of a fanatic assassin in Ottawa, Canada, April 7, 1868. In 1842 he emigrated to America, taking up his residence in Boston, where he became editor of *The Pilot*, the leading Irish-American newspaper in America. In 1845, he returned to Ireland, and was engaged by the *Dublin Freeman* to report the Parliamentary debates. In 1846, he joined the staff of the *Dublin Nation*,

and became a leading figure in the Young Ireland movement. In 1849, he again came to America, where he published, during nine years, *The New York Nation*, afterwards *The American Celt*. He became nationally known as a lecturer, organizer and poet. In 1857, he went to reside in Montreal, Canada, where he published a paper called *The New Era*. He was soon elected to Parliament, and was re-elected every year till his death. He was twice a member of the Canadian ministry, as Secretary for Agriculture and Emigration, and once as President of the Executive Council. It was he who framed the draft



for the confederation of the British American colonies, which has since been substantiated. He was returning from Parliament on the night of April 7, 1868, when he was shot at the door of his hotel by a man named Whalen, who was, it was charged on his trial, a Fenian agent; but was in all probability a self-acting lunatic. D'Arcy McGee published many books, all of deep research and wide interest. Particularly interesting are his "Irish Settlers in North America from the Earliest Periods to 1850" (Boston, 1857); "O'Connell and His Friends;" "Popular History of Ireland," etc. His poems were published by Sadlier and Co., New York, with an introduction by Mrs. Sadlier. (Poems, page 808.)

THOMAS J. MCGEOGHEGAN.

THOMAS J. MCGEOGHEGAN was born in Bay View Avenue, Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1836. He went, when eight months old, to Ballymahon, county of

Longford, whither his parents removed. He was educated in Mount Mellerey and All Hallow's College, Ireland. After completing his studies he came to the United States, where he has since resided. He is at present connected with the *New York Press*. His poems are mostly of a patriotic or religious character. (Poem, page 970.)

JOHN J. MCGINNIS.

JOHN J. MCGINNIS was born in St. John, N. B., July 24th, 1864. While yet young he moved with his parents to Boston. In 1875, he went to Ireland. There he taught an Irish national school for a time, but after a few years he



came to New York where he entered the field of journalism. In this sphere his abilities soon found ample recognition. He is at present connected with the editorial management of the *Catholic News*, a weekly paper published in New York City. (Poems, page 982.)

RICHARD MACHALE.

RICHARD MACHALE was born in Liverpool in 1862, his mother being a niece of the late Archbishop John MacHale of Tuam, "the Lion of the Fold of Judah." Young MacHale, after leaving the Christian Brothers' schools at Westport, Mayo, spent a short time in St. Jarlath's College, Tuam. He published several poems in the local papers at this time and soon was known in *Young Ireland* and the

Weekly News under the *nom de plume* "Ricardo." These juvenile efforts were afterwards collected and published in a small volume. Returning to Liverpool he engaged in literary work on the *Daily Telephone* and in 1882 came to the



United States. He has been five years on the editorial staff of the *Irish World* and has published poems in the *Boston Pilot*, *Scranton Youth*, and other journals. (Poems, page 1001.)



DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

DR. WM. MAGINN, a distinguished writer, born in Cork, July, 1793. At ten he entered Trinity College, Dublin, graduating in his fourteenth year. He returned





FRANCIS MAHONY.

to Cork, assisting in his father's school, in which, later, he succeeded as principal. In 1816 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws. His contributions to the *Literary Gazette* and *Blackwood's Magazine* gained him first rank in literature. He became junior Editor of the *Standard* in 1828, and the following year, in conjunction with the owner, projected *Fraser's Magazine*. After detention for debt in 1842, he retired to Walton-on-Thames where he died of consumption, at the age of forty-nine. (Poems, page 681.)

FRANCIS MAHONEY ("FATHER PROUT").

REV. FRANCIS MAHONEY ("Father Prout"), a charming poet and versatile writer, was born in Cork about 1803. Entering college at an early age he completed his academic course, with much credit and finally was admitted to the priesthood, and appointed curate to Father Prout, an old clergyman who resided some eight miles from Cork. While fulfilling his duties in this quiet country district, Father Mahoney sent many successful contributions to the Cork journals under the signature "Father Prout," much to the bewilderment of the good old priest. Articles sent to London periodicals and *Fraser's Magazine* meeting with favorable reception, he became weary of the monotony of a poor curate's life, and allured by the desire of literary fame, he abandoned his profession and entered the world of letters. In London his genius met with the recognition it deserved, and a rivalry ensued among the leading journals as to which should secure his services. Finding the atmosphere of Paris more to his tastes, he went to reside there in his fortieth year, and was correspondent of two daily English journals, the *News* and *Globe*. He contributed his whimsical papers "The Reliques of Father Prout," to *Fraser's Magazine*. These were afterwards published in book form. His "Bells of Shandon" and "Groves of Blarney" have enjoyed a world-wide reputation. He died in Paris, May 19, 1866. His remains were brought to Cork and buried under the shadow of Shandon steeple. (Poems, page 221.)

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN was born in Dublin in 1803. His father, a grocer, becoming bankrupt, James, was in his fifteenth year obliged to earn a livelihood. He drudged as a scrivener for seven years, from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night, and afterwards became solicitor's clerk for three years. His earnings went toward the support of himself and parents. This period of his life he afterwards refers to as a time when a special providence prevented him from committing suicide. Obtaining an engagement in the magnificent library of Trinity College, he took advantage of means at his disposal, and acquired a proficiency in many languages. In his twenty-seventh year he published

poetical translations from the German and Irish, which appeared in the *Dublin University*. His German translations were afterwards collected and published under the title of "Anthologica Germanica." His translations from the ancient Gaelic bards, show wonderful fidelity in adhering to the spirit and metre of the original. These won for him the friendship of Dr. Petré and Eugene O'Curry, which he prized very dearly. He became a regular contributor to the *Dublin Nation*, *The United Irishman* and *The Dublin University*, and for these he wrote exquisite translations, some of which are said to surpass even the original, such as "Lays of Many Lands," and "Literæ Orientales." He also contributed



numerous original poems, noted for their chaste expression and exquisite pathos. Among the best known are "Dark Rosaleen" and "O Woman of Three Cows" (?).

Of the most exquisite sensibility and fine impulses, his life-long poverty and misery threw a cloud over his entire existence, and seeking solace in stimulants, which undermined his health, he broke down under the weight of disease, and at his own request was admitted to Meath Hospital, where he died June 13, 1849. (Poems, page 337.)

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, the well-known Irish nationalist and orator, was born in Waterford, Aug. 3d, 1823. He was educated by the Jesuits at Clongowes

and Stoneyhurst Colleges, and entered public life in 1843, with a great reputation for his oratorical abilities. He became a zealous repealer, and soon joined the Young Ireland party. His fiery eloquence was instrumental in stimulating the quasi insurrection of 1848. He was arrested and tried for high treason, and, on the 23d of October of that year, was condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered. This sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. In 1849, he was sent to Tasmania, from whence he escaped in 1852, coming to New



York. In America he soon became distinguished as a popular lecturer and journalist. He was admitted to the New York bar, but never practised. When the war broke out he entered the Union army, and soon rose to the rank of brigadier-general. He commanded the Irish Brigade, and won distinction in many of the bloodiest battles of the war. At the conclusion of the conflict he was appointed by President Johnson Secretary of Montana, and died by accidentally falling off a steamer in the Missouri, July 1st, 1867, while Acting Governor of that Territory. (Poems, page 857.)

REV. C. P. MEEHAN.

REV. CHARLES P. MEEHAN was born in Dublin, Ireland, July 12th, 1812. His earliest recollections are associated with Ballymahon, county Longford, where his ancestors for thirteen centuries were the keepers and custodians of the shrine of St. Molaise, now one of the famous relics of the Royal Irish Academy. His first preceptor was an Irish head school-master. When a youth of sixteen he entered the Irish College, Rome, as a candidate for the priesthood. It was while gazing on the broken flagstone, whose time-worn epitaph faintly indicated a Royal Prince of Tyrconnell as the occupant of the grave in St. Isidore's, that he

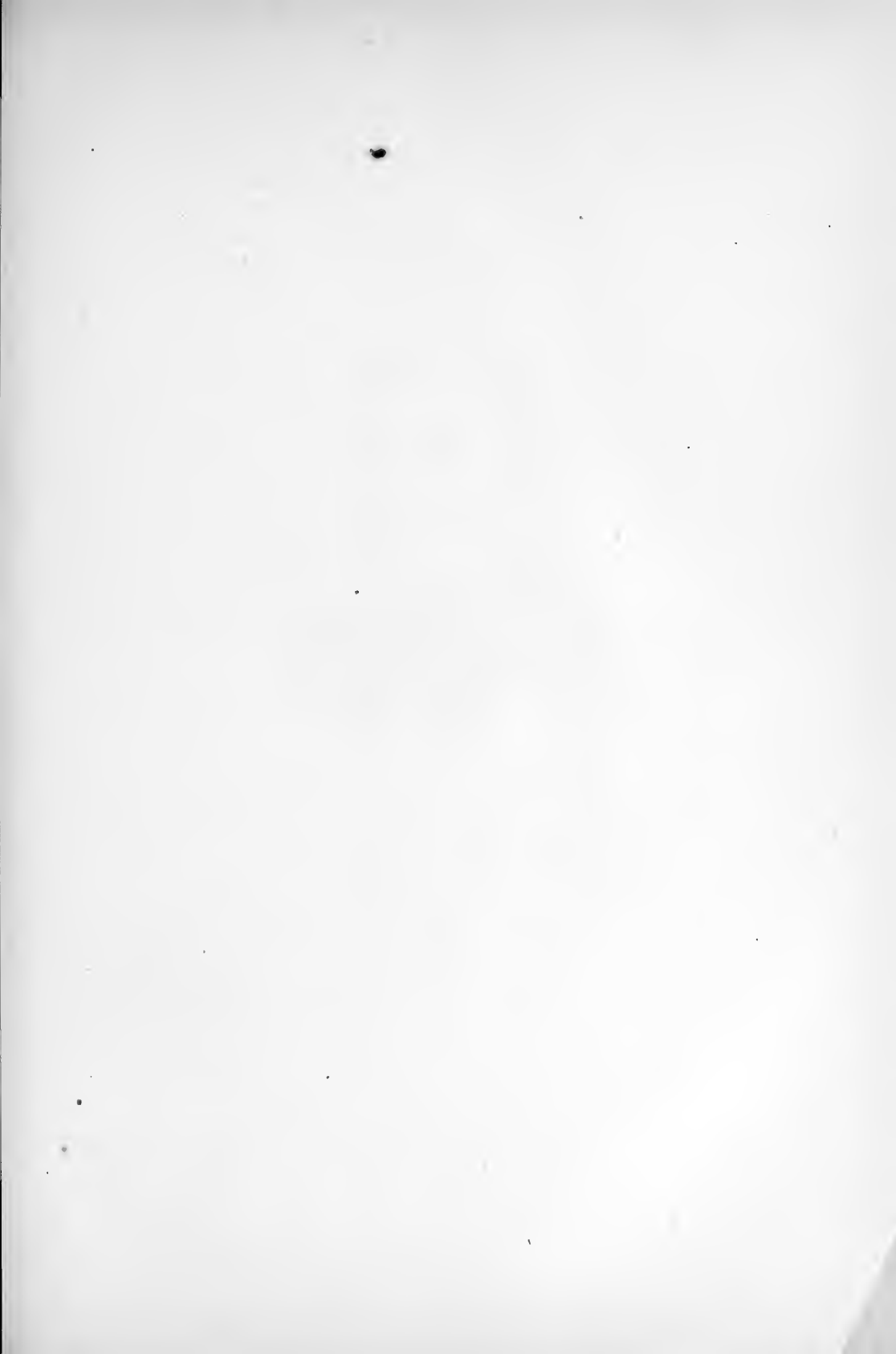
was inspired with the idea which eventually resulted in the history of the exiled Earls. In 1835, after his ordination, Father Meehan returned to Ireland and was stationed as curate at Rathduin. When the *Nation* newspaper was started in 1842, Father Meehan became one of its most valued contributors. He prepared the "Confederation of Kilkenny" for Duffy's Library of Ireland. Father Meehan's house was a favorite place of meeting for the young Ireland leaders and writers of the *Nation*. Some years later, Father Meehan published his "Rise and Fall of the Irish Franciscan Monasteries and the Irish Hierarchy in the Sixteenth



Century." In 1847, he issued a splendid translation of Manzoni's "La Monica di Monza," a continuation of the "Promessi Sposi." Five years later appeared his English version of Father Marchesi's "Dominican Sculptors, Architects and Painters." The "Flight of the Earls" is, however, his great and crowning work, having been pronounced by competent critics as superior to even the great works of Scottish romance. Father Meehan was the life-long friend of that erratic genius Clarence Mangan, and prepared him for death. He has recently edited a complete edition of Mangan's works, and though now in his seventy-seventh year, his prolific pen is as busy as ever. (Poem, page 1012.)

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN.

RICHARD A. MILLIKIN was born in the county of Cork in 1767. He was for a time editor of a Cork magazine, and wrote several fugitive poems. He is best known by the humorous ballad, "The Groves of Blarney," written about 1798, in imitation or ridicule of the rambling rhapsodies then so popular among the Irish peasantry. He became conspicuous during the insurrection of 1798 by his zeal and activity in the formation of yeomanry corps. He died in 1815, and was buried at Douglas, near Cork. (Poem, page 820.)





THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE, the greatest Irish lyrist, was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779. In his eleventh year, an epilogue written by him was read at Lady Borrowe's private theatre, in Dublin. His teacher, Mr. Whyte, also instructor of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, encouraged the dramatic tastes of his pupils, and Moore became noted even in his early youth for his proficiency in music and theatrical effects. On the opening of Trinity College to Catholics, Moore entered to study law; here he distinguished himself as a successful and brilliant student, and here he became the friend of Robert Emmet, who was also a student there. During this period Moore contributed to leading periodicals, and at home studied French, Italian and Music. His translation from the Greek "Odes of Anacreon" proving a success, Moore threw aside his law and entered upon literature as a profession. In 1803, he received a government appointment at Bermuda, but becoming dissatisfied, he appointed a deputy as substitute and travelled over the United States and Canada before returning to England. His "Odes and Epistles" were published in 1806. Five years afterwards he married a young Irish actress, Miss Bessy Dykes, and settled in the neighborhood of his friend Lord Moira. For his Eastern romance "Lalla Rookh," published in 1817, he was paid £3000, and it was received with universal approbation. His newspaper contributions added greatly to his income, yet while enjoying literary success, he became indebted to the amount of £6000 through the dishonesty of his deputy. To cancel this debt was his most earnest ambition. During this period he travelled through France and Italy, writing "The Fudge Family in Paris," "Loves of the Angels," and "Rhymes on the Road." Clearing his indebtedness, he returned to England, where he produced in 1825 a biography of R. B. Sheridan, in 1830 a "Life of Lord Byron," and completed in 1834 his "Irish Melodies," which have made him famous. His family relations were of the happiest character, and in his social life he was universally admired and sought after. He died in 1852. (Poems, page 31.)

LADY SIDNEY MORGAN.

LADY SIDNEY MORGAN was born in Dublin between 1780 and 1786. Her father, MacOwen or Owenson, was an actor and a man of ability. In her fourteenth year Sidney published a volume of poems, and in 1804 her novel "St. Clair, or The Heiress of Desmond," appeared, and two years later her "Wild Irish Girl," which established her reputation as a novelist. In 1812, she married Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, M.D., having at the time saved £5000 from her literary labors. Altogether her works are said to have brought her £25,000. She visited Italy and France, which resulted in several volumes of sketches concerning those countries. Her novels on Irish life and manners attracted much

attention and were of great benefit to Ireland, then in a very depressed condition. In 1837 she removed to London, where she was the centre of a brilliant



literary circle. She died in that city April 13th, 1859. It was her novels on Irish life that first suggested to Sir Walter Scott the idea of writing the Waverley series. (Poem, page 825.)

WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK was born in Ireland and came to America at an early age. He soon engaged in journalism and won a reputation by his stirring poems and lyrics. In 1850, he published in Boston a volume of poems which he dedicated to Longfellow, who was an admirer of his talents. He died when about twenty-five years of age. (Poems, page 859.)

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

MISS ROSA MULHOLLAND was born in the city of Belfast, Ireland. She has been for many years a prolific contributor, in poetry and prose, to many of the best periodicals in England and Ireland. Many of her stories were contributed to Charles Dickens's *All the Year Round*. Several of her writings have been

translated into other languages. Her collected poems were published a few years ago. Her best known stories are "Hester's History," "The Wicked Woods of



Tobereenil," "The Late Miss Hollingsford," "Dummara," and "The Wild Birds of Killeeny." (Poems, page 1018.)

JAMES MURPHY.

James Murphy, Irish novelist and poet, was born in Glynn, county Carlow, in 1839. He entered the Training College for Teachers in Dublin in 1858, and commenced to write poetry for the *Irishman* and *Nation* newspapers. In 1860 he was appointed Principal of the Public Schools at Bray, the famous marine resort near Dublin, which position he held for many years. He afterward was elected to the posts of Town Clerk and Chairman of the Municipal Board of Commissioners; finally resigning these to accept the Professorship of Mathematics in Saint Gall's Catholic University College, Dublin, which he still continues to hold.

Mr. Murphy commenced his story writing many years ago. His first novel, "The Cross of Glencarrig," appeared in 1872, and at once attracted great attention. Its great power and the marvellous skill in construction of the plot, at once made him famous. Since then he has written "The Shadow on the Scaffold," "The Forge of Clohogue," "Convict No. 25," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "The House on the Rath," "Hugh Roach the Ribbonman," "The Shan Van Vocht," "The Haunted Church." A series of new novels is in course of publication by the London publishers, Messrs. Spencer, Blackett, Hallam

& Co. Mr. Murphy's poetry is contained in a volume of some two hundred pages entitled "Lays and Legends of Ireland." (Poems, page 1005.)

KATHARINE MURPHY.

KATHARINE MURPHY was born in Cork, Ireland, and died in that city in 1885. She wrote for many years for the Irish press under the *nom de plume* of "Bridgid." Her poems are noted for their dramatic force and vigor. (Poems, page 968.)

MRS. LOUISIANA MURPHY.

MRS. LOUISIANA MURPHY is a native of Dublin, having first seen the light in the United States Consulate, Nelson Street, something better than thirty years ago. Her father, Mr. Hugh Keenan, was a Northerner, but emigrated early in life to America, where he studied law and was admitted to the Bar, practising with great success, and, subsequently, on his return to Ireland, being nominated United States Consul at Dublin and afterward at Cork. When tired of public life he resigned, purchased an estate in the North, and settled there with his family, ultimately becoming a Justice of the Peace for the county Monaghan.

Mrs. Murphy had many opportunities of studying the peasantry, their dialect, etc., but her girlhood was for the most part spent away at school, her education being divided between the Loretto Convent, Balbriggan, and the Convent of Notre Dame, Tirlemont, Belgium. She always had a taste for writing, but frittered away much time in the composition of complimentary verses, birth and fête-day odes, addresses, etc., doing no serious work save the Libretto of a semi-Irish Operetta, which, although never published, was produced at the Loretto Convent in 1878 with marked success.

On leaving school she had some thoughts of devoting herself to a literary career, but married instead, and literary ambition had to be sacrificed to the active domestic duties of her new sphere. She is now almost nine years married, and only during the past couple of years has she resumed writing. She has contributed some poems from time to time to various magazines, and has written the Libretto of an Irish National Opera (which sanguine critics predict will yet take its place upon the stage), the lyrical part of which, especially, has been highly commended. (Poems, page 1016.)

CAROLINE NORTON.

CAROLINE NORTON, born in 1808, was a daughter of Thomas Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and sister of Lady Dufferin. She married the Hon. G. C. Norton, and after his death, Sir William Stirling Maxwell. Her first marriage proved unhappy and led to protracted legal proceedings. She was widely known as a poet and novelist. Her death occurred in 1877. (Poems, page 821.)

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN was born in the county of Limerick, Ireland, in 1830, of a well-known and respected family. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He went to London, where he engaged in journalism, and shortly after came to New York. He soon won renown by the production of some of the most original poems and stories in the literature of his time. "He set up a model of excellence in magazine literature, which has made it better than it ever had been in this country before those tales were printed," says a biographer,



referring to his stories published in *Harper's Magazine* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. He also wrote several pieces for the stage. At the outbreak of the war, O'Brien joined the Union army, serving on the staff of Gen. Lander. While on a foraging expedition, he met and attacked a large body of Confederate troops, under the command of Col. Ashly. Both leaders engaged in a regular duel, the result being that Ashly was killed and O'Brien mortally wounded. He died seven weeks afterward, April 6th, 1862. His works, edited by William Winter, were published in Boston in 1881. (Poems, page 870.)

T. O'D. O'CALLAGHAN.

THOMAS O'DONNELL O'CALLAGHAN was born in 1847, in the town of Kilmallock, county Limerick, Ireland, and came to this country in 1866. When but in his teens he was identified with the Fenian movement in Ireland and was the Kilmallock correspondent, under the *nom de plume* "Libertas," of the Fenian organ, the *Dublin Irish People*, which was suppressed by

the government. He also wrote some patriotic poetry for the Dublin *Irishman* of those days. Since coming to the United States, Mr. O'Callaghan has written extensively for the various New York Irish American weeklies and for the New York dailies, more especially the *Daily News*, to which he has contributed many of his most characteristic verses. Mr. O'Callaghan is descended



on the mother's side from the celebrated Shawn O'Dhear an Glanna (anglice, John O'Dwyer of the Glen) known as the Poet Huntsman, who flourished in Munster in the seventeenth century. His father, Innocent O'Callaghan, was a celebrated scholar and mathematician of Munster, whose name was familiar in his day throughout Ireland, and who died in 1868. He is a cousin of the Irish poet, Doctor Robert Dwyer Joyce. (Poems, page 931.)

MARY EVA KELLY (MRS. O'DOHERTY).

MARY EVA KELLY, the baptismal and family name of Mrs. O'Doherty, is descended from one of the most ancient and respectable families in Connaught. She was born at Headford, near Tuam, in the county of Galway. On the mother's side she is a lineal descendant from "Graunu-Waille," or Grace O'Malley, the "Dark Lady of Doonah," who equipped a fleet and successfully held her own in Iar or West Connaught against all the available power of Elizabeth of England. She, therefore, by the right and virtue of ancient inheritance, possesses that proud and haughty spirit, impatient of English domination, that breathes everywhere through her National Poems.

While on a visit to San Francisco some few years ago, Mrs. O'Doherty yielded to the solicitations of many admirers of her genius to publish a volume of her poems. Mr. P. J. Thomas of that city, who well remembered the glories that shone around the writers of the *Nation* in the memorable days of "'48," under-

took the enterprise. The book was well gotten up and received a hearty indorsement by the reviewers. But the Golden West has not been prolific of success for publishers. The echo of the songs did not reach the great masses of Irish readers this side of the Rocky Mountains, and the market on the Pacific coast was not encouraging. It is a pity that the collection has not been more generally circulated, and known among the lovers of Irish national poetry. "Eva" began to write when fourteen years old, but as few of her juvenile poems were published, no opinion can be formed of their merits. We may well suppose, however, that they indicated the latent genius which made the name of "Eva" familiar to the lovers of Irish song. It was the spirit of Grace O'Malley rather



than the promptings of genius which urged her muse; for we are informed that she was tempted to write more from a patriotic feeling than a literary taste. Her early contributions to the *Nation* were over the signature of "Fionula," the daughter of King Leara (or Lir) who, the legend says, was, by the enchant-er's wand, changed into a swan and doomed to glide over the rivers and lakes of Ireland until the Bell of Heaven should be heard ringing the call for the first mass. The "Lament for Thomas Davis," the first poem over the name of "Eva," was one of the best ever published in the *Nation*. She contributed afterward to the *United Irishman* after John Mitchel had seceded from the O'Connell party. When John Martin published *The Felon* after Mitchel's exile, "Eva" contributed frequently to that journal.

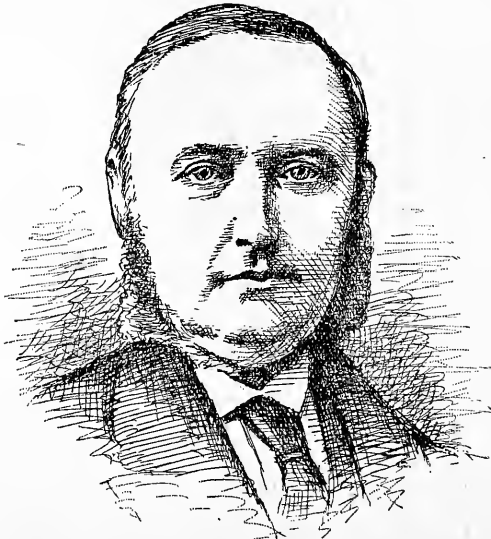
Of her subsequent marriage to Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, and her emigration to Queensland, Australia, a good deal could be written; but the space in our work is limited. We can only add that through many changes, she still lives, having brought up a family of four sons and one daughter, all of whom are grown to maturity. Some are married, and the gentle poet of "'48" is surrounded by children and grandchildren, far away from the land she loved and labored for. She writes occasionally, but not over her old signature. Collectively, her poems have been pronounced by the critics "a casket of Literary gems." (Poems, page 827.)

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL.

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL ("Caviare") a well-known journalist and poet, was born in the town of Kilkenny in the year 1837. Most of his life was spent on the London daily press, but he found time, amid the varied occupations of his profession, to contribute to the Irish magazines and journals of the day. His poems are of a high order of merit, and it is a matter of regret that they have never been collected and published in permanent form. He died in 1874. (Poems, page 835.)

JUDGE O'HAGAN.

JOHN O'HAGAN was born in the county of Down, Ireland, in the year 1822. He early became connected with Messrs. Duffy, Davis and Dillon on the staff of



the *Dublin Nation*. He possessed extraordinary endowments, being, says Mr. Duffy, "the safest in council, the most moderate in opinion, the most consider-





COL. THEODORE O'HARA.

ate in temper of the young men, and after a time any of them would have had recourse to him, next after Davis, in a personal difficulty needing sympathy and discretion." Mr. O'Hagan subsequently became an eminent Queen's counsel, and one of the leaders of the Equity Bar of Ireland, and is at present Judge of the Irish Land Commission. His principal literary production is a striking and effective translation into English of the *Chanson de Roland*. (Poems, page 842.)

COL. THEODORE O'HARA.

THEODORE O'HARA was born in the town of Danville, Kentucky, in 1820. He was educated in the Catholic academy in Bardstown, in his native State. On completing his education, he devoted himself to the profession of journalism. On the outbreak of the Mexican war, he enlisted, obtaining the rank of Captain. On the occasion of the civil war he joined the Confederacy, and served on the staffs of Gens. Breckenridge and Albert Sidney Johnson. He died at his plantation in Alabama in 1867. The Kentucky Legislature had his remains transferred to his native State and buried in the cemetery at Frankfort in 1872. "The Bivouac of the Dead," the poem by which he is best known, was written on the occasion of the erection of a monument to the memory of the Kentucky soldiers who fell in the Mexican war, and whose remains had been removed to their native State for interment. (Poem, page 860.)

M. J. O'MAHONY.

MARTIN JOSEPH O'MAHONY was born on the 8th of November, 1848, in the city of Cork, Ireland. In early childhood he showed a remarkable aptitude for



music, singing when at the age of six years the works of the great masters, especially Mozart, for whose music he seems to have a particular love. Young

O'Mahony had an exquisite voice, capable of singing when at the age of eight years such creations as the "Inflammatus" of Rossini, rendering the intricate and difficult passages with truly wonderful skill. He was educated by the Christian Brothers at Peacock Lane Monastery. Besides music he, at the age of ten, showed a singular taste for poetry. In 1864, Mr. O'Mahony became connected with the Fenian movement, and was subjected to government prosecution. He shortly after came to the United States and at present resides in New York. He has written many dramatic sketches and stories of merit. (Poems, page 1022.)

E. J. O'REILLY.

EDWARD JAMES O'REILLY was born in the county of Cavan, Ireland, July 27th, 1830. He came to the United States in 1851, and became connected with some of the leading journals of New York City. Owing to the then prevailing agitation against foreigners, especially those of his race, much of his early literary work was published under a *nom de plume*. Most of his poems appeared over the signature of "Clio." He was a man of noble character, generous, patri-



otic, loved by his friends and esteemed by all who knew him. He died in New York, September 9th, 1880. Almost every newspaper in New York had editorial regrets for the sudden and early death of Mr. O'Reilly. One said, "Those who knew his gentleness of heart, his integrity of purpose, his true manliness and his unaltering friendship, know how good a man and capable a journalist has passed away." Another touched on a prominent feature of his character thus: "He was a devoted husband and father; a most companionable man; true as steel to those he loved, and as an employee faithful to the last degree." Aside

from his journalistic duties, Mr. O'Reilly had a most refined and cultivated taste for books, busying himself in the hours not devoted to professional duties, in gathering rare and curious volumes, his collection being a comprehensive and valuable one. Mr. O'Reilly was a member of the Bar, but the work and ways of the lawyer had no attraction for him. No man ever died who was more deeply regretted by those who knew him. (Poems page 952.)

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was born in Dowth Castle, county Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844. His father, William David O'Reilly, was a scholar and an antiquarian, and his mother, Eliza Boyle, was a woman of an extremely rare and beautiful nature. John Boyle O'Reilly became a journalist in early manhood, and at twenty-one years of age was a revolutionist, arrested, tried for high treason, and sentenced to twenty years imprisonment in an English penal colony. At twenty-five he escaped from West Australia, and came to America. He has lived in Boston since 1869. He is the editor and part proprietor of *The Pilot*, perhaps the most widely known Irish-American newspaper. He has published five books:—"Songs from the Southern Seas," "Songs, Legends and Ballads," "Moondyne," "The Statues in the Block," "In Bohemia," and in union with three other authors, "The King's Men: a Tale of To-morrow." (Poems, page 751.)

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

ARTHUR (William Edgar) O'SHAUGHNESSY was a poet of great beauty and simplicity. He was born March 14, 1844. Obtaining a position at the British Museum as transcriber, after two years he was promoted to the Natural History Department. A volume containing many of his best poems was published in 1870 under the title of an "Epic of Women." Among his other productions may be mentioned "Lays of France" and "Music and Moonlight." His "Songs of a Worker" were published in 1881 after his death, which occurred in January 30 the same year. (Poems, page 730.)

FANNY PARNELL.

FANNY PARNELL, second sister of the National leader of Ireland, Charles Stewart Parnell, was one of four daughters of John H. and Delia L. S. Parnell, and was born at Avondale, the family estate, in county Wicklow, Ireland, about the year 1848. She was carefully trained at home, and though a Protestant, was sent, as many of the children of leading Irish families are, from Ireland to have her education finished at a convent in Paris. The brightness which her early years has shown was augmented by a thorough education.

In the roomy old house at Avondale Manor she passed some years. Here, in the midst of the wild and picturesque scenery of Wicklow and Wexford, she found much to nurture, not only her poetic temperament, but those national aspirations which have since distinguished the family. As romantic as any dreamy maiden could wish was the site of her home on the edge of the deep vale in which the Avon rushed on to meet the Avoca, which Moore has immortalized.

Shortly after the foundation of the *Irish People* in Dublin, the organ of the Fenian Brotherhood, Fanny Parnell became a contributor to the poetic columns.



Here, under the signature of "Alerta," she gave vent to her patriotic feelings. From the decline of the Fenian movement to the birth of the Land Agitation we find scarcely any literary work from her hand. Her lyre would only respond to one breeze—nationality. A few years ago, when she first began to write the powerful "Land League Songs," her name was quite unknown. Before she had published half a dozen of those extraordinary poems, extraordinary for their magnetic and almost startling force, as well as rhythmical beauty, it was recognized by those who watched for signs that the Land League had got that which crystallizes the efforts and aspirations of a popular movement—a Poet. Every note she struck was true and strong and timely.

Her death was mourned by the whole Irish race. She died suddenly on the 20th of July, 1882, at the Old Ironsides mansion, her mother's home, near Bordentown, N. J. She is buried in Mt. Auburn cemetery, near Boston, and her grave is decorated with flowers every year, on Memorial Day, by delegates from the Irish societies of Boston. (Poems, page 742.)

THOMAS PARNELL.

THOMAS PARNELL was born in Dublin in 1679, in which city he received his education and was finally elevated to the ministry in 1703. In 1705, then Archdeacon of Clogher, he married a lady noted for her beauty and general excellence of character. His annual excursions to England, where he spent months at a time, living luxuriously, rather diminished than advanced his fortune.

When the Whigs were in power, he was the friend of Addison, Congreve and Steele; during the ascendancy of the Tories, his former friends were neglected,



and Swift, Pope, Gay and Arbuthnot became his companions. The death of his wife, in 1712, proved a severe blow, from the effects of which he never rallied. To drown his misery he had recourse to stimulants, and his intemperance shortened his life. A collection of his poems was published by Pope. Although not a poet of the first rank, his poems merit considerable praise for their melodic sweetness, clearness of language, and generally pleasing style. He died July, 1717. The great National leader and agitator of Ireland, Charles Stewart Parnell, is a direct descendant of the poet; and his gifted sister, Fanny Parnell, inherited the poetic genius of her ancestor. (Poems, page 472.)

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, March 12th, 1822. He was of Irish extraction. At an early age he entered an artist's studio in Cincinnati, and subsequently passed some time in New York and



Boston, where he devoted himself to painting. In 1846, he removed to Philadelphia. In 1850 he went to Italy, where he remained, with the exception of some brief intervals in America, until 1872. His poetical works were published in three volumes in 1866. Died in New York, May 11th, 1872. (Poems, p. 880.)



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY is of Irish descent, as his name implies, and is one of the most popular American poets of the day. He was born in Greenfield,

Indiana, in 1853. In early life he was a painter, but soon cast aside the brush for the pen. He first became known by his humorous poetical contributions to the journals and magazines in the western dialect, which won for him the title of "the Hoosier Poet." Mr. Riley has published a volume of poems that has met with a ready sale. He is an accomplished lecturer, and an artist of merit. (Poems, page 911.)

HON. W. E. ROBINSON.

WILLIAM ERIGENA ROBINSON was born at Unagh, near Cookstown, Tyrone County, Ireland. He came to the United States in 1836, and entered Yale College the following year, graduating in 1841. In 1844, he became assistant editor of the *New York Tribune*, under Horace Greeley, and subsequently edited the *Buffalo Express*, *Newark Mercury*, and the *People*, New York. He was



admitted to the bar in New York in 1854. He served many years in Congress, and introduced the measure asserting the right of man to expatriation, whereby the European governments were compelled to renounce the slavish doctrine "once a subject always a subject." Mr. Robinson has been prominent in every movement in America, looking to the benefit of the Irish people. He resides at present in the city of Brooklyn. (Poem, page 901.)

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE was born in Queens county, Ireland, May 31, 1847. His parents emigrated in that year to Prince Edward Island, where he spent his



youth, being educated in St. Dunstan's College in that province. He has lived in Boston since 1866, contributing to various periodicals occasionally until 1883, when he joined the editorial staff of the *Boston Pilot*, with which he is still connected. (Poems, page 712.)



O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA, better known, perhaps, as a patriot and revolutionist than a poet, was born in Rosscarberry, county Cork, Ireland, in

September, 1831. His life has been eventful. In 1858, he was arrested and imprisoned for organizing the Phoenix Society, which was the immediate forerunner of the great Fenian revolutionary brotherhood. In 1865 he was arrested again, this time for Fenianism, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He was, with many other Irish patriots, released after seven years' imprisonment, and banished out of Ireland for twenty years. He is editor of a paper called *United Ireland*, in New York. Nearly all his poems were written in English prisons; but his fine translations from the Gaelic have been recently made. (Poems, page 776.)

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J., was born in Newry, county of Armagh, Ireland, in 1834. He made his studies in Maynooth College and afterward in France. He is at present the editor of the *Irish Monthly Magazine*. He has



published three volumes of verse—"Emmanuel," "Madona," and "Erin, Verses Irish and Catholic." Father Russell is a nephew of the late Charles William Russell, for many years President of Maynooth College, and is a brother of Sir Charles Russell, the distinguished London lawyer. (Poems, page 1013.)

REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

THE Rev. Abram J. Ryan, nationally known as "The Poet-Priest of the South," was a Virginian by birth. He died of an organic heart trouble, at

Louisville, Ky., on April 22, 1886, in the 46th year of his age. Father Ryan was pre-eminently the poet of the Southern Confederacy. He occupied in that ephemeral nation the enviable position described by the "very wise man" of whom old Fletcher of Saltoun wrote to the Marquis of Montrose,—“who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.” Henry Timrod, who died all too soon, had written some stirring lyrics for the South, but Father Ryan, who had just



been ordained in 1861, threw himself heart and soul into the support of the Confederacy and followed its fortunes from beginning to end. (Poems, page 736.)

The Rev. Wm. D. Kelly, a brother priest and poet, wrote the following tender sonnet on Father Ryan's death:—

YOUR saddest tears, O April skies, drop down,
 And let the voices of your sobbing breeze,
 Sigh the most plaintive of their threnodies
 For him, who, girt with sacerdotal gown,
 When war's wild tumult stirred each Southern town,
 And filled the land with its discordancies,
 Sang high above them all such melodies
 Their very sweetness won the South renown:
 Poet! God rest thee, now thy songs are sung;
 Father! heaven gain thee, now thy toil is o'er;

Whoever listened to thy tuneful tongue
Telling the mystic secrets of its lore,
Trusts that thy voice, celestial choirs among,
Hymns the new song of love forevermore.

JOHN SAVAGE.

JOHN SAVAGE, LL.D., a talented poet and miscellaneous writer, was born in Dublin, December 13, 1828. Receiving the advantages of a good education, and giving early evidences of artistic taste, he became a student at the Art School of the Royal Dublin Society. He was a prime actor in the Insurrection of '48, having edited a journal in the interest of the Young Ireland party, also assisting in arming the peasantry. For this interest, he was obliged to leave the country, and, escaping to New York, he contributed to a number of leading periodicals, and was connected with newspapers in New York, Washington and New Orleans. He edited the *Manhattan*, a monthly of much literary merit.



An ardent supporter of the Union cause during the war of the Rebellion he wrote many popular war-songs. His publications include, besides, several volumes of poems, dramas, sketches and biographies. (Poems, page 802.)

MICHAEL SCANLAN.

MICHAEL SCANLAN was born in Castlemahon, county of Limerick, Ireland, in November, 1836, and came to the United States in 1849. His family settled in Chicago, where, in subsequent years, the Scanlan Brothers were well-known business men. The subject of this sketch, in very early years, took an active part in all movements looking toward the freedom of Ireland. Indeed Ireland has been the "dream and adoration" of his life. He was a leading spirit in the Fenian movement and soon became its American Laureate. "The Fenian Men," a stirring war chant, was the Marseillaise of the movement, sung to the tune of "O'Donnell Abu." Many a poor fellow was sent to jail in Ireland, between 1866 and 1868 for having a copy of even a verse of it in his possession. In 1867

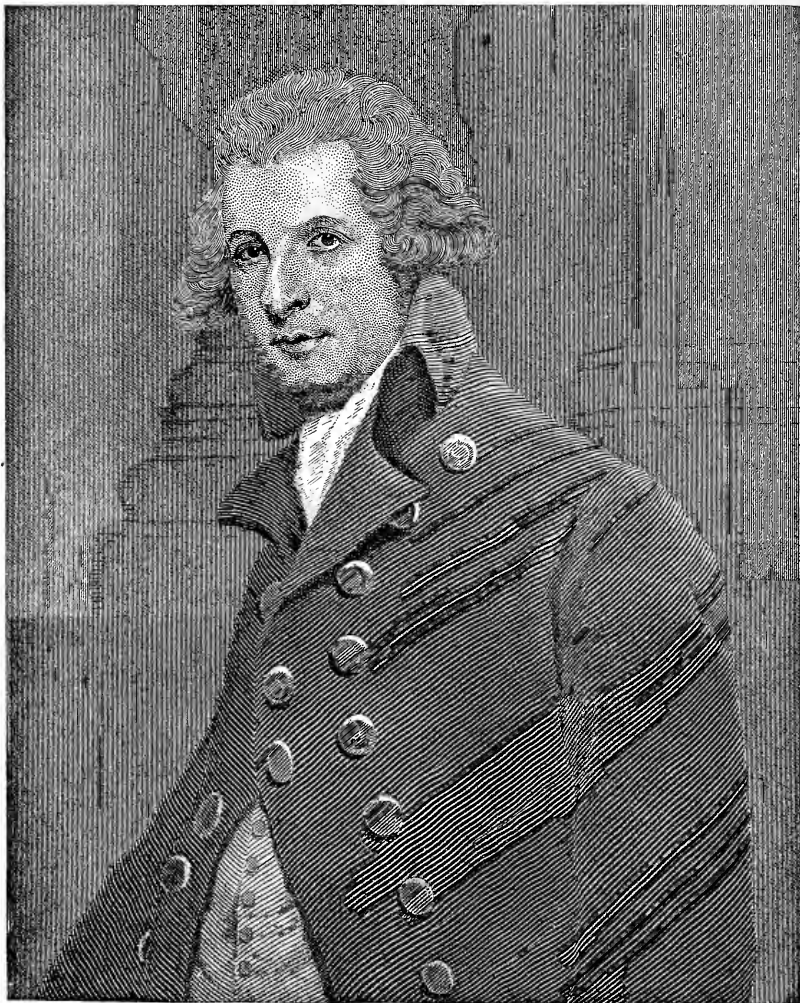


Mr. Scanlan, together with a few others, "who thought ahead of their day," established *The Irish Republic*, a journal whose general motto was "Liberty; her friends our friends, her enemies our enemies," and whose special motto was "The shortest road to the freedom of Ireland." Mr. Scanlan was editor of the *Irish Republic* which was first published in Chicago, where it was transferred to New York, and thence to Washington, D. C., where it ended its "brief and brilliant career," in 1873. In 1874 Mr. Scanlan was appointed to a clerkship in the Department of State, where he is still engaged in statistical work. He is a writer of strong nervous prose, and has a rare gift of humor, which, however, he has seldom used since he wrote the once-famous Dionysius O'Blake papers for the *Irish Republic*. (Poems, page 954.)

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA was born in the city of Cork, Ireland, in the year 1802. He received a thorough classical education, and when he was but little more than





RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

twenty years of age, he proceeded to London, where he wrote his poems of "Rudreki," and won immediate recognition. In 1827 he came to the United States, where he continued in his profession of journalism. He died in New York City in 1845. His son, Judge George Shea, published a volume of his poems in 1846. (Poems, page 855.)

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, the renowned wit, orator and dramatist, was born in Dublin, October 31, 1751. He was the son of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, the tragedian, and grandson of Doctor Sheridan, the friend and correspondent of Swift. An impulsive marriage, made before completing his law studies, compelled him to have recourse to literature as a means of support. In his dramatic productions he achieved wonderful success, writing the ever-popular comedies, "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal," the farce "The Critic," and the opera "The Duenna." He became one of the proprietors of the Drury Lane Theatre in 1776. But the crowning glory of his life, was his Parliamentary career of thirty-two years. Here his unrivalled eloquence, and keen irony, found an ample field for their development, and the famous statesmen and orators, Burke, Pitt and Fox, had to look well to their laurels. His speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings was among his most brilliant orations. The burning of the Drury Lane Theatre and his extravagant habits, plunged him deeply in debt, and filled the latter days of his life with sorrow and disappointment. He died July 7th, 1816. (Poems, page 422.)

JOHN STERLING.

JOHN STERLING was a native of Waterford, born in 1806. His family settled in London in 1824, where he entered Trinity College. He did not take his degree. He was an intimate friend of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle. He died in 1844. Archdeacon Hare published his works, and Carlyle wrote his biography. (Poems, page 668.)

A. M. SULLIVAN.

ALEXANDER MARTIN SULLIVAN was born in the county of Cork, Ireland, in 1826. Having received a good education, he was engaged on the staff of the *Dublin Nation*, by its then proprietor, Charles Gavan Duffy. He afterward became sole proprietor of the paper, which he conducted with eminent ability for several years. He was prosecuted and imprisoned for the publication of certain articles in the *Nation*, apropos of the "Manchester Martyrs"—Allen, Larkin

and O'Brien. A few years before his death, he joined the English bar, and removed to London. Mr. Sullivan also founded *Young Ireland*, and *The Weekly*



News, two weekly publications. He is the author of a volume of speeches and lectures, and two excellent historical works—"The Story of Ireland" and "New Ireland." (Poem, page 1021.)

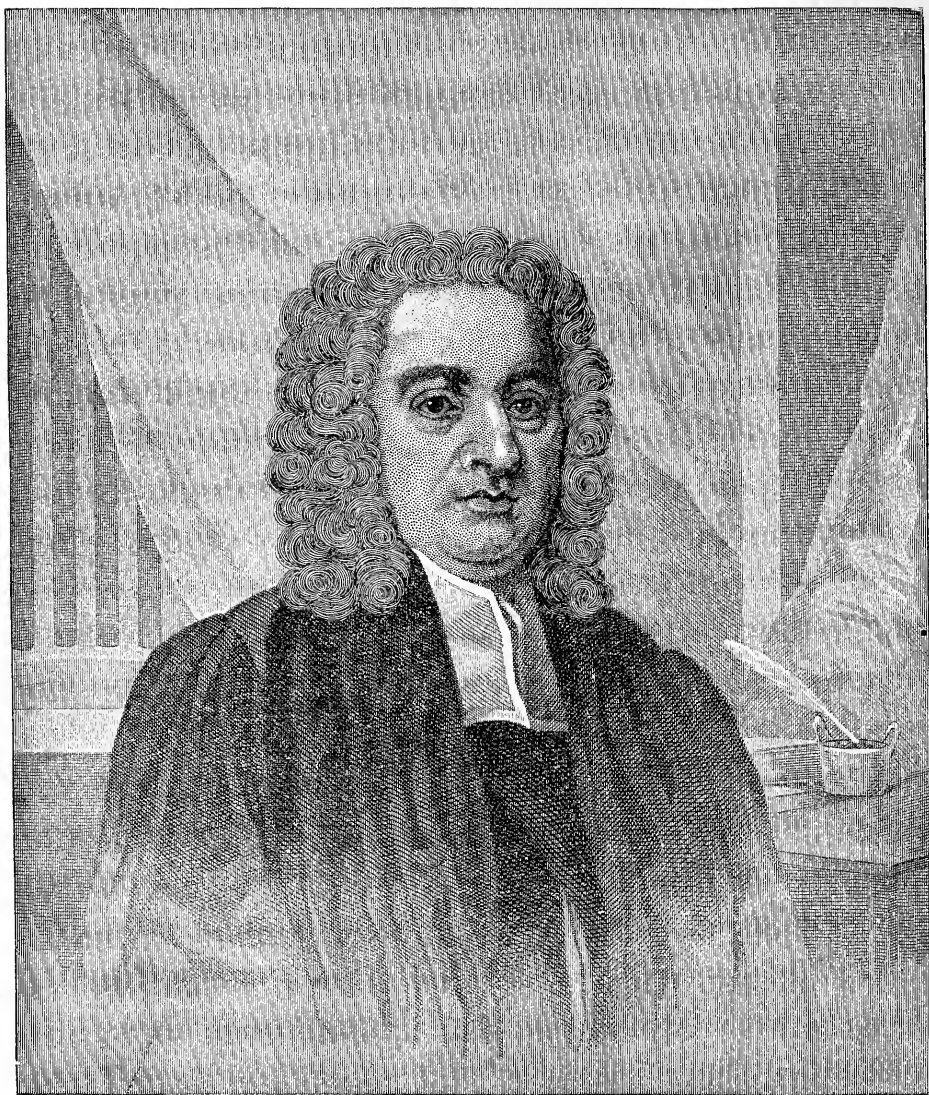
MRS. MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

MRS. MARGARET F. SULLIVAN is the wife of Mr. Alexander Sullivan of Chicago, Ex-President of the Irish-American Land League. She is a distinguished writer and is acknowledged as the ablest woman journalist America has produced. Her prose writings are marked by great ability, and the poems from her pen make the reader regret that they are so few. She is the author of "Ireland of To-Day," one of the most valuable works published on modern Ireland. (Poems, page 908.)

T. D. SULLIVAN.

TIMOTHY DANIEL SULLIVAN was born in Bantry, county of Cork, Ireland, in the year 1827. He is a brother of the late H. M. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan is editor and proprietor of the *Dublin Nation*, *Weekly News*, and *Young Ireland*. He has been a member of Parliament for many years, and recently completed





DEAN SWIFT.

his second term of office as Lord Mayor of Dublin. He is the author of many works on national subjects, and has published two or three volumes of poems



that have attained wide popularity. He is an ardent and consistent patriot, and is held in high esteem by his fellow-countrymen everywhere. (Poems, page 917.)

JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT, a most celebrated wit and satirist, was born in Dublin, 1667. He was sent to school in Kilkenny and later to Trinity College, Dublin. In 1688 he became secretary of Sir William Temple, a connection of Mrs. Swift by marriage, in whose service he remained six years. The position in this family was very humiliating to Swift's pride, although he acquired much benefit from his opportunities of increasing knowledge, and at the death of Sir William Temple, Swift edited his posthumous works. Failing to obtain a bishopric (which was his most earnest ambition), he was forced to be content as Dean of St. Patrick's, the duties of which office he assumed in 1713.

During his frequent visits to England, he was courted and enjoyed by the most illustrious minds of his day. He formed what was called the Scribblers'

Club, with Pope, Gay and Arbuthnot. His first important work "The Tale of a Tub," was published anonymously in 1704, "The Battle of the Books" soon followed. In 1724, by the anonymous "Drapier Letters" published in a Dublin newspaper, he defended the rights of the Irish people with such warmth and skill that he became universally popular. "Gulliver's Travels" appeared in 1726. His miscellaneous writings are chiefly religious and political pamphlets. During his later years he suffered from deafness and mental infirmities; in 1741 he passed into a condition of idiocy, from which death released him in 1745. In his will he made provision for the building of a hospital for the insane. (Poems, page 219.)



KATHARINE TYNAN.

KATHARINE TYNAN was born at Clondalkin, county Dublin, Ireland, in the latter part of 1861. She began her literary career in her twentieth year, winning almost immediate recognition. She has contributed to the *London Month*, *Merry England*, *The Athenceum*, and other leading publications. Her first volume, "Louise de la Valliere and other poems," appeared in 1885, was well received and went into a second edition in a few months. (Poems, page 721.)

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER was born in the city of Limerick in the year 1810. He graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, studied law, and was for a time

editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*. He has lived for many years past in England. Most of his latter-day contributions in verse are written for religious publications, and are more or less didactic in spirit. (Poems, page 912.)

EDWARD WALSH.

EDWARD WALSH was born in Londonderry in the year 1805, and died in Cork on 6th August, 1850, in the forty-fifth year of his age. His father, who was a small farmer in the county of Cork, eloped with a young lady much above his own position in life. Shortly after marriage his difficulties increased, and to avoid them, he enlisted in the militia, and was quartered in Londonderry, where his son was born. Our author having received a good education, in early life became a private tutor. Some time after he taught school in Millstreet, county Cork, from which he removed in 1837, and went to teach in Toureen, where he first began to write for the Magazines. After some time he went up to Dublin, where he was elected schoolmaster to the convict station at Spike Island. In a year or two he left this place and became teacher at the Work-house in Cork, where he remained till his death. Two volumes of his poetical translations from the Irish have been published. He was a proficient in the fairy and legendary lore of the country. (Poems, page 699.)

JOHN WALSH.

JOHN WALSH, the sweet Munster singer who in this generation shared with his friend and compatriot, Charles J. Kickham, the proud distinction of being the "Poet of the People," was the author of hundreds of songs and ballads, many of distinguished poetic merit, and all thoroughly Irish and national, and most "racy of the soil."

He was born in the immediate vicinity of Cappoquin, county of Waterford, was educated in the National school of that town and at the Seminary of Mount Mellerey. He graduated at the Normal school in Dublin, and was appointed a National-school-teacher in his native town, where he taught for several years. He subsequently taught the National school of Cashel Co., Tipperary, until his death, in February, 1881. He was buried on the "Rock of Cashel," close by the foot of the ancient "Round Tower." He was about forty years at the time of his death. He left a widow and six children. His wife's maiden name was Julia Cavanagh, and to her he addressed many exquisite love songs.

His poems have never been collected, and probably never can be, for owing to their being written under various *noms de plume* for several National publications, his claims to their authorship are unknown save to his intimate associates. (Poems, page 971.)

MICHAEL J. WALSH.

MICHAEL J. WALSH was born in 1833, at Listowel, county Kerry, Ireland. While yet a mere boy, he left Ireland for the Western World. For the past



forty years he has resided in New York. Though engaged in a commercial avocation he has found time to contribute both in prose and poetry to many of the Irish-American periodicals and journals. (Poems, page 945.)



RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE was born in Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 24th, 1789, and died in New Orleans, Sept. 10th, 1847. He was Attorney-General of the State of Georgia, and also served in Congress for many years. He published a work on

Tasso, in two volumes in 1842, which contains a number of original translations of the poems of that author. He also wrote a poem entitled "Hesprina," which was published by his son in 1867. During the last three years of his life, Mr. Wilde was professor of common law in the University of Louisiana. (Poem, page 861.)

LADY WILDE ("SPERANZA.")

LADY WILDE, the famous "Speranza," of the old *Dublin Nation*, is the mother of the poet and æsthete, Oscar Wilde, and the widow of the late eminent physician and archæologist, Sir William Wilde, of Dublin. In the stormy days of "Young Ireland," from 1846 to 1848, the poems of "Speranza," next to



those of Thomas Davis, were the inspiration of the National movement. Lady Wilde lives in London, where she is the centre of a distinguished literary and artistic circle. (Poems, page 762.)

OSCAR WILDE.

OSCAR O. F. WILDE is the second son of "Speranza," Lady Wilde, and was born in Dublin in the year 1855. He is the author of a volume of poems which

show that he inherits much of his mother's genius. He recently obtained notoriety by the identification of his name with the æsthetic craze in London.



He visited the United States a few years ago, and made a successful lecture tour through the country. He resides in London, England. (Poems, page 853.)

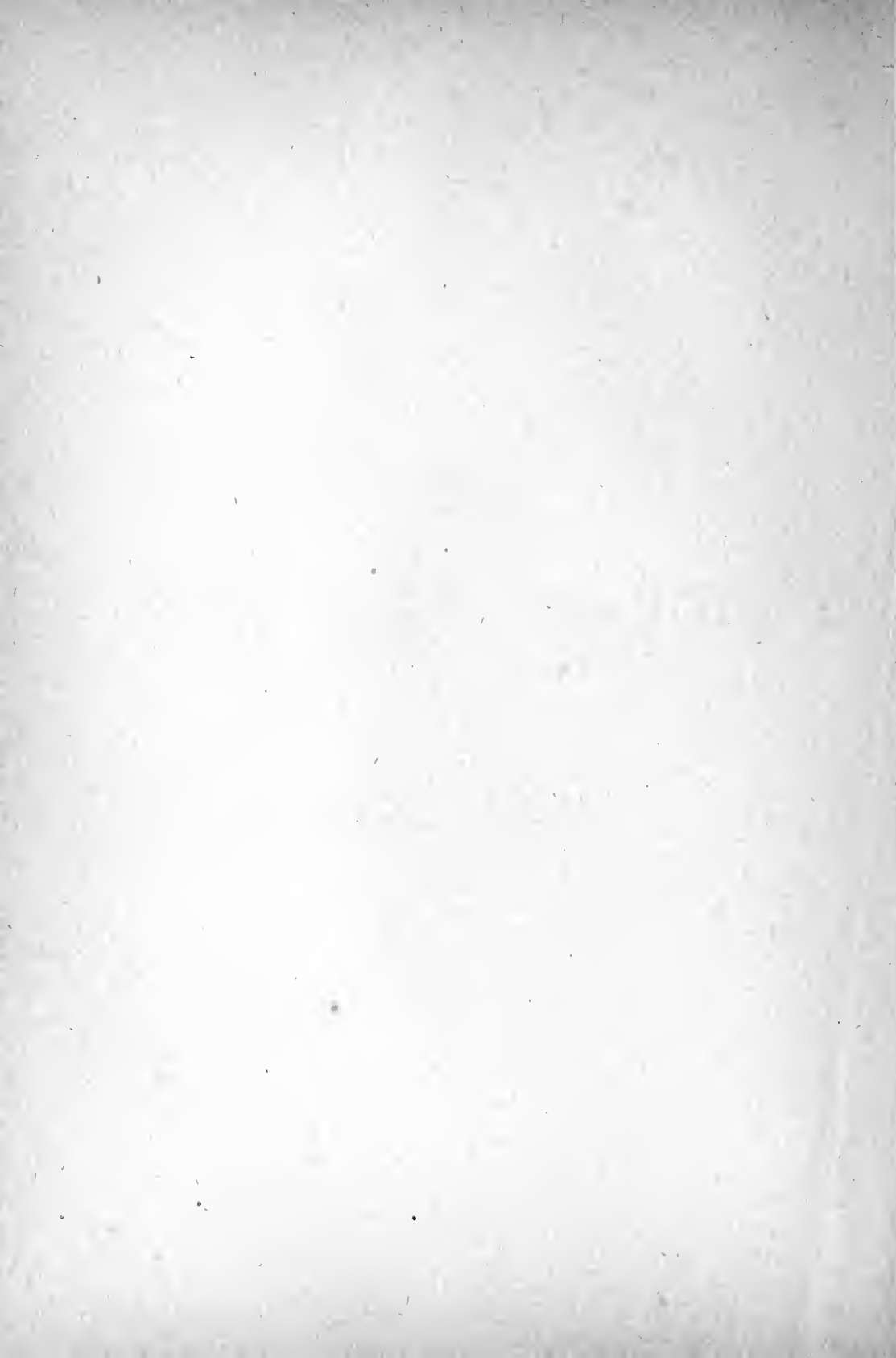
RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS.

RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS. "Shamrock" of the *Nation* newspaper, was born in county of Tipperary, Oct. 8th. 1822. He was educated at Carlow College, and came to Dublin to study medicine. His first contribution to the *Nation* was as early as 1843, and at once attracted the attention of Mr. Duffy, then editor. He joined the '48 movement, and in conjunction with his friend, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, established the *Irish Tribune* paper. After the issue of a few numbers, it was seized and the editors prosecuted by the government. On a third trial O'Doherty was convicted and transported to Australia, and Williams was acquitted. He then completed his medical studies at Edinburgh, and emigrated to America in 1851. He was for a time professor in Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala. He died of consumption at Thibodeaux, Louisiana, July. 1862, aged 39. As a poet he excelled in humorous pieces, but in his later years his writings turned toward spiritual subjects. The Irish soldiers of a New Hampshire regiment being encamped in the neighborhood of Thibodeaux, during the war, sought out the grave of the poet, and erected over it a handsome marble monument, with a fitting inscription. The poetical works of Williams have been edited and published by T. D. Sullivan, of Dublin. (Poems. page 862.)

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

REV. CHARLES WOLFE was born at Dublin in 1791, and was educated at Trinity College. He became a curate at Castle Caulfield. He died of consumption in 1823. He was only a boy when he wrote one of the most perfect and most celebrated odes in the English language, "The Burial of Sir John Moore." (Poems, page 672.)





THE
POETRY AND SONG
OF
IRELAND.



POEMS OF THOMAS MOORE.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION TO THE IRISH MELODIES.

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off or forget the wrongs which lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs which, I think, it is difficult to listen to without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose* marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit forever the land of their birth, (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile, mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honors that await him abroad—such honors as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valor of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favor of the French, and extorted from George II. that memorable exclamation, “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!”

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind as music was formerly to the body, “decantare loca dolentia.” Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us for some of our melodies to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few of a *civilized* description (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage ceanans, cries,† etc.) which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honor and happiness,

* There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in *The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose*, (1660.) Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

† Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's work upon the Irish Bards. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of those barbarous rhapsodies.

without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise*—that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks†—or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the north of Ireland.‡

By some of these archæologists it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with the counterpoint,§ and they endeavor to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates with such elaborate praise upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew anything of the artifice of counterpoint. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited with much more plausibility to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts;|| yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern science to transmit the “light of song” through the variegating prism of harmony.

Indeed the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting)** must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp†† were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale,‡‡ our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counterpoint.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its

* See advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society Dublin.

† O'Halloran, vol. i., part i., chap. vi.

‡ Id. ib., chap. vii.

§ It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diésis, or enharmonic interval. The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with Mersenne, (*Preludes de l' Harmonie*, quest. 7,) that the theory of music would be imperfect without it; and, even in practice, as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, (*Observations on Florid Song*, chap. i., § 16,) there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the piano-forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

|| The words *ποικιλία* and *ερεσφονία*, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero, in fragment, lib. ii., *De Republ.*, induced the Abbé Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counterpoint. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily, (“Examen d'un Passage de Platon,” in the third volume of *Histoire de l' Acad.*) M. Huet is of opinion (*Pensées Diverses*) that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages which I recollect in favor of the supposition occurs in the Treatise, attributed to Aristotle. Περὶ Κόσμου—Μουσικὴ δὲ οὐδεὶς ἀμὰ καὶ βαρεῖς, κ. τ. λ.

** Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequency of what composers call consecutive fifths; but this is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear that I have surrendered it to the critic with considerable reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule? I have been told that there are instances in Haydn of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his *Introduction to Harmony*, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

†† A singular oversight occurs in an Essay on the Irish Harp by Mr. Beaufoord, which is inserted in the Appendix to *Walker's Historical Memoirs*. “The Irish,” says he, “according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II., had two kinds of harps, ‘Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam,’ the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing.” How a man of Mr. Beaufoord's learning could so mistake the meaning and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract is unaccountable. The following is the passage as I find it entire in Bromton, and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old chronicler:—“Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyrâ, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et chora Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, efficiunt harmoniam,” (*Hist. Anglic. Script.*, p. 1075.) I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last work, has adopted it implicitly.

‡‡ The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our saints, and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called “The Saint-stealer.”

originality sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he labored to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners so very dissimilar produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation,* and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet in most of them, “*auri per ramos aura refulget*,”† the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it; and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavor, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my skepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than their sense; yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given more attention to the task, and that it is not through want of zeal or industry if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigors of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said that the tendency of this publication is mischievous,‡ and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustine) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see in every effort for Ireland a system of hostility toward England—to those too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness, like that

* Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception, perhaps, of the air called “Mamma, Mamma,” and one or two more of the same ludicrous description) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, &c., which disgraces so often the works of even the great Handel himself. D’Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation, (*Discours Préliminaire de l’Encyclopédie*.) The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; a work which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

† Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. 6, v. 204.

‡ See Letters, under the signatures of “Timæus,” &c., in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

Demophon of old who, when the sun shone upon him shivered !*—to such men I shall not deign to apologize for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many among the more wise and tolerant who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is found upon the piano-fortes of the rich and the educated—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be now and then alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of his symphonies and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task, which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music: and, far from agreeing with those critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly colored and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself, and, though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favorite strain has been dismissed as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns in a harmonized shape with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure independent of the rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

* "This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (*τραπε ζοντοιος*) to Alexander the Great."—*Sect. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.*, lib. i.

POEMS OF THOMAS MOORE.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me,
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee—
Oh! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.¹

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the Brave.
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia,² and cold in the
grave,
He returns to Kinkora³ no more!
That star of the field, which so often has
pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each
sword
To light us to glory yet!

Mononia! when nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should
print
The footstep of slavery there?
No, freedom! whose smile we shall never
resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
'Tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy
shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

Forget not our wounded companions who
stood⁴
In the day of distress by our side;

¹ Brien Borombe, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

² Munster.

³ The palace of Brien.

⁴ This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favorite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—“*Let stakes,*” they said, “*be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*” “Between seven and eight hundred wounded men,” adds O'Halloran, pale, emaciated, and

While the moss of the valley grew red with
their blood,

They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
The sun that now blesses our arms with his
light,

Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain!
Oh let him not blush, when he leaves us to-
night,

To find that they fell there in vain!

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend, like the rainbow that hangs in thy
skies!

Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy sons, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

OH BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

OH breathe not his name, let it sleep in the
shade,

Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we
shed,

As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er
his head!

But the night-dew that falls, though in
silence it weeps,

Shall brighten with verdure the grave where
he sleeps,

supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the fore-
most of the troops—never was such another sight exhib-
ited."—*History of Ireland*, Book xii., Chap. I.

And the tear that we shed, though in secret
it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our
souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the
name

Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh say wilt thou weep, when they darken
the fame

Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may con-
demn,

Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to
them,

I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest
love;

Every thought of my reason was thine:
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who
shall live.

The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven
can give

Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

OH THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

Oh think not my spirits are always as light
 And as free from a pang as they seem to
 you now;
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of
 to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten
 my brow.
 No, life is a waste of wearisome hours
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment
 adorns;
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the
 flowers
 Is always the first to be touch'd by the
 thorns!
 But send round the bowl, and be happy a
 while;
 May we never meet worse in our pilgrim-
 age here
 Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with
 a smile,
 And the smile that compassion can turn to
 a tear!
 The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven
 knows!
 If it were not with friendship and love
 intertwined;
 And I care not how soon I may sink to
 repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be
 dear to my mind!
 But they who have loved the fondest, the
 purest,
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they
 believed;
 And the heart that has slumber'd in friend-
 ship securest,
 Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceived.
 But send round the bowl, while a relic of
 truth

Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall
 be mine—
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our
 youth,
 And the moonlight of friendship console
 our decline.

FLY NOT YET.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon!
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made;
 'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
 Set the tides and goblets flowing.
 Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain
 To break its link so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
 In times of old through Ammon's shade,
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near;
 And thus should woman's heart and looks
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning.
 Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here!

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sor-
 row I see,
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever
 we roam.

' Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky
shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us
no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the
rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning
behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful
it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it
breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will
tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from
that hair.¹

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so
sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright
waters meet !²
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must
depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
my heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the
scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite
still.

¹ In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing *glibbes* or *coulins* (long locks) on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called *crommeal*. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers, (by which the English were meant,) or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired.—*Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, p. 134. Mr. Walker informs us also that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish minstrels.

² "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

* The rivers Avon and Avoco.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment
more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature
improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that
we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love
best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold
world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled
in peace !

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.*

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she
bore ;
But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady ! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way ?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold ?"
"Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm—
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight ! they love honor and virtue
more !"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle.
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor, and Erin's pride !

* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote :—
"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value ; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. ..., book x.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may
glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness
below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm
sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly
the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that
throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our
woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can
bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no
sting !

Oh ! this thought in the midst of enjoyment
will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's
bright ray ;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in
vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not
again !

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. SENANUS.

" Oh ! haste and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile :
For on thy deck, though dark it be,
A female form I see ;
And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod ! "

THE LADY.

" O father, send not hence my bark,
Through wintry winds and billows dark ;
I come with humble heart to share
Thy morn and evening prayer ;
Nor mine the feet, O holy saint,
The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd ;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd.
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to
thee.

And as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave toward the burn-
ing west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle
of rest !

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still ;
Some hand more calm and sage
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come, as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require ;
But oh ! each word I write,
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book ;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you !
Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there !

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,

Should calmer thoughts arise
Toward you and home;
Fancy may trace some line,
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet!

And as the records are
Which wandering seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star
Through winter's deep;
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light
Guiding my way!

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
Oh bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.¹

Then if some bard who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel, when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!

But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

¹ "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music."—*O'Halloran*.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED

How oft has the Benshee cried!
How oft has death untied
Bright links that glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwined by love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We're fallen upon gloomy days,
Star after star decays,
Every bright name that shed
Light o'er the land is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth,
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er the hero's bier!

Oh! quench'd are our beacon-lights—
Thou of the hundred fights!
Thou on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung!
Both mute, but long as valor shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

WE may roam through this world like a
child at a feast
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to
the rest;
And when pleasure begins to grow dull in
the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to
the west;

² I have endeavored here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

³ This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero, in a poem by O'Grive, the bard of O'Neill, which is quoted in the *Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland*, page 433:—"Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and up braid not our defeats with thy victories!"

⁴ Fox—"Ultimus Romanorum!"

But if hearts that feel and eyes that smile
 Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
 We never need leave our own Green Isle,
 For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is
 crown'd,
 Through this world, whether eastward or
 westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman
 goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her
 at home.

In England the garden of beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery, placed within call;
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
 That the garden's but carelessly watch'd
 after all.

Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fenée
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
 Which warms the touch while winning the
 sense,

Nor charms us least when it most repels.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is
 crown'd,

Through this world, whether eastward or
 westward you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman
 goes round,

Oh! remember the smile which adorns her
 at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets
 sail

On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her
 good-bye!

While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
 The same as he look'd when he left the
 shore.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is
 crown'd

Through this world, whether eastward or
 westward you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman
 goes round,

Oh! remember the smile which adorns
 her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh! weep for the hour
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The lord of the valley with false vows came
 The moon hid her light
 From the heavens that night,
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's
 shame.
 The clouds past soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And heaven smiled again with her vestal
 flame;
 But none will see the day
 When the clouds shall pass away
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's
 fame.

The white snow lay
 On the narrow pathway
 When the lord of the valley crost over the
 moor;
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's
 door.
 The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away
 Every trace on the path where the false lord
 came;
 But there's a light above
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's
 fame.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.¹

SILENT, O Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
 While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely
 daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.

¹ To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be

When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, O Moyle! to thy winter wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away!
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET ERIN remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold¹
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings with standard of green
unfurl'd
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;²
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman
strays,³
When the clear cold eve's declining,

the signal of her release. I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, begun under the direction of the late Countess of Moira.

¹ "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—*Warner's Hist. of Ireland*, vol. i., book ix.

² "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland. Long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bheary*, or the house of the sorrowful soldier."—*O'Halloran's Introduction*, &c., part i., chapter v.

³ It was an old tradition in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says, that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water.

He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover!

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points
of belief
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of
the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be
blue,
But while they are fill'd from the same
bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of
hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er
the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by
my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds
agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and
tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with
me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox
kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valor, or love by a standard like
this!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty
spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards
awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's
chain!

O Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of
the west—

Give the light of your look to each sorrow-
ing spot,

Nor oh ! be the shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the olive
of Spain !

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with
their rights,

Give to country its charm, and to home its
delights,

If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia ! our cause is the same ;
And oh ! may his tomb want a tear and a
name,

Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath
For the shamrock of Erin and olive of
Spain !

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers
resign'd

The green hills of their youth among
strangers to find

That repose which at home they had sigh'd
for in vain,

Breathe a hope that the magical flame which
you light

May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright ;
And forgive even Albion, while blushing she
draws,

Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted
cause

Of the shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain !

God prosper the cause !—oh ! it cannot but
thrive

While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive
Its devotion to feel and its rights to main-
tain ;

Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will
die !

The finger of glory shall point where they lie,
While, far from the footstep of coward or
slave,

The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter
their grave

Beneath shamrocks of Erin and olives of
Spain.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE EN-
DEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young
charms,

Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in
my arms,

Like fairy-gifts fading away !
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment
thou art,

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my
heart

Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul may be
known,

To which time will but make thee more
dear !

Oh the heart that has truly loved never for-
gets,

But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when she
sets

The same look which she turn'd when he
rose !

ERIN ! O ERIN !

LIKE the bright lamp that lay on Kildare's
holy shrine,

And burn'd through long ages of darkness
and storm,

Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in
vain,

Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and
warm !

Erin ! O Erin ! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears !

The nations have fallen, and thou still art
young,

Thy sun is but rising when others are set ;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning
hath hung,

The full moon of freedom shall beam round
 thee yet.
 Erin! O Erin! though long in the shade,
 Thy star will shine out when the proudest
 shall fade!

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the
 wind,
 The lily lies sleeping through winter's
 cold hour,
 Till the hand of spring her dark chain unbind,
 And daylight and liberty bless the young
 flower.

Erin! O Erin! *thy* winter is past,
 And the hope that lived through it shall
 blossom at last!

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh;
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone!
 By other fingers play'd,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then here's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy!

At beauty's door of glass
 When wealth and wit once stood,
 They ask'd her, "*which* might pass?"
 She answer'd, "He who could."
 With golden key wealth thought
 To pass—but 'twould not do:
 While wit a diamond brought
 Which cut his bright way through!
 Then here's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy!

The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth and grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome
 That dwells in dark gold mines.

But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home's above,
 Though woman keeps it here!
 Then drink to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy!

OH BLAME NOT THE BARD.¹

OH blame not the bard if he flies to the
 bowers
 Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at
 fame;
 He was born for much more, and in happier
 hours
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier
 flame.
 The string that now languishes loose o'er
 the lyre,
 Might have bent a bright bow to the war-
 rior's dart,²
 And the lip which now breathes but the song
 of desire,
 Might have pour'd the full tide of a patri-
 ot's heart!

But, alas for his country!—her pride is gone
 by,
 And that spirit is broken which never
 would bend.
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to
 defend.
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to
 betray;
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame
 not their sires;

¹ We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spencer so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

² It is conjectured by Wormius that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert.

And the torch that would light them through
dignity's way
Must be caught from the pile where their
country expires!

Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's
soft dream,
He should try to forget what he never can
heal;

Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and
mark how he'll feel!

That instant his heart at her shrine would
lay down

Every passion it nursed, every bliss it
adored,

While the myrtle, now idly entwined with
his crown,

Like the wreath of Harmodius, should
cover his sword.¹

But though glory be gone, and though hope
fade away,

Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his
songs;

Not even in the hour when his heart is most
gay

Will he lose the remembrance of thee and
thy wrongs!

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his
plains;

The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the
deep,

Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet
thy chains,

Shall pause at the song of their captive
and weep!

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs that more bright
In lone and distant glory burn'd.

But *too* far
Each proud star

¹ See the hymn attributed to Alcæus, "I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

For me to feel its warming flame—
Much more dear
That mild sphere
Which near our planet smiling came;²
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own—
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
Which bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meek,
Illumined all the pale flowers,
Like hope that lights a mourner's cheek.
I said, (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream in dimpling bliss,)
"The moon looks
On many brooks,

The brook can see no moon but this:"
And thus I thought our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

ILL OMENS.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the
billow,
And stars in the heavens still ling'ring
shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her
pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth, whom she treasured her heart
and her soul in,
Had promised to link the last tie before
noon;
And when once the young heart of a maiden
is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon!
As she look'd in the glass, which a woman
ne'er misses,

² "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—*Whiston's Theory*, &c.

³ This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or
two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's
kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her
view.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to
rise—
“Ah! such,” said the girl, “is the pride of
our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often
dies!”

While she stole through the garden where
heart's-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-
fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting
and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather
it too;
But while o'er the roses too carelessly lean-
ing,
Her zone flew in two, and her heart's-ease
was lost—
“Ah! this means,” said the girl, (and she
sigh'd at its meaning,)
“That love is scarce worth the repose it
will cost!”

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh! remember, life can be
No charm for him who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero to his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!

Bless'd is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years:—
But, oh, how grand they sink to rest
Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
While his heart that field remembers
Where we dimm'd his glory's light!

Never let him bind again
A chain like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls—
Oh, before the evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round!

Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound:—
But, oh, how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightning show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
Forever dimm'd, forever crost—
Oh who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honor's lost!

The last sad hour of freedom's dream
And valor's task moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die!
There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

OH 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

Oh 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and
dear;
And that, when we're far from the lips we
love,

¹ “The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed mead out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day.”—*Walker*.

We have but to make love to the lips we
are near!¹

The heart like a tendril accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish
alone,

But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself and make closely
its own.

Then oh what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something still that
is dear,

And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we
are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose is not
there,

And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly
alike,

They are both of them bright, but they're
changeable too,

And wherever a new beam of beauty can
strike,

It will tincture love's plume with a differ-
ent hue!

Then oh what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something still that
is dear,

And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we
are near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

THROUGH grief and through danger thy
smile hath cheer'd my way
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn
that round me lay;

¹ I believe it is Marmontel who says, "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*" There are so many matter-of-fact people who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black, nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious *anacronism* of folly.

The darker our fortune, the brighter our
pure love burn'd,

Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was
turn'd;

Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit
felt free,

And bless'd even the sorrow that made me
more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honor'd, while thou wert
worn'd and scorn'd,

Thy crown was of briers, while gold her
brows adorn'd;

She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st
hid in caves,

Her friends were all masters, while thine,
alas! were slaves;

Yet, cold in the earth, at thy feet I would
rather be,

Than wed what I loved not, or turn one
thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows
are frail—

Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had
look'd less pale!

They say too, so long thou hast worn those
lingering chains,

That deep in thy heart they have printed
their servile stains—

Oh! do not believe them—no chain could
that soul subdue.

Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty
shineth too!

ON MUSIC.

WHEN through life unblest we rove,

Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love

In days of boyhood meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!

Wakening thoughts that long have slept
Kindling former smiles again,

In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers

Is the grateful breath of song
 That once was heard in happier hours ;
 Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its memory lives in music's breath !

Music !—oh ! how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell !
 Why should feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are even more false than they ;
 Oh ! 'tis only music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray !

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believed that this harp which I wake
 now for thee
 Was a siren of old who sung under the sea ;
 And who often at eve through the bright
 billow roved
 To meet on the green shore a youth whom
 she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to
 weep,
 And in tears all the night her gold ringlets
 to steep,
 Till Heaven look'd with pity on true-love so
 warm,
 And changed to this soft harp the sea-
 maiden's form !

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek
 smiled the same—
 While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd
 round the frame ;
 And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all
 its bright rings,
 Fell over her white arm, to make the gold
 strings !

Hence it came that this soft harp so long
 hath been known
 To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad
 tone ;

Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the
 fond lay
 To be love when I'm near thee and grief
 when away !

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.¹

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er
 him,
 That can tell how beloved was the soul that's
 fled,
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
 'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,
 Through a life, by his loss all shaded ;
 'Tis the sad remembrance fondly kept
 When all lighter griefs have faded !

Oh ! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's
 light,
 While it shines through our hearts, will
 improve them,
 For worth shall look fairer, and truth more
 bright,
 When we think how he lived but to love
 them !
 And as buried saints the grave perfume
 Where fadeless they've long been lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
 From the image he left there in dying !

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh ! the days are gone when beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove ;
 When my dream of life, from morn till night
 Was love, still love !
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come,
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream !
 Oh ! there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream !

¹ These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past;
 Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
 To smile at last;
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And at every close she blush'd to hear
 The one loved name!

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
 Which first love traced;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste!
 'Twas odor fled
 As soon as shed;
 'Twas morning's wingéd dream;
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream!
 Oh! 'twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream!

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
 Nor thought that pale decay
 Would steal before the steps of time,
 And waste its bloom away, Mary!
 Yet still thy features wore that light
 Which fleets not with the breath;
 And life ne'er look'd more purely bright
 Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
 With modest murmur glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
 Within their gentle tide, Mary!
 So, veil'd beneath the simple guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone,
 And that which charm'd all other eyes
 Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;

Or could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet,
 Than to remember thee, Mary!

THE PRINCE'S DAY.¹

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll
 forget them,
 And smile through our tears, like a sun-
 beam in showers;
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would
 let them,
 More form'd to be grateful and blesséd
 than ours!
 But just when the chain
 Has ceased to pain,
 And hope has enwreathed it round with
 flowers,
 There comes a new link
 Our spirit to sink—
 Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of
 the poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to
 stay;
 But though 'twere the last little spark in our
 souls,
 We must light it up now, on our Prince's
 day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you dis-
 loyal!
 Though fierce to your foe, to your friends
 you are true;
 And the tribute most high to a head that is
 royal,
 Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
 While cowards, who blight
 Your fame, your right,
 Would shrink from the blaze of the battle
 array,
 The standard of green
 In front would be seen—

¹ This song was written for a fête in honor of the Prince of Wales's birthday, given by my friend Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

Oh! my life on your faith! were you sum-
mon'd this minute,
You'd cast ever bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it
When roused by the foe on her Prince's
day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is re-
corded

In hearts which have suffer'd too much to
forget;

And hope shall be crown'd and attachment
rewarded,

And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet!

The gem may be broke

By many a stroke,

But nothing can cloud its native ray;

Each fragment will cast

A light to the last!—

And thus, Erin, my country! though broken
thou art,

There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will
decay;

A spirit that beams through each suffering
part,

And now smiles at their pain on the Prince's
day!

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,

But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,

But what they aim at no one dreameth!
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon

My Nora's lid, that seldom rises;

Few its looks, but every one,

Like unexpected light, surprises!

O my Nora Creina, dear!

My gentle, bashful Nora Creina!

Beauty lies

In many eyes,

But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,

But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould

Presumes to stay where nature placed it!

Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free

To sink or swell, as Heaven pleases!

Yes, my Nora Creina!

My simple, graceful Nora Creina!

Nature's dress

Is loveliness—

The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refined,

But when its points are gleaming round us

Who can tell, if they're design'd

To dazzle merely, or to wound us?

Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,

In safer slumber Love reposes—

Bed of peace! whose roughest part

Is but the crumpling of the roses.

O my Nora Creina, dear!

My mild, my artless Nora Creina!

Wit, though bright,

Hath not the light

That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past,

Your dreams of pride are o'er,

The fatal chain is round you cast,

And you are men no more!

In vain the hero's heart hath bled;

The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain!

O freedom! once thy flame hath fled

It never lights again!

Weep on—perhaps, in after days,

They'll learn to love your name;

And many a deed may wake in praise

That long has slept in blame!

And when they tread the ruin'd isle,

Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,

They'll wond'ring ask how hands so vile

Could conquer hearts so brave!

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate

Your web of discord wove;

And while your tyrants join'd in hate,

You never join'd in love!

But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
And man profaned what God had given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
Where others knelt to Heaven !”

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.’

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o’er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
“Here, at least,” he calmly said,
“Woman ne’er shall find my bed.”
Ah ! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

’Twas from Kathleen’s eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue !
See had loved him well and long,
Wish’d him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe’er the saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh ;
East or west, where’er he turn’d,
Still her eyes before him burn’d.

On the bold cliff’s bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last ;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e’er
Woman’s smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth, nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be ;
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o’er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track’d his feet,
To this rocky, wild retreat ;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah ! your saints have cruel hearts !
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough ! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen’s grave !
Soon the saint (yet ah ! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn’d her fate.
When he said, “Heaven rest her son !”
Round the lake like music stole ;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o’er the fatal tide !

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

[This poem refers to the betrothed of Robert Emmet. She afterward became the wife of an officer, who took her to Sicily, in the hope that travel would restore her spirits, but her grief for Emmet was so great that she died of a broken heart.]

SHE is far from the land where her young
hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and
weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying !

She sings the wild songs of her dear native
plains,
Every note which he loved awaking ;
Ah ! little they think who delight in her
strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking !

He had lived for his love, for his country he
died,
They were all that to life had entwined
him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be
dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeam
rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They’ll shine o’er her sleep, like a smile from
the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow !

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

NAY, tell me not, dear ! that the goblet
drowns

One charm of feeling, one fond regret ;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I’ve sunk in its bright wave yet

¹ This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of Saint Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

Ne'er hath a beam
 Been lost in the stream
 That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
 The balm of thy sighs,
 The spell of thine eyes,
 Still float on the surface, and hallow my
 bowl!
 Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me!
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

They tell us that love in his fairy bower
 Had two blush-roses of birth divine;
 He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's
 shower,
 But bathed the other with mantling wine.
 Soon did the buds,
 That drank of the floods,
 Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
 While those which the tide
 Of ruby had dyed,
 All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet
 maid!

Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of
 Erin¹

On him who the brave sons of Usna be-
 tray'd!

For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
 A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep
 o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conon's
 dark dwelling,²
 When Ulad's³ three champions lay sleep-
 ing in gore;

By the billows of war which so often high
 swelling
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's
 shore!

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall
 be tasted,
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
 Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall
 lie wasted,
 Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murder-
 er's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home
 recollections,
 Though sweet are the tears that from
 tenderness fall;
 Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes,
 and affections,
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

"HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
 Where angels of light o'er our orisons
 bend;
 Where sighs of devotion and breathings of
 flowers
 To Heaven in mingled odor ascend!
 Do not disturb our calm, O Love!
 So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
 It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice, and listen'd,
 And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
 His laughing blue eyes soon with piety
 glisten'd;
 His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
 "Who would have thought," the urchin
 cries,
 "That Love could so well, so gravely
 disguise
 His wandering wings and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping:
 Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise;
 He tinges the heavenly fount with his
 weeping,

¹ The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri; or The Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach."

² "O Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Emain green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."—*Deirdri's Song.*

³ Ulster.

He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.

Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit
such a guest,

If he came to them clothed in piety's vest.

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

He.—What the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you!

She.—What the bank with verdure glowing
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear!

She.—But they say the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly when the sweets are gone;
And when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on!

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them while they
may.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHECKER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

THIS life is all checker'd with pleasures and
woes,
That chase one another like waves of the
deep,
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can
be dried;
And as fast as the rain-drop of pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of folly can turn it aside.

But pledge me the cup—if existence would
cloy

With hearts ever happy and heads ever
wise,

Be ours the light grief that is sister to joy,
And the short brilliant folly that flashes
and dies!

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the
fount,

Through fields full of sunshine, with heart
full of play,

Light rambled the boy over meadow and
mount,

And neglected his task for the flowers on
the way.¹

Thus some who, like me, should have drawn
and have tasted

The fountain that runs by philosophy's
shrine,

Their time with the flowers on the margin
have wasted,

And left their light urns all as empty as
mine!

But pledge me the goblet, while idleness
weaves

Her flowerets together; if wisdom can see
One bright drop or two that has fallen on
the leaves

From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for
me!

O THE SHAMROCK!

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport a while,
As Love and Valor wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass²

¹ "Proposito florem prætulit officio."—*Propert.*, lib. i. eleg. 20.

² Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child.

Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emerald seen
 Through purest crystal gleaming !
 O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Sham-
 rock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Says Valor, " See,
 They spring for me,
 Those leafy gems of morning !"
 Says Love, " No, no,
 For *me* they grow,
 My fragrant path adorning !"
 But Wit perceives
 The triple leaves,
 And cries—" Oh ! do not sever
 A type that blends
 Three godlike friends,
 Love, Valor, Wit, forever !"
 O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Sham-
 rock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

AT THE MID-HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid-hour of night, when stars are
 weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we loved when life shone
 warm in thine eye,
 And I think that, if spirits can steal from
 the region of air
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt
 come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remember'd even in
 the sky !
 Then I sing the wild song which once 'twas
 rapture to hear,
 When our voices, both mingling, breathed
 like one on the ear ;

And as Echo far off through the vale my
 sad orison rolls,
 I think, O my love ! 'tis thy voice from
 the kingdom of souls'
 Faintly answering still the notes that once
 were so dear.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting !—though many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest, of any
 Remains to be crown'd by us yet
 The sweetness that pleasure has in it
 Is always so slow to come forth,
 That seldom, alas, till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth !
 But, oh, may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up ;
 They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit a while
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile !
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries " Onward !" and spurs the gay
 hours,
 And never does Time travel faster
 Than when his way lies among flowers.
 But come, may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up ;
 They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking,
 The waters beneath him how bright !
 Oh ! trust me, the farewell of drinking
 Should be like the farewell of light.
 You saw how he finish'd by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
 So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
 In full liquid glory like him.

"standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-colored grass
 in her hand."

"There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they be-
 lieve the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in
 delightful fields ; and that it is those souls repeating the words
 we utter which we call Echo."





THE MINSTREL BOY.

And oh ! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this he made up ;
'Twas born on the bosom of pleasure,
It dies 'midst the tears of the cup !

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them ;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
Thy gems drop away !
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love !
Then awake !—the heavens look bright, my
dear !
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear !
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my
dear !

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake !—till rise of sun, my dear,
The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my
dear !

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song !" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee !"

The minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder ;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery !"

THE SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.¹

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind,
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.

¹ Founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland, if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of enslaving us. The king of Leinster had conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested. MacMurchad soon punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns. The monarch Rodrick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while MacMurchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine when her pilgrim return'd,
But though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely
As if the loved tenant lay dead!—
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no—the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often,
Now throbb'd to my proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have
sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought*!
While now—O degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonor,
And tyrants they long will remain!
But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin!
On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN!

OH! had we some bright little isle of our
own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming
bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole
year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;

Where simply to feel that we breathe, that
we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can
give!

There, with souls ever ardent, and pure as
the clime,
We should love as they loved in the first
golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all
summer there!
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as
the night!

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the
hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in
your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed
it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with
you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may
remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway
of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that
threw
Its enchantment around him while ling'ring
with you!
And still on that evening, when pleasure
fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and
each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you
that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and
your wiles,

And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles!—

Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,

Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;

And which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,

To bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!

Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd—

You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.¹

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,

And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William at length, in sadness, said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.

"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;

The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"—
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaimed the youth;

"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."

She believed him wild, but his words were truth,

For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss in these lordly groves
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH! doubt me not—the season

Is o'er when folly made me rove,

And now the vestal reason

Shall watch the fire awaked by love.

Although this heart was early blown,

And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,

They only shook some blossoms down,

Its fruit has all been kept for thee.

Then doubt me not—the season

Is o'er when folly made me rove,

And now the vestal reason

Shall watch the fire awaked by love.

And though my lute no longer

May sing of passion's ardent spell,

Oh, trust me, all the stronger

I feel the bliss I do not tell.

The bee through many a garden roves,

And sings his lay of courtship o'er,

But when he finds the flower he loves

He settles there, and hums no more.

Then doubt me not—the season

Is o'er when folly kept me free,

And now the vestal reason

Shall guard the flame awaked by thee

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,

If thy smiles had left me too;

I'd weep, when friends deceive me,

If thou wert, like them, untrue.

But while I've thee before me,

With heart so warm and eyes so bright,

¹ This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light !

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me ;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear !

And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh ! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first, goes out,
He feels a while benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden ! with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows !
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not ;
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou
art not !
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden ! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows ;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.

Is not the sea
Made for the free,
Land for courts and chains alone ?
Here we are slaves,
But on the waves
Love and liberty's all our own !
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us !—
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden ! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows ;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED ?

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet ?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet ?
Does time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear ?
Come, child of misfortune ! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,¹
Where sparkles of golden splendor
All over the surface shine—
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah ! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like love, the bright ore is gone.

Has hope, like the bird in the story²
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has hope been that bird to thee ?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away ?

¹ Our Wicklow gold mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

² "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—*Arabian Nights*. Story of Kummis al Zammaun and the Princess of China

If thus the sweet hours have fled
 When sorrow herself look'd bright:
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,
 That led thee along so light;
 If thus the unkind world wither
 Each feeling that once was dear;
 Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full choir of heaven is near,
 Than came that voice, when all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the steal-
 ing
 Of summer wind through some wreathéd
 shell—
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echo'd to its spell!
 'Twas whisper'd balm — 'twas sunshine
 spoken! —
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign, blessed sounds again!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.
 I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, though false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.
 But go, deceiver! go,—
 The heart, whose hopes could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

When every tongue thy follies named,
 I fled the unwelcome story;
 Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
 Some gleams of future glory.
 I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
 The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
 Would then have bled to right thee.
 But go, deceiver! go,—
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee;
 The few who loved thee once, have fled,
 And they who flatter, scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it!
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendor!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever;
 When thou wilt call with vain regret
 On her thou'st lost forever!
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still received thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believed thee.
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee,
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE history's muse the memorial was
 keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of destiny weaves,
 Beside her the genius of Erin stood weeping,
 For hers was the story that blotted the
 leaves.
 But oh, how the tear in her eyelids grew
 bright,

When, after whole pages of sorrow and
shame,
She saw history write
With a pencil of light
That illumed all the volume, her Wellington's
name !

"Hail, star of my isle !" said the spirit, all
sparkling
With beams such as break from her own
dewy skies ;—

"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and
darkling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to
arise.

For though heroes I've number'd, unblest
was their lot,

And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-
ways of fame !—

But oh there is not
One dishonoring blot

On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's
name !

And still the last crown of thy toils is re-
maining,

The grandest, the purest even *thou* hast
yet known ;

Though proud was thy task, other nations
unchaining,

Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of
thy own.

At the foot of that throne, for whose weal
thou hast stood,

Go, plead for the land that first cradled
thy fame—

And bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood

Let the rainbow of hope be her Wellington's
name !"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In hunting and pursuing

The light that lies

In woman's eyes,

Has been my heart's undoing.

Though wisdom oft has taught me,
I scorn the lore that bought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the sprite,¹

Whom maids by night

Oft meet in glen that's haunted.

Like him, too, beauty won me,

But while her eyes were on me,

If once their ray

Was turn'd away,

Oh ! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going !

And is my proud heart growing

Too cold or wise

For brilliant eyes

Again to set it glowing ?

No—vain, alas ! the endeavor

From bonds so sweet to sever ;—

Poor wisdom's chance

Against a glance

Is now as weak as ever !

WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

OH ! where's the slave so lowly,

Condemn'd to chains unholy,

Who, could he burst

His bonds at first,

Would pine beneath them slowly ?

What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,

Would wait till time decay'd it,

When thus its wing

At once may spring

To the throne of Him who made it ?

Farewell, Erin !—farewell all

Who live to weep our fall !

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,

¹ This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power ; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes.

Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing !
We tread the land that bore us,
Our green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us !
Farewell, Erin !—farewell all
Who live to weep our fall !

'TIS GONE, AND FOREVER.

'Tis gone, and forever, the light we saw
breaking,
Like heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of
the dead—
When man, from the slumber of ages awak-
ing,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray
ere it fled !
'Tis gone—and the gleams it has left of its
burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and
mourning
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is re-
turning,
And, darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.
For high was thy hope when those glories
were darting
Around thee through all the gross clouds
of the world ;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly
starting,
At once, like a sun-burst, her banner un-
furl'd.¹
Oh ! never shall earth see a moment so
splendid !
Then, then—had one hymn of deliverance
blended
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had
ascended
The first note of liberty, Erin ! from thee.

But, shame on those tyrants who envied the
blessing !
And shame on the light race, unworthy
its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies,
caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptized it
in blood !
Then vanish'd forever that fair sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's
derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and
elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin ! on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning
was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was de-
clining,—
The bark was still there, but the waters
were gone !
Ah ! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have
known :
Each wave that we danced on at morning
ebbs from us,
And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore
alone.
Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our
night ;
Give me back, give me back the wild fresh-
ness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth even-
ing's best light.
Oh who would not welcome that moment's
returning,
When passion first waked a new life
through his frame,
And his soul—like the wood that grows
precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite
flame !

¹ "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the an-
cient Irish to the royal banner.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken
deer !

Though the herd have fled from thee, thy
home is still here ;

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'er-
cast,

And the heart and the hand all thy own to
the last !

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the
same

Through joy and through torments, through
glory and shame ?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that
heart,

I but know that I love thee, whatever thou
art !

Thou hast call'd me thy angel in moments
of bliss,

Still thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of
this,—

Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps
to pursue,

And shield thee, and save thee, or perish
there too !

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR !

FILL the bumper fair !

Every drop we sprinkle

O'er the brow of care

Smooths away a wrinkle.

Wit's electric flame

Ne'er so swiftly passes,

As when through the frame

It shoots from brimming glasses.

Fill the bumper fair !

Every drop we sprinkle

O'er the brow of care

Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,

Grasp the lightning's pinions,

And bring down its ray

From the starr'd dominions ;

So we, sages, sit,

And 'mid bumpers bright'ning,

From the heaven of wit

Draw down all its lightning !

Wouldst thou know what first

Made our souls inherit

This ennobling thirst

For wine's celestial spirit ?

It chanced upon that day,

When, as bards inform us,

Prometheus stole away

The living fires that warm us.

The careless youth, when up

To glory's fount aspiring,

Took nor urn nor cup,

To hide the pilfer'd fire in ;

But, oh, his joy ! when, round

The halls of heaven spying,

Amongst the stars he found

A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in the bowl,

Remains of last night's pleasure,

With which the sparks of soul

Mix'd their burning treasure !

Hence the goblet's shower

Hath such spells to win us—

Hence its mighty power

O'er that flame within us.

Fill the bumper fair !

Every drop we sprinkle

O'er the brow of care

Smooths away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY

DEAR Harp of my country ! in darkness I
found thee,

The cold chain of silence had hung o'er
thee long,

When proudly, my own Island Harp ! I un-
bound thee,

And gave all thy chords to light, freedom,
and song !

The warm lay of love and the light note of
gladness



COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM



Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest
thrill ;
But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of
sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from
thee still.

Dear Harp of my country ! farewell to thy
numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we
shall twine ;
Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy
slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy
than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Has throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;
I was *but* as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was
thy own.

REMEMBER THEE.

REMEMBER thee ! yes, while there's life in
this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art,
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy
showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest
hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glori-
ous, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of
the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier
brow,
But oh ! could I love thee more deeply than
now ?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as
it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy
sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert
bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from
thy breast.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME !

Oh for the swords of former time !
Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them :
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honors to enslave him,
The best honors worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords, &c., &c.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them.
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men,
Were all the ramparts round them !

WREATH THE BOWL.

WREATH the bowl with flowers of soul
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight toward heaven to-night.
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid the wreaths be hid,
That Joy, the enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear while wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then wreath the bowl with flowers of soul
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight toward heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;—
And man may brew his nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows :
Take wine like this, let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam to warm the stream,
And there's your nectar splendid !

So, wreath the bowl with flowers of soul
 The brightest Wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight toward heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us!

Say, why did Time his glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly,
 When wine, he knew, runs brisker through,
 And sparkles far more brightly?
 Oh, lend it us, and, smiling thus,
 The glass in two we'll sever,
 Make pleasure glide in double tide,
 And fill both ends forever!
 Then wreath the bowl with flowers of soul
 The brightest Wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight toward heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.

THE PARALLEL.

YES, sad one of SION¹—if closely resembling,
 In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up
 heart—
 If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of
 trembling"
 Could make us thy children, our parent
 thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and
 broken,
 And fallen from her head is the once royal
 crown;
 In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath
 spoken,
 And "while it is day yet, her sun hath
 gone down."²

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of
 returning,
 Die far from the home it were life to be-
 hold;
 Like thine do her sons, in the day of their
 mourning,
 Remember the bright things that bless'd
 them of old.

¹ These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise
 by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were origi-
 nally Jews.

² "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—*Jer.* xv. 9.

Ah, well may we call her like thee, "the
 Forsaken,"³

Her boldest are vanish'd, her proudest are
 slaves;
 And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest
 they waken,
 Have breathings as sad as the wind over
 graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came
 there the morrow,
 That shines out, at last, on the longest
 dark night,
 When the sceptre, that smote thee with
 slavery and sorrow,
 Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy
 sight:

When that cup, which for others the proud
 Golden City⁴
 Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd
 her own lips,
 And the world she had trampled on heard,
 without pity,
 The howl in her halls, and the cry from
 her ships:

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty
 came over
 Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
 And, a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to
 cover,⁵
 The Lady of Kingdoms⁶ lay low in the
 dust.

OH, YE DEAD!

Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead! whom we know
 by the light you give
 From your cold gleaming eyes, though you
 move like men who live,
 Why leave you thus your graves,
 In far-off fields and waves,

³ "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken."—*Isaiah*,
 lxii. 4.

⁴ "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!"
 —*Isaiah*, xiv. 11.

⁵ "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave . . . and the
 worms cover thee."—*Isaiah*, xiv. 4.

⁶ "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms."—
Isaiah, xlvii. 5.

Where the worm and the sea-bird only know
 your bed ;
 To haunt this spot where all
 Those eyes that wept your fall,
 And the hearts that bewail'd you, like your
 own, lie dead ?

It is true—it is true—we are shadows cold
 and wan ;

It is true—it is true—all the friends we loved
 are gone ;

But oh ! thus even in death,
 So sweet is still the breath

Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we
 wander'd o'er,

That ere, condemn'd, we go

To freeze 'mid HECLA's¹ snow,

We would taste it awhile, and dream we
 live once more !

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
 In light-link'd dance their circles run,

Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me ;
 For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
 That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
 Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the smooth lakes, where day-light
 leaves

His lingering smile on golden eves,
 Fair Lake, fair Lake, thou'rt dear to me ;
 For when the last April sun grows dim,
 Thy Naiads prepare his steed² for him
 Who dwells, who dwells, bright Lake, in
 thee.

¹ Paul Zealand mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

² The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favorite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring-flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl,

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
 Young pluméd Chiefs on sea or shore,
 White Steed, white Steed, most joy to
 thee ;

Who still, with the first young glance of
 spring,

From under that glorious lake dost bring
 Proud Steed, proud Steed, my love to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
 When newly launch'd, thy long mane³ curls,

Fair Steed, fair Steed, as white and free ;
 And spirit⁴ from all the lake's deep bowers,
 Glide over the blue wave scattering flowers,
 Fair Steed, around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,

Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,

Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
 Which, under the next May evening's light,

When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,

Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT.

SHALL the Harp then be silent, when he who
 first gave

To our country a name, is withdrawn from
 all eyes ?

Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the
 grave,

Where the first—where the last of her
 Patriots lies ?

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from
 his lips,

Though his Harp, like his soul, may with
 shadows be crost,

Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,

And proclaim to the world what a star
 hath been lost !⁴

whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning threw herself into the lake.

³ The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

⁴ It is only the two first verses that are either fitted or intended to be sung.

What a union of all the affections and powers
By which life is exalted, embellish'd,
refined,

Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre
was ours,

While its mighty circumference circled
mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that
epoch sublime—

Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all
time;

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the
gloom

And the madness of ages, when fill'd with
his soul,

A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her
doom,

And for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liber-
ty's goal?

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank
at the source

Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire,
and the force,

And the yet untamed spring of her spirit
are shown?

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant, with
thoughts that shone through,

As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre,"
that gave,

With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free
from the crowd,

In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had given,
and which bow'd,

As if each brought a new civic crown for
his head—

That home, where—like him who, as fable
hath told,¹

Put the rays from his brow, that his child
might come near,

Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest
hold dear.

Is there one, who hath thus, through his or-
bit of life,

But at distance observed him—through
glory, through blame,

In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of
strife,

Whether shining or clouded, still high and
the same.—

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour
Of the sweetness we love, and the great-
ness we praise,

As that type of simplicity blended with
power,

A child, with a thunderbolt, truly por-
trays—

Oh no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, but
mourns

Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such
glory is shrined—

O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong
the urns

Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of
mankind!

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing

O'er files, array'd

With helm and blade,

And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!

When hearts are all high beating,

And the trumpet's voice repeating

That song, whose breath

May lead to death,

But never to retreating.

Oh, the sight entrancing,

When morning's beam is glancing

O'er files, array'd

With helm and blade,

And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—

For ask yon despot, whether

¹ Apollo, in his interview with Phaëton, as described by Ovid—"Deposuit radios propiusque accedere iussit."

His pluméd bands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as ours together.
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
 Adorn but man with freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
 The sword may pierce the beaver,
 Stone walls in time may sever,
 'Tis heart alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
 That keeps men free forever!
 Oh, that sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And in Freedom's cause advancing!

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine!
 How fair thou art let others tell,
 While but to *feel* how fair is mine!

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 And long may light around thee smile,
 And soft as on that evening fell,
 When first I saw thy fairy isle!

Thou wert *too* lovely then for one,
 Who had to turn to paths of care—
 Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
 And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more along thy shores to come,
 But, on the world's dim ocean tost,
 Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
 Of sunshine he had seen and lost!

Far better in thy weeping hours
 To part from thee, as I do now,
 When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers
 Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
 Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
 But, in thy shadow, seem'st a place
 Where weary man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
 A gloom like Eden's, on the day
 He left its shade, when every tree,
 Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way!

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
 And still the lovelier for thy tears—
 For though but rare thy sunny smile,
 'Tis heaven's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
 But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
 The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
 Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

'T WAS one of those dreams, that by music
 are brought,
 Like a light summer haze, o'er the poet's
 warm thought—
 When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
 And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were
 those,
 To which he had sung Erin's bondage and
 woes,
 And the breath of the bugle now wafted
 them o'er
 From Dinis' green isle, to Glená's wooded
 shore.

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude
 nest,
 The lingering sounds on their way loved to
 rest;
 And the echoes sung back from their full
 mountain choir,
 As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,
 Was again brought to life in some airier
 sphere,
 Some heaven in those hills, where the soul
 of the strain
 That had ceased upon earth was awaking
 again!

Oh forgive, if, while listening to music
 whose breath
 Seem'd to circle his name with a charm
 against death,
 He should feel a proud Spirit within him
 proclaim,
 "Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of
 Fame:

"Even so, though thy memory should now
 die away,
 'Twill be caught up again in some happier
 day,
 And the hearts and the voice of Erin prolong,
 Through the answering Future, thy name
 and thy song!"

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

FAIREST! put on awhile
 These pinions of light I bring thee,
 And o'er thy own green isle
 In fancy let me wing thee.
 Never did Ariel's plume,
 At golden sunset hover
 Above such scenes of bloom,
 As I shall waft thee over!

Fields, where the Spring delays
 And fearlessly meets the ardor
 Of the warm Summer's gaze
 With only her tears to guard her.
 Rocks, through myrtle boughs
 In grace majestic frowning—
 Like a bold warrior's brows
 That Love has just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
 That never hath bird come nigh them
 But from his course through air
 He hath been won down by them,¹—
 Types, sweet maid, of thee,
 Whose look, whose blush, inviting,
 Never did Love yet see
 From heaven, without alighting.

¹ In describing the Skelligs (islands of the Barony of Forth), Dr. Keating says, "There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,²
 And caves, where the diamond's sleeping,
 Bright as the gems thy lid
 Or snow lets fall in weeping.
 Glens,³ where Ocean comes,
 To 'scape the wild wind's rancor,
 And Harbors, worthiest homes
 Where Freedom's fleet could anchor.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
 So beautiful, shine before thee,
 Pride for thy own dear land
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
 Oh, let grief come first,
 O'er pride itself victorious—
 Thinking how man hath curst
 What Heaven hath made so glorious!

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

As vanquish'd ERIN wept beside
 The Boyne's ill-fated river,
 She saw where Discord, in the tide,
 Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
 "Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
 Where mortal eye may shun you;
 Lie hid—for oh! the stain of hearts
 That bled for me is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain,—
 As time too well hath taught her—
 Each year the Fiend returns again,
 And dives into that water;
 And brings, triumphant, from beneath
 His shafts of desolation,
 And sends them, wing'd with worse than
 death,
 Through all her madd'ning nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
 Even now beside that river—
 Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
 And stored is still his quiver.

² "Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears; and this we find confirmed by a present made A. C. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."—*O'Halloran*.

³ Glengarriff.

"When will this end, ye Powers of God?"
 She weeping asks forever;
 But only hears from out that flood,
 The Demon answer, "Never!"

DESMOND'S SONG.¹

By the Feal's wave benighted,
 Not a star in the skies,
 To thy door by Love lighted,
 I first saw those eyes.
 Some voice whisper'd o'er me
 As the threshold I crost,
 There was ruin before me,
 If I loved, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
 Too soon in his train;
 Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
 'Twere welcome again.
 Though misery's full measure
 My portion should be,
 I would drain it with pleasure,
 If pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonor
 To bow to this flame,
 If you've eyes, look but on her,
 And blush while you blame.
 Hath the pearl less whiteness
 Because of its birth?
 Hath the violet less brightness
 For growing near earth?

No—Man for his glory,
 To ancestry flies;
 While Woman's bright story
 Is told in her eyes.
 While the Monarch but traces
 Through mortals his line,
 Beauty, born of the Graces,
 Ranks next to Divine!

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

I wish I was by that dim Lake,¹
 Where sinful souls their farewell take
 Of this vain world, and half-way lie
 In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
 There, there, far from thee,
 Deceitful world, my home should be—
 Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
 False hope should ne'er deceive again!

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
 Of unseen waters falling round—
 The dry leaves, quivering o'er my head,
 Like man, unquiet even when dead—
 These—aye—these shall wean
 My soul from life's deluding scene,
 And turn each thought, each wish I have,
 Like willows, downward toward the grave.

As they, who to their couch at night
 Would win repose, first quench the light,
 So must the hopes, that keep this breast
 Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
 Cold, cold, my heart must grow,
 Unchanged by either joy or woe,
 Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
 Within their current turns to stone.

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

THEY came from a land beyond the sea,
 And now o'er the western main
 Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
 From the sunny land of Spain.

¹ These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegal (says Dr. Campbell) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims from almost every country in Europe."

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind however gay, is, from strange association, wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes."—*Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

¹ "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called MacCormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family."—*Leland*, vol. ii.

"Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave?"
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
"Tis Innisfail!—'tis Innisfail!"
Rings o'er the echoing sea,
While, bending to heaven, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-god's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear on leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our Eastern fathers trod.

OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRAN- MORE.

OH! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee,
And of those days when, by thy shore,
I wander'd young and free.
Full many a path I've tried, since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along thy flood;
Or, when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing;¹—

¹ "Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland), and there inhabit."—*Keating*.

² The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

³ The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brysail or the

That Eden, where the immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene,
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave,
At sunset, oft are seen.
Ah, dream too full of sadd'ning truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth,—
As sunny and as vain!

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

LAY his sword by his side—it hath served
him too well
Not to rest near his pillow below;
To the last moment true, from his hand ere
it fell,
Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.
Fellow-laborers in life, let them slumber in
death,
Side by side, as becomes the reposing
brave,—
That sword which he loved still unbroke in
its sheath,
And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause—for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
As if breathed from his brave heart's re-
mains;—
Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,
Once sounded the war-word "Burst your
chains!"
And it cries, from the grave where the hero
lies deep,
"Though the day of your Chieftain forever
hath set,
Oh leave not his sword thus inglorious to
sleep,—
It hath victory's life in it yet!

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon
to wield,
Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.

Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories."—*Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland*.

⁴ It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the favorite swords of their heroes along with them.

But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath known
the bright use
Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-
plain—
Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning
let loose,
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

THE wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall,¹
And its Chief, 'mid his heroes reclining,
Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied wall,
Where his falchion hangs idly shining.
When, hark! that shout
From the vale without,—
"Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane is
nigh!"
Every Chief starts up
From his foaming cup,
And "To battle, to battle," is the Finian's
cry.

The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,
And they sing such thrilling numbers—
Oh! 'tis like the voice of the Dead, of old,
Breaking forth from their place of slumbers!
Spear to buckler rang
As the minstrels sang,
And the Sun-burst² o'er them floated wide;
While rememb'ring the yoke
Which their fathers broke,
"On for liberty, for liberty!" the Finians
cried.

Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
O'er the valley of Almhin lowering;
While onward moved, in the light of its fame,
That banner of Erin, towering.
With the mingling shock
Ring cliff and rock,
While, rank on rank, the invaders die:

¹ The Palace of Fin MacCumbhal (the Fingal of Macpherson) in Leinster. It was built on the top of the hill, which has retained from thence the name of the Hill of Allen, in the County of Kildare. The Finians, or Fenii, were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, which this Chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.

² The name given to the banner of the Irish.

And the shout, that iast
O'er the dying pass'd,
Was "victory!" was "victory!"—the
Finian's cry.

OH! COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

OH! could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through air
And in themselves a lustre bear,
A stock of light, still ready there,
Whenever they wish to use it;
So, in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fireflies be,
And the flash of wit or poesy
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While every joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hovering near,
In this new world of ours, my dear,
Such shadows will all be omitted:—
Unless they are like that graceful one,
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
Each spot where it hath flitted!

THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.¹

THE dream of those days when first I sung
thee is o'er,
Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy sor-
rows then wore,
And even of the light which Hope once shed
o'er thy chains
Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom re-
mains.

¹ Written in one of those moods of hopelessness and disgust which come occasionally over the mind, in contemplating the present state of Irish patriotism.

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
 That still the dark brand is there, though chainless thou art;
 And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long burn'd,
 Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd?

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,
 With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy tread!
 Ah, better thou ne'er hadst lived that summit to gain,
 Or died in the porch, than thus dishonor the fane.

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.¹

SILENCE is in our festal halls,—
 O Son of Song! thy course is o'er;
 In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
 Her minstrel's voice responds no more;—

¹ It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader, that these lines are meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson.

All silent as the Eolian shell
 Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
 When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell
 At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,
 Awaked by music's spell, shall rise;
 For, name so link'd with deathless song
 Partakes its charm and never dies:
 And even within the holy fane,
 When music wafts the soul to heaven,
 One thought to him, whose earliest strain
 Was echo'd there, shall long be given.

But, where is now the cheerful day,
 The social night, when, by thy side,
 He, who now weaves this parting lay,
 His skillless voice with thine allied;
 And sung those songs whose every tone,
 When bard and minstrel long have past,
 Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
 Embalm'd by fame, undying last?

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—
 Or, if thy bard have shared the crown
 From thee the borrow'd glory came,
 And at thy feet is now laid down.
 Enough, if Freedom still inspire
 His latest song, and still there be,
 As evening closes round his lyre,
 One ray upon its chords from thee.

LALLA ROOKH.

IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharla, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favor of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet, and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterward escorted with the same splendor to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Lalla Rookh¹—a princess described by the poets of her time as more beautiful than Leila, Shirine, Dewildé, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of the empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharla.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called Gul Reazee, or the Scattering of the Roses, till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father,—who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran,—and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the perpetual lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace it was one unbroken line of splendor. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favor,² the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armor of their Cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan,³ in the brightness of their silver battle-axes⁴ and the

massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pineapples,⁵ on the tops of the palankeens;—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of Lalla Rookh lay, as it were enshrined;—the rose-colored veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter,⁶ at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing;—and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honor, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadiadeen, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadiadeen was a judge of everything,—from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi,—“Should the Prince at noonday say, ‘It is night,’ declare that you behold the moon and stars.” And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector,⁶ was about

yond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century,) whenever he appeared abroad was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an equal number bearing maces of gold.”—*Richardson's Dissertation prefixed to his Dictionary*,

¹ “The knobbed, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pineapple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin.”—*Scott's Notes on the Bahardanush*.

² In the poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, there is the following lively description of “a company of maidens seated on camels:”—

“They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings and with rose-colored veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andemwood.

“When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloths with every mark of a voluptuous gayety.

“Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arabs with a settled mansion.”

³ This hypocritical emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy Leagues. “He held the cloak of religion,” says Dow, “between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for His assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high priest at the consecration of this temple; and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a

¹ Tulip Cheek.

² “One mark of honor or knighthood bestowed by the emperor: is the permission to wear a small kettle-drum at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the raining of hawks, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen for that end.”—*Fryer's Travels*.

³ “Those on whom the king has conferred the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret.”—*Elphinstone's Account of Cabul*.

⁴ “Khedar Khan, the Khakan, or King of Turquestan, be-

as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Juggernaut.¹

During the first days of their journey, Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the royal gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind, and delight her imagination; and when, at evening or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments,—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl;² sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banian tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West,³ as “places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves,”—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her ladies and the great chamberlain, Fadladeen, (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palanquin. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra,⁴ the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver;⁵ not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon.⁶ At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Brahmins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman, Fadladeen, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tingling of their golden anklets⁷ was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they

fakeer. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he with the other signed warrants for the assassination of his relations.”—*History of Hindostan*, vol. iii., p. 235. See also the curious letter of Aurungzebe given in the *Oriental Collections*, vol. i., p. 320.

1 “The idol at Jaghernat has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the pagoda: one having stolen one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the idol.”—*Tavernier*.

2 “In the neighborhood is Notte Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid water.”—*Pennant's Hindostan*.

3 Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador from James I. to Jehanguir.

4 “The Romance Wamakwezra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mohammed.”—*Note on the Oriental Tales*.

5 There is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver sitting on the bank of the river and throwing flowers into the stream in order to draw the attention of the young hero who is encamped on the opposite side. *Vide* “Champion's Translation of the Shah Naméh of Ferdousi.”

6 Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Speed Deeve, or White Demon, see *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii., p. 45. Near the city of Shiraz is an immense quadrangular monument in commemoration of this combat, called the “Kelaat-i-Deev Speeded,” or Castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his *Geographiacum Persicum*, p. 127, declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia. *Vide* “Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies.”

7 “The women of the idol, or dancing-girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells fastened to their feet, the soft harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices.”—*Maurice's Indian Antiquities*. “The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known.” *Vide* “Calmet's Dictionary,” art. *Bells*.

lost all their charm, and the nights and noondays were beginning to move heavily, when at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the valley for his manner of reciting the stories of the East, on whom his royal master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, Fadladeen elevated his critical eyebrows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium,⁸ which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favorable ideas of the cast expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined however to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of woman, Chrishna (the Indian Apollo),⁹—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness, and the ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to Fadladeen upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in everything relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar,—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the west used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra,—and, having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,¹⁰ who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began:—

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.¹¹

In that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flowerets and fruits blush over every
stream,¹²

8 “Abou-Tige. ville de la Thebaïde, où il croit beaucoup de pavot noir, dont se fait le meilleur opium.”—*D'Herbelot*.

9 “He and the three Râmas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the Princesses of Hindustân were all passionately in love with Crishna, who continues to this hour the darling god of the Indian women.”—*Sir W. Jones, on the gods of Greece, Italy, and India*.

10 For the real history of this impostor, whose original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and who was called Mokanna from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, *vide* D'Herbelot.

11 “Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province or Region of the Sun.”

12 “The fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other place; and one cannot see in any other city such palaces, with groves, and streams, and gardens.”—*Ebn Haukal's Geography*.

And fairest of all streams, the Murga roves
Among Merou's' bright palaces and
groves,—

There on that throne, to which the blind
belief

Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet-
Chief,

The Great Mokanna. O'er his features
hung

The veil, the silver veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its
light.

For, far less luminous, his votaries said,¹
Were even the gleams miraculously shed
O'er Moussa's² cheek, when down the Mount
he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God!

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
His chosen guard of bold Believers stands;
Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their
swords,

On points of faith, more eloquent than
words;

And such their zeal, there's not a youth with
brand

Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
Would make his own devoted heart its
sheath,

And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a
death!

In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night,³
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy
white;

Their weapons various—some equipp'd for
speed,

With javelins of the light Kathaian reed;⁴
Or bows of buffalo horn, and shining quivers

Fill'd with the stems⁵ that bloom on Iran's
rivers;'

While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-
axe;

And as they wave aloft in morning's beam
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they
seem

Like a chenar-tree grove,⁶ when winter
throws

O'er all its tufted heads his feathering
snows.

Between the porphyry pillars that uphold
The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,
Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
Where, through the silken net-work, glanc-
ing eyes,

From time to time, like sudden gleams that
glow

Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp
below.

What impious tongue, ye blushing saints,
would dare

To hint that aught but Heaven had plac'd
you there?

Or that the loves of this light world could
bind

In their gross chain your Prophet's soaring
mind?

No—wrongful thought!—commission'd from
above

To people Eden's bowers with shapes of
love,

(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and
eyes

They wear on earth will serve in Paradise,)
There to recline among Heaven's native

maids,
And crown the Elect with bliss that never
fades!—

Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding
done;

¹ One of the royal cities of Khorassan.

² "Ses disciples assuroient qu'il se couvrait le visage pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchoit par l'éclat de son visage, comme Moïse."—*D'Herbelot*.

³ Moses.

⁴ Black was the color adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards.

⁵ "Il faut remarquer ici touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des coiffures, et des standards des Khalifes Abassides étant la noire, ce chef de rebelles ne pouvoit pas choisir une qui lui fût plus opposée."—*D'Herbelot*.

⁶ "Our dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Kathaian reed, is, slender and delicate."—*Poem of Amru*.

⁵ Pichala, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.

⁶ The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft of Isfendiar, one of their ancient heroes, was made of it.—"Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias."—*Sir W. Jones, Botanical Observations*.

⁷ The oriental plane. "The chenar is a delightful tree; its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green."—*Morier's Travels*.

And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
 From those who kneel at Brahma's burning
 founts,¹
 To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er Yemen's
 mounts;
 From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
 To the small, half-shut glances of Kathay;²
 And Georgia's bloom, and Azab's darker
 smiles,
 And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;
 All, all are there;—each land its flower hath
 given,
 To form that fair young nursery for
 Heaven!

But why this pageant now? this arm'd
 array?
 What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day
 With turban'd heads of every hue and race
 Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
 Like tulip-beds of different shape and dyes³
 Bending beneath the invisible west-wind
 sighs?
 What new-made mystery now for Faith to
 sign
 And blood to seal as genuine and divine,—
 What dazzling mimicry of God's own
 power
 Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this
 hour?
 Not such the pageant now, though not less
 proud,
 Yon warrior youth advancing from the
 crowd
 With silver bow, with belt of broider'd
 crape,
 And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,⁴
 So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
 Like war's wild planet in a summer sky—
 That youth to-day,—a proselyte, worth
 hordes
 Of cooler spirits and less practised
 swords,—

Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
 The creed and standard of the Heaven-sent
 Chief.

Though few his years, the West already
 knows
 Young Azim's fame;—beyond the Olympian
 snows,
 Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
 O'erwhelm'd in fight and captive to the
 Greek,
 He linger'd there till peace dissolved his
 chains.
 Oh! who could, even in bondage, tread the
 plains
 Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise
 Kindling within him? who, with heart and
 eyes,
 Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
 The shining foot-prints of her Deity,
 Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
 Which mutely told her spirit had been there?
 Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well
 For his soul's quiet work'd the awakening
 spell;
 And now, returning to his own dear land,
 Full of those dreams of good that, vainly
 grand,
 Haunt the young heart;—proud views of
 human-kind,
 Of men to gods exalted and refined;—
 False views like that horizon's fair deceit,
 Where earth and heaven but *seem*, alas, to
 meet!—
 Soon as he heard an arm divine was raised
 To right the nations, and beheld, emblazed
 On the white flag Mokanna's host unfurl'd,
 Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the
 World,"
 At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
 The inspiring summons; every chosen blade
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred text
 Seem'd doubly edged, for this world and the
 next;
 And ne'er did Faith with her smooth band-
 age bind
 Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind
 In Virtue's cause—never was soul inspired
 With livelier trust in what it most desired,
 Than his, the enthusiast there, who kneeling
 pale

¹ "Near Chittagong, esteemed as holy."

² China.

³ "The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban."—*Beckman's History of Inventions*.

⁴ "The inhabitants of Bucharica wear a round cloth bonnet shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large fur border. They tie their kaftans about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk crape, several times round the body."—*Independent Tartary*, in *Pinkerton's Col.*

With pious awe, before that silver veil,
Believes the form to which he bends his knee
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
This fetter'd world from every bond and
stain,
And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young Azim knelt, that motley
crowd
Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and
bow'd,
With shouts of "Alla!" echoing long and
loud;
While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam
spread,
Waved like the wings of the white birds
that fan
The flying throne of star-taught Soliman!¹
Then thus he spoke:—"Stranger, though
new the frame
Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its
flame
For many an age,² in every chance and
change
Of that existence through whose varied
range,—
As through a torch-race, where, from hand
to hand
The flying youths transmit their shining
brand,—
From frame to frame the unextinguish'd
soul
Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!

"Nor think 'tis only the gross spirits,
warm'd
With duskier fire and for earth's medium
form'd,
That run this course;—beings the most
divine
Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.

¹ This wonderful throne was called the "Star of the Genii." When Solomon travelled, the eastern writers say, "he had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun."
—Sale's *Koran*, vol. ii., p. 214. *note*.

² "The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines."

Such was the Essence that in Adam dwelt,
To which all heaven, except the Proud One,
knelt:*

Such the refined Intelligence that glów'd
In Moussa's frame—and, thence descending,
flów'd

Through many a prophet's breast—in Issa³
shone,

And in Mohammed burn'd; till, hastening on,
(As a bright river that, from fall to fall
In many a maze descending, bright through
all,

Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth
past,

In one full lake of light it rests at last!)
That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
From lapse or shadow, centres all in me!"

Again, throughout the assembly at these
words,

Thousands of voices rung: the warriors'
swords

Were pointed up to heaven; a sudden wind
In the open banners play'd, and from behind
Those Persian hangings that but ill could
screen

The Haram's loveliness, white hands were
seen

Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion
gave

A perfume forth—like those the Houris
wave

When beckoning to their bowers the immor-
tal brave

"But these," pursued the Chief, "are
truths sublime,

That claim a holier mood and calmer time
Than earth allows us now;—this sword
must first

The darkling prison-house of mankind burst,

* And when we said unto the angels, "Worship Adam," they all worshipped him except Eblis, (Lucifer,) who refused
—*The Koran*, chap. ii.

³ This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokanna;—"Sa doctrine étoit que Dieu avoit pris une forme et figure humaine depuis qu'il eut commandé aux Anges d'adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu'après la mort d'Adam, Dieu étoit apparu sous la figure de plusieurs prophètes, et autres grands hommes, qu'il avoit choisis, jusqu'à ce qu'il prit celle d'Abn Moslem, Prince de Khorassan, lequel professoit l'erreur de la Tenassukhiah, ou Metempsychose; et qu'après la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité étoit passée, et descendue en sa personne."

³ Jesus.

Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in
 Her wakening daylight on a world of sin!
 But then, celestial warriors, then when all
 Earth's shrines and thrones before our ban-
 ner fall;
 When the glad slave shall at these feet lay
 down
 His broken chain, the tyrant lord his crown,
 The priest his book, the conqueror his
 wreath,
 And from the lips of truth one mighty
 breath
 Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
 That whole dark pile of human mockeries;—
 Then shall the reign of Mind commence on
 earth,
 And starting fresh as from a second birth,
 Man, in the sunshine of the world's new
 spring,
 Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!
 Then, too, your Prophet from his angel
 brow
 Shall cast the veil that hides its splendors
 now,
 And gladden'd Earth shall, through her
 wide expanse,
 Bask in the glories of this countenance!

“For thee, young warrior, welcome!—
 thou hast yet
 Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,
 Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can
 wave;
 But, once my own, mine all till in the
 grave!”

The pomp is at an end,—the crowds are
 gone—
 Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
 Of that deep voice which thrill'd like Alla's
 own!
 The young all dazzled by the plumes and
 lances,
 The glittering throne, and Haram's half-
 caught glances;
 The old deep pondering on the promised
 reign
 Of peace and truth; and all the female train
 Ready to risk their eyes could they but
 gaze
 A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze!

But there was one, among the chosen
 maids
 Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken
 shades,
 One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
 Has been like death;—you saw her pale dis-
 may,
 Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the
 burst
 Of exclamation from her lips, when first
 She saw that youth, too well, too dearly
 known,
 Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah Zelica! there *was* a time when bliss
 Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;
 When but to see him, hear him, breathe the
 air
 In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest
 prayer!
 When round him hung such a perpetual
 spell,
 Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
 Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a
 flower
 Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that
 hour;
 When thou didst study him, till every tone
 And gesture and dear look became thy own,
 Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
 In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
 Like echo, sending back sweet music fraught
 With twice the aerial sweetness it had
 brought!
 Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
 E'er beam'd before,—but ah! not bright for
 thee;
 No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
 From the other world, he comes as if to
 haunt
 Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
 Long lost to all but memory's aching sight:—
 Sad dreams! as when the spirit of our youth
 Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
 And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
 In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
 Of our young life, and points out every ray
 Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!
 Once happy pair!—in proud Bokhara's
 groves

Who had not heard of their first youthful
loves ?

Born by that ancient flood,¹ which from its
spring

in the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
With relics from Bucharía's ruby mines,
And, lending to the Caspian half its strength,
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length ;—
There, on the banks of that bright river
born,

The flowers that hung above its wave at
morn

Bless'd not the waters as they murmur'd by,
With holier scent and lustre than the sigh
And virgin glance of first affection cast
Upon their youth's smooth current, as it
pass'd !

But war disturb'd this vision—far away
From her fond eyes, summon'd to join the
array

Of Persia's warriors on the hills of Thrace,
The youth exchanged his sylvan dwelling-
place

For the rude tent and war-field's deathful
clash ;

His Zelica's sweet glances for the flash
Of Grecian wild-fire, and love's gentle chains
For bleeding bondage on Byzantium's
plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
Their suns away—but, ah ! how cold and
dim

Even summer suns when not beheld with
him !

From time to time ill-omen'd rumors came,
(Like spirit-tongues, muttering the sick
man's name,

Just ere he dies,)—at length those sounds
of dread

Fell withering on her soul, " Azim is dead !"
Oh, grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and deso-
late

1 the wide world, without that only tie

For which it loved to live or fear'd to
die ;—

Lorn as the hung-up lute that ne'er hath
spoken

Since the sad day its master-chord was
broken !

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was
such,

Even reason sunk—blighted beneath its
touch ;

And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit
rose

Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
Though health and bloom return'd, the
delicate chain

Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd
again.

Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest
day,

The mind was still all there, but turn'd
astray ;—

A wandering bark, upon whose pathway
shone

All stars of heaven, except the guiding one !
Again she smiled, nay, much and brightly
smiled,

But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild ;
And when she sung to her lute's touching
strain,

'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
The bulbul² utters ere her soul depart,
When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's pow-
erful art,

She dies upon the lute whose sweetness
broke her heart !

Such was the mood in which that mission
found

Young Zelica,—that mission, which around
The Eastern world, in every region blest
With woman's smile sought out its loveliest
To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes
Which the Veil'd Prophet destined for the
skies !—

And such quick welcome as a spark receives
Dropp'd on a bed of autumn's wither'd
leaves,

Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.

¹ The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Moun-
tains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two
branches, one of which falls into the Caspian Sea, and the
other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

² The nightingale.

All fire at once, the maddening zeal she caught;—

Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought;
Predestined bride, in Heaven's eternal dome,
Of some brave youth—ha! durst they say
“of some?”

No—of the one, one only object traced
In her heart's core too deep to be effaced;
The one whose memory, fresh as life, is
twined

With every broken link of her lost mind;
Whose image lives, though reason's self be
wreck'd,

Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect!

Alas, poor Zelica! it needed all
The fantasy which held thy mind in thrall
To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids
A sainted colony for Eden's shades;
Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame
Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining
came

From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd
here!

No—had not reason's light totally set,
And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet
In the loved image, graven on thy heart,
Which would have saved thee from the
tempter's art,

And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
That purity, whose fading is love's death!—
But lost, inflamed,—a restless zeal took
place

Of the mild virgin's still and feminine
grace;—

First of the Prophet's favorites, proudly first
In zeal and charms,—too well the Impostor
nursed

Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,
Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,
He saw more potent sorceries to bind
To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
More subtle chains than hell itself e'er
twined.

No art was spared, no witchery;—all the
skill

His demons taught him was employ'd to fill
Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns—
That gloom, through which frenzy but
fiercer burns;

That ecstasy, which from the depth of sad-
ness

Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light
is madness!

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the
sound

Of poesy and music breathed around,
Together picturing to her mind and ear
The glories of that heaven, her destined
sphere,

Where all was pure, where every stain that
lay

Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
And, realizing more than youthful love
E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should forever
rove

Through fields of fragrance by her Azim's
side,

His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride!—
'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like
this,

He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
To the dim charnel house;—through all its
streams

Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
Which foul corruption lights, as with design
To show the gay and proud *she* too can
shine!—

And, passing on through upright ranks of
dead,

Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by
dread,

Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round
them cast,

To move their lips in mutterings as she
pass'd—

There, in that awful place, when each had
quaff'd

And pledged in silence such a fearful
draught,

Such—oh! the look and taste of that red
bowl

Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her
soul

By a dark oath, in hell's own language
framed,

Never, while earth his mystic presence
claim'd,

While the blue arch of day hung o'er them
both.

Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.
She swore, and the wide charnel echo'd,
"Never, never!"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly
given
To him and—she believed, lost maid!—to
Heaven;
Her brain, her heart, her passions all in-
flamed,
How proud she stood, when in full Haram
named
The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her
eyes
With light, alas! that was not of the skies,
When round in trances only less than hers,
She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate
worshippers!
Well might Mokanna think that form alone
Had spells enough to make the world his
own:—
Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's
play
Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
When from its stem the small bird wings
away!
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she
smiled,
The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and
wild
As are the momentary meteors sent
Across the uncalm, but beauteous firmament.
And then her look!—oh! where's the heart
so wise,
Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless
eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
Like those of angels, just before their fall;
Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—
now crost
By glimpses of the heaven her heart had
lost;
In every glance there broke, without con-
trol,
The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young Zelica—so
changed

From her who, some years since, delighted
ranged
The almond groves that shade Bokhara's tide,
All life and bliss, with Azim by her side:
So altered was she now, this festal day,
When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling
array,
The vision of that youth, whom she had
loved,
And wept as dead, before her breathed and
moved;—
When—bright, she thought, as if from
Eden's track
But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back
Again to earth, glistening with Eden's
light—
Her beauteous Azim shone before her sight.

Oh, Reason! who shall say what spells
renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clew!
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd
brain
Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again;
And how, like forts, to which beleaguers win
Unhoped-for entrance through some friend
within,
One clear idea, waken'd in the breast
By memory's magic, lets in all the rest!
Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with
thee!
But though light came, it came but par-
tially;
Enough to show the maze in which thy
sense
Wander'd about,—but not to guide it
thence;
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
But not to point the harbor which might
save.
Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
With that dear form came rushing o'er her
mind;
But oh! to think how deep her soul had
gone
In shame and falsehood since those moments
shone;
And, then, her oath—*there* madness lay
again,
And shuddering, back she sunk into her
chain

Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee
 From light, whose every glimpse was agony!
 Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years
 Brought, mingled with its pain,—tears,
 floods of tears,
 Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
 Let loose in spring-time from the snowy
 hills,
 And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
 Through valleys where their flow had long
 been lost!

Sad and subdued, for the first time her
 frame
 Trembled with horror, when the summons
 came
 (A summons proud and rare, which all but
 she,
 And she till now, had heard with ecstasy)
 To meet Mokanna at his place of prayer,
 A garden oratory, cool and fair,
 By the stream's side, where still at close of
 day
 The Prophet of the Veil retired to pray;
 Sometimes alone—but oftener far with one,
 One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favor in his sight
 As the young Priestess; and though since
 that night
 When the death-caverns echo'd every tone
 Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
 The Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,
 Had more than once thrown off his soul's
 disguise,
 And utter'd such unheavenly, monstrous
 things
 As even across the desperate wanderings
 Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
 Threw startling shadows of dismay and
 doubt;
 Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
 The thought still haunting her of that bright
 brow
 Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye con-
 ceal'd,
 Would soon, proud triumph! be to her re-
 veal'd,
 To her alone;—and then the hope, most
 dear,
 Most wild of all, that her transgression here

Was but a passage through earth's grosser
 fire,
 From which the spirit would at last aspire,
 Even purer than before,—as perfumes rise
 Through flame and smoke, most welcome to
 the skies—
 And that when Azim's fond, divine embrace
 Should circle her in heaven, no darkening
 trace
 Would on that bosom he once loved remain,
 But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again:—
 These were the wildering dreams, whose
 curst deceit
 Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's
 feet,
 And made her think even damning falsehood
 sweet.
 But now that shape, which had appall'd her
 view,
 That semblance—oh, how terrible, if true!—
 Which came across her frenzy's full career
 With shock of consciousness, cold, deep,
 severe,
 As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,
 An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
 And, startling all its wretches from their
 sleep,
 By one cold impulse hurls them to the
 deep;—
 So came that shock not frenzy's self could
 bear,
 And waking up each long-lull'd image there,
 But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in
 despair!

Wan and dejected, through the evening
 dusk,
 She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
 Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
 Mokanna waited her—too wrapt in dreams
 Of the fair-ripening future's rich success
 To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,
 That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
 Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now
 From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose
 light bound
 Came like a spirit o'er the unechoing
 ground,—
 From that wild Zelica, whose every glance
 Was thrilling fire, whose very thought a
 trance!

Upon his couch the veil'd Mokanna lay,
While lamps around—not such as lend their
ray,
Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly
pray
In holy Koom,¹ or Mecca's dim arcades,
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely
maids
Look loveliest in—shed their luxurious glow
Upon his mystic veil's white glittering
flow.
Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of
prayer,
Which the world fondly thought he mused
on there,
Stood vases, fill'd with Kishmee's² golden
wine,
And the red weepings of the Shiraz vine;
Of which his curtain'd lips full many a
draught
Took zealously, as if each drop they
quaff'd,
Like Zemzem's Spring of Holiness,³ had
power
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!
And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could
see
The approaching maid, so deep his reverie;
At length, with fiendish laugh, like that
which broke
From Eblis at the fall of man, he spoke:—
“Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement
given,
Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with
heaven;
God's images, forsooth!—such gods as he
Whom India serves, the monkey deity;⁴
Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of
clay,
To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,

Refused, though at the forfeit of heaven's
light,
To bend in worship, Lucifer was right!—
Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
Of your foul race, and without fear or check,
Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's
name!—
Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and
fierce
As hooded falcons, through the universe
I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
Weak man my instrument, curst man my
prey!

“Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull
way on
By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
Like superstitious thieves, who think the
light
From dead men's marrow guides them best
at night!—
Ye shall have honors—wealth,—yes, sages,
yes—
I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothing-
ness;
Undazzled it can track yon starry spere,
But a gilt stick, a bauble blinds it here.
How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along
In lying speech, and still more lying song,
By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the
throng;
Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk
so small,
A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

“Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it
breeds;

¹ “The cities of Com (or Koom) and Kashan are full of mosques, mansoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the saints of Persia.”

² An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

³ “The miraculous well at Mecca; so called from the murmuring of its waters.”

⁴ The good Hannaman.

“Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the god Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race.”—*Pennant's Hindostan*.

See a curious account in *Stephen's Persia* of a solemn embassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast treasures for the recovery of a monkey's tooth, which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanapatan.

⁵ This resolution of Eblis not to acknowledge the new creature man, was, according to Mohammedan tradition, thus adopted:—“The earth (which God had selected for the materials of His work) was carried into Arabia, to a place between Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneaded by the angels, it was afterward fashioned by God himself into a human form, and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as others say, as many years; the angels in the mean time often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels nearest to God's presence, afterward the devil) among the rest; but he, not contented with looking at it, kicked it with his foot till it rung, and knowing God designed that creature to be his superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such.”—*Sale on the Koran*.

⁶ A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor.

Who, bolder even than Nimrod, think to rise,

By nonsense heap'd on nonsense, to the skies ;

Ye shall have miracles, ay, sound ones too,
Seen, heard, attested, everything—but true.
Your preaching zealots, too inspired to seek
One grace of meaning for the things they speak ;

Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood
For truths too heavenly to be understood ;
And your state priests, sole vendors of the lore

That works salvation ;—as on Ava's shore,
Where none *but* priests are privileged to trade

In that best marble of which gods are made ;¹—

They shall have mysteries—ay, precious stuff

For knaves to thrive by—mysterious enough ;

Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,

Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
While craftier feign belief, till they believe.

A heaven too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—

A splendid Paradise,—pure souls, ye must :
That prophet ill sustains his holy call

Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all ;

Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.

Vain things !—as lust or vanity inspires,
The heaven of each is but what each desires,

And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
Man would be man to all eternity !

So let him—Eblis ! grant this crowning curse,
But keep him what he is, no hell were worse.”—

“ Oh, my lost soul ! ” exclaim'd the shuddering maid,

Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said,—

Mokanna started—not abash'd, afraid,—

He knew no more of fear than one who dwells

Beneath the tropics knows of icicles !

But in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,

“ Oh, my lost soul ! ” there was a sound so drear,

So like that voice, among the sinful dead,
In which the legend o'er hell's gate is read,
That, new as 'twas from her, whom naught could dim

Or sink till now, it startled even him.

“ Ha, my fair Priestess ! ”—thus, with ready wile,

The impostor turn'd to greet her—“ thou whose smile

Hath inspiration in its rosy beam

Beyond the enthusiast's hope or prophet's dream !

Light of the Faith ! who twin'st religion's zeal

So close with love's, men know not which they feel,

Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart,

The heaven thou preachest or the heaven thou art !

What should I be without thee ? without thee

How dull were power, how joyless victory !
Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine

Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but *but* divine.

But—why so mournful, child ? those eyes that shone

All life last night—what !—is their glory gone ?

Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath made them pale,

They want rekindling—suns themselves would fail,

Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,
From light's own fount supplies of brilliancy !
Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here,

But the pure waters of that upper sphere,
Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
Catching the gems' bright color as they go.
Nightly my genii come and fill these urns—

¹ The material of which images of Guadma (the Birman deity) is made, is held sacred. “ Birmans may not purchase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of the deity ready made.”—*Syme's Ava*, vol. ii., p. 376.

Nay, drink—in every drop life's essence
burns ;

'Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all
bright—

Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-
night :

There is a youth—why start?—thou sawst
him then ;

Look'd he not nobly ? such the godlike men
Thou'lt have to woo thee in the bowers
above ;—

Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern
for love,

Too ruled by that cold enemy of bliss
The world calls Virtue—we must conquer
this ;—

Nay, shrink not, pretty sage ; 'tis not for
thee

To scan the mazes of heaven's mystery.

The steel must pass through fire, ere it can
yield

Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.
This very night I mean to try the art
Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart ;
All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,
Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,
Shall tempt the boy ;—young Mirzala's blue
eyes,

Whose sleepy lid like snow on violet lies ;
Arouya's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,
Have magic in their pressure ; Zeba's lute,
And Lilla's dancing feet, that gleam and
shoot

Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the
deep !—

All shall combine their witching powers to
steep

My convert's spirit in that softening trance,
From which to heaven is but the next
advance ;—

That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast
On which Religion stamps her image best.
But hear me, Priestess !—though each
nymph of these

Hath some peculiar, practised power to
please,

Some glance or step which, at the mirror
tried,

First charms herself, then all the world
beside ;

There still wants *one*, to make the victory
sure,

One, who in every look joins every lure ;
Through whom all beauty's beams concen-
tred pass,

Dazzling and rich, as through love's
burning-glass ;

Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
Whose words, even when unmeaning, are
adored,

Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
Which our faith takes for granted are
divine !

Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and
light,

To crown the rich temptations of to-night ;
Such the refined enchantress that must be
This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she !”

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and
pale,

The maid had stood, gazing upon the veil
From which these words, like south-winds
through a fence

Of Kerzrah flowers, came fill'd with pesti-
lence :¹

So boldly utter'd too ! as if all dread
Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns,
were fled,

And the wretch felt assured that, once
plunged in,
Her woman's soul would know no pause in
sin !

At first, though mute she listen'd, like a
dream

Seem'd all he said ; nor could her mind,
whose beam

As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
But when, at length, he utter'd, “Thou art
she !”

All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteously,
“Oh, not for worlds !” she cried—“Great
God ! to whom

I once knelt innocent, is this my doom ?
Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly
bliss,

My purity, my pride, then come to this,—

¹ “It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south wind, which in June or July passes over the flower, (the Kerzereh,) it will kill him.”

To live the wanton of a fiend ! to be
 The pander of his guilt—oh, infamy !
 And, sunk myself as low as hell can steep
 In its hot flood, drag others down as deep !
 Others?—ha ! yes—that youth who came
 to day—
Not him I loved—not him—on . do but say,
 But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,
 And I will serve, dark fiend !—will worship,
 even thee !”

“Beware, young raving thing!—in time,
 beware,
 Nor utter what I cannot, must nor bear
 Even from *thy* lips. Go—try thy lute, thy
 voice,
 The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice
 To see those fires, no matter whence they
 rise,
 Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes ;
 And should the youth, whom soon those
 eyes shall warm,
Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,
 So much the happier wilt thou find thy
 doom,
 As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
 Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.
 Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet !—those eyes
 were made
 For love, not anger—I must be obey'd.”

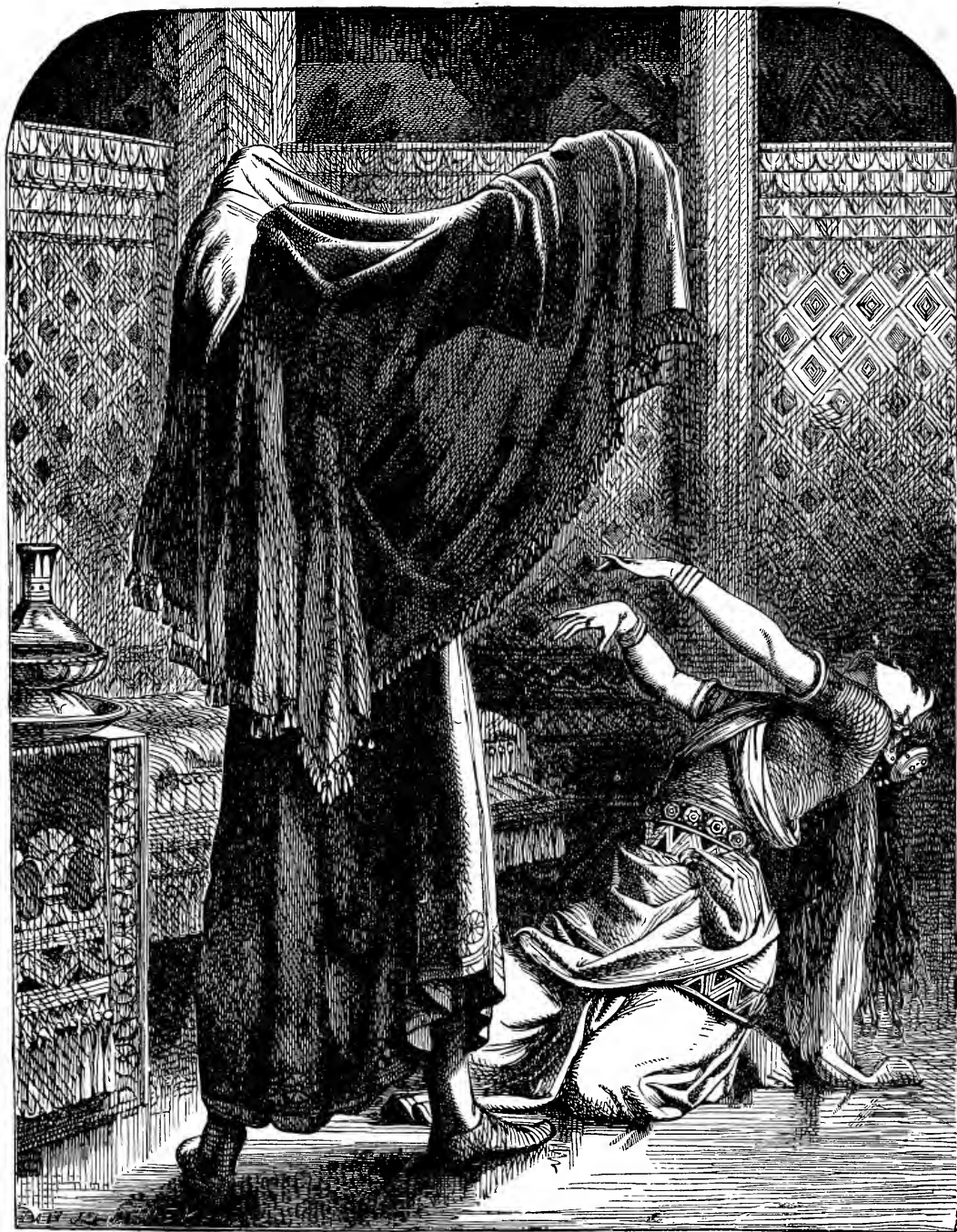
“Obey'd !—'tis well—yes, I deserve it
 all—
 On me, on me Heaven's vengeance cannot fall
 Too heavily—but Azim, brave and true
 And beautiful—must *he* be ruin'd too ?
 Must *he* too, glorious as he is, be driven
 A renegade like me from love and heaven ?
 Like me ?—weak wretch, I wrong him—not
 like me ;
 No—he's all truth and strength and purity !
 Fill up your maddening hell-cup to the
 brim,
 Its witchery, fiend, will have no charm for
 him.
 Let loose your glowing wantons from their
 bowers,
 He loves, he loves, and can defy their
 powers !
 Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign
 Pure as when first we met, without a stain !

Though ruin'd—lost—my memory, like a
 charm
 Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from
 harm.
 Oh ! never let him know how deep the brow
 He kiss'd at parting is dishonor'd now—
 Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she
 Whom once he loved—once!—*still* loves
 dotingly !
 Thou laughst, tormentor,—what!—thou'lt
 brand my name ?
 Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my
 shame—
 He thinks me true, that naught beneath
 God's sky
 Could tempt or change me, and so once
 thought I.
 But this is past—though worse than death
 my lot,
 Than hell—'tis nothing, while *he* knows it not
 Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
 Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die ;
 Where none will ask the lost one whence she
 came,
 But I may fade and fall without a name !
 And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou
 art,
 Who foundst this burning plague-spot in my
 heart,
 And spreadst it—oh, so quick !—through
 soul and frame
 With more than demon's art, till I became
 A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all
 flame !—
 If, when I'm gone——”

“Hold, fearless maniac, hold,
 Nor tempt my rage—by Heaven not half so
 bold
 The puny bird that dares with teasing hum
 Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to
 come !"
 And so thou'lt fly, forsooth ?—what !—give
 up all
 Thy chaste dominion in the Haram hall,

¹ “The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming-bird, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed at Java.”

The humming-bird is said to run this risk for the purpose of picking the crocodile's teeth. The same circumstance is related of the lapwing, as a fact to which he was witness, by Paul Lucas, (*Voyage faite en 1714*.)



“He raised his veil—the Maid turn’d
slowly round,
Look’d at him—shriek’d—and sunk upon
the ground!

Where, now to love and now to Alla given,
Half mistress and half saint, thou hangst as
even

As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and
heaven!

'Thou'lt fly?—as easily may reptiles run
The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes
upon;

As easily, when caught, the prey may be
Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from
me.

No, no, 'tis fix'd—let good or ill betide,
Thou'rt mine till death—till death Mokanna's
bride!

Hast thou forgot thy oath?"—

At this dread word,

The maid—whose spirit his rude taunts had
stirr'd

Through all its depths, and roused an anger
there

That burst and lighten'd even through her
despair—

Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the
breath

That spoke that word, and stagger'd, pale as
death.

"Yes, my sworn Bride, let others seek in
bowers

Their bridal place—the charnel vault was
ours!

Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality;—

Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we
were wed,

And, for our guests, a row of goodly dead
(Immortal spirits in their time no doubt)
From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd
out!

That oath thou heardest more lips than thine
repeat—

That cup—thou shudderest lady—was it
sweet?

That cup we pledged, the charnel's choicest
wine,

Hath bound thee—ay—body and soul all
mine;

Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or
curst

No matter now, not hell itself shall burst!

Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
Look wild, look—anything but sad; yet
stay—

One moment more—from what this night
hath pass'd,

I see thou knowst me, knowst me *well* at last.
Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thoughtst
all true,

And that I love mankind!—I do, I do—
As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats
Upon the small, sweet fry that round him
floats;

Or as the Nile-bird loves the slime that
gives

That rank and venomous food on which she
lives!—

"And now thou seest my *soul's* angelic
hue,

'Tis time these *features* were uncurtain'd
too;—

This brow, whose light—oh, rare celestial
light!

Hath been reserved to bless thy favor'd
sight;

These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded
night

Thou'st seen immortal man kneel down and
quake—

Would that they *were* Heaven's lightnings
for his sake!

But turn and look—then wonder, if thou
wilt,

That I should hate, should take revenge, by
guilt,

Upon the hand whose mischief or whose
mirth

Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon
earth;

And on that race who, though more vile
they be

Than mowing apes, are demigods to me!
Here—judge if hell, with all its power to
damn,

Can add one curse to the foul thing I
am!"—

"He raised his veil—the Maid turn'd
slowly round,

Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon
the ground!

On their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all round illuminated; some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously for the purpose.¹

each side of the green alley, which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

Lalla Rookh, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of Zelica and her lover, to give a thought to anything else, except, perhaps, to him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendor to her pavilion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou,—and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.²

Without a moment's delay young Feramorz was introduced, and Fadladeen, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when Lalla Rookh impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded:—

Prepare thy soul, young Azim!—thou hast
braved

¹ "The Feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamtcheou with more magnificence than anywhere else."—*Present State of China*, p. 156.

² "The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous mandarin, whose daughter walking one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned; the afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find her, caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day; they continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom."—*Present State of China*.

The bands of Greece, still mighty though
enslaved;

Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all its
fame,

Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;
All this hast fronted with firm heart and
brow,

But a more perilous trial waits thee now,—
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of
eyes

From every land where woman smiles or
sighs;

Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze;
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the
flash

That lightens boldly through the shadowy
lash,

To the sly, stealing splendors, almost hid,
Like swords half-sheathed, beneath the
downcast lid.

Such, Azim, is the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee; and let conquerors
boast

Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms
A young, warm spirit against beauty's
charms,

Who feels her brightness, yet defies her
thrall,

Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers mov-
ing lights

And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's
rites;—

From room to room the ready handmaids
hie,

Some skill'd to wreathe the turban tastefully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,

Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone
Like Seba's Queen, could vanquish with
that one:³—

While some bring leaves of henna, to imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,⁴
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they
seem

Like tips of coral branches in the stream;

³ "Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes."—*Sol. Song*.

⁴ "They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with henna, so that they resembled branches of coral."

And others mix the kohol's jetty dye,¹
To give that long dark languish to the eye,²
Which makes the maids, whom kings are
proud to cull
From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful!

All is in motion; rings and plumes and
pearls
Are shining everywhere:—some younger
girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their
heads;
Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, 'tis
to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's
innocent day,
And the dear fields and friendships far away.
The maid of India, blest again to hold
In her full lap the champac's leaves of gold,³
Thinks of the time when by the Ganges'
flood,
Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream;
While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell—
The sweet elcaya,⁴ and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy⁵—
Sees, call'd up round her by these magic
scents,
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes even its sorrows back again!

¹ "None of these ladies," says *Shaw*, "take themselves to be completely dressed, till they have tinged the hair and edges of their eyelids with the powder of lead-ore. Now, as this operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterward through the eyelids over the ball of the eye, we shall have a lively image of what the Prophet (Jer. iv. 30) may be supposed to mean by *removing the eyes with painting*. This practice is no doubt of great antiquity; for besides the instance already taken notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (2 Kings ix. 30) to have *painted her face*, the original words are, *she adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead-ore*."—*Shaw's Travels*.

² "The women blacken the inside of their eyelids with a powder named the black kohol."

³ "The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-colored champac in the black hair of the Indian women has supplied the Sanscrit poets with many elegant allusions."

⁴ "A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen."

⁵ "Of the genus *mimosa*, which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade."

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount, is heard around,
Young Azim roams bewilder'd,—nor can
guess

What means this maze of light and loneliness.

Here the way leads o'er tessellated floors
Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,
Where, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;
And spicy rods, such as illumine at night
The bowers of Tibet,⁶ send forth odorous light,
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the
road

For some pure spirit to its blest abode!—
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as
noon;

Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
High as the enamell'd cupola, which towers
All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers:
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells of every dye
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love, in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage
thrown

For their weak loveliness—is like her own!
On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine,—
While on the other, latticed lightly in
With odoriferous woods of Comorin,⁷
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is
seen;—

Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam
between

The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea;

⁶ "Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence."

⁷ "C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloë, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité."

Mecca's blue sacred pigeon,¹ and the thrush
 Of Hindostan,² whose holy warblings gush
 At evening from the tall pagoda's top ;—
 Those golden birds that, in the spice-time,
 drop
 About the gardens, drunk with that sweet
 food³
 Whose scent hath lured them o'er the sum-
 mer flood,⁴
 And those that under Araby's soft sun
 Build their high nests of budding cin-
 namon ;—
 In short, all rare and beauteous things that fly
 Through the pure element here calmly lie
 Sleeping in light, like the green birds⁵ that
 dwell
 In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel !

So on, through scenes past all imagining—
 More like the luxuries of that impious king,⁶
 Whom Death's dark Angel, with his light-
 ning torch,
 Struck down and blasted even in Pleasure's
 porch,
 Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent
 Arm'd with Heaven's sword for man's en-
 franchisement—
 Young Azim wander'd, looking sternly
 round,
 His simple garb and war-boots' clanking
 sound
 But ill according with the pomp and grace
 And silent lull of that voluptuous place !

"Is this then," thought the youth, "is
 this the way
 To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
 Of worldly sloth ;—to teach him, while he
 lives,

¹ "In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill."

² "The pagoda thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched on the sacred pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song."

³ Tavernier adds, that while the Birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the emmets come and eat off their legs ; and that hence it is they are said to have no feet.

⁴ Birds of Paradise, which at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern isles to India, and "the strength of the nutmeg so intoxicates them that they fall dead drunk to the earth."

⁵ "The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds."—*Gibbon*, vol. ix., p. 421.

⁶ Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

To know no bliss but that which virtue gives
 And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
 A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame ?
 It was not so, land of the generous thought
 And daring deed ! thy godlike sages taught
 It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
 Thy freedom nursed her sacred energies ;
 Oh ! not beneath the enfeebling, withering
 glow
 Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow
 With which she wreathed her sword, when
 she would dare
 Immortal deeds ; but in the bracing air
 Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,
 Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
 Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's
 wreath !
 Who, that surveys this span of earth we
 press,
 This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
 This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless
 seas,
 The past, the future, two eternities,
 Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
 When he might build him a proud temple
 there,
 A name that long shall hallow all its space,
 And be each purer soul's high resting-place !
 But no—it cannot be that one whom God
 Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's
 rod,—
 A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws
 Its rights from Heaven, should thus profane
 his cause
 With the world's vulgar pomp ;—no, no—I
 see—
 He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury
 Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
 Of my young soul :—shine on, 'twill stand
 the blaze !"

So thought the youth ;—but even while
 he defied

This witching scene, he felt its witchery
 glide

Through every sense. The perfume, breath-
 ing round

Like a pervading spirit ;—the still sound
 Of falling waters, lulling as the song
 Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
 Around the fragrant nilica, and deen

In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep !
And music too—dear music ! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream ;—
All was too much for him, too full of bliss,
The heart could nothing feel that felt not
this ;

Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave
His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on
wave
Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are
laid ;—

He thought of Zelica, his own dear maid,
And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
Silent and happy—as if God had given
Naught else worth looking at on this side
heaven !

“Oh, my loved mistress ! whose enchant-
ments still
Are with me, round me, wander where I
will—

It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek
With warm approval—in that gentle look
To read my praise as in an angel's book,
And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
I gain a smile, worth immortality !
How shall I bear the moment when restored
To that young heart where I alone am lord,
Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the
best

Alone deserve to be the happiest !—
When from those lips, unbreathed upon for
years,

I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
And find those tears warm as when last they
started,

Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted !
Oh, my own life !—why should a single day
A moment keep me from those arms away ?”

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the
breeze

Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
Each note of which but adds new, downy links

¹ “My pundits assure me that the plant before us (the *nili-
ca*) is their *sephalica*, thus named because the bees are sup-
posed to sleep on its blossoms.”—*Sir W. Jones*.

To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him toward the sound, and, far
away

Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track
which day

Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us ;
So long the path, its light so tremulous :

He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
By fetters, forged in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of
Flowers ;²—

And some disporting round, unlink'd and
free,

Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery,
And round and round them still, in wheeling
flight

Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night ;
While others walk'd, as gracefully along
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly
thrill,

Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still !
And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds when she
would vie

With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings !

A while they dance before him, then divide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at eventide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—
Till silently dispersing, one by one,

Through many a path that from the chamber
leads

To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
And but one trembling nymph remains
behind,—

Beck'ning them back in vain, for they are
gone,

And she is left in all that light alone ;
No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,
In its young bashfulness more beauteous now ;
But a light, golden chain-work round her hair,³

² “He deferred it till the King of Flowers should ascend
his throne of enamelled foliage.”—*Bahardanush*.

³ “One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is com-
posed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with
a thin gold plate pendant, about the bigness of a crown-piece,
on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs
upon the cheek below the ear.”—*Hamray's Travels*

Such as the maids of Yezd¹ and Shiraz wear,
 From which, on either side, gracefully hung
 A golden amulet, in the Arab tongue,
 Engraven o'er with some immortal line
 From holy writ, or hard scarce less divine;
 While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
 Held a smali lute of gold and sandal-wood,
 Which, once or twice, she touch'd with
 hurried strain,
 Then took her trembling fingers off again.
 But when at length a timid glance she stole
 At Azim, the sweet gravity of soul
 She saw through all his features calm'd her
 fear,
 And, like a half-tamed antelope, more near,
 Though shrinking still, she came;—then sat
 her down
 Upon a musnud's² edge, and, bolder grown,
 In the pathetic mode of Isfahan,³
 Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began:—

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's⁴
 stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the
 day long,
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a
 sweet dream,
 To sit in the roses and hear the birds' song.
 That bower and its music I never forget,
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the
 year,
 I think—Is the nightingale singing there yet?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm
 Bendemeer?"

"No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er
 the wave,
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while
 freshly they shone,
 And a dew was distill'd from the flowers
 that gave
 All the fragrance of summer when summer
 was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my
 eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm
 Bendemeer?"

"Poor maiden!" thought the youth, "if
 thou wert sent,
 With thy soft lute and beauty's blandish-
 ment,
 To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
 Or tempt its truth, thou little knowst the art.
 For though thy lip should sweetly counsel
 wring,
 Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
 But thou hast breathed such purity, thy lay
 Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,
 And leads thy soul—if e'er it wander'd
 thence—
 So gently back to its first innocence,
 That I would sooner stop the unchain'd dove,
 When swift returning to its home of love,
 And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
 Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!"

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when,
 sparkling through
 The gently-open'd curtains of light blue
 That veil'd the breezy casement, countless
 eyes,
 Peeping like stars through the blue evening
 skies,
 Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
 That sat so still and melancholy there—
 And now the curtains fly apart, and in
 From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine
 Which those without fling after them in play,
 Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as
 they
 Who live in the air on odors, and around
 The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the
 ground,
 Chase one another, in a varying dance
 Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
 Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit:—
 While she, who sung so gently to the lute
 Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
 Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—
 But takes with her from Azim's heart that
 sigh

¹ "Certainly the women of Yezd are the handsomest women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happy, a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, and drink the wine of Shiraz."—*Tavernier*.

² Musnuds are cushioned seats reserved for persons of distinction.

³ The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or *Perdas* by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, etc.

⁴ A river which flows near the ruins of Chulminar.

We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs
who danced
Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanced
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering
o'er

The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore;¹
While from their long dark tresses, in a fall
Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that on the golden-shafted trees
Of Eden shake in the Eternal Breeze,²

Rung round their steps, at every bound
more sweet,

As 'twere the ecstatic language of their feet!
At length the chase was o'er, and they stood
wreathed

Within each other's arms; while soft there
breathed

Through the cool casement, mingled with
the sighs

Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to
rise

From some still lake, so liquidly it rose;
And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,
The ear could track through all that maze
of chords

And young sweet voices, these impassion'd
words:—

"A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air;
Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there!

"His breath is the soul of flowers like these;
And his floating eyes—oh! *they* resemble
Blue water-lilies,³ when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble!

"Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power!
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!

¹ "To the north was a mountain which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals with which it abounds."—*Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

² "To which will be added, the sound of the bells hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for music."—*Salé*.

³ The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

"Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies agitated by the breeze."—*Jayadeva*.

Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet
as this."

"By the fair and brave,
Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and wave
When they meet at night!

"By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky!

"By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part!

"By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which—oh! could it last,
This earth were heaven!

"We call thee hither, entrancing Power!
Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!

Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet
as this."

Impatient of a scene, whose luxuries stole,
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,
And where, midst all that the young heart
loves most,

Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,
The youth had started up, and turn'd away
From the light nymphs and their luxurious
lay,

To muse upon the pictures that hung
round,⁴—

Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
And views, like vistas into fairy ground.

But here again new spells came o'er his
sense;—

All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
Could call up into life, of soft and fair,

⁴ It has been generally supposed that the Mohammedans prohibit all pictures of animals; but Toderini shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

Of fond and passionate, was glowing there;
 Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that
 fine art
 Which paints of pleasure but the purer part;
 Which knows even Beauty when half-veil'd
 is best,
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,
 Whose orb when half-retired looks loveliest!
There hung the history of the Genii-King,*
 Traced through each gay, voluptuous wan-
 dering
 With her from Saba's bowers,[†] in whose
 bright eyes
 He read that to be blest is to be wise;—
Here fond Zuleika[‡] woos with open arms
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young
 charms,
 Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,
 Wishes that heaven and she could *both* be
 won!
 And here Mohammed, born for love and guile,
 Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile;
 Then beckons some kind angel from above
 With a new text to consecrate their love!

With rapid step, yet pleased and lingering
 eye,
 Did the youth pass these pictured stories by,
 And hasten'd to a casement, where the light
 Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright
 The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
 As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.
 Here paused he, while the music, now less
 near,
 Breathed with a holier language on his ear,
 As though the distance, and that heavenly
 ray
 Through which the sounds came floating,
 took away
 All that had been too earthly in the lay.
 Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmoved,
 And by that light—nor dream of her he
 loved?
 Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou
 mayst;

¹ This is not quite astronomically true. "Dr. Halley," says *Æl.*, "has shown that Venus is brightest when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun; and that then but *only a fourth part* of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth."

² King Solomon, who was supposed to preside over the whole race of genii.

³ The Queen of Sheba or Saba.

⁴ The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals.

'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.
 Clasp yet a while her image to thy heart,
 Ere all the light that made it dear depart.
 Think of her smiles as when thou sawst them
 last,
 Clear, beautiful, by naught of earth o'ercast;
 Recall her tears to thee at parting given.
 Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep in heaven!
 Think in her own still bower she waits thee
 now,
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of
 brow,
 Yet shrined in solitude—thine all, thine only,
 Like the one star above thee, bright and
 lonely!
 Oh, that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
 Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs
 are flown,
 And he is left, musing of bliss, alone;—
 Alone?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
 That sob of grief, which broke from some
 one sigh—
 Whose could it be?—alas! is misery found
 Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
 He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,
 Leaning, as if both heart and strength had
 fail'd,
 Against a pillar near;—not glittering o'er
 With gems and wreaths, such as the others
 wore,
 But in that deep-blue, melancholy dress^{*}
 Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness
 Of friends or kindred, dead or far away;—
 And such as Zelica had on that day
 He left her,—when, with heart too full to
 speak,
 He took away her last warm tears upon his
 cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more
 Than mere compassion ever waked before;—
 Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she
 Springs forward, as with life's last energy,
 But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,
 Sinks ere she reach his arms, upon the
 ground;—
 Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp his
 knees—

* "Deep blue is their mourning color."

'Tis she herself!—'tis Zelica he sees!
But, ah, so pale, so changed—none but a lover
Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine dis-
cover

The once-adored divinity! even he
Stood for some moments mute, and doubt-
ingly

Back the ringlets from her brow and
gazed

Upon those lids, where once such lustre
blazed,

Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,
Own darling maid, whom he so long had
known

In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;
Who, even when grief was heaviest—when
loth

He left her for the wars—in that worst hour
Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower,
When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
And spreads its sighs like frankincense about!

“Look up, my Zelica—one moment show
Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,
But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone
Come, look upon thy Azim—one dear glance,
Like those of old, were heaven!—whatever
chance

Hath brought thee here, oh! 'twas a blessed
one!

There—my sweet lids—they move—that
kiss hath run

Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again!
Oh, the delight—now, in this very hour
When, had the whole rich world been in my
power,

I should have singled out thee, only thee,
From the whole world's collected treasury—
To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o'er
My own best, purest Zelica once more!”

It was indeed the touch of those loved lips
Upon her eyes that chased their short eclipse,
And, gradual as the snow at heaven's breath
Melts off, and shows the azure flowers beneath,
Her lids unclosed; and the bright eyes were
seen

The sorrowful *nyctanthus*, which begins to spread its rich
odor after sunset.

Gazing on his,—not as they late had been,
Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene;
As if to lie, even for that tranced minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it;
And thus to wake in his beloved caress
Took from her soul one half its wretched-
ness,

But, when she heard him call her good and
pure,

Oh, 'twas too much—too dreadful to endure!
Shuddering she broke away from his em-
brace,

And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,
Said, in a tone whose anguish would have
riven

A heart of very marble, “Pure!—O Heaven!”

That tone—those looks so changed—the
withering blight

That sin and sorrow leave where'er they
light—

The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,
Where once, had he thus met her by sur-
prise,

He would have seen himself, too happy boy,
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy;
And then the place, that bright unholy place,
Where vice lay hid beneath such winning
grace

And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
Its wily covering of sweet balsam leaves;
All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold
As death itself;—it needs not to be told—
No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand
Of burning shame can mark—whate'er the
hand,

That could from Heaven and him such
brightness sever,

'Tis done—to Heaven and him she's lost for-
ever!

It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,
The lingering, lasting misery of years
Could match that minute's anguish—all the
worst

Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of
fate,

Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate!

“Oh! curse me not,” she cried, as wild he
toss'd

His desperate hand toward heaven—"though
I am lost,
Think not that guilt, that falsehood made
me fall;
No, no—'twas grief, 'twas madness did it
all!
Nay, doubt me not—though all thy love hath
ceased—

I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,
That every spark of reason's light must be
Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray
from thee!

They told me thou wert dead—why, Azim,
why

Did we not, both of us, that instant die
When we were parted?—oh! couldst thou
but know

With what a deep devotedness of woe
I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought
grew pain,

And memory, like a drop that, night and
day,

Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart
away!

Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to
come,

And all the long, long night of hope and
fear,

Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
O God! thou wouldst not wonder that, at
last,

When every hope was all at once o'ercast,
When I heard frightful voices round me say,
Azim is dead!—this wretched brain gave
way,

And I became a wreck, at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven—
All wild—and even this quenchless love
within

Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin!
Thou pitiest me!—I knew thou wouldst—
that sky

Hath naught beneath it half so lorn as I.
The fiend who lured me hither—hist! come
near,

Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear—
Told me such things—oh! with such devil-
ish art,

As would have ruin'd even a holier heart—

Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
Where blest at length, if I but served *him*
here,

I should forever live in thy dear sight,
And drink from those pure eyes eternal light!
Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must
be,

To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!
Thou weepst for me—do, weep—oh! that I
durst

Kiss off that tear! but, no—these lips are
curst,

They must not touch thee;—one divine caress,
One blessed moment of forgetfulness

I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,
Shrined in my soul's deep memory till I die!

The last of joy's last relics here below,
The one sweet drop in all this waste of woe,
My heart has treasured from affection's
spring,

To soothe and cool its deadly withering!
But thou—yes, thou must go—forever go;

This place is not for thee—for thee! oh no,
Did I but tell thee half, thy tortured brain
Would burn like mine, and mine go wild
again!

Enough, that guilt reigns here—that hearts,
once good,

Now tainted, chill'd, and broken, are his food.
Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls

A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
As hell from heaven, to all eternity!"—

"Zelica! Zelica!" the youth exclaim'd,
In all the tortures of a mind inflamed
Almost to madness—"by that sacred heaven,
Where yet, if prayers can move, thou'lt be
forgiven,

As thou art here—here, in this writhing
heart,

All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art!
By the remembrance of our once pure love,
Which, like a church-yard light, still burns
above

The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in
thee

Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me!
I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—
If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
Fly with me from this place —"

"With thee! O bliss,
'Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this.
What! take the lost one with thee?—let her
rove

By thy dear side, as ~~a~~ those days of love,
When we were both so happy, both so pure—
Too heavenly dream! if there's on earth a cure
For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after day
To be the blest companion of thy way;—
To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
Those virtuous eyes forever turn'd on me;
And in their light rechasten'd silently,
Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon!
And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou
wilt—

At the dim vesper-hour, when thoughts of
guilt
Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift
thine eyes,

Full of sweet tears, unto the darkening skies,
And plead for me with Heaven, till I can dare
To fix my own weak, sinful glances there;—
Till the good angels, when they see me cling
Forever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul
forgiven,

And bid thee take thy weeping slave to
heaven!
Oh yes, I'll fly with thee——"

Scarce had she said
These breathless words, when a voice deep
and dread

As that of Monker waking up the dead
From their first sleep—so startling 'twas to
both—

Rung through the casement near, "Thy
oath! thy oath!"

O Heaven, the ghastliness of that maid's
look!—

"'Tis he," faintly she cried, while terror shook
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement now naught
but the skies

And moonlight fields were seen, calm as
before—

"'Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—
Go—fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too—
My oath, my oath, O God! 'tis all too true,
True as the worm in this cold heart it is—

I am Mokanna's bride—his, Azim, his—
The dead stood round us while I spoke that
vow,

Their blue lips echo'd it—I hear them now!
Their eyes glared on me while I pledged the
bowl,

'Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul!
And the Veil'd Bridegroom—hist! I've seen
to-night

What angels know not of—so foul a sight,
So horrible—oh! never mayst thou see
What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!
But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,
Nor Heaven's, nor Love's, nor aught that is
divine—

Hold me not—ha!—thinkst thou the fiends
that sever

Hearts cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—
forever!"

With all that strength which madness
lends the weak,

She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,—
Whose sound, though he should linger out
more years

Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his
ears,—

Flew up through that long avenue of light,
Fleetly as some dark, ominous bird of night
Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!

Lalla Rookh could think of nothing all day
but the misery of these two young lovers.
Her gayety was gone, and she looked pen-
sively even upon Fadladeen. She felt too,
without knowing why, a sort of uneasy
pleasure in imagining that Azim must have
been just such a youth as Feramorz; just as
worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without
any of the pangs, of that illusive passion,
which too often, like the sunny apples of
Istkahar,¹ is all sweetness on one side, and
all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river
after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl
upon the bank, whose employment seemed to
them so strange, that they stopped their
palankeens to observe her. She had lighted
a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and

¹ "In the territory of Istkahar there is a kind of apple, half
of which is sweet and half sour."—*Edn Haukal*.

placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream, and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. Lalla Rookh was all curiosity;—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of Stars,)¹ informed the Princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

Lalla Rookh, as they moved on, more than once looked back to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of Feramorz touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure, and, after a few unheard remarks from Fadladeen upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a princess, everything was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued:—

Whose are the gilded tents that crowd the
way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?

¹ "The place where the Whangho, a river of Tibet, rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars; whence it is called Hotun-hor, that is, the sea of Stars."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton*.

This City of War which, in a few short hours
Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers
Of him who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high-pillar'd halls of Chilminar,²
Had conjured up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents and domes and sun-
bright armory!—

Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of
gold;—
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poutrels glittering in the sun;
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,³
Shaking in every breeze their light-toned
bells!

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain, that not a
sound

But the far torrent, or the locust-bird,⁴
Hunting among the thickets, could be
heard;—

Yet hark! what discords now of every kind,
Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in
the wind!

The neigh of cavalry;—the tinkling throngs
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs;⁵—
Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
Of streamers from ten thousand canopies;—
War-music, bursting out from time to time
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous
chime;—

Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are
mute,

The mellow breathings of some horn or flute.
That far off, broken by the eagle note
Of the Abyssinian trumpet,⁶ swell and float!

² The edifices of Chilminar and Baalbec are supposed to have been built by the genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

³ "A superb camel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells."—*Ala Bey*.

⁴ A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

⁵ "Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks."—*Pitt's Account of the Mohammedans*.

⁶ The camel-driver follows the camel singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe; the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music."—*Tavernier*.

⁷ "This trumpet is often called in Abyssinia *Nasser Cam*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle."

Who leads this mighty army?—ask ye
“who?”

And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
The Night and Shadow,¹ over yonder tent?—
It is the Caliph's glorious armament.

Loused in his palace by the dread alarms,
That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms
And of his host of infidels, who hurld
Defiance fierce at Islam² and the world;—
Though worn with Grecian warfare, and
behind

The veils of his bright palace calm reclined,
Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should
stain,

Thus unrevenged the evening of his reign,
But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave³
To conquer or to perish, once more gave
His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
And with an army nursed in victories,
Here stands to crush the rebels that o'errun
His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

Ne'er did the march of Mahadi display
Such pomp before;—not even when on his
way

To Mecca's temple, when both land and sea
Were spoil'd to feed the pilgrim's luxury;⁴
When round him, 'mid the burning sands,
he saw

Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,
And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
Of Mecca's sun, with urns of Persian snow:—
Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.
First in the van, the People of the Rock,⁵
On their light mountain steeds of royal stock;⁶
Then Chieftains of Damascus, proud to see
The flashing of their swords rich marquetry;⁷—

¹ “The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, ‘The Night and The Shadow.’”

² The Mohammedan religion.

³ “The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Casbin; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter he will ask him if he dare swear by the Holy Grave.”

⁴ Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

⁵ “The inhabitants of Hejaz, or Arabia Petraea, called ‘The People of the Rock.’”

⁶ “Those horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds.”

⁷ “Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems.”

Men from the regions near the Volga's mouth
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the
South;

And Indian lancers, in white turban'd ranks
From the far Sinde, or Attock's sacred banks,
With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh,⁸
And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-Sea
Islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and
rude

In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
That, fired by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,
Round the white standard of the Impostor
throng'd.

Beside his thousands of Believers,—blind,
Burning, and headlong as the Samiel wind,—
Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel
The bloody Islamite's converting steel,
Flock'd to his banner:—Chiefs of the Uzbek
race,

Waving their heron crests with martial
grace;

Turkomans, countless as their flocks, led forth
From the aromatic pastures of the North,
Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,⁹—and
those

Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
Of Hindoo Kosh, in stormy freedom bred,
Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's
bed.

But none, of all who own'd the chief's com-
mand

Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand
Or sterner hate than Iran's outlaw'd men,
Her Worshippers of Fire¹⁰—all panting then
For vengeance on the accurs'd Saracen;
Vengeance at last for their dear country
spurn'd,

Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines
o'eturn'd.

From Yezd's¹¹ eternal Mansion of the Fire,

⁸ Azab or Saba.

⁹ “The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans.”

¹⁰ “In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous in Khorassan they find turquoises.”

¹¹ The Ghebers or Guebrea, those original natives of Persia who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home or forced to become wanderers abroad.

¹² “Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have care-

Where aged saints in dreams of heaven expire;
 From Balku, and those fountains of blue
 flame
 That burn into the Caspian,¹ fierce they came,
 Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
 So vengeance triumph'd and their tyrants
 bled !

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host
 That high in air their motley banners toss'd
 Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still bent
 Upon that glittering veil, where'er it went,
 That beacon through the battle's stormy
 flood,
 That rainbow of the field, whose showers
 were blood !

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
 And risen again, and found them grappling
 yet ;
 While steams of carnage, in his noon-tide
 blaze,
 Smoke up to heaven—hot as that crimson
 haze²
 By which the prostrate caravan is awed
 In the red desert when the wind's abroad !
 "On, Swords of God !" the panting Caliph
 calls,—
 "Thrones for the living—heaven for him
 who falls !"—
 "On, brave avengers, on," Mokanna cries,
 "And Eblis blast the recreant slave that
 flies !"
 Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—
 They clash—they strive—the Caliph's troops
 give way !
 Mokanna's self plucks the black banner down,
 And now the orient world's imperial crown
 Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that
 shout !
 Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslems'
 rout,

fully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, above 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain."

¹ "When the weather is hazy, the springs of naphtha (on an island near Bakn) boil up the higher, and the naphtha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible."

² Savary says—"Torrents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the color of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it."

And now they turn—they rally—at their head
 A warrior (like those angel youths, who led,
 In glorious panoply of heaven's own mail,
 The Champions of the Faith through Beder's
 vale,)³

Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
 Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and
 drives

At once the multitudinous torrent back,
 While hope and courage kindle in his track,
 And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
 Terrible vistas through which victory breaks !
 In vain Mokanna, 'midst the general flight,
 Stands like the red moon, on some stormy
 night

Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,
 Leave only her unshaken in the sky !—
 In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
 Deals death promiscuously to all about,
 To foes that charge and coward friends that
 fly,

And seems of *all* the great arch-enemy !
 The panic spreads—"A miracle !" throughout
 The Moslem ranks, "A miracle !" they shout,
 All, gazing on that youth, whose coming
 seems

A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams ;
 And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
 The needle tracks the load-star, following
 him !

Right toward Mokanna now he cleaves his
 path,
 Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of
 wrath

He bears from Heaven withheld its awful
 burst

From weaker heads, and souls but half-way
 curst,

To break o'er him, the mightiest and the
 worst !

But vain his speed—though, in that hour of
 blood,

Had all God's seraphs round Mokanna stood,
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
 Mokanna's soul would have defied them all ;—
 Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
 For human force, hurries even *him* along ;

³ "In the great victory gained by Mohammed at Beder, he was assisted by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel mounted on his horse Hiazum."

In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
Of flying thousands,—he is borne away;
And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
In this forced flight is—murdering, as he
goes!

As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,
Turns, even in drowning, on the wretched
flocks

Swept with him in that snow-flood from the
rocks,

And, to the last, devouring on his way,
Bloodies the stream he hath not power to
stay!

“Alla il Alla!”—the glad shout renew—
“Alla Akbar!”—the Caliph's in Merou.
Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,
And light your shrines and chant your ziraleets;²

The Sword of God hath triumph'd—on his
throne

Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief hath
flown.

Who does not envy that young warrior now,
To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
In all the graceful gratitude of power,
For his throne's safety in that perilous hour!
Who doth not wonder, when, amidst the
acclaim

Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name—
'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame
Which sound along the path of virtuous
souls,

Like music round a planet as it rolls!—
He turns away, coldly, as if some gloom
Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can il-
lume;—

Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
Though glory's light may play, in vain it
plays!

Yes, wretched Azim! thine is such a grief,
Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;
A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can
break,

Or warm, or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake³

Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is
dead!—

Hearts there have been o'er which this weight
of woe

Came by long use of suffering, tame and
slow,

But thine, lost youth! was sudden—over
thee

It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy;
When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy
past

Melt into splendor, and bliss dawn at last—
'Twas then, even then, o'er joys so freshly
blown,

This mortal blight of misery came down;
Even then, the full, warm gushings of thy
heart

Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen as
they start!

And there, like them, cold, sunless relics
hang,

Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang!

One sole desire, one passion now remains,
To keep life's fever still within his veins,
Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the wretch
who cast

O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast.
For this, when rumors reach'd him in his
flight

Far, far away, after that fatal night,—
Rumors of armies, thronging to the attack
Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd him
back,

Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,
And came when all seem'd lost, and wildly
hurl'd

Himself into the scale, and saved a world!
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall;
For this alone exists—like lightning-fire
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

But safe as yet that spirit of evil lives;
With a small band of desperate fugitives,
The last sole stubborn fragment, left unruin'd,
Of the proud host that late stood fronting
Heaven,

He gain'd Merou—breathed a short curse of
blood

¹ The Tecbir, or cry of the Arabs. “Alla Acbar!” says Ockley, “means God is most mighty.”

² “The ziraleet is a kind of chorus which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions.”

³ The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the Jihon's
flood,¹
And gathering all whose madness of belief
Still saw a saviour in their down-fallen
Chief,
Raised the white banner within Neksheb's
gates,²
And there, untamed, the approaching con-
queror waits.

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive,
With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
He took but one, the partner of his flight,
One, not for love—not for her beauty's
light—
For Zelica stood withering midst the gay,
Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
From the Alma-tree and dies, while overhead
To-day's young dower is springing in its
stead!³
No, not for love—the deepest damn'd must be
Touch'd with heaven's glory, ere such fiends
as he
Can feel one glimpse of love's divinity!
But no, she is his victim:—*there* lie all
Her charms for him—charms that can never
pall,
As long as hell within his heart can stir,
Or one faint trace of heaven is left in her.
To work an angel's ruin,—to behold
As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd
Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—
This is his triumph; this the joy accurst,
That ranks him among demons all but first!
This gives the victim that before him lies
Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
A light like that with which hell-fire illumines
The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it con-
sumes!

But other tasks now wait him—tasks that
need
All the deep daringness of thought and deed
With which the Dives⁴ have gifted him—for
mark,

Over yon plains, which night had else made
dark,
Those lanterns, countless as the wingéd lights
That spangle India's fields on showery
nights,⁵
Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,
Glimmering along the horizon's dusky line,
And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
Among the founts and groves, o'er which
the town
In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.
Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements
Mokanna views that multitude of tents;
Nay, smiles to think that, though entoil'd,
beset,
Not less than myriads dare to front him
yet;—
That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at
bay,
Even thus a match for myriads such as they!
"Oh for a sweep of that dark angel's wing,
Who brush'd the thousands of the Assyrian
king"
To darkness in a moment, that I might
People hell's chambers with yon host to
night!
But come what may, let who will grasp the
throne,
Caliph or Prophet, man alike shall groan;
Let who will torture him, Priest—Caliph—
King—
Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring
With victims' shrieks and howlings of the
slave,—
Sounds that shall glad me even within my
grave!"
Thus to himself—but to the scanty train
Still left around him, a far different strain:—
"Glorious defenders of the sacred Crown
I bear from heaven, whose light nor blood
shall drown
Nor shadow of earth eclipse; before whose
gems
The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
The crown of Gerashid, the pillar'd throne'

¹ The ancient Oxus.

² A city of Transoxiana.

³ "You never can cast your eyes on this tree but you meet here either blossoms or fruit; and as the blossoms drop underneath on the ground, others come forth in their stead."

⁴ The demons of the Persian mythology.

⁵ Carreri mentions the fire-fles in India during the rainy season.

⁶ "Sennacherib, called by the orientals King of Moussal."

⁷ There were said to be under this throne or palace of Khosrou Parviz a hundred vaults filled with "treasures so immense, that some Mohammedan writers tell us, their Prophet, to en-

Of Parviz,¹ and the heron crest that shone,²
 Magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous eyes,³
 Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies:
 Warriors, rejoice—the port, to which we've
 pass'd
 O'er destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!
 Victory's our own—'tis written in that Book
 Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
 That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the power
 Of her great foe fall broken in that hour
 When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,
 From Neksheb's Holy Well portentously
 shall rise!
 Now turn and see!"——

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,
 A sudden splendor all around them broke,
 And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,⁴
 Rise from the Holy Well, and cast its light
 Round the rich city and the plain for miles,⁵—
 Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
 Of many a dome and fair-roof'd imaret,
 As autumn suns shed round them when they
 set!
 Instant from all who saw the illusive sign
 A murmur broke—"Miraculous! divine!"
 The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol Star
 Had waked, and burst impatient through
 the bar
 Of midnight, to inflame him to the war!
 While he of Moussa's creed saw in that ray
 The glorious Light which, in his freedom's
 day,
 Had rested on the Ark,⁶ and now again
 Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain!

courage his disciples, carried them to a rock, which at his command opened, and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou."—*Universal History*.

¹ Chosroes.

² "The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban."—From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abbas's tomb.

³ "The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable that, whenever the Persians would describe anything as very lovely they say it is Ayn Halli, or the eyes of Ali."

⁴ We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that it was "une machine qu'il disoit être la lune." According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Neksheb—"Nakshab, the name of a city in Transoxiana, where they say there is a well in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day."

⁵ "Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Neksheb en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fonds d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à la lune, qui portoit sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles."—*D'Herbelot*. Hence he was called Sazendeh Mah, or the Moon-maker.

⁶ The Sheehinah, called Sakinat in the Koran; *vide* Sale.

"To victory!" is at once the cry of all—
 Nor stands Mokanna loitering at that call;
 But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
 And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide
 Into the boundless sea, they speed their course
 Right on into the Moslems' mighty force,
 The watchmen of the camp,—who, in their
 rounds,
 Had paused, and even forgot the punctual
 sounds
 Of the small drum with which they count
 the night,⁷
 To gaze upon that supernatural light,—
 Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,
 And in a death-groan give their last alarm.
 "On for the lamps that light yon lofty
 screen,"
 Nor blunt your blades with massacre so
 mean;
 There rests the Caliph—speed—one lucky
 lance
 May now achieve mankind's deliverance!"
 Desperate the die—such as they only cast
 Who venture for a world, and stake their last.
 But Fate's no longer with him—blade for
 blade
 Springs up to meet them through the glim-
 mering shade,
 And as the clash is heard, new legions soon
 Pour to the spot, like bees of Kauzeron,⁸
 To the shrill timbrel's summons, till, at
 length,
 The mighty camp swarms out in all its
 strength,
 And back to Neksheb's gates, covering the
 plain
 With random slaughter, drives the adven-
 turous train;
 Among the last of whom, the Silver Veil
 Is seen, glittering at times, like the white sa-
 Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,
 Catching the tempest's momentary light!

⁷ "The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums."

⁸ "The Serapurda, high screens of red cloth stiffened with cane, used to enclose a considerable space round the royal tents."

The tents of princes were generally illuminated. Norden tells us that the tent of the Bey of Gilge was distinguished from the other tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it. *Vide* "Harmer's Observations on Job."

⁹ "From the groves of orange-trees at Kauzeron the bees cull a celebrated honey."

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit
low?
Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring?
No,
Though half the wretches whom at night he
led
To thrones and victory lie disgraced and
dead,
Yet morning hears him, with unshrinking
crest,
Still vaunt of thrones and victory to the
rest;—
And they believe him!—oh, the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul away!
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With heaven's rainbow; alchymists may
doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out,
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well the Impostor knew all lures and
arts
That Lucifer e'er taught to tangle hearts;
Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot
Against men's souls, is Zelica forgot.
Ill-fated Zelica! had reason been
Awake through half the horrors thou hast
seen,
Thou never couldst have borne it—Death
had come
At once and taken thy wrung spirit home.
But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense
Of thought, almost of life, came o'er the
intense
And passionate struggles of that fearful night,
When her last hope of peace and heaven
took flight:
And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy
broke,
As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke
Ominous flashings now and then will start,
Which show the fire's still busy at its heart;
Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in sullen
gloom,—
Not such as Azim's, brooding o'er its doom,
And calm without, as is the brow of death,
While busy worms are gnawing under-
neath!—
But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
From thought or pain, a seal'd-up apathy,

Which left her oft, with scarce one living
thrill,
The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in Merou, he had her deck'd
Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect;
And led her glittering forth before the eyes
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice;
Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride
Of the fierce Nile, when, deck'd in all the pride
Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide!
And while the wretched maid hung down
her head,
And stood, as one just risen from the dead,
Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell
His credulous slaves it was some charm or
spell
Possess'd her now,—and from that darken'd
trance
Should dawn ere long their Faith's deliver-
ance.
Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
Her soul was roused, and words of wildness
came,
Instant the bold blasphemer would translate
Her ravings into oracles of fate,
Would hail Heaven's signals in her flashing
eyes,
And call her shrieks the language of the skies!

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen
Gathering around; and famine comes to glean
All that the sword had left unreap'd;—in vain
At morn and eve across the northern plain
He looks impatient for the promised spears
Of the wild hordes and Tartar mountaineers;
'They come not—while his fierce beleaguers
pour
Engines of havoc in, unknown before,²

¹ "A custom, still subsisting at this day, seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the god of the Nile; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river."—*Savary*.

² That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century, appears from Dow's Account of Mamood I.:—"When he had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of the Jits, and naphtha to set the whole river on fire."

The *Agnee aster*, too, in Indian poems, the Instrument of Fire, whose flame cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek Fire. *Vide* "Wilks's South of India," vol. 1., p. 471.

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Arabians, long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced

And horrible as new;¹—javelins, that fly
 Enwreath'd with smoky flames through the
 dark sky,
 And red-hot globes that, opening as they
 mount,
 Discharge, as from a kindled naphtha fount,²
 Showers of consuming fire o'er all below;
 Looking, as through the illumined night
 they go,
 Like those wild birds³ that by the Magians
 oft,
 At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
 Into the air, with blazing fagots tied
 To their huge wings, scattering combustion
 wide!
 All night, the groans of wretches who ex-
 pire
 In agony beneath these darts of fire
 Ring through the city—while, descending
 o'er
 Its shrines and domes and streets of sycam-
 ore;—
 Its lone bazaars, with their bright cloth of
 gold,
 Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd;—
 Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets
 Now gush with blood;—and its tall minarets,
 That late have stood up in the evening glare
 Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer;—
 O'er each in turn the terrible flame-bolts fall,
 And death and conflagration throughout all
 The desolate city hold high festival!

by Ebn Fadhl, the Egyptian geographer who lived in the thirteenth century. "Bodies," he says, "in the form of scorpions, bound round and filled with nitrous powder, glide along, making a gentle noise; then, exploding, they lighten as it were, and burn. But there are others, which, cast into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring horribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides vomiting out flames, burst, burn, and reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way." The historian Ben Abdalla, in speaking of Abulalid in the year of Hegira 712, says, "a fiery globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes the citadel." *Vide* the extracts from "Casiri's Biblioth. Arab. Hispan.," in the Appendix to "Berrington's Literary History of the Middle Ages."

¹ The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the Emperors to their allies

² See Hanway's "Account of the Springs of Naphtha at Baku" (which is called by Lieutenant Pottinger, Joala Mook-see, or the Flaming Mouth), taking fire, and running into the sea.

³ "At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Sezé, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination; and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the wood for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced."

Mokanna sees the world is his no more;—
 One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
 "What! drooping now?"—thus, with un-
 blushing cheek,
 He hails the few who yet can hear him speak,
 Of all those famish'd slaves around him lying,
 And by the light of blazing temples dying;—
 "What! drooping now?—now, when at
 length we press
 Home o'er the very threshold of success;
 When Alla from our ranks hath thinn'd away
 Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray
 Of favor from us, and we stand at length
 Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
 The chosen few who shall survive the fall
 Of kings and thrones, triumphant over all!
 Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you
 are,
 All faith in him who was your light, your
 star?
 Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
 Beneath this veil, the flashing of whose lid
 Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
 Millions of such as yonder chief brings hither?
 Long have its lightnings slept—too long—
 but now
 All earth shall feel the unveiling of this brow!
 To-night—yes, sainted men! this very night,
 I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
 Where,—having deep refresh'd each weary
 limb
 With viands such as feast heaven's cherubim,
 And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
 With that pure wine the dark-eyed maids
 above
 Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those
 they love;—
 I will myself uncertain in your sight
 The wonders of this brow's ineffable light;
 Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse
 Yon myriads, howling through the universe!"

Eager they listen—while each accent darts
 New life into their chill'd and hope-sick
 hearts;—
 Such treacherous life as the cool draught
 supplies
 To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!

* "The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed; the seal whereof shall be musk."—*Koran*, chap. lxxviii.

Wildly they point their lances to the light
Of the fast-sinking sun, and shout, "To-
night!"—

"To-night," their chief re-echoes in a voice
Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice!
Deluded victims—never hath this earth
Seen mourning half so mournful as their
mirth!

Here, to the few whose iron frames had stood
This racking waste of famine and of blood,
Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the
shout

Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out;—
There, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,
Danced, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
Among the dead and dying strew'd around;—
While some pale wretch look'd on, and from
his wound

Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
In ghastly transport waved it o'er his head!

'Twas more than midnight now—a fear-
ful pause

Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild ap-
plause,

That lately from those royal gardens burst,
Where the veil'd demon held his feast accurst,
When Zelica—alas, poor ruin'd heart,
In every horror doom'd to bear its part!—

Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
Who, while his quivering lip the summons
gave,

Grew black, as though the shadows of the
grave

Compass'd him round, and ere he could repeat
His message through, fell lifeless at her feet!
Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
A presage that her own dark doom was near,
Roused every feeling, and brought reason
back

Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
All round seem'd tranquil—even the foe had
ceased,

As if aware of that demoniac feast,
His fiery bolts; and though the heavens
look'd red,

'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.
But hark!—she stops—she listens—dread-
ful tone!

'Tis her tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,
A long death-groan comes with it—can this be

The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?

She enters—Holy Alla, what a sight

Was there before her! By the glimmering
light

Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of
brands

That round lay burning, dropp'd from life-
less hands,

She saw the board, in splendid mockery
spread,

Rich censers breathing—garlands over-
head,—

The urns, the cups, from which they late
had quaff'd,

All gold and gems, but—what had been the
draught?

Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid
guests,

With their swoln heads sunk blackening on
their breasts,

Or looking pale to heaven with glassy glare,
As if they sought but saw no mercy there;

As if they felt, though poison rack'd them
through,

Remorse the deadlier torment of the two?

While some, the bravest, hardest in the train
Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain
Would have met death with transport by
his side,

Here mute and helpless gasp'd;—but as
they died,

Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes'
last strain

And clench'd the slackening hand at him in
vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare

The stony look of horror and despair

Which some of these expiring victims cast

Upon their souls' tormentor to the last;—
Upon that mocking fiend, whose veil, now

raised,
Show'd them, as in death's agony they gazed,

Not the long-promised light, the brow whose
beaming

Was to come forth, all-conquering, all-
redeeming,

But features horribler than hell e'er traced
On its own brood;—no Demon of the Waste,*

* "The Afghans believe each of the numerous solitudes
and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon."

No churchyard ghole, caught lingering in
the light

Of the blest sun, e'er blasted human sight
With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those
The Impostor now, in grinning mockery,
shows—

"There, ye wise saints, behold your Light,
your Star—

Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?
Swear that the burning death ye feel within
Is but the trance with which heaven's joys
begin;

That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgraced
Even monstrous man, is—after God's own
taste;

And that—but see!—ere I have half-way said
My greetings through, the uncourteous souls
are fled.

Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,
If Eblis loves you half so well as I.—

Ha, my young bride!—'tis well—take thou
thy seat;

Nay, come—no shuddering—didst thou
never meet

The dead before?—they graced our wed-
ding, sweet;

And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd
so true

Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge
one too.

But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?
Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
Young bride: yet stay—one precious drop
remains,

Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins;—
Here, drink—and should thy lover's conquer-
ing arms

Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

"For *me*—I too must die—but not like
these

Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze;
To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,
With all death's grimness added to it own,

whom they call the Gholee Beeaban, or Spirit of the Waste.
They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe,
by saying they are wild as the Demon of the Waste."

And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes
Of slaves, exclaiming, 'There his godship
lies!'—

No, curséd race, since first my love drew
breath,

They've been my dupes, and *shall* be, even
in death.

Thou seest yon cistern in the shade,—'tis
filled

With burning drugs, for this last hour dis-
till'd;—

There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame—
Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet's frame!—
There perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall
fail—

Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,
Proclaim that Heaven took back the Saint
it gave;—

But I've but vanish'd from this earth a while,
To come again, with bright, unshrouded
smile!

So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall
kneel;

Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic
spell,

Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
The sail he spreads for heaven with blasts
for hell!—

So shall my banner through long ages be
The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy;—
Kings yet unborn shall rue Mokanna's name,
And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,
Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in
life!

But, hark! their battering engine shakes the
wall—

Why, *let* it shake—thus I can brave them all.
No trace of me shall greet them when they
come,

And I can trust thy faith, for—thou'lt be
dumb.

Now mark how readily a wretch like me
In one bold plunge commences Deity!"—

"Il donna du poison dans le vin à tous ses gens, et se jeta
lui-même ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brûlantes
et consumantes, afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les membres
de son corps, et que ceux qui restoient de sa secte pussent
croire qu'il étoit monté au ciel; ce qui ne manqua pas d'ar-
river."—*D'Herbelot.*

He sprung, and sunk as the last words
were said—
Quick closed the burning waters o'er his head,
And Zelica was left—within the ring
Of those wide walls the only living thing;
The only wretched one, still cursed with
breath,
In all that frightful wilderness of death!
More like some bloodless ghost,—such as,
they tell,
In the lone Cities of the Silent' dwell,
And there, unseen of all but Alla, sit
Each by its own pale carcase, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
Throughout the camp of the beieaguerers.
Their globes of fire (the dread artillery lent
By Greece to conquering Mahadi) are spent;
And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent
From high balistas, and the shielded throng
Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,—
All speak the impatient Islamite's intent
To try, at length, if tower and battlement
And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,
Less tough to break down than the hearts
within.

First in impatience and in toil is he,
The burning Azim—oh! could he but see
That monster once alive within his grasp,
Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clasp,
Could match that gripe of vengeance, or
keep pace
With the fell heartiness of hate's embrace!

Loud rings the ponderous ram against the
walls;
Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress
falls,
But still no breach—"Once more, one
mighty swing
Of all your beams, together thundering!"
There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops
exult—
"Quick, quick discharge your weightiest
catapult
Right on that spot, and Neksheb is our
own!"—

¹ "They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes."

'Tis done—the battlements come crashing
down,
And the huge wall, by that stroke riven in
two,
Yawning like some old crater rent anew,
Shows the dim, desolate city smoking
through!
But strange! no signs of life—naught living
seen
Above, below—what can this stillness mean?
A minute's pause suspends all hearts and
eyes—
"In through the breach," impetuous Azim
cries;
But the cool Caliph, fearful of some wile
In this blank stillness, checks the troops a
while.—
Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanced
Forth from the ruin'd walls; and, as there
glanced
A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
The well-known Silver Veil!—" 'Tis he, 'tis
he,
Mokanna, and alone!" they shout around;
Young Azim from his steed springs to the
ground—
"Mine, Holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the
task
To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask.'
Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow
And faltering comes, till they are near;
Then, with a bound, rushes on Azim's spear,
And, casting off the veil in falling, shows—
Oh! 'tis his Zelica's life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, Azim," soothingly she said,
As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can
bear—
"I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of
this;—
Though death with thee thus tasted is a bliss
Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but
know
How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!
But the fiend's venom was too scant and
slow;—
To linger on were maddening—and I thought
If once that veil—*nay*, look not on it—caught

The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
But this is sweeter—oh! believe me, yes—
I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
This death within thy arms I would not give
For the most smiling life the happiest live!
All that stood dark and drear before the eye
Of my stray'd soul is passing swiftly by;
A light comes o'er me from those looks of
love,

Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,
Angels will echo the blest words in heaven!
But live, my Azim;—oh! to call thee mine
Thus once again! *my* Azim—dream divine!
Live, if thou ever lovedst me, if to meet
Thy Zelica hereafter would be sweet,
Oh, live to pray for her—to bend the knee
Morning and night before that Deity
To whom pure lips and hearts, without a stain,
As thine are, Azim, never breathed in vain,—
And pray that he may pardon her,—may take
Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
And, naught remembering but her love to
thee,

Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
Go to those happy fields where first we twined
Our youthful hearts together—every wind
That meets thee there, fresh from the well-
known flowers,
Will bring the sweetness of those innocent
hours

Back to thy soul, and thou mayst feel again
For thy poor Zelica as thou didst then.
So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
To heaven upon the morning's sunshine, rise
With all love's earliest ardor to the skies!
And should they—but, alas! my senses fail—
Oh for one minute!—should thy prayers
prevail—

If pardon'd souls may from that world of
bliss

Reveal their joy to those they love in this,—
I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—
and tell—

O Heaven!—I die—Dear love! farewell,
farewell!"

Time fled—years on years had pass'd
away,

And few of those who, on that mournful day,

Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
Were living still—when, by a rustic grave
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in
prayer,

For the last time knelt down—and, though
the shade

Of death hung darkening over him, there
play'd

A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek
That brighten'd even death—like the last
streak

Of intense glory on the horizon's brim,
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and
dim,—

His soul had seen a vision while he slept;
She for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
So many years, had come to him, all drest
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
For this the old man breathed his thanks,
and died.—

And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,
He and his Zelica sleep side by side.

The story of the Veiled Prophet of Kho-
rassan being ended, they were now doomed
to hear Fadladeen's criticisms upon it. A
series of disappointments and accidents had
occurred to this learned chamberlain during
the journey. In the first place, those cou-
riers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan,
between Delhi and the western coast of
India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes
for the royal table, had, by some cruel irreg-
ularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any
mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of
course, impossible.¹ In the next place, the
elephant, laden with his fine antique porce-
lain,² had, in an unusual fit of liveliness, shat-

¹ "The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honored during the fruit season by a guard of sepoy; and in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast, to secure an abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table."—*Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.*

² This old porcelain is found in digging, and "if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where

tered the whole set to pieces—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran, too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mohammed's favorite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to Fadladeen, who, though professing to hold, with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing, in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with at least a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

"In order," said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, "to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever—" "My good Fadladeen!" exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition." "If that be all," replied the critic,—evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about everything but the subject immediately before him,—"if that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched." He then proceeded to analyze the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi) whose censures were an affliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief

they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors." (about the year 442).—*Dunn's Collection of Curious Observations, &c.*—a bad translation of some parts of the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses" of the Missionary Jesuits.

personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favored gentleman, with a veil over his face;—a young lady, whose reason went and came according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise;—and a youth, in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberds of Berdan, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is, that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honor and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling."

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter: it had not even those politic contrivances of structure which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's apron* converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable; it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafiz, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licences, too, in which it indulged were unpardonable;—for instance, this line, and the poem abounded with such—

"Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream."

* "La lecture de ces fables plaisoit si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mohammed les entretenoit de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament, ils les méprisoient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontoit étoient beaucoup plus belles." Cette préférence attira à Nasser la malediction de Mohammed et de tous ses disciples.

† The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the royal standard of Persia.

"What critic that can count," said Fadladeen, "and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?" He here looked round, and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candor, thus:—"Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man;—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him."

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before Lalla Rookh could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion,—to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome; but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for Fadladeen, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation, (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies—Cashmere,) felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient; the ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what Fadladeen said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep; while the self-complacent chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a poet. Lalla Rookh alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from

the Garden of Sadi,—“Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed forever!”—that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. “It is true,” she said “few poets can imitate that sublime bird which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth;—it is only once in many ages a genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain,¹ last forever;—but still there are some, as delightful perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short,” continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, “it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic forever, like the Old Man of the Sea, (Sinbad,) upon his back!” Fadladeen, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess, glancing a look at Feramorz, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even

¹ The huma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground. It is looked upon as a bird of happy omen; and that every head it overshadows will in time wear a crown.—*Richardson*. In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder in 1760, one of the stipulations was, “that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing beside him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the huma, according to the practice of his family.”—*Wilks's South of India*. He adds in a note:—“The huma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown. The splendid little bird suspended over the throne of Tippoo Sultan, found at Seringapatam in 1799, was intended to represent this poetical fancy.”

² To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c., on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain.—*Volney*. M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions; but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai, “who were satisfied with cutting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument; adding to their names, and the date of their journeys, some rude figures, which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts.”—*Niebuhr*.

deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor for his favorite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found that poetry, or love, or religion has ever consecrated—from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafi compares his mistress's hair, to the *Cámalátá*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented.¹ As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and Lalla Rookh remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that flower-loving nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay, or of one of those Peris,—those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said, hesitatingly, that he remembered a story of a Peri, which, if the princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. "It is," said he, with an appealing look to Fadladeen, "in a lighter and humbler strain than the other;" then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,

She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and
sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!

Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,"
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,"
Yet—oh, 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them
all!

Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The Gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which—Brahmins say
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise!"
"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
*The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!*
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—
'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun:—

¹ "The *Cámalátá* (called by Linnæus, *Ipomœa*) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the color and form of its leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are 'celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,' and have justly procured it the name of *Cámalátá*, or Love's Creeper."—*Sir W. Jones*.

"*Cámalátá* may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of Indra; and if ever flower was worthy of Paradise, it is our charming *Ipomœa*."—*Id.*

² "Numerous small islands emerge from the lake of Cashmere."

³ "The Altan Kol or Golden River of Tibet has abundance of gold in its sands."—*Pinkerton*.

⁴ "The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue Cam-pac flowers only in Paradise."—*Sir W. Jones*.

Fleeter than the starry brands
 Flung at night from angel-hands'
 At those dark and daring sprites,
 Who would climb the empyreal heights,
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
 And, lighted earthward by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the spirit go
 To find this gift for Heaven?—"I know
 The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
 In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
 Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;²
 I know where the Isles of Perfume are³
 Many a fathom down in the sea,
 To the south of sun-bright Araby;⁴—
 I know, too, where the Genii hid
 The jewell'd cup of their king Jamshid,⁵
 With life's elixir sparkling high—
 But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 Where was there ever a gem that shone
 Like the steps of Alla's wonderful throne?
 And the drops of life—oh! what would they be
 In the boundless deep of eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
 The air of that sweet Indian land,
 Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
 O'er coral banks and amber beds;⁶
 Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
 Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
 Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
 Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;

¹ "The Mohammedans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad when they approach too near the empyreum or verge of the heavens."

² "The Forty Pillars—so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace, and the edifices at Baalbec, were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there."

³ Diodorus mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Fe. r, where there was a temple to Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared—"sunk (says Grandr ) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations."—*Voyage to the Indian Ocean*.

⁴ The Isles of Panchaia.

⁵ "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."

⁶ "Like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains on the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hairzan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands."—*Travels of two Mohammedans*.

Whose sandal-groves and bowers of spice
 Might be a Peri's Paradise!
 But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
 And man, and the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
 Land of the Sun! what foot invades
 Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades'—
 Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,
 Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?⁷
 'Tis he of Gazna⁸—fierce in wrath

He comes, and India's diadems
 Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
 His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
 Torn from the violated necks

Of many a young and loved Sultana;⁹
 Maidens within their pure Zenana,
 Priests in the very fane, he slaughters,
 And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
 And through the war-field's bloody haze,
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand,

Alone, beside his native river,—
 The red blade broken in his hand

And the last arrow in his quiver.
 "Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share
 The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
 Silent that youthful warrior stood—
 Silent he pointed to the flood
 All crimson with his country's blood,

Then sent his last remaining dart,
 For answer, to the invader's heart.
 False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
 The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—

Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
 And when the rush of war was past,
 Swiftly descending on a ray
 Of morning light, she caught the last—

⁷ "The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow,
 About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade."—*Milton*.

⁸ "With this immense treasure Mahmood returned to Ghizni, and in the year 400 prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni."—*Ferishta*.

⁹ "Mahmoud of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century."

¹⁰ "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmoud was so magnificent, that he kept four hundred greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."

Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil

On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,¹

It would not stain the purest rill

That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!

Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,

A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,

'Tis the last libation Liberty draws

From the heart that bleeds and breaks in
her cause.

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave

The gift into his radiant hand,

"Sweet is our welcome of the brave

Who die thus for their native land.—

But see—alas!—the crystal bar

Of Eden moves not—holier far

Than even this drop the boon must be

That opes the gates of heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,

Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,²

Far to the south, the Peri lighted;

And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains

Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth

Is hidden from the sons of earth,

Deep in those solitary woods,

Where oft the Genii of the Floods

Dance round the cradle of their Nile,

And hail the new-born Giant's smile!³

Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,

Her grots, and sepulchres of kings,⁴

¹ Objections may be made to my use of the word liberty, in this, and more especially in the story that follows it, as totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever existed in the East; but though I cannot, of course, mean to employ it in that enlarged and noble sense which is so well understood at the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted upon, yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it to that national independence, that freedom from the interference and dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist, and for which both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

² "The Mountains of the Moon, or the *Montes Lunæ* of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise."

"Sometimes called," says Jackson, "Jibbel Kumrie, or the White or Lunar-colored Mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-colored horse."

³ "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the name of *Abey* and *Alawy*, or the Giant."

⁴ *Vide Perry's* "View of the Levant," for an account of the

The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale⁵—now loves

To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris Lake.⁶

'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright

Never did mortal eye behold!

Who could have thought, that saw this night

Those valleys and their fruits of gold

Basking in heaven's serenest light;—

Those groups of lovely date-trees bending

Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,

Like youthful maids, when sleep descending

Warns them to their silken beds;⁷—

Those virgin lilies, all the night

Bathing their beauties in the lake,

That they may rise more fresh and bright

When their beloved Sun's awake;—

Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem

The relics of a splendid dream;

Amid whose fairy loneliness

Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,

Naught seen but (when the shadows, flitting

Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)

Some purple-wing'd Sultana⁸ sitting

Upon a column, motionless

And glittering, like an idol-bird!—

Who could have thought, that there, even
there,

Amid those scenes so still and fair,

The Demon of the Plague hath cast

From his hot wing a deadlier blast,

More mortal far than ever came

From the red desert's sands of flame!

So quick, that every living thing

Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,

Like plants where the simoom hath pass'd,

At once falls back and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,

Which, full of bloom and freshness then,

Is rankling in the pesthouse now,

And ne'er will feel that sun again!

sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grots, covered all over with hieroglyphics, in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

⁵ "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."

⁶ Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

⁷ "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep."

⁸ "That beautiful bird, which, from the stateiness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colors, has obtained the title of Sultana."

And oh! to see the unburied heaps
 On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
 The very vultures turn away,
 And sicken at so foul a prey!
 Only the fierce hyæna stalks¹
 Throughout the city's desolate walks
 At midnight, and his carnage plies—

Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
 The glaring of those large blue eyes
 Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying spirit,
 "Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—
 Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
 But the trail of the serpent is over them
 all!"

She wept—the air grew pure and clear
 Around her, as the bright drops ran;
 For there's a magic in each tear
 Such kindly spirits weep for man!

Just then, beneath some orange-trees,
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
 Were wantoning together, free,
 Like age at play with infancy—
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the lake, she heard the moan
 Of one who, at this silent hour,

Had thither stolen to die alone.
 One who in life, where'er he moved,
 Drew after him the hearts of many;
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
 Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
 None to watch near him—none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies,
 With even a sprinkle from that lake
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.
 No voice, well known through many a day,
 To speak the last, the parting word,
 Which, when all other sounds decay,
 Is still like distant music heard;—
 That tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,

¹ Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries." &c.

"Gondar was full of hyænas from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcases, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falashta from the neighboring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety."—Bruce.

Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
 Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
 Shed joy around his soul in death—
 That she, whom he for years had known,
 And loved, and might have call'd his own,
 Was safe from this foul midnight's
 breath;—

Safe in her father's princely halls,
 Where the cool air from fountains falls,
 Freshly perfumed by many a brand
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,
 Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see, who yonder comes by stealth,
 This melancholy bower to seek,
 Like a young envoy sent by Health,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
 'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
 He knew his own betrothéd bride,
 She who would rather die with him
 Than live to gain the world beside!—
 Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake, her loosen'd tresses.
 Ah! once, how little did he think
 An hour would come when he should shrink
 With horror from that dear embrace,
 Those gentle arms, that were to him
 Holy as is the cradling place
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!

And now he yields—now turns away,
 Shuddering as if the venom lay
 All in those proffer'd lips alone—
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
 Never until that instant came
 Near his unask'd, or without shame.
 "Oh! let me only breathe the air,
 The blesséd air that's breathed by thee,
 And, whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
 There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And, well thou knowst, I'd shed it all,
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.
 Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place
 In life or death is by thy side?

Thinkst thou that she, whose only light

In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night

That must be hers when thou art gone ?

That I can live, and let thee go,

Who art my life itself?—No, no—

When the stem dies, the leaf that grew

Out of its heart must perish too !

Then turn to me, my own love, turn,

Before like thee I fade and burn ;

Cling to these yet cool lips, and share

The last pure life that lingers there !”

She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp

In charnel-airs or cavern-damp,

So quickly do his baleful sighs

Quench all the sweet light of her eyes !

One struggle—and his pain is past—

Her lover is no longer living !

One kiss the maiden gives, one last,

Long kiss, which she expires in giving !

“ Sleep,” said the Peri, as softly she stole

The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,

As true as e’er warm’d a woman’s breast—

“ Sleep on—in visions of odor rest,

In balmy airs than ever yet stirr’d

The enchanted pile of that holy bird

Who sings at the last his own death lay,¹

And in music and perfume dies away !”

Thus saying, from her lips she spread

Unearthly breathings through the place,

And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed

Such lustre o’er each paly face,

That like two lovely saints they seem’d

Upon the eve of doomsday taken

From their dim graves, in odor sleeping ;—

While that benevolent Peri beam’d

Like their good angel, calmly keeping

Watch o’er them till their souls would
waken !

But morn is blushing in the sky ;

Again the Peri soars above,

Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh

Of pure, self-sacrificing love.

High throbb’d her heart, with hope elate,

The Elysian palm she soon shall win,

For the bright spirit at the gate

Smiled as she gave that offering in ;

And she already hears the trees

Of Eden, with their crystal bells

Ringing in that ambrosial breeze

That from the throne of Alla swells ;

And she can see the starry bowls

That lie around that lucid lake,

Upon whose banks admitted souls

Their first sweet draught of glory take !”

But ah ! even Peris’ hopes are vain—

Again the Fates forbade, again

The immortal barrier closed—“ Not yet,”

The Angel said, as, with regret,

He shut from her that glimpse of glory—

“ True was the maiden, and her story,

Written in light o’er Alla’s head,

By seraph eyes shall long be read.

But, Peri, see—the crystal bar

Of Eden moves not—holier far

Than even this sigh the boon must be

That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee.”

Now, upon Syria’s land of roses²

Softly the light of Eve reposes,

And, like a glory, the broad sun

Hangs over sainted Lebanon ;

Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,

And whitens with eternal sleet,

While summer, in a vale of flowers,

Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who look’d from upper air

O’er all the enchanted regions there,

How beauteous must have been the glow,

The life, the sparkling from below !

Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks

Of golden melons on their banks,

More golden where the sun-light falls ;—

Gay lizards, glittering on the walls³

Of ruin’d shrines, busy and bright

¹ “ In the East they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty oracles in his bill, which are continued to his tail ; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.”

² On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave.—From Châteaubriand’s “ Mohammedan Paradise,” in his *Beauties of Christianity*.

³ Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous ;—hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

⁴ “ The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec amounted to many thousand.”

As they were all alive with light;
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristan!

And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed,¹ with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,•

Banqueting through the flowery vales;—
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!²

But naught can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple, once his own,³
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those chambers of the Sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
An erring spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of even
In the rich west begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of Baalbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,

sands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined building were covered with them."—*Bruce*.

¹ "The syrinx, or Pan's pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria."

² "The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all together."—*Thevenot*.

³ The Temple of the Sun at Baalbec.

The beautiful blue damsel-flies,⁴
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems:—
And, near the boy, who tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount

From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount⁵

Impatient fling him down to drink.

Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd

To the fair child, who fearless sat,

Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd

Upon a brow more fierce than that,—

Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,

Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!

In which the Peri's eye could read

Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;

The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—

Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd

With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,

Black as the damning drops that fall

From the denouncing Angel's pen,

Ere Mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime

(As if the balmy evening-time

Softened his spirit) look'd and lay,

Watching the rosy infant's play:—

Though still, whene'er his eye by chance

Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze

As torches, that have burn'd all night

Through some impure and godless rite,

Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,

As slow the orb of daylight sets,

Is rising sweetly on the air,

From Syria's thousand minarets!

The boy has started from the bed⁶

Of flowers, where he had laid his head,

And down upon the fragrant sod

⁴ "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance, and their attire, procured for them the name of Damsels."

⁵ Imaret "hospice où on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pèlerins pendant trois jours."—*Toderini*.

⁶ "Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty: nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, in that very place they chance to stand on."—*Aaron Hill's Travels*

Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lisper the eternal name of God
 From purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again !

Oh 'twas a sight—that heaven—that child—
 A scene which might have well beguiled
 Even haughty Eblis of a sigh
 For glories lost and peace gone by !

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
 Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace !
 "There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
 Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child !
 When young, and haply pure as thou,

I look'd and pray'd like thee ; but now—"
 He hung his head—each nobler aim
 And hope and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept !

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence !

In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense

Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
 "There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down
 from the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June
 Upon Egypt's land,¹ of so healing a power,
 So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
 That drop descends, contagion dies,
 And health reanimates earth and skies !—
 Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,

The precious tears of repentance fall ?
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
 One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them
 all !"

And now—behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,
 While the same sunbeam shines upon

The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
 The triumph of a soul forgiven !

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,
 There fell a light, more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek :
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam—
 But well the enraptured Peri knew
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
 From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
 Her harbinger of glory near !

"Joy, joy forever ! my task is done—
 The Gates are pass'd, and heaven is won !
 Oh ! am I not happy ? I am, I am—
 To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and sad
 Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,²
 And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad !

"Farewell, ye odors of earth, that die,
 Passing away like a lover's sigh ;—
 My feast is now of the Tooba tree,³
 Whose scent is the breath of Eternity !

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
 In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
 Oh, what are the brightest that e'er have
 blown,

To the lote-tree spring by Alla's throne,⁴
 Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf !
 Joy, joy forever !—my task is done—
 The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won !"

"And this," said the Great Chamberlain,
 "is poetry !—this flimsy manufacture of the
 brain, which, in comparison with the lofty
 and durable monuments of genius, is as the

² The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called "The City of Jewels." Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

³ "The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mohammed."—Touba signifies eternal happiness.

⁴ Mohammed is described, in the fifty-third chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing ; near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh heaven, on the right hand of the throne of God.

¹ The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's Day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!" After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, Fadladeen kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand streams of Basra.¹ They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success;—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed?—to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the licence and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigor which gave a dignity even to negligence;—who, like them, flung the jereed² carelessly, but not like them, to the mark;—"and who," said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, "contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they have allowed themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam!"

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven, but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies,—a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel's "radiant hand" he professed himself at a loss to

discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. "But, in short," said he, "it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banian Hospital³ for Sick Insects should undertake."

In vain did Lalla Rookh try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent commonplaces,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth,⁴ like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them;—that severity often destroyed every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,⁵—no one had ever yet reached its summit.⁶ Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of Fadladeen's eyebrows, or charm him into anything like encouragement or even toleration of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of Fadladeen;—he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal, too, was the same in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

¹ "This account excited a desire of visiting the Banian Hospital, as I had heard much of their benevolence to all kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age or accident. On my arrival there were presented to my view many horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment; in another, dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw for them to repose on. Above-stairs were depositories for seeds of many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects."—*Parsons*.

It is said that all animals know the Banians, that the most timid approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people.—*Vide Grandpré*.

⁴ "A very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges, near Herdwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and diffuses when crushed a strong odor."—*Sir W. Jones on the Spikenard of the Ancients*.

⁵ "Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the 'Mountain of the Talisman,' because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit."

¹ "It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Belal Ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams."

² "The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise."

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where death seemed to share equal honors with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of Lalla Rookh, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced her that her peace was gone forever, and that she was in love—irretrievably in love—with young Feramorz. The veil, which this passion wears at first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. Feramorz too—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers; if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature—all tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken, by every means, that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone! She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. Feramorz must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clue was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharía might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only try to forget the short vision of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd,

¹ "The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them."

who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim and then lost them again forever!²

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, had never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionery among the people; while the artisans, in chariots adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment—particularly on the day when Lalla Rookh set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads³ as they went, and then threw them to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. Lalla Rookh, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary. Fadladeen felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees,⁴ at

² Vide *Sale's Koran*, note, vol. ii., p. 484.

³ Ferishta.

"Or rather," says Scott, upon the passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, "small coin, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the pursebearers of the great among the populace."

⁴ The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side.

This road is 250 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says Bernier, "erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees."

least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to Fadladeen, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were tasteless enough to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favorite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words:—

"Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the love
Which enslaves our souls in this!

"Tell me not of Houris' eyes;—
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below!

"Who that feels what love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would, for even Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

"Who that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?"

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to Lalla Rookh's heart;—and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it as a sad but sweet certainty, that Feramorz was to the full as enamored and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra,—that favorite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.¹ In

the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood, there was a tank surrounded by small mango-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. Lalla Rookh guessed in vain, and the all-pretending Fadladeen, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the ladies suggested that perhaps Feramorz could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might be a relic of some of those dark superstitions which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam had dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for Feramorz, who, in a very few minutes, appeared before them,—looking so pale and unhappy in Lalla Rookh's eyes, that she already repented of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors, preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostasy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many

¹ "Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water of which float multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; the flower is larger than that of the white water-lily, and is the most lovely of the nymphæas I have seen."—*Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.*

² "On les voit, persécutés par les K'halifes, se retirer dans les montagnes du Kerman: plusieurs choisirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine; d'autres s'arrêtèrent sur les bords du Gange, à l'est de Delhi."—*M. Anquetil, Mémoires de l'Académie*, tom. xxxi., p. 346.

¹ "The baya, or Indian grass-beak."

glorious but unsuccessful struggles which had been bade by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own fire in the Burning Field at Bakou, when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and holy valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers,¹ and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that Feramorz had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before Fadladeen, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-Worshippers!"²—while Feramorz, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those brave struggles of the Fire-Worshippers of Persia against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for Lalla Rookh to refuse;—he had never before looked half so animated, and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted, and while Fadladeen sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-Worshippers:—

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

'Tis moonlight over Oman's sea;³
 Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
 Bask in the night-beam beautifully,
 And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
 'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's⁴ walls,
 And through her Emir's porphyry halls,
 Where, some hours since, was heard the
 swell
 Of trumpet and the clash of zel,⁵
 Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell;—
 The peaceful sun, whom better suits
 The music of the bulbul's nest,
 Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
 To sing him to his golden rest!
 All hush'd—there's not a breeze in motion;
 The shore is silent as the ocean.
 If zephyrs come, so light they come,
 Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven;—
 The wind-tower on the Emir's dome⁶
 Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
 Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
 While curses load the air he breathes,
 And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
 Are starting to avenge the shame
 His race hath brought on Iran's⁷ name.
 Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
 'Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike;—
 One of that saintly, murderous brood,
 To carnage and the Koran given,
 Who think through unbelievers' blood
 Lies their directest path to heaven.
 One who will pause and kneel unshod
 In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
 To mutter o'er some text of God
 Engraven on his reeking sword;⁸—
 Nay, who can coolly point the line,
 The letter of those words divine,
 To which his blade, with searching art,
 Had sunk into its victim's heart!

¹ "Cashmere," says its historians, "had its own princes 4000 years before its conquest by Akbar in 1585. Akbar would have found some difficulty to reduce this paradise of the Indies, situated as it is within such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch, Yusef Khan, was basely betrayed by his Omrahs."—*Pennant*.

² Voltaire tells us that in his tragedy *Les Guebres*, he was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansenists; and I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-Worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

³ The Persian Gulf.

⁴ Gombaroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.

⁵ A Moorish instrument of music.

⁶ "At Gombaroon, and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses."

⁷ "Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia."

⁸ "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed."

Just Allâ! what must be Thy look,
 When such a wretch before Thee stands
 Unblushing, with Thy sacred book,—
 Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd
 hands,
 And wresting from its page sublime
 His creed of lust and hate and crime?
 Even as those bees of Trebizond,
 Which from the sunniest flowers that
 glad
 With their pure smile the gardens round,
 Draw venom forth that drives men mad !¹

Never did fierce Arabia send
 A satrap forth more direly great;
 Never was Iran doom'd to bend
 Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
 Her throne had fallen—her pride was crush'd—
 Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd
 In their own land,—no more their own,—
 To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
 Her towers, where Mithra once had burn'd,
 To Moslem shrines—oh shame!—were turn'd,
 Where slaves, converted by the sword,
 Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
 And cursed the faith their sires adored.
 Yet has she hearts, 'mid all this ill,
 O'er all this wreck, high, buoyant still
 With hope and vengeance;—hearts that yet,
 Like gems, in darkness issuing rays
 They've treasured from the sun that's set,
 Beam all the light of long-lost days!
 And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
 To second all such hearts can dare;
 As he shall know, well, dearly know,
 Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
 Tranquil as if his spirit lay
 Becalm'd in heaven's approving ray!
 Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
 Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine.
 Sleep on, and be thy rest unmoved
 By the white moonlight's dazzling power:
 None but the loving and the loved
 Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see—where, high above those rocks
 That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
 Yon turret stands;—where ebon locks,

As glossy as a heron's wing
 Upon the turban of a king,²
 Hang from the lattice long and wild,—
 'Tis she, that Emir's blooming child,
 All truth and tenderness and grace,
 Though born of such ungente race;—
 An image of youth's fairy fountain
 Springing in a desolate mountain !³

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
 Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight
 Of the gross world, illumining
 One only mansion with her light!
 Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
 The flower that blooms beneath the sea
 Too deep for sunbeams doth not lie
 Hid in more chaste obscurity!
 So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,
 Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.
 And oh, what transport for a lover
 To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
 Like those who all at once discover
 In the lone deep some fairy shore,
 Where mortal never trod before,
 And sleep and wake in scented airs
 No lip had ever breathed but theirs!

Beautiful are the maids that glide
 On summer-eves through Yemen's⁴ dales,
 And bright the glancing looks they hide
 Behind their litters' roseate veils;—
 And brides, as delicate and fair
 As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
 Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
 Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,⁵
 Before their mirrors count the time,⁶
 And grow still lovelier every hour.

² " Their kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty."

³ " The Fountain of Youth, by a Mohammedan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East."

⁴ Arabia Felix.

⁵ " In the midst of the garden is the chiook, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and enclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles make a sort of green wall; large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures."—*Lady M. W. Montagu*.

⁶ The women of the East are never without their looking-glasses. " In Barbary," says Shaw, " they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when, after the drudgery of the day, they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water."—*Travels*.

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking glasses in

¹ " There is a kind of Rhododendron about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad."

But never yet hath bride or maid
 In Araby's gay Harams smiled,
 Whose boasted brightness would not fade
 Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
 An infant's dream, yet not the less
 Rich in all woman's loveliness;—
 With eyes so pure, that from their ray
 Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,
 Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
 Upon the emerald's virgin blaze!
 Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
 Mingling the meek and vestal fires
 Of other worlds with all the bliss,
 The fond, weak tenderness of this!
 The soul, too, more than half divine,

Where, through some shades of earthly
 feeling,
 Religion's soften'd glories shine,
 Like light through summer foliage stealing,
 Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
 So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
 As makes the very darkness there
 More beautiful than light elsewhere!

Such is the maid who, at this hour,
 Hath risen from her restless sleep,
 And sits alone in that high bower,
 Watching the still and moonlight deep.
 Ah! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes
 And beating heart,—she used to gaze
 On the magnificent earth and skies,
 In her own land, in happier days.
 Why looks she now so anxious down
 Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
 Blackens the mirror of the deep?
 Whom waits she all this lonely night?
 Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep
 For man to scale that turret's height!

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
 When high, to catch the cool night-air

their thumbs. "Hence (and from the lotus being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute intercourse of two lovers before their parents:—

"He, with salute of deference due,
 A lotus to his forehead prest;
 She raised her mirror to his view,
 Then turned it inward to her breast."

Asiatic Miscellany, vol. II.

"They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the centre of emeralds he immediately becomes blind."

After the day-beam's withering fire,²
 He built her bower of freshness there,
 And had it deck'd with costliest skill,
 And fondly thought it safe as fair.
 Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
 Nor wake to learn what love can dare—
 Love, all-defying Love, who sees
 No charm in trophies won with ease;—
 Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
 Are pluck'd on danger's precipice!
 Bolder than they who dare not dive
 For pearls but when the sea's at rest,
 Love, in the tempest most alive,
 Hath ever held that pearl the best
 He finds beneath the stormiest water!—
 Yes, Araby's unrivall'd daughter,
 Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
 There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
 Would climb the untrodden solitude
 Of Ararat's tremendous peak,
 And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
 Heaven's pathways, if to thee they led!
 Even now thou seest the flashing spray,
 That lights his oar's impatient way;—
 Even now thou hearst the sudden shock
 Of his swift bark against the rock,
 And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
 As if to lift him from below!
 Like her to whom, at dead of night,
 The bridegroom, with his locks of light,
 Came, in the flush of love and pride,
 And scaled the terrace of his bride;—
 When as she saw him rashly spring,
 And mid-way up in danger cling,
 She flung him down her long black hair,
 Exclaiming, breathless, "There, love, there!"
 And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
 The hero Zal in that fond hour,
 Than wings the youth who fleet and bold
 Now climbs the rocks to Hinda's bower.
 See—light as up their granite steeps
 The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,³
 Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
 And now is at the maiden's chamber.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
 Nor what his race, nor whence he came;—

¹ "At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus, it is sometimes so hot that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water."—*Marco Polo*.

² "On the lofty hills of Arabia Petraea are rock-goats."—*Niebuhr*.

Like one who meets, in Indian groves,

Some beauteous bird without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
From isles in the undiscover'd seas,
To show his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes, and wing away!
Will *he* thus fly—her nameless lover?

Alla forbid! 'twas by a moon
As fair as this, while singing over
Some ditty to her soft kanoon,¹
Alone, at this same witching hour
She first beheld his radiant eyes
Gleam through the lattice of the bower,

Where nightly now they mix their sighs;
And thought some spirit of the air
(For what could waft a mortal there?)
Was pausing on his moonlight way
To listen to her lonely lay!

This fancy ne'er hath left her mind;
And though, when terror's swoon had
pass'd,

She saw a youth of mortal kind
Before her in obeisance cast,—
Yet often since, when he has spoken
Strange, awful words, and gleams have
broken

From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
Oh! she hath fear'd her soul was given
To some unhallow'd child of air,

Some erring spirit, cast from heaven,
Like those angelic youths of old,
Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes!

Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he,
Who woos thy young simplicity;
But one of earth's impassion'd sons,

As warm in love, as fierce in ire
As the best heart whose current runs
Full of the Day-God's living fire!

But quench'd to-night that ardor seems,
And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow;—
Never before, but in her dreams,

Had she beheld him pale as now:
And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
From which 'twas joy to wake and weep;
Visions that will not be forgot,

But sadden every waking scene,
Like warning ghosts that leave the spot
All wither'd where they once have been!

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that moonlight flood—
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!

Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live, love, die alone,
Far from the cruel and the cold,—

Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold
A Paradise so pure and lonely!

Would this be world enough for thee?"—
Playful she turn'd, that he might see

The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;

And, bursting into heartfelt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams have boded all too right—
We part—forever part—to-night!
I knew, I knew it could not last—
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!

Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;

I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,

But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!

Now too—the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,

To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine—
O misery! must I lose *that* too?

Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—
Those frightful rocks—that treacherous
sea—

No, never come again—though sweet,
Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,

Where'er thou go'st, belovéd stranger!
Better to sit and watch that ray,

¹ "Canan, espèce de psalterion, avec des cordes de boyaux, les dames en touchent dans le sérail, avec des décailles armées de pointes de coco."—*Toderini, translated by De Cournaud.*

And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me, and in danger !”

‘Danger!—oh, tempt me not to boast,”
The youth exclaim’d—“thou little knowst
What he can brave, who, born and nurst
In danger’s paths, has dared her worst!
Upon whose ear the signal-word
Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fever’d hand must grasp in waking!
Danger!—”

“Say on—thou fearst not, then,
And we may meet—oft meet again?”

“Oh! look not so,—beneath the skies
I now fear nothing but those eyes.
If aught on earth could charm or force
My spirit from its destined course,—
If aught could make this soul forget
The bond to which its seal is set,
’Twould be those eyes;—they, only they,
Could melt that sacred seal away!
But no—’tis fix’d—*my* awful doom
Is fix’d—on this side of the tomb
We meet no more—why, why did Heaven
Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
Has rent asunder wide as ours?
Oh, Arab maid! as soon the powers
Of light and darkness may combine,
As I be link’d with thee or thine!
Thy father—”

“Holy Alla save

His gray head from that lightning glance!
Thou knowst him not—he loves the brave:

Nor lives there under heaven’s expanse
One who would prize, would worship thee,
And thy bold spirit, more than he.
Oft when, in childhood, I have play’d

With the bright falchion by his side,
I’ve heard him swear his lisping maid
In time should be a warrior’s bride.

And still, whene’er, at Haram hours,
I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
He tells me, when in playful mood,

A hero shall my bridegroom be,
Since maids are best in battle woo’d,

And won with shouts of victory!
Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
Art form’d to make both hearts thy own.

Go—join his sacred ranks—thou knowst
The unholy strife these Persians wage:—
Good Heaven, that frown!—even now thou
glowst

With more than mortal warrior’s rage.
Haste to the camp by morning’s light,
And, when that sword is raised in fight,
Oh, still remember love and I
Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
One victory o’er those Slaves of Fire,
Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
Abhors—”

“Hold, hold—thy words are death!”

The stranger cried, as wild he flung
His mantle back, and show’d beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung.¹—

“Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
All that thy sire abhors in me!

Yes—I am of that impious race,
Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator’s dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven!²

Yes—I am of that outcast few
To Iran and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To desolate our shrines of flame,
And swear, before God’s burning eye,
To break our country’s chains, or die!

Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—
He who gave birth to those dear eyes
With me is sacred as the spot

From which our fires of worship rise!
But know—’twas he I sought that night,

¹ “They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their *cushee* or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it.”

“Pour se distinguer des idolâtres de l’Inde, les Guebres se ceignent tous d’un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau.”
—*Encyclopédie Française*.

D’Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

² “They suppose the throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary.”

“As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring-head of it in that globe of fire, the sun, by them called *Mythras*, or *Mihir*, to which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God; but they do not even give that luminary, all-glorious as it is, more than the second rank amongst his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man.”—*Grose*. The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer’s remark, “that calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it.”

When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
 I caught this turret's glimmering light,
 And up the rude rocks desperately
 Rush'd to my prey—thou knowst the rest—
 I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
 And found a trembling dove within ;—
 Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
 If Love has made one thought his own,
 That Vengeance claims first—last—alone !
 Oh ! had we never, never met,
 Or could this heart even now forget
 How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,
 Had fate not frown'd so dark between !
 Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
 In neighboring valleys had we dwelt,
 Through the same fields in childhood play'd,
 At the same kindling altar knelt,—
 Then, then, while all those nameless ties,
 In which the charm of country lies,
 Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
 Till Iran's cause and thine were one ;—
 While in thy lute's awakening sigh
 I heard the voice of days gone by,
 And saw in every smile of thine
 Returning hours of glory shine !—
 While the wrong'd spirit of our land
 Lived, look'd, and spoke her wrongs
 through thee—

God ! who could then this sword withstand ?
 Its very flash were victory !
 But now, estranged, divorced forever,
 Far as the grasp of Fate can sever—
 Our only ties what love has wove—
 Faith, friends, and country, sunder'd wide ;
 And then, then only true to love,
 When false to all that's dear beside !
 Thy father Iran's deadliest foe—
 Thyself, perhaps, even now—but no—
 Hate never look'd so lovely yet !
 No—sacred to thy soul will be
 The land of him who could forget
 All but that bleeding land for thee !
 When other eyes shall see, unmoved,
 Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
 Thou'lt think how well one Gheber loved,
 And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all !
 But look——”

With sudden start he turn'd
 And pointed to the distant wave,
 Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd
 Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave ;

And fiery darts, at intervals,¹
 Flew up all sparkling from the main,
 As if each star that nightly falls,
 Were shooting back to heaven again.

“ My signal lights !—I must away—
 Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.
 Farewell, sweet life ! thou clingst in vain—
 Now, vengeance, I am thine again !”
 Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,
 Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd
 Down mid the pointed crags beneath,
 As if he fled from love to death.
 While pale and mute young Hinda stood,
 Nor moved, till in the silent flood
 A momentary plunge below
 Startled her from her trance of woe ;—
 Shrieking she to the lattice flew,
 “ I come—I come—if in that tide
 Thou sleepest to-night—I'll sleep there too,
 In death's cold wedlock by thy side.
 Oh, I would ask no happier bed
 Than the chill wave my love lies under ;—
 Sweeter to rest together dead,
 Far sweeter, than to live asunder !”
 But no—their hour is not yet come—
 Again she sees his pinnace fly,
 Wafting him fleetly to his home,
 Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie ;
 And calm and smooth it seem'd to win
 Its moonlight way before the wind,
 As if it bore all peace within,
 Nor left one breaking heart behind !

The Princess, whose heart was sad enough
 already, could have wished that Feramorz
 had chosen a less melancholy story ; as it is
 only to the happy that tears are a luxury.
 Her ladies, however, were by no means sorry
 that love was once more the poet's theme ;
 for when he spoke of love, they said, his
 voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the
 leaves of that enchanted tree which grows
 over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.²

¹ “ The Mamelukes that were in the other boat, when it was dark, used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air, which, in some measure, resembled lightning or falling stars.”

² “ At Gualior is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice.”—*Journey from Agra to Onzein, by W. Hunter, Esq*

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff,¹ with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that in that very spot the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was therefore with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected pillars,² ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain, which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with Fadladeen in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:—

The morn has risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea³ palely shines,
Revealing Bahrein's groves of palm,
And lighting Kishma's⁴ amber vines.
Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
While breezes from the Indian Sea
Blow round Selama's⁵ sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath,—
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoanut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
Have toward that holy headland cast—
Oblations to the genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!

¹ "It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. The sight of these flags imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension."—*Oriental Field Sports*, vol. ii.

² "The *Ficus indica* is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Council; the first from the idols placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies; in others are erected beneath the shade pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors."—*Pennant*.

³ The Persian Gulf.

⁴ Islands in the Gulf.

⁵ Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom.

The nightingale now bends her flight^{*}
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen;
And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would not
stain
The best and brightest scimitar[†]
That ever youthful sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign!

And see—the sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the east he springs.
Angel of light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Has first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!
Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When Iran, like a sun-flower, turn'd
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd?—
When, from the banks of Bendemeer
To the nut-groves of Samarcand
Thy temples flamed o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them
Who, on Cadessia's^{*} bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From Iran's broken diadem,
And bind her ancient faith in chains:—
Ask the poor exile, cast alone
On foreign shores, unloved, unknown,
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,^{*}
Or on the snowy Mossian Mountains,
Far from his beauteous land of dates,
Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains:
Yet happier so than if he trod
His own beloved but blighted sod,
Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—
Oh! he would rather houseless roam
Where Freedom and his God may lead,
Than be the sleekest slave at home
That crouches to the conqueror's creed!

^{*} "The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the day-time, and from the loftiest trees at night."—*Russel's Aleppo*.

[†] In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Francklin says, "The dew is of such a pure nature that, if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust."

^{*} The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

^{*} Derhend.—"Les Turcs appellent cette ville Demir Capi. Porte de Fer; ce sont les Caspiæ Portæ des anciens."

Is Iran's pride then gone forever,
 Quench'd with the flame in Mithra's
 caves?—

No—she has sons that never—never—
 Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
 While heaven has light or earth has graves.
 Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
 But flash resentment back for wrong;
 And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
 Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
 Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
 They burst, like Zeilan's giant palm,¹
 Whose buds fly open with a sound
 That shakes the pigmy forests round!

Yes, Emir! he who scaled that tower,
 And, could he reach thy slumbering
 breast,

Would teach thee, in a Gheber's power
 How safe even tyrant heads may rest—
 Is one of many, brave as he,
 Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;
 Who, though they know the strife is vain,
 Who, though they know the riven chain
 Snaps but to enter in the heart
 Of him who rends its links apart,
 Yet dare the issue,—blest to be
 Even for one bleeding moment free,
 And die in pangs of liberty!
 Thou knowst them well—'tis some moons
 since

Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
 Thou satrap of a bigot prince!
 Have swarm'd among these Green Sea
 crags;

Yet here, even here, a sacred band,
 Ay, in the portal of that land
 Thou, Arab, darest to call thy own,
 Thy spears across thy path have thrown;
 Here—ere the winds half-wing'd thee o'er—
 Rebellion braved thee from the shore.

Rebellion! foul, dishonoring word,
 Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
 The holiest cause that tongue or sword
 Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
 How many a spirit, born to bless,
 Has sunk beneath that withering name,

Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
 Had wafted to eternal fame!
 As exhalations, when they burst
 From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
 If check'd in soaring from the plain,
 Darken to fogs, and sink again;
 But if they once triumphant spread
 Their wings above the mountain-head,
 Become enthroned in upper air,
 And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he that wields the might
 Of freedom on the Green Sea brink,
 Before whose sabre's dazzling light²
 The eyes of Yeman's warriors wink?
 Who comes embower'd in the spears
 Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers?—
 Those mountaineers that truest, last,
 Cling to their country's ancient rites,
 As if that God, whose eyelids cast
 Their closing gleam on Iran's heights,
 Among her snowy mountains threw
 The last light of His worship too!

'Tis Hafed—name of fear, whose sound
 Chills like the muttering of a charm:—
 Shout but that awful name around,
 And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
 'Tis Hafed, most accurst and dire
 (So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
 Of all the rebel Sons of Fire!
 Of whose malign, tremendous power
 The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
 Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
 That each affrighted sentinel
 Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
 Lest Hafed in the midst should rise:
 A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
 A mingled race of flame and earth,
 Sprung from those old, enchanted kings
 Who in their fairy helms, of yore,
 A feather from the mystic wings
 Of the Simoorgh resistless wore
 And gifted, by the fiends of fire,
 Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,

¹ "The Talpot or Talipot Palm Tree. The sheath which envelops the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon."—*Thunberg*.

² "When the bright cimeters make the eyes of our heroes wink."—*The Mollakat, Poems of Amru*.
³ Tahnur, and other ancient kings of Persia; whose adventures in Fairy Land, among the Peris and Dives, may be found in Richardson's Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahnur, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterward to his descendants.

With charms that, all in vain withstood,
Would drown the Koran's light in blood!

Such were the tales that won belief,
And such the coloring fancy gave
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—
One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul adored,
For happy homes and altars free,—
His only talisman the sword,
His only spell-word, Liberty!
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names that have sanctified their blood;
As Lebanon's small mountain-flood
Is render'd holy by the ranks'
Of sainted cedars on its banks!
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
Tamely to Moslem tyranny:—
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With all the glories of the dead,
Though framed for Iran's happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears!—
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
Before the Moslem as he pass'd,
Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast;
No—far he fled—indignant fled
The pageant of his country's shame;
While every tear her children shed
Fell on his soul like drops of flame;
And as a lover hails the dawn
Of a first smile, so welcomed he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
For vengeance and for liberty!

But vain was valor—vain the flower
Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,
Against Al Hassan's whelming power.
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway,

¹ In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different cause assigned for its name of holy. "In these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluses, who had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses upon the earth of the severity of their penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river of which we have just treated the name of the Holy River." *Vide Châteaubriand's 'Reveries of Christianity.'*

This riv'let," says Dandini, "is called the Holy River, from the cedar-saints' among which it rises."

And with their corpses block'd his way;
In vain—for every lance they raised
Thousands around the conqueror blazed;
For every arm that lined their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd
As dates beneath the locust-cloud!

There stood—but one short league away
From old Harmozia's sultry bay—
A rocky mountain o'er the Sea'
Of Oman beetling awfully,
A last and solitary link

Of those stupendous chains that reach
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink

Down winding to the Green Sea beach
Around its base the bare rocks stood,
Like naked giants in the flood,

As if to guard the gulf across;
While on its peak, that braved the sky
A ruin'd temple tower'd so high

That oft the sleeping albatross'
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering,
Started—to find man's dwelling there
In her own silent fields of air!
Beneath, terrific caverns gave
Dark welcome to each stormy wave
That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in;—
And such the strange, mysterious din
At times throughout those caverns roll'd,—
And such the fearful wonders told
Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
That bold were Moslem who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff."

On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
Were sever'd from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,

² This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupendous chain" of which I suppose it a link does not extend quite so far as the shore of the Persian Gulf.

³ These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope.

⁴ "There is an extraordinary hill in the neighborhood, called Kohé Gubr, or the Guebre's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cnopla, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of Atush Kudu or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deeves or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it."—*Pottinger's Beloochistan.*

So fathomless, so full of gloom,
 No eye could pierce the void between;
 It seem'd a place where ghouls might come
 With their foul banquets from the tomb,
 And in its caverns feed unseen.
 Like distant thunder, from below
 The sound of many torrents came;
 Too deep for eye or ear to know
 If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
 Or floods of ever-restless flame.
 For each ravine, each rocky spire
 Of that vast mountain stood on fire;¹
 And though forever past the days
 When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
 That from its lofty altar shone,—
 Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
 Still did the mighty flame burn on²
 Through chance and change, through good
 and ill,
 Like its own God's eternal will,
 Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!

Thither the vanquish'd Hamed led
 His little army's last remains;—
 "Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
 "Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
 Is heaven to him who flies from chains!"
 O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known
 To him and to his chiefs alone,
 They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the
 towers;—
 "This home," he cried, "at least is ours—
 Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
 Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
 Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
 To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
 Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks
 Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
 Here—happy that no tyrant's eye
 Floats on our torments—we may die!"³

'Twas night when to those towers they came,
 And gloomily the fitful flame,
 That from the ruin'd altar broke,

Glared on his features as he spoke:—
 "'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done—
 If Iran *will* look tamely on,
 And see her priests, her warriors driven
 Before a sensual bigot's nod,
 A wretch who takes his lusts to heaven,
 And makes a pander of his God!
 If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
 Men in whose veins—oh, last disgrace!
 The blood of Zal and Rustam⁴ rolls,—
 If they *will* court this upstart race,
 And turn from Mithra's ancient ray,
 To kneel at shrines of yesterday!
 If they *will* crouch to Iran's foes,
 Why, let them—till the land's despair
 Cries out to Heaven, and bondage grows
 Too vile for even the vile to bear!
 Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
 Their inmost core, and conscience turns
 Each coward tear the slave lets fall
 Back on his heart in drops of gall!
 But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,
 And souls that thralldom never stain'd;—
 This spot, at least, no foot of slave
 Or satrap ever yet profaned;
 And though but few—though fast the wave
 Of life is ebbing from our veins,
 Enough for vengeance still remains
 As panthers, after set of sun,
 Rush from the roots of Lebanon
 Across the dark sea-robber's way,
 We'll bound upon our startled prey;—
 And when some hearts that proudest swell
 Have felt our falchion's last farewell;
 When Hope's expiring throb is o'er,
 And even Despair can prompt no more,
 This spot shall be the sacred grave
 Of the last few who, vainly brave,
 Die for the land they cannot save!"⁵

His chiefs stood round—each shining blade
 Upon the broken altar laid—
 And though so wild and desolate
 Those courts, where once the mighty sate;
 Nor longer on those mouldering towers
 Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
 With which of old the Magi fed
 The wandering spirits of their dead;⁶

¹ The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterranean fires.

² "At the city of Yezd in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Darûb Abadut, or Seat of Religion, the Ghebers are permitted to have an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple (which they assert has had the sacred fire in it since the days of Zoroaster) in their own compartment of the city; but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not the tolerance of the Persian government, which taxes them at twenty-five rupees each man."—*Pottinger's Beloochistan*.

³ Ancient heroes of Persia. "Among the Ghebers there are some who boast their descent from Rustam."

⁴ "Among other ceremonies, the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands upon

Though neither priest nor rites were there,
 Nor charm'd leaf of pure pomegranate;¹
 Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
 Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet;²
 Yet the same God that heard their sires
 Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires
 They swore' the latest, holiest deed
 Of the few hearts still left to bleed,
 Should be in Iran's injured name
 To die upon that mount of flame—
 The last of all her patriot line,
 Before her last untrampled shrine!
 Brave, suffering souls! they little knew
 How many a tear their injuries drew
 From one meek heart, one gentle foe,
 Whom Love first touch'd with others' woe—
 Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
 Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
 His talisman, and woke the tide,
 And spread its trembling circles wide.
 Once, Emir! thy unheeding child,
 Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smiled—
 Tranquil as on some battle-plain

The Persian lily shines and towers,⁴
 Before the combat's reddening stain
 Had fallen upon her golden flowers.
 Light-hearted maid, unawed, unmoved,
 While Heaven but spared the sire she loved,
 Once at thy evening tales of blood
 Unlistening and aloof she stood—
 And oft, when thou hast paced along
 Thy Haram halls with furious heat,
 Hast thou not cursed her cheerful song,
 That came across thee, calm and sweet,
 Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
 Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear?
 Far other feelings love has brought—

Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,

which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves."

¹ In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their fire, as described by Lord. "The Daroo," he says, "giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness."

² "Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun."

³ "Nul d'entre eux oseroit se perjurser, quand il a pris à témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur."—*Encyclopédie Française*.

⁴ "A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow color."—*Russel's Aleppo*.

She now has but the one dear thought,
 And thinks that o'er, almost to madness!
 Oft doth her sinking heart recall
 His words—"For *my* sake, weep for all;"
 And bitterly, as day on day
 Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
 She weeps a lover snatch'd away
 In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
 There's not a sabre meets her eye,
 But with his life-blood seems to swim;
 There's not an arrow wings the sky
 But fancy turns its point to him.
 No more she brings with footstep light
 Al Hassan's falchion for the fight;
 And—had he look'd with clearer sight,
 Had not the mists, that ever rise
 From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes—
 He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,
 When from the field of blood he came,
 The faltering speech—the look estranged—
 Voice, step, and life, and beauty changed;
 He would have mark'd all this, and known
 Such change is wrought by love alone!

Ah! not the love that should have bless'd
 So young, so innocent a breast;
 Not the pure, open, prosperous love
 That, pledged on earth and seal'd above,
 Grows in the world's approving eyes,
 In friendship's smile and home's caress,
 Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
 Into one knot of happiness!
 No, Hinda, no—thy fatal flame
 Is nursed in silence, sorrow, shame.

A passion, without hope or pleasure,
 In thy soul's darkness buried deep
 It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—
 Some idol, without shrine or name,
 O'er which its pale-eyed votaries keep
 Unholy watch, while others sleep!

Seven nights have darken'd Oman's Sea,
 Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
 She saw his light oar rapidly

Hurry her Gheber's bark away;
 And still she goes, at midnight hour,
 To weep alone in that high bower,
 And watch, and look along the deep
 For him whose smiles first made her weep,—
 But watching, weeping, all was vain,
 She never saw that bark again.

The owl's solitary cry,
The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
And oft the hateful carrion-bird,
Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
Which reek'd with that day's banqueting—
Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—Al Hassan's brow
Is brighten'd with unusual joy—
What mighty mischief glads him now,
Who never smiles but to destroy ?
The sparkle upon Herkend's Sea,
When tost at midnight furiously,¹
Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
More surely than that smiling eye !
“Up, daughter, up—the Kerna's² breath
Has blown a blast would waken Death,
And yet thou sleepest—up, child, and see
This blessed day for Heaven and me,
A day more rich in Pagan blood
Than ever flash'd o'er Oman's flood.
Before another dawn shall shine,
His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine ;
This very night his blood shall steep
These hands all over ere I sleep !”—
“*His blood !*” she faintly scream'd—her mind
Still singling *one* from all mankind.

“Yes, spite of his ravines and towers,
Hafed, my child, this night is ours.
Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
Without whose aid the links accurst,
That bind these impious slaves, would be
Too strong for Alla's self to burst !
That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
My path with piles of Moslem dead,
Whose baffling spells had almost driven
Back from their course the swords of Heaven,
This night, with all his band, shall know
How deep an Arab's steel can go,
When God and vengeance speed the blow.
And—Prophet !—by that holy wreath
Thou worst on Ohod's field of death
I swear, for every sob that parts
In anguish from these heathen hearts,

A gem from Persia's plunder'd mines
Shall glitter on thy shrine of shrines.
But, ha !—she sinks—that look so wild—
Those livid lips—my child, my child,
This life of blood befits not thee,
And thou must back to Araby.

Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
In scenes that man himself might dread,
Had I not hoped our every tread
Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
Curst race, they offer swords instead !
But cheer thee, maid,—the wind that now
Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow
To-day shall waft thee from the shore ;
And, ere a drop of this night's gore
Hath time to chill in yonder towers,
Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers !”

His bloody boast was all too true—
There lurk'd one wretch among the few
Whom Hafed's eagle eye could count
Around him on that fiery mount,—
One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
The pathway through the valley's shade
To those high towers where Freedom stood
In her last hold of flame and blood.
Left on the field last dreadful night,
When, sallying from their sacred height,
The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,
He lay—but died not with the brave ;
That sun, which should have gilt his grave,
Saw him a traitor and a slave ;—
And, while the few, who thence return'd
To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd
For him among the matchless dead
They left behind on glory's bed,
He lived, and, in the face of morn,
Laugh'd them and faith and heaven to scorn !

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the counsels of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might !
May life's unblest cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,—
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits that tempt the eye,⁴
But turn to ashes on the lips !

¹ “It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire.”

² A kind of trumpet ;—it “was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles.”

³ “Ibhammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one, the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the wreathed armband he wore at the battle of Ohod

⁴ “They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are full of

His country's curse, his children's shame,
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
 May he, at last, with lips of flame,
 On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
 While lakes that shone in mockery nigh'
 Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
 And, when from earth his spirit flies,

Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
 Full in the sight of Paradise,
 Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

Lalla Rookh had had a dream the night before, which, in spite of the impending fate of poor Hafed, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk had just passed over.* She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies,[†] who live forever on the water, enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders annually send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first this little bark appeared to be empty, but on coming nearer——

ashes."—*Thevenot*. The same is asserted of the oranges there.—*Vide Witman's Travels in Asiatic Turkey*.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius—his Third Canto of "*Childe Harold*"—magnificent beyond anything, perhaps, that even he has ever written.

"The Shuhrah or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the refraction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake."—*Pottinger*.

"As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapor in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing."—*Koran*, chap. 24.

* "A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name." "The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month."—*Le Bruyn*.

† "The Bajas are of two races; the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon."—*Dr. Layden on the Indo-Chinese Nations*.

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her ladies, when Feramorz appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence of course, everything else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets;—the violet sherbets[‡] were hastily handed round, and, after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava,[§] which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the poet thus continued:—

The day is lowering—stilly black
 Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
 Dispersed and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
 Hangs like a shatter'd canopy!

There's not a cloud in that blue plain

But tells of storm to come or past;—
 Here, flying loosely as the mane

Of a young war-horse in the blast;
 There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
 As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!

While some, already burst and riven,
 Seem melting down the verge of heaven;
 As though the infant storm had rent

The mighty womb that gave him birth,
 And, having swept the firmament,

Was now in fierce career for earth.
 On earth 'twas all yet calm around,
 A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
 More awful than the tempest's sound.

The diver steer'd for Ormus' bowers,
 And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;
 The sea-birds, with portentous screech,

Flew fast to land;—upon the beach
 The pilot oft had paused with glance
 Turn'd upward to that wild expanse;
 And all was boding, drear, and dark
 As her own soul, when Hinda's bark
 Went slowly from the Persian shore.

No music timed her parting oar,[¶]
 Nor friends upon the lessening strand

* "The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar."—*Hasselquist*.

† "The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drunk by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar."—*Tavernier*.

‡ "Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers."—*Persian Tales*.

§ "The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music."

Linger'd to wave the unseen hand,
Or speak the farewell, heard no more;
But lone, unheeded, from the bay
The vessel takes its mournful way,
Like some ill-destined bark that steers
In silence through the Gate of Tears.¹

And where was stern Al Hassan then?
Could not that saintly scourge of men
From bloodshed and devotion spare
One minute for a farewell there?
No—close within, in changeful fits
Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
In savage loneliness to brood
Upon the coming night of blood,

With that keen, second-scent of death,
By which the vulture snuffs his food

In the still warm and living breath!²
While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,—
As a young bird of Babylon,
Let loose to tell of victory won,
Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain'd
By the red hands that held her chain'd.
And does the long-left home she seeks
Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
The flowers she nursed—the well-known
groves,

Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
Once more to see her dear gazelles
Come bounding with their silver bells;
Her birds' new plumage to behold,

And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
She left, all filleted with gold,

Shooting around their jasper fount.³
Her little garden mosque to see,

And once again, at evening hour,
To tell her ruby rosary⁴

In her own sweet acacia bower.—

¹ "The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, called Babelmandeb. It received this name from the danger of the navigation and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean."

² "I have been told that, whenever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear."

³ "The Empress of Jehan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterward known by fillets of gold which she caused to be put round them."

⁴ Le Tespîn, qui est un chapelot, composé de 99 petites boules d'agate, de jaspé, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre matière précieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpos; il étoit de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estimé cent mille piastres.—Toderini.

Can these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?
No; silent, from her train apart,—
As if even now she felt at heart
The chill of her approaching doom,—
She sits, all-lovely in her gloom
As a pale angel of the grave;
And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,
Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,
Where, in a few short awful hours,
Blood, blood, in steaming tides shall run,
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!
"Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,
So loved, so lost, where art thou now?
Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er
The unhallo'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear
Still glorious—still to this fond heart
Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art!
Yes—Alla, dreadful Alla! yes—
If there be wrong, be crime in this,
Let the black waves that round us roll
Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
Forgetting faith,—home,—father,—all—
Before its earthly idol fall,
Nor worship even thyself above him.
For oh! so wildly do I love him,
Thy Paradise itself were dim
And joyless, if not shared with him!"

Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes upturn'd,
Dropping their tears like moonlight rain,
And though her lip, fond raver, burn'd

With words of passion, bold, profane,
Yet was there light around her brow

A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which show'd—though wandering earth-
ward now,—

Her spirit's home was in the skies.

Yes,—for a spirit pure as hers
Is always pure, even while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot
All thoughts but one, she heeded not
The rising storm—the wave that cast
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd—
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
Of gathering tumult o'er her head—
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
With the rude riot of the sky.—

But hark !—that warwhoop on the deck—

That crash, as if each engine there,
Masts, sails, and all were gone to wreck,

Mid yells and stampings of despair !
Merciful Heaven ! what *can* it be ?

'Tis not the storm, though fearfully
The ship has shudder'd as she rode
O'er mountain waves—"Forgive me, God !
Forgive me," shriek'd the maid, and knelt,
Trembling all over,—for she felt
As if her judgment-hour was near ;
While crouching round, half dead with fear,
Her handmaids clung, nor breathed, nor
stirr'd—

When, hark !—a second crash—a third ;
And now, as if a bolt of thunder
Had riven the laboring planks asunder,
The deck falls in—what horrors then !
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
Come mix'd together through the chasm ;—
Some wretches in their dying spasm
Still fighting on—and some that call
"For God and Iran !" as they fall.

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
The perils of the infuriate fray,
And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
This wilderment of wreck and death ?
She knew not—for a faintness came
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
Amid the ruins of that hour
Lay like a pale and scorched flower,
Beneath the red volcano's shower !
But oh ! the sights and sounds of dread
That shock'd her, ere her senses fled !
The yawning deck—the crowd that strove
Upon the tottering planks above—
The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,
Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash
Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
Upon their blades, high toss'd about
Like meteor brands¹—as if throughout

The elements one fury ran,
One general rage, that left a doubt
Which was the fiercer, Heaven or man !

Once, too—but no—it could not be—

'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,
While yet her fading eyes could see,

High on the ruin'd deck she caught
A glimpse of that unearthly form,

That glory of her soul,—even then,
Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,

Shining above his fellow-men,
As, on some black and troublous night,
The star of Egypt,² whose proud light
Never has beam'd on those who rest
In the White Islands of the West,
Burns through the storm with looks of flame
That put heaven's cloudier eyes to shame
But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
A fantasy—and ere the scream
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
Of soul and sense its darkness spread
Around her, and she sunk, as dead !

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone ;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn !
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm ;—
And every drop the thunder showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem³
Whose liquid flame is born of them !

When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—

As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs !
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all ;
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heavens

² "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates."

³ A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients ceranium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it ; and others suppose it to be the opal.

¹ The meteors that Pliny calls "Faces."

Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest !

Such was the golden hour that broke
Upon the world, when Hinda woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from Harmozia's bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog tracks?—no—strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,

Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she look'd around—there lay

A group of warriors in the sun
Resting their limbs, as for that day

Their ministry of death were done.
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious reverie;
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest Alla ! who shall save her now ?

There's not in all that warrior-band
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow,

From her own faithful Moslem land.
Their garb—the leathern belt that wraps

Each yellow vest¹—that rebel hue—
The Tartar fleece upon their caps²—

Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And Heaven hath, in this dreadful hour,
Abandon'd her to Hafed's power ;—
Hafed, the Gheber!—at the thought

Her very heart's-blood chills within ;
He, whom her soul was hourly taught
To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,

Some minister—whom hell had sent
To spread its blast where'er he went,
And f'ing, as o'er our earth he trod,
His shadow betwixt man and God !
And she is now his captive, thrown
In his fierce hands, alive, alone ;
His the infuriate band she sees,
All infidels—all enemies !

What was the daring hope that then
Cross'd her like lightning, as again,
With boldness that despair had lent,
She darted through that arméd crowd
A look so searching, so intent,

That even the sternest warrior bow'd
Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
As if he guess'd whose form they sought ?
But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,—
The vision, that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—
One of those passing rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul !

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew's in
motion—

The oars are out, and with light sound

Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees—with horror sees—
Their course is toward that mountain hold,—
Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
Where Mecca's godless enemies
Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
In their last deadly, venomous roll !
Amid the illumined land and flood
Unless that mighty mountain stood,
Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 'twere the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would be !

Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone.—
But every thought is lost in fear,

¹ "The Ghebers are known by a dark yellow color which the men affect in their clothes."

² "The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary."

When, as their bounding bark drew near
 The craggy base, she felt the waves
 Hurry them toward those dismal caves
 That from the deep in windings pass
 Beneath that mount's volcanic mass—
 And loud a voice on deck commands
 To lower the mast and light the brands!—
 Instantly o'er the dashing tide
 Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
 Gloomy as that eternal porch

Through which departed spirits go;—
 Not even the flare of brand and torch

Its flickering light could further throw
 Than the thick flood that boil'd below.

Silent they floated—as if each
 Sat breathless, and too awed for speech
 In that dark chasm, where even sound
 Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around
 The goblin echoes of the cave
 Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
 As 'twere some secret of the grave!
 But soft—they pause—the current turns
 Beneath them from its onward track;—
 Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns

The vexéd tide, all foaming, back,
 And scarce the oar's redoubled force:
 Can stem the eddy's whirling course
 When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung
 Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
 The oars are up—the grapple clings,
 And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
 Just then, a day-beam through the shade
 Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
 Can see from whence the brightness steals,
 Upon her brow she shuddering feels
 A viewless hand, that promptly ties
 A bandage round her burning eyes;
 While the rude litter where she lies,
 Uplifted by the warrior throng,
 O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine! genial Day,
 What balm, what life is in thy ray!
 To feel thee is such real bliss,
 That had the world no joy but this,—
 To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
 It were a world too exquisite
 For man to leave it for the gloom,
 The deep, cold shadow of the tomb!
 Even Hinda, though she saw not where
 Or whither wound the perilous road,

Yet knew by that awakening air,
 Which suddenly around her glow'd,
 That they had risen from darkness then,
 And breathed the sunny world again!
 But soon this balmy freshness fled—
 For now the steepy labyrinth led
 Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of
 boughs,

And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
 The leopard from his hungry sleep,

Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
 And long is heard from steep to steep,
 Chasing them down their thundering way.

The jackal's cry—the distant moan
 Of the hyæna, fierce and lone;—
 And that eternal, saddening sound
 Of torrents in the glen beneath,
 As 'twere the ever-dark profound
 That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!

All, all is fearful—even to see,
 To gaze on those terrific things
 She now but blindly hears, would be
 Relief to her imaginings!
 Since never yet was shape so dread,
 But fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
 And by such sounds of horror fed,
 Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has fear again
 Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
 Or did a voice, all music, then
 Come from the gloom, low whispering near—
 "Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here?"
 She does not dream—all sense, all ear,
 She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."
 'Twas his own voice—she could not err—

Throughout the breathing world's extent
 There was but *one* such voice for her,
 So kind, so soft, so eloquent!

Oh! sooner shall the rose of May
 Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
 And to some meaner minstrel's lay

Open her bosom's glowing veil,¹
 Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,
 A breath of the belovéd one!

Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think

She has that one belovéd near,
 Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,

¹ "A frequent image among the oriental poets. 'The night-
 ingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils
 of the rose-bud and the rose.'"

Has power to make even ruin dear,—
Yet soon this gleam of rapture, cross'd
By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.
How shall the ruthless Hafed brook
That one of Gheber blood should look,
With aught but curses in his eye,
On her—a maid of Araby—

A Moslem maid—the child of him
Whose bloody banner's dire success
Has left their altars cold and dim,
And their fair land a wilderness!

And, worse than all, that night of blood
Which comes so fast—oh! who shall stay
The sword that once has tasted food
Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?
What arm shall then the victim cover,
Or from her father shield her lover?
"Save him, my God!" she inly cries—
"Save him this night—and if thine eyes

Have ever welcomed with delight
The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,
And here, before Thy throne, I swear
From my heart's inmost core to tear

Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
And give it bleeding all to Thee!

Let him but live, the burning tear,
The sighs, so sinful yet so dear,
Which have been all too much his own,
Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
Youth pass'd in penitence, and age
In long and painful pilgrimage,
Shall leave no traces of the flame
That wastes me now—nor shall his name
E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
For his dear spirit, that away
Casting from its angelic ray
The eclipse of earth, he too may shine
Redeem'd, all-glorious and all Thine!
Think—think what victory to win
One radiant soul like his from sin;—
One wandering star of virtue back
To its own native, heavenward track!
Let him but live, and both are Thine,
Together Thine—for, blest or cross'd,
Living or dead, his doom is mine,
And if he perish, both are lost!"

The next evening Lalla Rookh was entertained by her ladies to continue the relation

of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of Hinda and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree Nilica.¹

Fadladeen, whose wrath had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this most heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the poet continued his profane and seditious story thus:—

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas
That lay beneath that mountain's height
Had been a fair, enchanting sight.
'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting—when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last,
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late
Had rush'd through Kerman's almond
groves,

And shaken from her bowers of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves,²
Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam,
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl

Were melted all to form the stream.
And her fair islets, small and bright,

With their green shores reflected there,

¹ "Blossoms of the sorrowful *Nyctanthes* give a durable color to silk."—*Remarks on the husbandry of Bengal*, p. 200.
"Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower."—*Sir W. Jones*. "The Persians call it Gul."—*Carreri*.

² "In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind, they leave for those who have not any, or for travellers."

Look like those Peri isles of light,
That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst
On Hinda's dazzled eyes, when first
The bandage from her brow was taken,
And pale and awed as those who waken
In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,
The searchers of the grave¹ appear,—
She, shuddering, turn'd to read her fate
In the fierce eyes that flash'd around;

And saw those towers all desolate,
That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
As if defying even the smile
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.
In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come, like music, to her ear—
Strange, mocking dream! again 'tis fled.
And oh! the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her inmost bosom run,

When voices from without proclaim,
"Hafed, the Chief"—and, one by one,

The warriors shout that fearful name!
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
How shall she dare to lift her head,
Or meet those eyes, whose scorching glare
Not Yeman's boldest sons can bear?
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night!²
How shall she bear that voice's tone,
At whose loud battle-cry alone
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
Scatter'd, like some vast caravan,
When, stretch'd at evening round the well,
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell!

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now;
And shuddering, as she hears the tread
Of his retiring warrior band.

Never was pause so full of dread;

Till Hafed, with a trembling hand,
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,

"Hinda!"—that word was all he spoke;
And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke

From her full bosom told the rest—
Breathless with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wondering eyes

To hide them on her Gheber's breast!
'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,
The fellest of the Fire-Fiend's brood.
Hafed, the demon of the fight,
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances
blight,

Is her own lovéd Gheber, mild
And glorious as when first he smiled
In her lone tower, and left such beams
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
That she believed her bower had given
Rest to some habitant of heaven!

Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
Amid the black Simoom's eclipse—

Or like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,

Sweetening the very edge of doom!
The past—the future—all that fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last!

Even he, this youth—though dimm'd and gone

Each star of hope that cheer'd him on—
His glories lost—his cause betray'd—
Iran, his dear-loved country, made
A land of carcasses and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and graves—
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,

To see the last, long-struggling breath
Of liberty's great soul depart,

Then lay him down, and share her death—
Even he, so sunk in wretchedness,

With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
Yet in this moment's pure caress,

In the mild eyes that shone before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That he was loved—well, warmly loved—
Oh! in this precious hour he proved
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe;—
How exquisite one single drop

¹ "The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called 'The Searchers of the Grave.'"

² "The Arabians call the mandrake 'The Devil's Candle,' on account of its shining appearance in the night."

Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught!

She, too, while gazing on those eyes
That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,

Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!
The mighty ruins where they stood,

Upon the mount's high rocky verge,
Lay open toward the ocean's flood,
Where lightly o'er the illumined surge

Many a fair bark that all the day
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay
Now bounded on and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales,—
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though daylight's
star

Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,
Were still with lingering glories bright,—
As if to grace the gorgeous west,
The spirit of departing light

That eve had left his sunny vest
Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
Never was scene so form'd for love!
Beneath them, waves of crystal move
In silent swell—heaven glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like heaven!
But ah! too soon that dream is past—

Again, again her fear returns;—
Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,
More faintly the horizon burns,

And every rosy tint that lay
On the smooth sea has died away.

Hastily to the darkening skies
A glance she casts—then wildly cries,
“At night, he said—and, look, 'tis near—

Fly, fly—if yet thou lovest me, fly—
Soon will his murderous band be here,

And I shall see thee bleed and die.
Hush!—heardst thou not the tramp of men
Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—
Perhaps even now they climb the wood.

Fly, fly—though still the west is bright,
He'll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blood—
I know him—he'll not wait for night!”

In terrors even to agony

She clings around the wondering Chief;—
“Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me

Thou owest this raving trance of grief.

Lost as I am, naught ever grew
Beneath my shade but perish'd too—

My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
And nothing lives that enters there!
Why were our barks together driven
Beneath this morning's furious heaven?
Why, when I saw the prize that chance

Had thrown into my desperate arms,—
When, casting but a single glance

Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er
Thy safety through that hour's alarms)

To meet the unmanning sight no more—
Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?
Why weakly, madly met thee now?—
Start not—that noise is but the shock

Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd—
Dread nothing here—upon this rock

We stand above the jarring world,
Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
In gloomy safety, like the dead!

Or, could even earth and hell unite
In league to storm this sacred height,
Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,
And each o'erlooking star that dwells
Near God will be thy sentinels;—
And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
Back to thy sire——”

“To-morrow!—no——”

The maiden scream'd—“thou'lt never see
To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
The night-cry through each reeking tower,
Unless we fly—ay, fly this hour!

Thou art betray'd: some wretch who knew
That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—
Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 'tis true—
Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire;
This morning, with that smile so dire
He wears in joy, he told me all,
And stamp'd in triumph through our hall,
As though thy heart already beat
Its last life-throb beneath his feet!

Good heaven, how little dream'd I then
His victim was my own loved youth!—
Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—
By all my hopes of heaven, 'tis truth!”

Oh ! colder than the wind that freezes
 Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
 Is that congealing pang which seizes
 The trusting bosom when betray'd.
 He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
 As if the tale had frozen his blood,
 So mazed and motionless was he ;—
 Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
 Or the mute marble habitant
 Of the still halls of Ishmonie !¹

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
 And his great soul, herself once more,
 Look'd from his brow in all the rays
 Of her best, happiest, grandest days ;
 Never, in moment most elate,
 Did that high spirit loftier rise ;—
 While bright, serene, determinate,
 His looks are lifted to the skies,
 As if the signal-lights of Fate
 Were shining in those awful eyes !
 'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
 In Iran's sacred cause is come ;
 And though his life has pass'd away
 Like lightning on a stormy day,
 Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
 Of glory, permanent and bright,
 To which the brave of after-times,
 The suffering brave, shall long look back
 With proud regret,—and by its light
 Watch through the hours of slavery's night
 For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes !
 This rock, his monument aloft,
 Shall speak the tale to many an age ;
 And hither bards and heroes oft
 Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
 And bring their warrior sons, and tell
 The wondering boys where Hafed fell,
 And swear them on those lone remains
 Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
 Never—while breath of life shall live
 Within them—never to forgive
 The accurs'd race, whose ruthless chain
 Has left on Iran's neck a stain
 Blood, blood alone can cleanse again !

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
 Enthroned themselves on Hafed's brow ;

And ne'er did saint of Issa² gaze
 On the red wreath, for martyrs twined,
 More proudly than the youth surveys
 That pile, which through the gloom behind,
 Half-lighted by the altar's fire,
 Glimmers,—his destined funeral pyre !
 Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,
 Of every wood of odorous breath,
 There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
 Ready to fold in radiant death
 The few still left of those who swore
 To perish there, when hope was o'er—
 The few to whom that couch of flame,
 Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
 Is sweet and welcome as the bed
 For their own infant Prophet spread,
 When pitying Heaven to roses turn'd
 The death-flames that beneath him burn'd !³

With watchfulness the maid attends
 His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
 Why shoot his eyes such awful beams ?
 What plans he now ? what thinks or dreams ?
 Alas ! why stands he musing here,
 When every moment teems with fear ?
 "Hafed, my own belovéd lord,"
 She kneeling cries—"first, last adored !
 If in that soul thou'st ever felt
 Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
 Here, on my knees that never knelt
 To any but their God before,
 I pray thee, as thou lovest me, fly—
 Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh
 Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither
 Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea
 East, west,—alas, I care not whither,
 So thou art safe, and I with thee !
 Go where we will, this hand in thine,
 Those eyes before me smiling thus,
 Through good and ill, through storm and
 shine,
 The world's a world of love for us !

² Jesus.

³ "The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into 'a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed.'"

Of their other prophet Zoroaster, there is a story told in *Dion Prusæus*, Orat. 36, that the love of wisdom and virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared, then appeared to him. *Vide* "Patrick on Exodus," ii. 2.

¹ For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, &c., to be seen to this day, *vide* Perry's "View of the Levant."

On some calm, blesséd shore we'll dwell,
Where 'tis no crime to love too well ;—
Where thus to worship tenderly
An erring child of light like thee
Will not be sin—or, if it be,
Where we may weep our faults away,
Together kneeling, night and day,
Thou, for *my* sake, at Alla's shrine,
And I—at *any* God's, for thine !"

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—

Then hung her head, and wept for shame ;
Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke

With every deep-heaved sob that came.
While he, young, warm—oh ! wonder not
If, for a moment, pride and fame,

His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,
And Iran's self are all forgot
For her whom at his feet he sees,
Kneeling in speechless agonies.

No, blame him not, if Hope a while
Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile
O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights
Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
Which she, who bends all-beauteous there,
Was born to kindle and to share !

A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud

Of softness passing o'er his soul.
Starting, he brush'd the drops away,
Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray ;—
Like one who, on the morn of fight,
Shakes from his sword the dew of night,
That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.

Yet though subdued the unnerving thrill,
Its warmth, its weakness linger'd still

So touching in each look and tone,
That the fond, fearing, hoping maid,
Half counted on the flight she pray'd,

Half thought the hero's soul was grown
As soft, as yielding as her own,
And smiled and bless'd him, while he said,—
"Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
Where fadeless truth like ours is dear ;—
If there be any land of rest

For those who love and ne'er forget,
Oh ! comfort thee—for safe and blest

We'll meet in that calm region yet !"
Scarce had she time to ask her heart

If good or ill these words impart,
When the roused youth impatient flew
To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
A ponderous sea-horn' hung, and blew
A signal, deep and dread as those
The Storm-Fiend at his rising blows.—
Full well his chieftains, sworn and true
Through life and death, that signal knew ;
For 'twas the appointed warning-blast,
The alarm to tell when hope was past,
And the tremendous death-die cast !
And there, upon the mouldering tower,
Has hung his sea-horn many an hour,
Ready to sound o'er land and sea
That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came—his chieftains at the call
Came slowly round, and with them all—
Alas, how few !—the worn remains
Of those who late o'er Kerman's plains
Went gayly prancing to the clash

Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
Catching new hope from every flash

Of their long lances in the sun—
And as their coursers charged the wind,
And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,¹
Looking as if the steeds they rode
Were wing'd, and every chief a god !
How fallen, how alter'd now ! how wan
Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
As round the burning shrine they came ;—

How deadly was the glare it cast,
As mute they paused before the flame
To light their torches as they pass'd !
'Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd
The duties of his soldier-band ;
And each determined brow declares
His faithful chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
And oh how soon, ye blesséd eyes
That look from heaven, ye may behold
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold !
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group

¹ "The shell called *Stiankos*, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals: it sends forth a deep and hollow sound."

² "The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen that are to be found in some places of the Indies."

Her litter silently prepare,
 And lay it at her trembling feet;—
 And now the youth, with gentle care,
 Has placed her in the shelter'd seat,
 And press'd her hand—that lingering press
 Of hands, that for the last time sever;
 Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
 When that hold breaks, is dead forever.
 And yet to *her* this sad caress
 Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!
 'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—
 Their happy flight's dear harbinger;
 'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
 'Twas anything but leaving her.

"Haste, haste!" she cried, "the clouds grow dark,

But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark:
 And by to-morrow's dawn—oh, bliss!

With thee upon the sunbright deep,
 Far off, I'll but remember this
 As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep!
 And thou—" But ha!—he answers not—

Good Heaven!—and does she go alone?
 She now has reach'd that dismal spot

Where, some hours since, his voice's tone
 Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
 Sweet as the angel Israfil's¹

When every leaf on Eden's tree
 Is trembling to his minstrelsy—
 Yet now—oh now, he is not nigh—

"Hafed! my Hafed!—if it be
 Thy will, thy doom this night to die,

Let me but stay to die with thee,
 And I will bless thy lov'd name,
 Till the last life-breath leave this frame.

Oh! let our lips, our cheeks be laid
 But near each other while they fade;
 Let us but mix our parting breaths,
 And I can die ten thousand deaths!

You too, who hurry me away
 So cruelly, one moment stay—

Oh! stay—one moment is not much—
 He yet may come—for *him* I pray—
 Hafed! dear Hafed!—" All the way,

In wild lamentings that would touch
 A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name
 To the dark woods—no Hafed came;—
 No—hapless pair—you've looked your last;

Your hearts should both have broken
 then:

The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—
 You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!—
 Still half-way down the steep he stands,
 Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes

The glimmer of those burning brands
 That down the rocks, with mournful ray,
 Light all he loves on earth away!
 Hopeless as they who, far at sea,

By the cold moon have just consign'd
 The corse of one, loved tenderly,

To the bleak flood they leave behind;
 And on the deck still lingering stay,
 And long look back, with sad delay,
 To watch the moonlight on the wave,
 That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?
 That dreadful shout!—across the glen
 From the land side it comes, and loud
 Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
 Of fearful things that haunt that dell,
 Its ghouls and dives, and shapes of hell,
 Had all in one dread howl broke out,
 So loud, so terrible that shout!

"They come—the Moslems come!"—he
 cries,

His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—

"Now, spirits of the brave, who roam
 Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
 Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
 Are on the wing to join your choir!"

He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound

To their young loves, re-climb'd the steep
 And gain'd the shrine—his chiefs stood
 round—

Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
 Together, at that cry accurst,
 Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.
 And hark!—again—again it rings;
 Near and more near its echoings
 Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then
 Had seen those listening warrior-men,
 With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame
 Turn'd on their chief—could doubt the
 shame,

The indignant shame with which they thrill
 To hear those shouts and yet stand still?

¹ "The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures" — *etc.*

He read their thoughts—they were his
own—

“What! while our arms can wield these
blades,

Shall we die tamely? die alone?

Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart where, buried deep,
The sabre from its toil may sleep?
No—God of Iran’s burning skies!
Thou scornst the inglorious sacrifice.

No—though of all earth’s hope bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
We’ll make yon valley’s reeking caves

Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder when their slaves
Tell of the Ghebers’ bloody glen.

Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entomb’d in Moslem dead!”

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
While vigor more than human strung
Each arm and heart.—The exulting foe
Still through the dark defiles becometh
Track’d by his torches’ lurid fire,

Wound slow, as through Golconda’s vale
The mighty serpent, in his ire,

Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.
No torch the Ghebers need—so well
They know each mystery of the dell,
So oft have, in their wanderings,
Cross’d the wild race that round them dwell,
The very tigers from their delves
Look out, and let them pass, as things
Untamed and fearless like themselves!

There was a deep ravine that lay
Yet darkling in the Moslem’s way;—
Fit spot to make invaders rue
The many fallen before the few.
The torrents from that morning’s sky
Had fill’d the narrow chasm breast-high,
And, on each side, aloft and wild
Huge cliffs and toppling crags were piled,—
The guards, with which young Freedom lines
The pathways to her mountain shrines.
Here, at this pass, the scanty band
Of Iran’s last avengers stand;—
Here wait, in silence like the dead,
And listen for the Moslem’s tread

So anxiously, the carrion bird
Above them flaps his wing unheard!

They come—that plunge into the water
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
Now, Ghebers, now—if e’er your blades

Had point or prowess, prove them now—
Woe to the file that foremost wades!

They come—a falchion greets each brow.
And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,

Beneath the gory waters sunk,
Still o’er their drowning bodies press
New victims quick and numberless;

Till scarce an arm in Hafed’s band,
So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
But listless from each crimson hand

The sword hangs, clogg’d with massacre.
Never was horde of tyrants met
With bloodier welcome—never yet
To patriot vengeance hath the sword
More terrible libations pour’d!

All up the dreary, long ravine,
By the red, murky glimmer seen
Of half-quench’d brands, that o’er the flood
Lie scatter’d round and burn in blood,
What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
Lost swords that, dropp’d from many a hand,
In that thick pool of slaughter stand;—
Wretches who wading, half on fire

From the toss’d brands that round them
fly,

’Twixt flood and flame, in shrieks expire;—

And some who, grasp’d by those that die,
Sink woundless with them, smother’d o’er
In their dead brethren’s gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed!—
Countless as toward some flame at night
The North’s dark insects wing their flight,
And quench or perish in its light,
To this terrific spot they pour—
Till, bridged with Moslem bodies o’er,
It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o’er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous causeway! on they pass.—
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
What hope was left for you? for you,
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes—

Whose swords how keen, how fierce they
knew,
And burn with shame to find how few.
Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
Some found their graves where first they
stood;

While some with harder struggle died,
And still fought on by Hafed's side,
Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
Toward the high towers his gory track;
And, as a lion, swept away

By sudden swell of Jordan's pride
From the wild covert where he lay,¹

Long battles with the o'erwhelming tide,
So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay!

But whither now? their track is lost,
Their prey escaped—guide, torches gone—
By torrent-beds and labyrinths cross'd,

The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—
"Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"
They panting cry, "so far behind—
Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,
To track the way the Gheber went!"
Vain wish—confusedly along
They rush, more desperate as more wrong:
Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
Their footing, mazed and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
Are dash'd into the deep abyss;—
Or midway hang, impaled on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of ravening vultures,—while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in Hafed's ear,—
Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
He lay beside his reeking blade,

Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
Its last blood-offering amply paid,

And Iran's self could claim no more.
One only thought, one lingering beam
Now broke across his dizzy dream

Of pain and weariness—'twas she

His heart's pure planet, shining yet
Above the waste of memory,
When all life's other lights were set.
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantment wore.

It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remain'd
Between him and her glory cast;—
As if to charms, before so bright,

New grace from other worlds was given,
And his soul saw her by the light

Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!
A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone
Of a loved friend, the only one
Of all his warriors left with life

From that short night's tremendous strife—
"And must we then, my Chief, die here?

Foes round us, and the shrine so near!"
These words have roused the last remains
Of life within him—"What! not yet
Beyond the reach of Moslem chains!"

The thought could make even Death forget
His icy bondage—with a bound
He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,
And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
Even feebler, heavier than his own,
And up the painful pathway leads,
Death gaining on each step he treads.
Speed them, thou God, who heardest their
vow!

They mount—they bleed—oh save them
now—

The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,
The rock-weed's dripping with their gore—
Thy blade too, Hafed, false at length,
Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength—
Haste, haste—the voices of the foe
Come near and nearer from below—
One effort more—thank Heaven! 'tis past,
They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.

And now they touch the temple's walls,
Now Hafed sees the Fire divinè—
When lo!—his weak, worn comrade falls
Dead on the threshold of the shrine.

"Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!
And must I leave thee withering here,

The sport of every ruffian's tread,
The mark for every coward's spear?
No, by yon altar's sacred beams!"

¹ "In this thicket, upon the banks of the Jordan, wild beasts are wont to har'our, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, 'He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.'—*Maundrell's Aleppo*

He cries, and, with a strength that seems
Not of this world, uplifts the frame
Of the fallen chief, and toward the flame
Bears him along ;—with death-damp hand

The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the consecrated brand,
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
Like lightning bursts o'er Oman's Sea.—
“Now, Freedom's God ! I come to Thee,”
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
In that last effort, ere the fires
Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires !

What shriek was that on Oman's tide ?

It came from yonder drifting bark,
That just has caught upon her side
The death-light—and again is dark.
It is the boat—ah, why delay'd ?—
That bears the wretched Moslem maid ;
Confided to the watchful care

Of a small veteran band, with whom
Their generous Chieftain would not share
The secret of his final doom ;

But hoped when Hinda, safe and free,
Was render'd to her father's eyes,
Their pardon, full and prompt, would be
The ransom of so dear a prize.—

Unconscious, thus, of Hafed's fate,
And proud to guard their beauteous freight,
Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves
That foam around those frightful caves,
When the curst war-whoops, known so well,
Came echoing from the distant dell.
Sudden each oar, upheld and still,

Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,
And, driving at the current's will,
They rock'd along the whispering tide.

While every eye, in mute dismay,
Was toward that fatal mountain turn'd,
Where the dim altar's quivering ray
As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh ! 'tis not, Hinda, in the power
Of fancy's most terrific touch
To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—
Thy silent agony—'twas such
As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and lived to tell !
'Twas not alone the dreary state
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,

When, though no more remains to dread,

The panic chill will not depart ;—
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.
No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
Like things within the cold rock found
Alive when all's congeal'd around.
But there's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation that were bliss
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain
Now felt through all thy breast and brain—
That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless, agonized suspense,
From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching
The heart had no relief but breaking !

Calm is the wave—heaven's brilliant lights,

Reflected, dance beneath the prow ;—
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
She, who is there so desolate now,
Could sit all-cheerful, though alone,
And ask no happier joy than seeing
That star-light o'er the waters thrown—
No joy but that to make her blest,
And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being
That bounds in youth's yet careless
breast,—

Itself a star, not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright.
How different now !—but, hark, again
The yell of havoc rings—brave men !
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
On the bark's edge—in vain each hand
Half draws the falchion from its sheath ;

All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie ;—
He, at whose word they've scatter'd death.

Even now, this night, himself must die !
Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
And ask, and wondering guess what means
The battle-cry at this dead hour—

Ah ! she could tell you—she, who leans
Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
With brow against the dew-cold mast—

Too well she knows—her more than life,
Her soul's first idol, and its last,
Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height !
Some signal !—'tis a torch's light.

What bodes its solitary glare ?

In gasping silence toward the shrine
 All eyes are turn'd—thine, Hinda, thine
 Fix their last failing life-beams there.
 'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
 The death-pile blazed into the sky,
 And far away o'er rock and flood
 Its melancholy radiance sent;
 While Hafed, like a vision, stood
 Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
 Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
 Shrined in its own grand element!
 " 'Tis he!"—the shuddering maid exclaims,—
 But while she speaks, he's seen no more;
 High burst in air the funeral flames,
 And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—
 Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,
 Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
 And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
 Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
 Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daugh-
 ter!
 (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea,)
 No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water
 More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee grow-
 ing,
 How light was thy heart till love's witch-
 ery came,
 Like the wind of the south' o'er a summer
 lute blowing,
 And hush'd all its music and wither'd its
 frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny high-
 lands,
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the
 doom
 Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl
 Islands,
 With naught but the sea-star* to light up
 her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burn-
 ing,
 And calls to the palm-groves the young
 and the old,
 The happiest there, from their pastime return-
 ing
 At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers
 she dresses
 Her dark-flowing hair for some festival
 day,
 Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her
 tresses,
 She mournfully turns from the mirror
 away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! forget
 thee,—
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as
 they start,
 Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set
 thee;
 Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her
 heart.

Farewell!—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
 With everything beauteous that grows in
 the deep;
 Each flower of the rock and each gem of the
 billow
 Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy
 sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
 With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed
 chamber,
 We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have
 slept.

We'll dive where the garden of coral lie
 darkling,
 And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
 We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian*
 are sparkling,
 And gather their gold to strew over thy
 bed.

* "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes,
 that they can never be tuned while it lasts."

* "The star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous,
 resembling the full moon surrounded by rays."

* "Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concre-
 tion of the tears of birds."

* "The bay Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Gold
 on Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire."

Farewell!—farewell!—until pity's sweet
 fountain
 Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the
 brave,
 They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on
 that mountain,
 They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in
 the wave.

The singular placidity with which Fadladeen had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and Feramorz exceedingly; and even inclined toward him the hearts of these unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was he had been organizing for the last few days a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital,—which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the *chabuk*¹ would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharía of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigor on the occasion, (that is, if he did not give the *chabuk* to Feramorz, and a place to Fadladeen,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharía. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled next evening in the pavilion, and Lalla Rookh expected to see all the beauties

of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian Queen,—he agreeably disappointed her by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passing off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and Imperial master Aunungzebe,—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur,—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, Fadladeen, the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms,² and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that forbidden river,³ beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdual, which had always been a favorite resting-place of the Emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehan-Guire, wandered with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would Lalla Rookh have been happy to remain forever, giving up the throne of Bucharía and the world for Feramorz and love in this sweet lonely valley. The time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer,—or see him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of his journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment was an age of

² His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Haram by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within its bounds.

³ The Attock.

⁴ Akbar on his way ordered a fort to be built upon the Nilab, which he called Attock, which means in the Indian language Forbidden; for by the superstition of the Hindoos it was held unlawful to cross that river. *How's Hindoo law.*

pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy,—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge,¹ who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.²

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows, lightly as young roes over the romantic plains of Tibet. While Fadladeen, besides the spiritual comfort he derived from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint from whom the valley is named, had opportunities of gratifying, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards,³ which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill;—taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the Faithful say their prayers!

About two miles from Hussun Abdual were those Royal Gardens, which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to Lalla Rookh all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, “It was too delicious;”⁴—and here, in listening to the

sweet voice of Feramorz, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal,—the Light of the Haram,⁵—who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond,—the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers’ quarrel, which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida, which was so happily made up by the sweet strains of the musician Moussali.⁶ As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and Feramorz had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of Lalla Rookh’s little Persian slave, and thus began:—

THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM.

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth
ever gave,⁷
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over
their wave?

cus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steeple, faced with green glazed bricks, which render it very resplendent; it is covered at the top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this Mosque was made in that place because Mohammed, being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious.”—*Thevenot*.

⁵ Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjehan, or the Light of the World.

⁶ “Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalife des Abassides, s’étant un jour brouillé avec Maridah, qu’il aimoit cependant jusqu’à l’excès, et cette mésintelligence ayant déjà duré quelque temps commença à s’ennuyer. Giafar Barnaki, son favori, qui s’en appercût, commanda à Abbas ben Ahnaf excellent poète de ce temps-là, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie. Ce poète exécuta l’ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en présence du Khalife, et ce Prince fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du poète et de la douceur de la voix du musicien, qu’il alla aussitôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle.”—*D’Herbelot*.

⁷ “The rose of Cashmere, for its brilliancy and delicacy of odor, has long been proverbial in the East.”

¹ “The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never affected with sadness or melancholy: on this subject the Sheikh Abul-Kheir-Azhari has the following distich:—

“Who is the man without care or sorrow (tell), that I may rub my hand to him.

“(Behold) the Zingians, without care or sorrow, frolic-some with tipsiness and mirth.”

“The philosophers have discovered that the cause of this cheerfulness proceeds from the influence of the Star Sobell or Canopus, which rises over them every night.”—*Hefst Aklim, or the Seven Climates, translated by W. Ousley, Esq.*

² The star Sobell or Canopus.

³ The lizard Stellio. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by declining the head it mimics them when they say their prayers.”—*Hasselquist*.

⁴ “As you enter at that Bazar without the gate at Damas-

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er
 the lake
 Its splendor at parting a summer eve
 throws,
 Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering
 to take
 A last look of her mirror at night ere she
 goes!—
 When the shrines through the foliage are
 gleaming half shown,
 And each hallows the hour by some rites of
 its own.
 Here the music of prayer from a minaret
 swells,
 Here the Magian his urn full of perfume
 is swinging,
 And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
 Round the waist of some fair Indian
 dancer is ringing.
 Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly
 shines
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and
 shrines;
 When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall
 of stars,
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle
 of Chenars
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of
 feet
 From the cool shining walks where the
 young people meet.
 Or at morn, when the magic of daylight
 awakes
 A new wonder each minute as slowly it
 breaks,
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every
 one
 Out of darkness, as they were just born of
 the sun.
 When the spirit of fragrance is up with the
 day,
 From his Harem of night-flowers stealing
 away;
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like
 a lover
 The young aspen trees till they tremble all
 over.
 When the East is as warm as the light of
 first hopes,
 And day with its banner of radiance un-
 furl'd,

Shines in through the mountainous portal
 that opes,
 Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the
 world!

But never yet, by night or day,
 In dew of spring or summer's ray,
 Did the sweet valley shine so gay
 As now it shines—all love and light,
 Visions by day and feasts by night!
 A happier smile illumines each brow,
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses
 And all is ecstasy,—for now
 The valley holds its Feast of Roses.²
 That joyous time, when pleasures pour
 Profusely round, and in their shower
 Hearts open, like the season's rose,—
 The floweret of a hundred leaves,
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
 And every leaf its balm receives.
 'Twas when the hour of evening came
 Upon the lake, serene and cool,
 When day had hid his sultry flame
 Behind the palms of Baramoule.
 When maids began to lift their heads,
 Refresh'd from their embroider'd beds,
 Where they had slept the sun away,
 And waked to moonlight and to play.
 All were abroad—the busiest hive
 On Bela's³ hills is less alive
 When saffron beds are full in flower,
 Than look'd the valley in that hour.
 A thousand restless torches play'd
 Through every grove and island shade;
 A thousand sparkling lamps were set
 On every dome and minaret;
 And fields and pathways, far and near,
 Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
 That you could see, in wandering round,
 The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
 Yet did the maids and matrons leave
 Their veils at home that brilliant eve;
 And there were glancing eyes about,
 And cheeks that would not dare shine out
 In open day, but thought they might

¹ "The Tuckt Suliman, the name bestowed by the Moham-
 medans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the
 lake."

² "The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their
 remaining in bloom."

³ Mentioned in the *Toozek Jehangeery*, or "Memoirs of
 Jehan-Guire," where there is an account of the pe'r's of saffron
 flowers about Cashmere.

Look lovely then, because 'twas night !
 And all were free, and wandering,
 And all exclaim'd to all they met
 That never did the summer bring
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet ;—
 The moon had never shed a light
 So clear as that which bless'd them there ;
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
 Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flowers !
 It seem'd as though from all the bowers
 And fairest fields of all the year,
 The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.
 The lake, too, like a garden breathes,
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
 As if a shower of fairy wreathes
 Had fallen upon it from the sky !
 And then the sounds of joy,—the beat
 Of tabors and of dancing feet ;—
 The minaret-crier's chant of glee
 Sung from his lighted gallery,¹
 And answer'd by a ziraleet
 From neighboring Haram, wild and sweet ;—
 The merry laughter, echoing
 From gardens where the silken swing²
 Wafts some delighted girl above
 The top leaves of the orange grove ;
 Or, from those infant groups at play
 Among the tents that line the way,
 Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
 Handfuls of roses at each other !

And the sounds from the lake,—the low
 whisp'ring in boats,
 As they shoot through the moonlight ;—
 the dipping of oars,
 And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere
 floats,
 Through the groves, round the islands, as
 if all the shores
 Like those of Kathay utter'd music, and gave

¹ "It is the custom among the women to employ the Maa-zeen to chant from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus."

² "The swing is a favorite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates."—*Richardson*.

"The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings."—*Thevenot*.

An answer in song to the kiss of each wave !
 But the gentlest of all are those sounds, all
 of feeling,
 That soft from the lute of some lover are
 stealing,—
 Some lover who knows all the heart-touch-
 ing power
 Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.
 Oh ! best of delights, as it everywhere is,
 To be near the loved *one*,—what a rapture
 is his,
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly
 may glide
 O'er the Lake of Cashmere with that *one* by
 his side !
 If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
 Think, think what a heaven she must make
 of Cashmere !

So felt the magnificent Son of Acbar,³
 When from power and pomp and the trophies
 of war
 He flew to that valley, forgetting them all
 With the Light of the Haram, his young
 Nourmahal.
 When free and uncrown'd as the conqueror
 roved
 By the banks of that lake, with his only be-
 loved,
 He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully
 snatch
 From the hedges, a glory his crown could
 not match,
 And prefer'd in his heart the least ringlet
 that curl'd
 Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the
 world !

There's a beauty, forever unchangingly
 bright,
 Like the long sunny lapse of a summer-
 day's light,
 Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made
 tender,
 Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splen-
 dor.

³ "The ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them."

⁴ Jehan-Guire, the son of the Great Acbar.

This *was* not the beauty—oh! nothing like
 this,
 That to young Nourmahal gave such magic
 of bliss,
 But that loveliness, ever in motion, which
 plays
 Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy
 days,
 Now here and now there, giving warmth as
 it flies
 From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek
 to the eyes,
 Now melting in mist and now breaking in
 gleams,
 Like the glimpses a saint has of heaven in
 his dreams!
 When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
 That charm of all others, was born with her
 face;
 And when angry—for even in the tranquil-
 lest climes
 Light breezes will ruffle the flowers some-
 times—
 The short, passing anger but seem'd to
 awaken
 New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest
 when shaken.
 If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
 At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
 From the depth of whose shadow, like holy
 revealings
 From innermost shrines, came the light of
 her feelings!
 Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever
 took wing
 From the heart with a burst like the wild-
 bird in spring;—
 Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
 Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their
 cages.¹
 While her laugh, full of life, without any
 control
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from
 her soul;
 And where it most sparkled no glance could
 discover,
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all
 over,—

Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
 When it breaks into dimples, and laughs in
 the sun.
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments,
 that gave
 Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for
 her slave;
 And though bright was his Haram,—a living
 parterre
 Of the flowers² of this planet—though treas-
 ures were there,
 For which Solomon's self might have given
 all the store
 That the navy from Ophir e'er wing'd to his
 shore,
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them
 all,
 And the Light of his Haram was young
 Nourmahal!

But where is she now, this night of joy,
 When bliss is every heart's employ?—
 When all around her is so bright,
 So like the visions of a trance,
 That one might think, who came by chance
 Into the vale this happy night,
 He saw that City of Delight³
 In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers
 Are made of gems and light and flowers!—
 Where is the loved Sultana? where,
 When mirth brings out the young and fair,
 Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
 In melancholy stillness now?

Alas—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity:
 A something light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh! love that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this has shaken.
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin;

¹ In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, "they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees."

² In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

³ The capital of Shadukiam.

And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesss of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods that part forever

Oh, you that have the charge of love,
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
 As in the fields of bliss above
 He sits, with flowerets fetter'd round;—
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,
 Nor ever let him use his wings;
 For even an hour, a minute's flight,
 Will rob the plumes of half their light.
 Like that celestial bird—whose nest

Is found beneath far Eastern skies—
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
 Lose all their glory when he flies!"

Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—
 By which, though light, the links that bind
 The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
 Some shadow in love's summer heaven,
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
 May yet in awful thunder burst;—
 Such cloud it is that now hangs over
 The heart of the imperial lover,
 And far hath banish'd from his sight
 His Nourmahal, his Haram's light!
 Hence is it, on this happy night,
 When pleasure through the fields and groves
 Has let loose all her world of loves,
 And every heart has found its own,—
 He wanders, joyless and alone,
 And weary as that bird of Thrace,
 Whose pinion knows no resting-place.
 In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
 This Eden of the earth supplies

Come crowding round—the cheeks are
 pale,

The eyes are dim: though rich the spot

With every flower this earth hath got,
 What is it to the nightingale
 If there his darling rose is not?^a
 In vain the valley's smiling throng
 Worship him, as he moves along;
 He heeds them not—one smile of hers
 Is worth a world of worshippers.
 They but the star's adorers are,
 She is the heaven that lights the star!
 Hence is it too that Nourmahal,

Amid the luxuries of this hour,
 Far from the joyous festival,
 Sits in her own sequester'd bower,
 With no one near to soothe or aid,
 But that inspired and wondrous maid,
 Namouna, the enchantress;—one
 O'er whom his race the golden sun
 For unremember'd years has run,
 Yet never saw her blooming brow
 Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
 Nay, rather, as the west-wind's sigh
 Freshens the flower it passes by,
 Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er
 To leave her lovelier than before.
 Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
 And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
 Of other worlds, there came a light
 From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
 That all believed nor man nor earth
 Were conscious of Namouna's birth!

All spells and talismans she knew,
 From the great Mantra,^b which around
 The air's sublimer spirits drew,
 To the gold gems^c of Afric, bound
 Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
 To keep him from the Siltim's^d harm.
 And she had pledged her powerful art,
 Pledged it with all the zeal and heart
 Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
 What 'twas to lose a love so dear,
 To find some spell that should recall
 Her Selim's^e smile to Nourmahal!

^a "You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose."—*Jami*.

^b "He is said to have found the great *Mantra* spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations."

^c "The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs 'El Herrez,' from the supposed charm they contain."

^d "A demon supposed to haunt woods, &c., in a human shape."

^e The name of Jehan-Guire before his accession to the throne.

¹ "Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colors, but when it flies they lose all their splendor."

'Twas midnight—through the lattice,
wreathed
With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep,
From timid jasmine buds that keep
Their odor to themselves all day,
But, when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about;—
When thus Namouna:—" 'Tis the hour
That scatters spells on herb and flower;
And garlands might be gather'd now,
That, twined around the sleeper's brow,
Would make him dream of such delights,
Such miracles and dazzling sights
As genii of the sun behold,
At evening, from their tents of gold
Upon the horizon—where they play
Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
Their sunny mansions melt away!
Now, too, a chaplet might be wreathed
Of buds o'er which the moon has breathed,
Which, worn by her whose love has stray'd,
Might bring some Peri from the skies,
Some sprite, whose very soul is made
Of flowerets' breaths and lovers' sighs,
And who might tell——"

"For me, for me,"

Cried Nourmahal impatiently,—
"Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night."
Then, rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk-roses, out she flew
To cull each shining leaf that grew
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams
For this enchanted wreath of dreams.
Anemones and seas of gold,¹

And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flowerets that unfold
Their buds on Camadeva's quiver;²—
The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
That in the gardens of Malay
Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,³
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun's away.—
Amaranths, such as crown the maids

That wander through Zamara's shades;⁴
And the white moon-flower, as it shows
On Serendib's high crags to those
Who near the isle at evening sail,
Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;—
In short, all flowerets and all plants,
From the divine Amrita tree,⁵
That blesses heaven's inhabitants
With fruits of immortality,
Down to the basil⁶ tuft, that waves
Its fragrant blossom over graves,⁷
And to the humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert⁸ and the dead,—
All in that garden bloom, and all
Are gather'd by young Nourmahal,
Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
And leaves, till they can hold no more;
Then to Namouna flies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight the enchantress views
So many buds, bathed with the dews
And beams of that bless'd hour:—her glance
Spoke something past all mortal pleasures,
As, in a kind of holy trance,
She hung above those fragrant treasures,
Bending to drink their balmy airs,
As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.
And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
From flowers and scented flame that fed
Her charmed life—for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
Fill'd with the cool inspiring smell,
The enchantress now begins her spell,
Thus singing as she winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves:—

¹ "In Zamara (Sumatra) they lead an idle life, passing the day in playing on a kind of flute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe amaranthus mostly prevails."

² "The largest and richest sort (of the 'Jambu' or Rose Apple) is called 'Amrita,' or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to the celestial tree bearing ambrosial fruit."

³ Sweet basil, called 'Rayhan' in Persia, and generally found in churchyards.

⁴ "The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead; and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb, which the Arabs call *rihan*, and which is our sweet basil."—*Mallett, Lett.* 10.

⁵ "In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary."

⁶ Hemasagara, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold color."

⁷ "The delicious odor of the blossoms of this tree justly gives it a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love."

⁸ "The Malaysans style the tube-rose (*Folanthes tuberosa*) sandal Malam, or the Mistress of the Night."

"I know where the wingéd visions dwell
That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and floweret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

"The image of love that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.¹
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

"The visions that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb,² that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.³
The phantom shapes—oh, touch not them—
That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
That shrieks when torn at night!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

"The dream of the injured, patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade."

¹ "The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches."

² An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.

³ Niebuhr thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchemists look to as a means of making gold. "Most of those alchemical enthusiasts think themselves sure of success if they could but find out the herb which gilds the teeth and gives a yellow color to the flesh of the sheep that eat it."

Father Jerome Dandini, however, asserts that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of a *silver* color; and adds, "this confirms me that which I observed in Candia; to wit, that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden color; which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the

No sooner was the flowery crown
Placed on her head than sleep came down,
Gently as nights of summer fall,
Upon the lids of Nourmahal;—
And suddenly a tuneful breeze,
As full of small, rich harmonies
As ever wind that o'er the tents
Of Azab⁴ blew was full of scents,
Steals on her ear and floats and swells,
Like the first air of morning creeping
Into those wreathy, Red Sea shells,
Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping;—
And now a spirit, form'd, 'twould seem,
Of music and of light, so fair,
So brilliantly his features beam,
And such a sound is in the air
Of sweetness when he waves his wings,
Hovers around her, and thus sings:—

"From Chindara's⁵ warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long.
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!
Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.
For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

"Mine is the charm whose mystic sway
The spirits of past delight obey;—
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,

mines which are under ground."—*Dandini, Voyage to Mount Libanus.*

⁴ The myrrh country.

⁵ "This idea was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Nerites, one of the Cupids, as living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea."

⁶ "A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing."

And they come, like genii, hovering round.
 And mine is the gentle song that bears
 From soul to soul the wishes of love,
 As a bird that wafts through genial airs
 The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.*

"'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure;"
 When memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
 And hope from a heavenly note flies on
 To a note more heavenly still that is near!

"The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be
 As his own white plume, that high amid death
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with
 a breath.

And oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten
 When music has reach'd her inward soul,
 Like the silent stars that wink and listen
 While Heaven's eternal melodies roll!

So, hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again."

'Tis dawn—at least that early dawn'
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,
 As if the morn had waked, and then
 Shut close her lids of light again.

* "The Pompadour pigeon, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."

* "Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds, it is a perception of complicated nature, made up of a *sensation* of the present sound or note, and an *idea* or remembrance of the foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus sense, memory, and imagination are conjunctively employed."—*Gerard on Taste*.

Madame de Staël accounts upon the same principle for the gratification we derive from *rhyme*:—"Elle est l'image de l'espérance et du souvenir. Un son nous fait désirer celui qui doit lui répondre, et quand le second retentit, il nous rappelle celui que vient de nous échapper."

* "The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real daybreak. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qaf (Mount Caucasus), it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, it is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of daybreak. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning."—*Scott Waring*.

And Nourmahal is up, and trying
 The wonders of her lute, whose strings—
 Oh, bliss!—now murmur like the sighing
 From that ambrosial spirit's wings!
 And then, her voice—'tis more than human—
 Never, till now, had it been given
 To lips of any mortal woman
 To utter notes so fresh from heaven;
 Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
 When angel sighs are most divine.—
 "Oh! let it last till night," she cries,
 "And he is more than ever mine."
 And hourly she renews the lay,
 So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
 Should, ere the evening, fade away,—
 For things so heavenly have such fleetness!
 But, far from fading, it but grows
 Richer, diviner as it flows;
 Till rapt she dwells on every string,
 And pours again each sound along,
 Like echo lost and languishing
 In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening (trusting that his soul
 Might be from haunting love released
 By mirth, by music, and the bowl)
 The imperial Selim held a feast
 In his magnificent Shalimar;—
 In whose saloons, when the first star
 Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
 The valley's loveliest all assembled,
 All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
 Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
 Of beauty from its founts and streams.*
 And all those wandering minstrel-maids,
 Who leave—how *can* they leave?—the
 shades

Of that dear valley, and are found
 Singing in gardens of the South
 Those songs that ne'er so sweetly sound
 As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.

* "In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and, flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot the Mogul princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste; especially Jehan Gheer, who, with the enchanting Noor Mahl, made Kashmir his usual residence during the summer months."—*Forster*.

* "It is supposed that the Cashmerians are indebted for their beauty to their waters."

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile ;—
 Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,
 And from the Garden of the Nile,
 Delicate as the roses there ;¹
 Daughters of love from Cyprus rocks,
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks ;²
 Like Peri forms, such as there are
 On the gold meads of Candahar ;³
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
 In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,⁴
 That they might fancy the rich flowers
 That round them in the sun lay sighing
 Had been by magic all set flying !

Everything young, everything fair
 From East and West is blushing there,
 Except—except—O Nourmahal !
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
 The one, whose smile shone out alone,
 Amidst a world the only one !
 Whose light, among so many lights,
 Was like that star, on starry nights,
 The seaman singles from the sky,
 To steer his bark forever by !
 Thou wert not there—so Selim thought,
 And everything seem'd drear without thee ;
 But ah ! thou wert, thou wert—and brought
 Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
 Mingling unnoticed with a band
 Of lutanists from many a land,
 And veil'd by such a mask as shades
 'The features of young Arab maids,'⁵—
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,
 To do its best in witchery,—
 She roved, with beating heart, around,
 And waited, trembling, for the minute
 When she might try if still the sound
 Of her loved lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine,
 With grapes of gold, like those that shine

¹ "The roses of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile, (attached to the Emperor of Morocco's palace,) are unequalled, and mattresses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon."

² "On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful rock-crystal. On account of its brilliancy, it has been called the Paphian diamond."

³ "There is a part of Candahar called Peria, or Fairy-Land."

⁴ "Butterflies, which are called, in the Chinese language, Flying Leaves."

⁵ "The Arabian women wear black masks with little clasps, prettily ordered."—*Carreri*. Niebuhr mentions their showing out one eye in conversation.

On Casbin's hills ;—pomegranates full
 Of melting sweetness, and the pears,
 And sunniest apples that Cabul
 In all its thousand gardens bears.
 Plantains, the golden and the green,
 Malaya's nectar'd mangusteen ;⁶
 Prunes of Bokara, and sweet nuts
 From the far groves of Samarcand,
 And Basra dates, and apricots,
 Seed of the sun,⁷ from Iran's land ;—
 With rich conserve of Visna cherries,⁸
 Of orange flowers, and of those berries
 That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
 Feed on in Erac's rocky dells.
 All these in richest vases smile,

In baskets of pure sandal-wood,
 And urns of porcelain from that isle⁹
 Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
 Whence oft the lucky diver brings
 Vases to grace the halls of kings.
 Wines too, of every clime and hue,
 Around their liquid lustre threw ;
 Amber Rosolli,—the bright dew
 From vineyards of the Green Sea gushing,¹⁰
 And Shiraz wine, that richly ran
 As if that jewel, large and rare,
 The ruby for which Kublai-Khan
 Offer'd a city's wealth,¹¹ was blushing,
 Melted within the goblets there !

And amply Selim quaffs of each,
 And seems resolved the floods shall reach
 His inward heart,—shedding around
 A genial deluge as they run,
 That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,
 For Love to rest his wings upon.
 He little knew how blest the boy
 Can float upon a goblet's streams,
 Lighting them with his smile of joy ;—
 As bards have seen him in their dreams

⁶ "The mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world ; the pride of the Malay Islands."

⁷ "A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians 'Tokm-ek-shems,' signifying sun's seed."

⁸ "Sweetmeats in a crystal cup, consisting of rose-leaves in conserve, with lemon or Visna cherry, orange flowers," &c.

⁹ "Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants. The vessels which the fishermen and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan."

¹⁰ The white wine of Kishma.

¹¹ "The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen. Kublai-Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it, but the king answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world."—*Marco Polo*.

Down the blue Ganges laughing glide
Upon a rosy lotus wreath,¹
Catching new lustre from the tide
That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups without the aid
Of song to speed them as they flow ?
And see—a lovely Georgian maid,
With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow
Of her own country maidens' looks,
When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks :²
And with an eye whose restless ray,
Full, floating, dark—oh he, who knows
His heart is weak, of Heaven should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those!—
With a voluptuous wildness flings
Her snowy hand across the strings
Of a syrinda,³ and thus sings :—

"Come hither, come hither—by night and
by day
We linger in pleasures that never are
gone ;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies
away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in expiring gives
birth
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in
bliss ;
And oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant
their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just oped by a
bee ;
And precious their tears as that rain from
the sky,⁴
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the
sea.
Oh ! think what the kiss and the smile must
be worth,
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect
in bliss ;
And own, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

"Here sparkles the nectar that, hallow'd by
love,
Could draw down those angels of old from
their sphere,
Who for wine of this earth left the fountains
above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we
have here.
And, bless'd with the odor our goblets give
forth,
What spirit the sweets of this Eden would
miss ?
For oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this."⁵

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
When the same measure, sound for
sound,
Was caught up by another lute,
And so divinely breathed around,
They all stood hush'd, and wondering,
And turn'd and look'd into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing
Of Israfil,⁶ the angel, there ;—
So powerfully on every soul
That new enchanted measure stole.
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charm'd lute was heard to float
Along its chords, and so entwine
Its sound with theirs, that none knew
whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wondrously they went together :—

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel
has told,
When two that are link'd in one heavenly
tie,
With heart never changing and brow never
cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till
they die !
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering
bliss ;
And oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this."

¹ "The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating
town the Ganges on the *Nymphaea Nelumbo*."

² "Teflis is celebrated for its natural warm baths."

³ "The Indian syrinda or guitar."

⁴ "The Nisan, or drops of spring rain, which they believe
to produce pearls if they fall into shells."

⁵ "Around the exterior of the Dewan Khass (a building of
Shah Allum's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters
of gold upon a ground of white marble—'If there be a para
dise upon earth, it is this, it is this.'"—*Franklin*.

⁶ "The Angel of Music, who has the most melodious voice
of all God's creatures."—*Salé*.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
 But that deep magic in the chords
 And in the lips that gave such power
 As music knew not till that hour.
 At once a hundred voices said,
 "It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"
 While Selim, who had felt the same
 Deepest of any, and had lain
 Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
 After the fairy sounds were o'er,
 Too inly touch'd for utterance,
 Now motion'd with his hand for more:—

"Fly to the desert, fly with me,
 Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
 But oh! the choice what heart can doubt
 Of tents with love or thrones without?"

"Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
 The acacia waves her yellow hair,
 Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
 For flowering in a wilderness.

"Our sands are bare, but down their slope
 The silvery-footed antelope
 As gracefully and gayly springs
 As o'er the marble courts of kings.

"Then come—thy Arab maid will be
 The loved and lone acacia tree,
 The antelope, whose feet shall bless
 With their light sound thy loneliness.

"Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
 An instant sunshine through the heart,—
 As if the soul that minute caught
 Some treasure it through life had sought;

"As if the very lips and eyes
 Predestined to have all our sighs,
 And never be forgot again,
 Sparkled and spoke before as then!

"So came thy every glance and tone,
 When first on me they breathed and shone;
 New, as if brought from other spheres,
 Yet welcome as if loved for years!

"Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
 No other flame, nor falsely thrown
 A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
 Should ever in thy heart be worn.

"Come, if the love thou hast for me
 Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
 Fresh as the fountain under ground,
 When first 'tis by the lapwing found."

"But if for me thou dost forsake
 Some other maid, and rudely break
 Her worshipp'd image from its base,
 To give to me the ruin'd place;—

"Then, fare-thee-well!—I'd rather make
 My bower upon some icy lake
 When thawing suns begin to shine,
 Than trust to love so false as thine!"

There was a pathos in this lay,
 That, even without enchantment's art,
 Would instantly have found its way
 Deep into Selim's burning heart;
 But breathing, as it did, a tone
 To earthly lutes and lips unknown;
 With every chord fresh from the touch
 Of music's spirit,—'twas too much!
 Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—
 Which, all the time of this sweet air,
 His hand had held, untasted, up,
 As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—
 And naming her, so long unnamed,
 So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,
 "O Nourmahal! O Nourmahal!
 Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
 I could forget—forgive thee all,
 And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—
 And Selim to his heart has caught,
 In blushes, more than ever bright,
 His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light!
 And well do vanish'd frowns enhance
 The charm of every brighten'd glance;
 And dearer seems each dawning smile
 For having lost its light a while;
 And, happier now for all her sighs,
 As on his arm her head reposes,
 She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
 "Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!"

Fadladeen, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opin-

¹ The Hudhud, or lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

ion of the young Cashmerian's poetry,—of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets "frivolous" — "inharmonious" — "nonsensical," he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favorable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the princess had alluded in the relation of her dream (p. 130)—a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds which this poet had ready on all occasions,—not to mention dew, gems, &c.,—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst part of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion,—these were the themes honored with his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful—wine; "being, perhaps," said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, "one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain,¹ so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation: "and indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains which separate Cashmere

from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalla Rookh saw no more of Feramorz. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek; and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharía feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful Lalla Rookh, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor,² he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart!

If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that valley, which the Persians so justly called the "Unequalled." But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains; neither the splendor of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depths of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains,³ which make every spot of that region holy ground; neither the countless waterfalls that rush into the valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the lake, whose

¹ An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be father to Abraham. "I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor."—*Haftz*.

² "The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Bescham, and of Brama. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound."—*Major Rennel's Memoirs of a Man of Hindostan*.

³ "The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose."—*Dunn*.

houses, roofed with flowers,' appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre:—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honor to the taste and gallantry of the young king. It was night when they approached the city, and for the last two miles they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-colored tortoise-shell of Pegu.¹ Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fire-works would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might think he saw that grove, in whose purple shade the god of battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth. While, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fire-works delighted the ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could Lalla Rookh herself help feeling the kindness and splendor with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but she also

felt how painful is the gratitude which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind² that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that imperial palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though a night of more wakeful and anxious thought had never been passed in the Happy Valley, yet, when she rose in the morning, and her ladies came round her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression—that soul in the eyes—which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-colored bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake;—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father had hung about her neck at parting.

The morning was as fair as the maid upon whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she who was the object of it all did not feel with transport. To Lalla Rookh alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of Fera-

¹ "On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully chequered parterre."—*Forster*.

² "Two hundred slaves there are who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple-colored tortoises for the King's Vivary. Of the shells of these also lanterns are made."—*Vincent le Blanc's Travels*.

³ This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascena is, according to the Mohammedans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

Another of the signs is, "Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passes by another's grave shall say, Would to God I were in his place."—*Salé's Preliminary Discourse*.

morz. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed, at which her heart did not flutter with a momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell! In the barge immediately after the Princess was Fadladeen, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the king, "concerning Feramorz, and literature, and the chabuk, as connected therewith."

They had now entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and glided on through gardens ascending from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she walked up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the cerulean throne of Koolburga,¹ on one of

which sat Aliris, the youthful King of Bucharía, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of Lalla Rookh into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise, and fainted at his feet. It was Feramorz himself that stood before her! Feramorz was, himself, the sovereign of Bucharía, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a king.

The consternation of Fadladeen at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly: he was seized with an admiration of the king's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the monarch Aliris, and ready to prescribe his favorite regimen of the chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharía, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of Lalla Rookh, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the king by any other name than Feramorz.

¹ "On Mohammed Shaw's return to Koolburga, (the capital of Dekkan,) he made a great festival, and mounted this throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh or Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mamood Bhamenee, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamenee, who possessed this throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones, so that when in the reign of Sultan Mamood it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers

valued it at one corore of oons, (nearly four millions sterling.) I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue color, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels."—*Notes*

Miscellaneous Poems.

FRAGMENT OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

"Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus."—*Juv.*

MARK those proud boasters of a splendid line,
Like gilded ruins, mouldering while they shine,
How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;
Those borrow'd splendors, whose contrasting light
Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,
Where are the arts by which that glory grew?
The genuine virtues that with eagle gaze
Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze!
Where is the heart by chemic truth refined,
The exploring soul, whose eye had read mankind?
Where are the links that twined with heavenly art
His country's interest round the patriot's heart?
Where is the tongue that scatter'd words of fire?
The spirit breathing through the poet's lyre?
Do these descend with all that tide of fame
Which vainly waters an unfruitful name?

THE SAME.

"Justam bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla
nisi in armis relinquatur spes."—*Livy.*

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approved by Heaven, ordain'd by nature's laws,

Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth's pure beams upon the banners play?

Yes, there's a call sweet as an angel's breath
To slumbering babes, or innocence in death;
And urgent as the tongue of heaven within.
When the mind's balance trembles upon sin.

Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim
should meet
An echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
Along the heart's responding string should run,
Nor let a tone there vibrate—but the one!

SONG.¹

MARY, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving!
Fare thee well!

Few have ever loved like me,—
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceived like thee,—
Alas! deceived me too severely!
Fare thee well!

Fare thee well! yet think a while
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee!
Fare thee well!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken!
Fare thee well!

¹ To the Scotch air, "Gala Water."

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL MISS ———.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A
LOTTERY SHARE.

IN wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal :
But how comes it that you, such a *capital*
prize
Should so long have *remained on the*
wheel!

If ever, by fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A *sixteenth*, Heaven knows! were sufficient
for me ;
For what could I do with the *whole* ?

INCONSTANCY.

AND do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
When surely there's nothing in nature
more common ?
She vows to be true, and while vowing she
leaves me—
But could I expect any more from a
woman ?

O woman ! your heart is a pitiful treasure ;
And Mohammed's doctrine was not too
severe,
When he thought you were only materials
of pleasure,
And reason and thinking were out of your
sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover
can win it,
He thinks that an age of anxiety's paid ;
But, oh ! while he's blest, let him die on the
minute—
If he live but a *day*, he'll be surely be-
tray'd.

TO JULIA.

THOUGH Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever :

The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed ?
Is all our dream of rapture over ?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover ?

Does *she* too mourn ?—Perhaps she may,
Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting ;
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart like mine is beating ?

I oft have loved the brilliant glow
Of rapture in her blue eye streaming—
But can the bosom bleed with woe,
While joy is in the glances beaming ?

No, no !—Yet, love, I will not chide,
Although your heart *were* fond of roving ;
Nor that, nor all the world beside,
Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,
And, with you, all that's worth possessing
Oh ! then it will be sweet to die,
When life has lost its only blessing !

TO ROSA.

Does the harp of Rosa slumber ?
Once it breathed the sweetest **number** !
Never does a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odors dying,
Woos it with enamor'd sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease ?
Once it told a tale of peace
To her lover's throbbing breast—
Then he was divinely blest !
Ah ! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er ;
And her harp neglected lies ;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent harp—forgotten lover—
Rosa's love and song are over !

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF
A LADY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

HERE is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free;
And here my simple-song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh! it should be my sweetest care
To write my name forever there!

ANACREONTIC.

"in lachrymas verterat omne merum."—*Tib.*, lib. 1., eleg. 5.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower:
And while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think—in *woe* the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine:
Heaven grant no tears, but tears of *wine*.
Weep on: and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the *luxury* of *woe*.

ANACREONTIC.

FRIEND of my soul! this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind:
But, like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind!

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade;
These flowers were cull'd at noon:—
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon!
For though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

How sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast;
Where sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest.

For, ah! my heart, how very soon
The glittering dreams of youth are past
And long before it reach its noon,
The sun of life is overcast.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!"
St. John, viii. 11.

O WOMAN! if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honor's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay;
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be wept in showers away.

Go, go—be innocent, and live—
The tongues of men may wound thee sore
But Heaven in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "go, and sin no more!"

TO ROSA.

AND are you then a thing of art,
Enslaving all, and loving none;
And have I strove to gain a heart
Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

Do you thus seek to flirt a number,
And through a round of dangles run,
Because your heart's insipid slumber
Could never wake to *feel* for *one*?

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I shall calm my jealous breast;
Shall learn to join the dangling crew,
And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free,—
 Oh ! if another share that heart,
 Tell not the saddening tale to me,
 But mingle mercy with your art.

THE SURPRISE.

CHLORIS, I swear, by all I ever swore,
 That from this hour I shall not love thee
 more.—
 “What ! love no more ? Oh ! why this
 alter’d vow ?”
 Because I *cannot* love thee *more* than *now* !

A DREAM.

I THOUGHT this heart consuming lay
 On Cupid’s burning shrine :
 I thought he stole thy heart away,
 And placed it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
 Like ice before the sun ;
 Till both a glow congenial felt,
 And mingled into one !

WRITTEN IN A COMMON-PLACE BOOK,

CALLED “THE BOOK OF FOLLIES;”

*To which every one that opened it should contribute
 something.*

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

THIS tribute’s from a wretched elf,
 Who hails thee, emblem of himself !
 The book of life, which I have traced,
 Has been, like thee, a motley waste
 Of follies scribbled o’er and o’er,
 One folly bringing hundreds more.
 Some have indeed been writ so neat,
 In characters so fair, so sweet,
 That those who judge not too severely,

Have said they loved such follies dearly !
 Yet still, O book ! the allusion stands :
 For these were penn’d by *female* hands ;
 The rest,—alas ! I own the truth,—
 Have all been scribbled so uncouth,
 That Prudence, with a withering look,
 Disdainful flings away the book.
 Like thine, its pages here and there
 Have oft been stain’d with blots of care ;
 And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
 Upon some fairer leaves have shown,
 White as the snowings of that heaven
 By which those hours of peace were given.
 But now no longer—such, oh ! such
 The blast of Disappointment’s touch !—
 No longer now those hours appear ;
 Each leaf is sullied by a tear :
 Blank, blank is every page with care,
 Not even a folly brightens there.
 Will they yet brighten ?—Never, never !
 Then *shut the book*, alas ! forever !

THE BALLAD.

THOU hast sent me a flowery band,
 And told me ’twas fresh from the field ;
 That the leaves were untouch’d by the hand,
 And the purest of odors would yield.

And indeed it was fragrant and fair,
 But, if it were handled by thee,
 It would bloom with a livelier air,
 And would surely be sweeter to me !

Then take it, and let it entwine
 Thy tresses, so flowing and bright ;
 And each little floweret will shine
 More rich than a gem to my sight.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
 Embalm it with many a sigh ;
 Nay, let it be wither’d to death,
 Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.

And, instead of the dew that it bears,
 The dew dropping fresh from the tree ;
 On its leaves let me number the tears
 That affection has stolen from thee !

THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
 And chilly was the midnight gloom,
 When by the damp grave Ellen wept—
 Sweet maid ! it was her Lindor's tomb !

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
 Congeal'd it as it flow'd away :
 All night it lay an ice-drop there,
 At morn it glitter'd in the ray !

An angel wandering from her sphere,
 Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
 To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
 And hung it on her diadem !

SONG.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear
 Steal trembling from mine eye ?
 Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
 Or caught the murmur'd sigh ?
 And can you think my love is chill,
 Nor fix'd on you alone ?
 And can you rend, by doubting still,
 A heart so much your own ?

To you my soul's affections move
 Devoutly, warmly, true ;
 My life has been a task of love,
 One long, long thought of you.
 If all your tender faith is o'er,
 If still my truth you'll try ;
 Alas ! I know but *one* proof more—
 I'll bless your name, and die !

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

"Sic juvat perire."

WHEN wearied wretches sink to sleep,
 How heavenly soft their slumbers lie !
 How sweet is death to those who weep,
 To those who weep and long to die !

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
 Where flowerets deck the green earth's
 breast ?

'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
 'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest !

Oh ! let not tears enoalm my tomb—
 None but the dews by twilight given !
 Oh ! let not sighs disturb the gloom—
 None but the whispering winds of heaven !

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
 Obscures yon bashful light,
 Which seems so modestly to steal
 Along the waste of night !

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
 Obscure with malice keen
 Some timid heart, which only longs
 To live and die unseen !

SONG.

SWEETEST love ! I'll not forget thee ;
 Time shall only teach my heart,
 Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
 Lovely, gentle as thou art !
 Farewell, Bessy !

Yet, oh ! yet again we'll meet, love,
 And repose our hearts at last :
 Oh ! sure 'twill then be sweet, love,
 Calm to think on sorrows past.
 Farewell, Bessy !

Still I feel my heart is breaking,
 When I think I stray from thee,
 Round the world that quiet seeking,
 Which I fear is not for me !
 Farewell, Bessy !

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom—
 Can it, dearest ! must it be ?
 Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
 He forever loses thee !
 Farewell, Bessy !

THE GENIUS OF HARMONY.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

"Ad harmoniam canere mundum."—*Cicero, De Nat. Deor.*, lib. iii.

THERE lies a shell beneath the waves,
In many a hollow winding wreathed,
Such as of old
Echo'd the breath that warbling sea-maids
breathed :
This magic shell
From the white bosom of a syren fell,
As once she wander'd by the tide that laves
Scillia's sands of gold.
It bears
Upon its shining side, the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs
The genii of the deep were wont to swell
When heaven's eternal orbs their midnight
music roll'd !
Oh ! seek it wheresoe'er it floats ;
And if the power
Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,
Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,
And I will fold thee in such downy dreams
As lap the spirit of the seventh sphere
When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his
ear,
And thou shalt own
That, through the circle of creation's zone,
Where matter darkles or where spirit
beams ;
From the pellucid tides that whirl
The planets through their maze of song,
To the small rill that weeps along,
Murmuring o'er beds of pearl ;
From the rich sigh
Of the sun's arrow through an evening
sky,¹
To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
On Afric's burning fields ;²
Oh ! thou shalt own this universe divine
Is mine !
That I respire in all and all in me,
One mighty mingled soul of boundless har-
mony !

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell !
Many a star has ceased to burn,³
Many a tear has Saturn's urn
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,
Since thy aerial spell
Hath in the waters slept !
I fly
With the bright treasure to my choral
sky,
Where she, who waked its early swell,
The syren with a foot of fire,
Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic
Lyre,⁴
Or guides around the burning pole
The wingéd chariot of some blissful soul !
While thou,
O son of earth ! what dreams shall rise for
thee !
Beneath Hispania's sun
Thou'lt see a streamlet run,
Which I have warm'd with dews of melody.
Listen !—when the night wind dies
Down the still current, like a harp it sighs !
A liquid chord is every wave that flows,
An airy plectrum every breeze that blows !
There, by that wondrous stream,
Go lay thy languid brow,
And I will send thee such a godlike dream,
Such—mortal ! mortal ! hast thou heard of
him,⁵
Who, many a night, with his primordial
lyre,
Sate on the chill Pangæan mount,
And looking to the orient dim,
Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred
fount,
From which his soul had drunk its fire !
Oh ! think what visions, in that lonely hour,
Stole o'er his musing breast !
What pious ecstasy
Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,
Whose seal upon this world imprest⁶
The various forms of bright divinity !

¹ Alluding to the extinction, or at least the disappearance, of some of those fixed stars which we are taught to consider as suns attended each by its system.

² Porphyry says that Pythagoras held the sea to be a tear.

³ The system of the harmonized orbs was styled by the ancients "The Great Lyre of Orpheus."

⁴ Orpheus.

⁵ In the account of Africa which d'Ablancourt has translated, there is mention of a tree in that country whose branches, when shaken by the hand, produce very sweet sounds.

⁶ In one of the Hymns of Orpheus, he attributes a figured seal to Apollo, with which he imagines that deity to have stamped a variety of forms upon the universe.

Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,
 'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower,¹
 Where the rapt Samian slept his holy
 slumber!

When, free
 From every earthly chain,
 From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of
 pain,

His spirit flew through fields above,
 Drank at the source of nature's fountal
 number,²

And saw, in mystic choir, around him move
 The stars of song, Heaven's burning min-
 strelsy!

Such dreams, so heavenly bright,

I swear

By the great diadem that twines my hair,
 And by the seven gems that sparkle there,³

Mingling their beams

In a soft iris of harmonious light,

O mortal! such shall be thy radiant
 dreams!

SONG.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away,
 Shall steal our pleasures too,
 The memory of the past will stay,
 And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
 Shall feel the wintry air,
 Remembrance will recall the hour
 When thou alone wert fair!

Then talk no more of future gloom;
 Our joys shall always last;
 For hope shall brighten days to come,
 And memory gild the past.

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
 I drink to love and thee:

¹ Alluding to the cave near Samos, where Pythagoras devoted the greater part of his days and nights to meditation, and the mysteries of his philosophy.

² The Tetractys, or Sacred Number of the Pythagoreans, on which they solemnly swore, and which they called *παρά αἰνάου φύσεως*, "The Fountain of Perennial Nature."

³ This diadem is intended to represent the analogy between the notes of music and the prismatic colors.

Thou never canst decay in soul,
 Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
 Which on thy cheek they find,
 So hope shall steal away the trace
 Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
 Our joys shall always last;
 For hope shall brighten days to come,
 And memory gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years
 When love shall lose its soul,
 My Chloe drops her timid tears,
 They mingle with my bowl!

How like the bowl of wine, my fair,
 Our loving life shall fleet;
 Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
 The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl!—away with gloom!
 Our joys shall always last;
 For hope will brighten days to come,
 And memory gild the past!

PEACE AND GLORY.

WRITTEN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE
 PRESENT WAR.

WHERE is now the smile that lighten'd
 Every hero's couch of rest?
 Where is now the hope that brighten'd
 Honor's eye and pity's breast?
 Have we lost the wreath we braided
 For our weary warrior men?
 Is the faithless olive faded,
 Must the bay be pluck'd again?

Passing hour of sunny weather,
 Lovely in your light a while,
 Peace and Glory, wed together,
 Wander'd through the blessed isle.
 And the eyes of peace would glisten,
 Dewy as a morning sun,
 When the timid maid would listen
 To the deeds her chief had done.

Is the hour of meeting over?
 Must the maiden's trembling feet

Waft her from her warlike lover
 To the desert's still retreat?
 Fare you well! with sighs we banish
 Nymph so fair and guest so bright;
 Yet the smile with which you vanish
 Leaves behind a soothing light!

Soothing light! that long shall sparkle
 O'er your warrior's sanguine way
 Through the field where horrors darkle,
 Shedding Hope's consoling ray!
 Long the smile his heart will cherish,
 To its absent idol true;
 While around him myriads perish,
 Glory still will sigh for you!

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I COULD resign that eye of blue,
 Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me;
 And though your lip be rich with dew,
 To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
 However oft I've raved about it;
 And though your heart can beat with bliss,
 I think my soul could live without it.

In short, I've learn'd so well to fast,
 That, sooth my love, I know not whither
 I might not bring myself at last
 To—do without you altogether!

LYING.

I do confess, in many a sigh
 My lips have breathed you many a lie,
 And who, with such delights in view,
 Would lose them for a lie or two?
 Nay, look not thus, with brow reproving;
 Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!
 If half we tell the girls were true,
 If half we swear to think and do,
 Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
 The world would be in strange confusion!

If ladies' eyes were, every one,
 As lovers' swear, a radiant sun,
 Astronomy should leave the skies,
 To learn her lore in ladies' eyes!
 Oh, no!—believe me, lovely girl,
 When Nature turns your teeth to pearl,
 Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
 Your yellow locks to golden wire,
 Then, only then, can Heaven decree,
 That you should live for only me.

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
 For once, I'll tell you truth, my dear!
 Whenever you may chance to meet
 A loving youth whose love is sweet,
 Long as you're false and he believes you,
 Long as you trust and he deceives you,
 So long the blissful bond endures;
 And while he lies, his heart is yours:
 But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
 The instant that he tells you truth!

WOMAN.

AWAY, away, you're all the same,
 A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!
 Oh! by my soul, I burn with shame,
 To think I've been your slave so long!

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
 More joy it gives to woman's breast
 To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
 Than one true manly lover blest!

Away, away—your smile's a curse—
 Oh! blot me from the race of men,
 Kind, pitying Heaven! by death or worse,
 Before I love such things again!

A VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'TWAS on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met
 The venerable man; a virgin bloom
 Of softness mingled with the vigorous thought
 That tower'd upon his brow; as when we see
 The gentle moon and the full radiant sun

Shining in heaven together. When he spoke,
 'Twas language sweeten'd into song—such
 holy sounds

As oft the spirit of the good man hears
 Prelusive to the harmony of heaven
 When death is nigh! and still, as he unclosed
 His sacred lips, an odor all as bland
 As ocean breezes gather from the flowers
 That blossom in Elysium, breathed around!
 With silent awe we listen'd, while he told
 Of the dark veil which many an age had
 hung

O'er Nature's form, till by the touch of time
 The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
 And half the goddess beam'd in glimpses
 through it!

Of magic wonders that were known and
 taught

By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
 Who mused, amid the mighty cataclysm,
 O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore,¹
 Nor let the living star of science sink
 Beneath the waters which engulf'd the
 world!—

Of visions, by Calliope reveal'd
 To him,² who traced upon his typic lyre
 The diapason of man's mingled frame,
 And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven!
 With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
 Which the grave sons of Mochus many a
 night

Told to the young and bright-hair'd visitant
 Of Carmel's sacred mount!³—Then, in a flow
 Of calmer converse, he beguiled us on
 Through many a maze of garden and of porch,
 Through many a system where the scatter'd
 light

Of heavenly truth lay like a broken beam
 From the pure sun, which, though refracted
 all

Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still,

¹ Cham, the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of natural science, which he had inscribed upon some very durable substances, in order that they might resist the ravages of the deluge, and transmit the secrets of antediluvian knowledge to his posterity.

² Orpheus.

³ Pythagoras is represented in Janiblichus as descending with great solemnity from Mount Carmel, for which reason the Carmeites have claimed him as one of their fraternity. This Mochus or Moschus, with the descendants of whom Pythagoras conversed in Phœnicia, and from whom he derived the doctrines of atomic philosophy, is supposed by some to be the same with Moses.

And bright through every change!—he
 spoke of Him,

The lone, eternal One, who dwells above,
 And of the soul's untraceable descent
 From that high fount of spirit, through the
 grades

Of intellectual being, till it mix
 With atoms vague, corruptible, and dark;
 Nor even then, though sunk in earthly dross,
 Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
 Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still!
 As some bright river, which has roll'd along
 Through meads of flowery light and mines
 of gold,

When pour'd at length into the dusky deep,
 Disdains to mingle with its briny taint,
 But keeps a while the pure and golden tinge,
 The balmy freshness of the fields it left!
 And here the old man ceased—a wingéd train
 Of nymphs and genii led him from our eyes.
 The fair illusion fled! and, as I waked,
 I knew my visionary soul had been
 Among that people of aerial dreams
 Who live upon the burning galaxy!

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterward heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—*Anon.*

"La poesie a ses monstres comme la nature."—*D'Alembert.*

"THEY made her a grave too cold and damp
 For a soul so warm and true;
 And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal
 Swamp,"

Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
 She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
 And her paddle I soon shall hear;

⁴ According to Pythagoras, the people of dreams are souls collected together in the galaxy.

⁵ The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,
When the footstep of death is near !"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before !

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh ! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear ?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light !"
And the dim shore echo'd for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid !

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore ;
Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe !

AT NIGHT.

These lines allude to a curious lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words "At Night" written over him.

At night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
Of footstep, coming soft and light !
What pleasure in the anxious beat

With which the bosom flies to meet
That foot that comes so soft at night !

And then, at night, how sweet to say
"Tis late, my love !" and chide delay,
Though still the western clouds are bright ;
Oh ! happy, too, the silent press,
The eloquence of mute caress,
With those we love exchanged at night !

ODES TO NEA.

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

I.

THE SNOW-SPIRIT.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms ;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms !
The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
Their melody balm to the ear ;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the Snow-Spirit never comes here !

The down from his wing is as white as the
pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole ;
And it falls on the green earth as melting,
my girl,

As a murmur of thine on the soul !
Oh ! fly to the clime where he pillows the
death

As he cradles the birth of the year ;
Bright are your bowers and balmy their
breath,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here !

How sweet to behold him, when borne on
the gale,
And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn !
Yet think not, the veil he so chillingly casts,
Is the veil of a vestal severe ;
No, no, thou wilt see, what a moment it lasts,
Should the Snow-Spirit ever come here

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
 And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
 To think that a bosom as white as his own
 Should not melt in the day-beam like him
 Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
 O'er his luminous path will appear—
 Fly! my belovéd! this island is sweet,
 But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

II.

THERE'S not a look, a word of thine
 My soul has e'er forgot;
 Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
 Nor given thy locks one graceful twine
 Which I remember not!

There never yet a murmur fell
 From that beguiling tongue,
 Which did not, with a lingering spell,
 Upon my charmed senses dwell,
 Like something heaven had sung.

Ah! that I could, at once, forget
 All, all that haunts me so—
 And yet, thou witching girl!—and yet
 To die were sweeter than to let
 The loved remembrance go!

No; if this slighted heart must see
 Its faithful pulse decay,
 Oh! let it die, remembering thee,
 And, like the burnt aroma, be
 Consumed in sweets away!

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

OH! there's a holy calm profound
 In awe like this, that ne'er was given
 To rapture's thrill;
 'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
 And the soul, listening to the sound,
 Lies mute and still!

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
 Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
 In the cold deep,
 Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
 No more shall wake the heart or eye,
 But all must sleep!

Well!—there are some, thou stormy bed,
 To whom thy sleep would be a treasure;
 Oh! most to him
 Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
 Nor left one honey-drop to shed
 Round misery's brim.

Yes—he can smile serene at death:
 Kind Heaven! do thou but chase the weeping
 Of friends who love him;
 Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
 Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
 No more shall move him.

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE,
 28TH APRIL.

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,
 And under courses snug we fly;
 When lighter breezes swell the sail,
 And royals proudly sweep the sky;
 'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
 I stand, and as my watchful eye
 Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
 I think of her I love, and cry,
 Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
 Right from the point we wish to steer,
 When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
 And strive in vain the port to near;
 I think 'tis thus the fates defer
 My bliss with one that's far away,
 And while remembrance springs to her,
 I watch the sails, and sighing say,
 Thus, my boy! thus.

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
 All hands are up the yards to square,
 And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
 Our stately ship through waves and air.

Oh! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee!
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,
And bright were its flowery banks to his
eye;
But far, very far were the friends that he
loved,
And he gazed on its flowery banks with a
sigh!

O Nature! though blesséd and bright are
thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly
thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly
our own!

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to
meet;
Though scarce did he hope it would soothe
him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kiss'd
by his feet!

But the lays of his boyhood had stolen to
their ear,
And they loved what they knew of so
humble a name,
And they told him, with flattery welcome
and dear,
That they found in his heart something
sweeter than fame.

Nor did woman—O woman! whose form
and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path
we pursue;

Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at
the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too!

Nor did she her enamoring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so
long,
Like eyes he had loved was *her* eloquent eye
Like them did it soften and weep at his
song!

Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering
dream!
Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as
soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toil he
has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuyl-
kill alone!

LINES,

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALL OF THE
MOHAWK RIVER.

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,
And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untired and wild,
Through shades that frown'd and flowers
that smiled,

Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind!
Oh! I have thought, and thinking sigh'd—
How like to thee, thou heartless tide,
May be the lot, the life of him,
Who roams along thy water's brim!

Through what alternate shades of woe
 And flowers of joy my path may go ;
 How many an humble, still retreat
 May rise to court my weary feet,
 While still pursuing, still unblest,
 I wander on, nor dare to rest !
 But urgent as the doom that calls
 Thy water to its destined falls,
 I see the world's bewildering force
 Hurry my heart's devoted course
 From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
 And the lost current cease to run !
 May heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
 Upon the mist that circles me,
 As soft as now it hangs o'er thee !

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully
 curl'd

Above the green elms, that a cottage was
 near,

And I said, " If there's peace to be found in
 the world,

A heart that is humble might hope for it
 here !"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd
 around

In silence reposed the voluptuous bee ;
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a
 sound

But the woodpecker tapping the hollow
 beech-tree.

And " Here in this lone little wood," I ex-
 claim'd,

" With a maid who was lovely to soul and
 to eye,

Who would blush when I praised her, and
 weep if I blamed,

How blest could I live, and how calm
 could I die !

" By the shade of yon sumach, whose red
 berry dips

In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to
 recline,

And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent
 lips,
 Which had never been sigh'd on by any
 but mine !"

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl !
 But when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Utawas tide ! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
 Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
 Oh ! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

THE brilliant black eye
 May in triumph let fly
 All its darts without caring who feels 'em,
 But the soft eye of blue,
 Though it scatter wounds too,
 Is much better pleased when it heals 'em !
 Dear Fanny !
 The soft eye of blue,
 Though it scatter wounds too,
 Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.

The black eye may say,
 " Come and worship my ray—
 " By adoring, perhaps, you may move me "

But the blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid—
“I love, and am yours, if you love me !”
Dear Fanny !
The blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid—
“I love, and am yours, if you love me !”

Then tell me, oh, why,
In that lovely blue eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover ;
Or why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said “No” to a lover ?
Dear Fanny !
Oh, why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said “No” to a lover ?

LOVE AND TIME.

’Tis said—but whether true or not
Let bards declare who’ve seen ’em—
That Love and Time have only got
One pair of wings between ’em.
In courtship’s first delicious hour,
The boy full well can spare ’em ;
So, loitering in his lady’s bower,
He lets the gray-beard wear ’em.
Then is Time’s hour of play ;
Oh, how he flies away !

But short the moments, short as bright,
When he the wings can borrow ;
If Time to-day has had its flight,
Love takes his turn to-morrow.
Ah ! Time and Love, your change is then
The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to limp again,
And t’other takes to flying.
Then is Love’s hour to stray ;
Oh, how he flies away !

But there’s a nymph, whose chains I feel
And bless the silken fetter,
Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
With Love and Time much better.

So well she checks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs ’em,
That Love with her ne’er thinks of wings,
And Time forever wears ’em.
This is Time’s holiday ;
Oh, how he flies away !

DEAR FANNY.

“SHE has beauty, but still you must keep
your heart cool ;
She has wit, but you mustn’t be caught
so :”
Thus Reason advises, but Reason’s a fool,
And ’tis not the first time I have thought
so ;
Dear Fanny,
’Tis not the first time I have thought so.

“She is lovely ; then love her, nor let the
bliss fly ;
’Tis the charm of youth’s vanishing sea-
son :”
Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
That Love reasons much better than Rea-
son ?
Dear Fanny,
Love reasons much better than Reason.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

From life without freedom, oh, who would
not fly ?
For one day of freedom, oh ! who would not
die ?
Hark ! hark ! ’tis the trumpet ! the call of
the brave,
The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of the
slave.
Our country lies bleeding—oh, fly to her aid ;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that
invade.

In death’s kindly bosom our last hope re-
mains—

The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.

On, on to the combat; the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And oh, even if freedom from *this* world be
driven,

Despair not—at least we shall find her in
heaven.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh!
Where the song of freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh!

There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendor;
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender;
Every joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh!
Where the bond of slavery twineth,
Wearily, oh!
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness;
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness—

Every flower of life declineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh!
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily, oh!
If a glorious death,
Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery,
Round the flag of freedom rally,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

SIGH NOT THUS.

SIGH not thus, oh, simple boy,
Nor for woman languish;
Loving cannot boast a joy
Worth one hour of anguish.
Moons have faded fast away,
Stars have ceased their shining;
Woman's love, as bright as they,
Feels as quick declining.

Then, love, vanish hence,
Fye, boy, banish hence
Melancholy thoughts of Cupid's lore,
Hours soon fly away,
Charms soon die away,
Then the silly dream of the heart is o'er

Sacred Songs.

THOU ART, O GOD.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalms* lxxiv. 16, 17.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the op'ning clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that made the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine!

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,¹
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

¹ The carrier-pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud; no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains!
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem—
Once she was all Thy own;
Her love Thy fairest heritage,²
Her power Thy glory's throne,³
Till evil came and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree;⁴—
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma—
Then pass'd her glory's day,

¹ "I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hand of her enemies."—*Jer.* xii. 7.

² "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."—*Jer.* xiv. 21.

³ "The Lord called thy name a green olive-tree; fair and goodly fruit," &c.—*Jer.* xi. 16.

Like heath that in the wilderness'
 The wild wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 Where Báal reign'd as God.

'Go"—said the Lord—"ye conquerors!
 Steep in her blood your swords,
 And raze to earth her battlements,¹
 For they are not the Lord's.
 Till Zion's mournful daughter
 O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter²
 Shall hide but half her dead!"

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."—*Psalms* cxlvii. 3.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee!
 The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And even the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
 Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not Thy wing of love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our Peace-branch from above!

¹ "For he shall be like the heath in the desert."—*Jer.* xvii. 6.

² "Take away her battlements; for they are not the Lord's."—*Jer.* v. 10.

³ "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place."—*Jer.* vii. 32.

Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day!

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

BUT who shall see the glorious day
 When, throned on Zion's brow,
 The Lord shall rend that veil away
 Which hides the nations now?
 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of His rebuke shall lie!
 When pain shall cease, and every tear
 Be wiped from every eye.⁴

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain;
 Thy days of splendor shall return,
 And all be new again.
 The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
 In peace by all who come;⁵
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Some long-lost exile home.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even!
 And love and hope and beauty's bloom
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

⁴ "And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations."—*Isa.* xxv. 7.

⁵ "The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth."—*Isa.* xxv. 8.

⁶ "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; . . . neither shall there be any more pain."—*Rev.* xxi. 4.

⁷ "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—*Rev.* xxi. 5.

⁸ "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—*Rev.* xxii. 17.

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day!
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way—
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

ALMIGHTY GOD!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

ALMIGHTY God! when round Thy shrine
 The palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,¹
 (Emblem of life's eternal ray,
 And love that "fadeth not away,")
 We bless the flowers, expanded all,²
 We bless the leaves that never fall,
 And trembling say—"In Eden thus
 The tree of life may flower for us!"

When round Thy cherubs—smiling calm,
 Without their flames³—we wreathe the palm,
 O God! we feel the emblem true—
 Thy mercy is eternal, too.
 Those cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
 That crown of palm which never dies,
 Are but the types of Thee above—
 Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—*Exod. xv. 20.*

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free!
 Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid
 and brave—

¹ "The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life* and *Immortality* which were brought to light by the Gospel."—*Observations on the Palm, as a sacred Emblem*, by W. Tighe.

² "And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims, and palm-trees, and open flowers."—*1 Kings, vi. 29.*

³ "When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great lawgiver on the mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which JEHOVAH confirmed His gracious covenant to redeem mankind."—*Observations on the Palm.*

How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath
 but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
 wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
 Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free!

Praise to the conqueror, praise to the Lord!
 His word was our arrow, His breath was our
 sword.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
 pride?

For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar
 of glory,⁴

And all her brave thousands are dash'd in
 the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free!

O FAIR! O PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.*

O FAIR! O purest! be thou the dove
 That flies alone to some sunny grove,
 And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
 All vestal white, in the limpid spring:
 There, if the hovering hawk be near,
 That limpid spring in its mirror clear
 Reflects him, ere he can reach his prey,
 And warns the timorous bird away.

Oh, be like this dove;

O fair! O purest! be like this dove.

The sacred pages of God's own Book
 Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
 In whose holy mirror, night and day,
 Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray;—
 And should the foes of virtue dare,
 With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
 Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
 Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly!

Oh, be like this dove;

O fair! O purest! be like this dove.

* "And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians."—*Exod. xiv. 24.*

⁴ In St. Augustine's Treatise upon the Advantages of a Solitary Life, addressed to his sister, there is a passage from which the thought of this song was taken.

THE POEMS OF SAMUEL LOVER.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.¹

[A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels."]

A BABY was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging
sea;

And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh come
back to me!"

Her beads while she number'd,
The baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"Oh blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering
with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,

¹ The beautiful superstition on which this song has been founded, has an Oriental as well as a Western prevalence; and, in all probability reached the Irish by being borrowed from the Phenicians. Amongst the Rabbinical traditions which are treasured by the Jews, is the belief, that before the creation of Eve, another companion was assigned to Adam in Paradise, who bore the name of Lilith. But proving arrogant and disposed to contend for superiority, a quarrel ensued; Lilith pronounced the name of Jehovah, which it is forbidden to utter, and fled to conceal herself in the sea. Three angels, *Sennoi*, *Sansennoi*, and *Sammangeloph*, were despatched by the Lord of the Universe to compel her to return; but on her obstinate refusal, she was transformed into a demon, whose delight is in debilitating and destroying infants. On condition that she was not to be forced to go back to Paradise, she bound herself by an oath to refrain from injuring such children as might be protected by having inscribed on them the name of the mediating angels—hence the practice of the Eastern Jews to write the names of *Sennoi*, *Sansennoi*, and *Sammangeloph*, on slips of paper and bind them on their infants to protect them from Lilith. The story will be found in Buxtorf's *Synagoga Judaica*, c. iv. p. 81; and in BEN SIRA, as edited by BARTOLOCCI, in the first volume of his *Bibliotheca Rabbinnica*, p. 69.

EMMA HAMMELECH, a Rabbinical writer, quoted by STEPHENSON, says, "when a child laughs in its sleep, in the night of the Sabbath, or the new moon, that Lilith laughs and toys with it,

Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me;
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!—
For I know that the angels are whispering
with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's
father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering
with thee."

THE FAIRY BOY.

[When a beautiful child pines and dies, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant has been stolen by the fairies, and a sickly elf left in its place.]

A MOTHER came when stars were paling,
Wailing round a lonely spring;
Thus she cried, while tears were falling,
Calling on the Fairy King:
"Why, with spells my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy,
Why destroy a mother's blessing,—
Wherefore steal my baby-boy?"

"O'er the mountain, through the wild-wood,
Where his childhood loved to play,
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
There I wander day by day;

and that it is proper for the mother, or any one that sees the infant laugh, to tap it on the nose, and say 'Lilith, begone! thy abode is not here.' This should be said three times, and each repetition accompanied by a gentle tap." See *Allen's Account of the Traditions, Rites, and Ceremonies of the Jews*, ch. x. p. 163-9—ch. xvi. p. 291.

There I wander, growing fonder
Of the child that made my joy,
On the echoes wildly calling
To restore my fairy boy.

"But in vain my plaintive calling,—
Tears are falling all in vain,—
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train!
Fare thee well! my child, forever,
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the *next* we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy."

TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.

[It is related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that when deprived of sight, and after a lapse of twenty years, he recognized his first love by the touch of her hand. The lady's name was Bridget Cruise; and though not a pretty name, it deserves to be recorded, as belonging to the woman who could inspire such a passion.]

"True love can ne'er forget;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one!"
Thus sung a minstrel gray
His sweet impassion'd lay,
Down by the Ocean's spray,
At set of sun.
But wither'd was the minstrel's sight,
Morn to him was dark as night,
Yet his heart was full of light,
As thus the lay begun:
"True love can ne'er forget;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one!"

"Long years are past and o'er,
Since from this fatal shore
Cold hearts and cold winds bore
My love from me."
Scarcely the minstrel spoke,
When forth, with flashing stroke,
A boat's light oar the silence broke,
Over the sea.
Soon upon her native strand
Doth a lovely lady land,

While the minstrel's love-taught hand
Did o'er his wild harp run:
"True love can ne'er forget;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one!"

Where the minstrel sat alone,
There that lady fair had gone,
Within his hand she placed her own.
The bard dropp'd on his knee;
From his lips soft blessings came,
He kiss'd her hand with truest flame,
In trembling tones he named—*her* name,
Though her he could not see;
But oh!—the touch the bard could tell
Of that dear hand, remember'd well.
Ah!—by many a secret spell
Can true love find his own;
For true love can ne'er forget;
Fondly as when they met,
He loved his lady yet,
His darling one!

NYMPH OF NIAGARA.

NYMPH OF NIAGARA! Sprite of the mist!
With a wild magic my brow thou hast kiss'd;
I am thy slave, and my mistress art thou,
For thy wild kiss of magic is yet on my brow.*

I feel it as first when I knelt before thee,
With thy emerald robe flowing brightly and
free,²
Fringed with the spray-pearls, and floating
in mist—
Thus 'twas my brow with wild magic you
kiss'd.

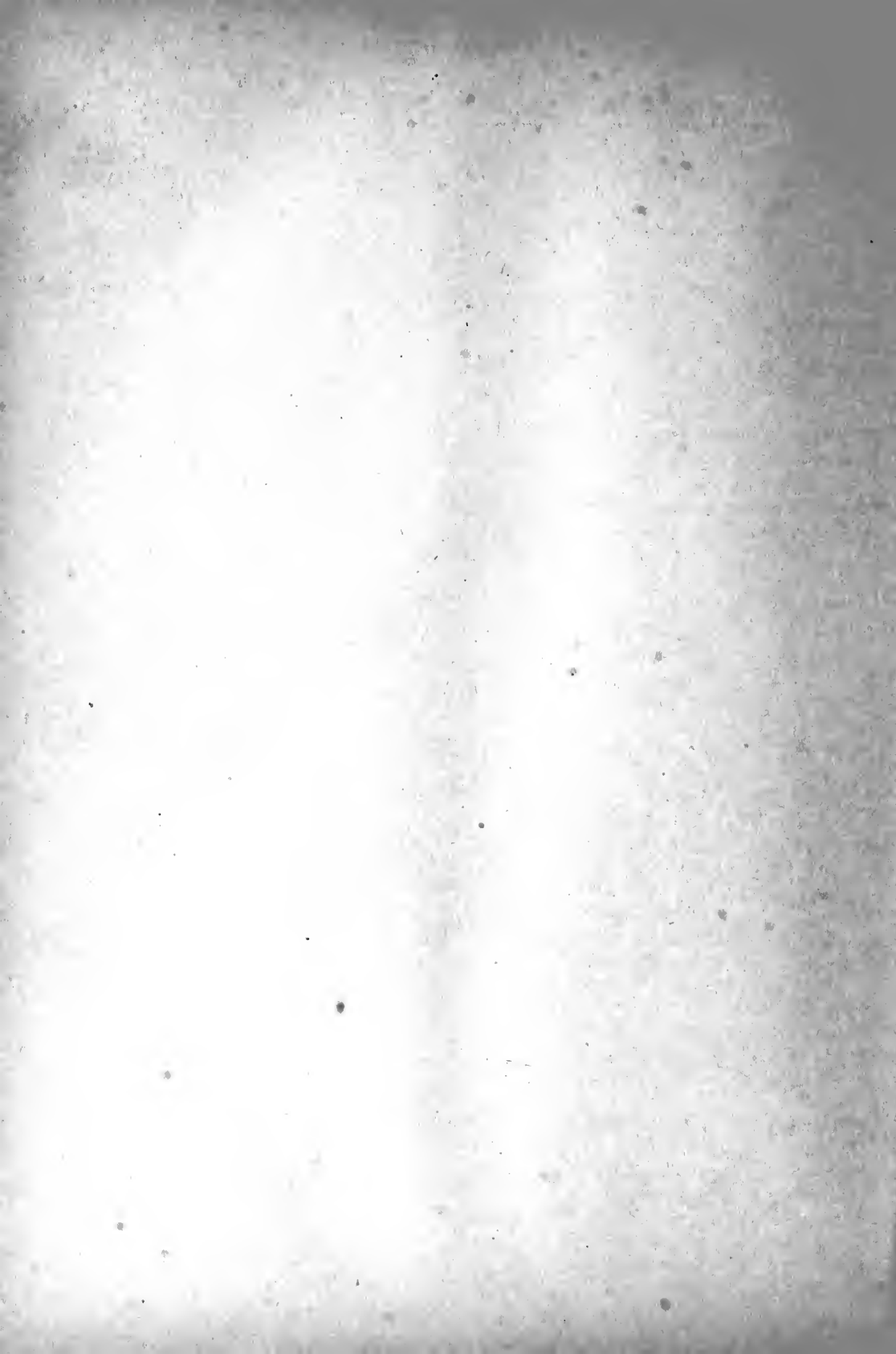
Thine am I still;—and I'll never forget
The moment the spell on my spirit was set;—
Thy chain but a foam-wreath—yet stronger
by far
Than the manacle, steel-wrought, for captive
of war;

* Written immediately after leaving the Falls.

² The water in the centre of the great fall is intensely green and of gem-like brilliancy.



THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.



For the steel it will rust, and the war will be
o'er,
And the manacled captive be free as before ;
While the foam-wreath will bind me forever
to thee !—
— love the enslavement—and would not be
free !

Nymph of Niagara ! play with the breeze,
Sport with the fauns 'mid the old forest trees ;
Blush into rainbows at kiss of the sun,
From the gleam of his dawn till his bright
course be run ;

I'll not be jealous—for pure is thy sporting,
Heaven-born is all that around thee is court-
ing—
Still will I love thee, sweet Sprite of the mist,
As first when my brow with wild magic you
kiss'd !

HOW TO ASK AND HAVE.

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I ;

"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry :

"For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent ;
She says girls in a hurry who marry
At leisure repent."

"Then, suppose I would talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I ;

"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry :

"For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father," says Mary,
"He'll surely say 'No.'"

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel ?
Sweet Mary," says I ;

"If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die !"

"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary ;
"A way now to save you, I see :

Since my parents are both so contrary—
You'd better ask *me*."

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

Oh ! come to the West, love,—oh, come
there with me ;

'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs
from the sea,

Where fair plenty smiles from her emerald
throne ;

Oh, come to the West, and I'll make thee
my own !

I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee
the best,

And you'll say there's no land like the land
of the West.

The South has its roses and bright skies of
blue,

But ours are more sweet with love's own
changeable hue—

Half sunshine, half tears,—like the girl I
love best,

Oh ! what is the South to the beautiful West !
Then come to the West, and the rose on thy

mouth
Will be sweeter to me than the flowers of the
South !

The North has its snow-towers of dazzling
array,

All sparkling with gems in the ne'er-setting
day ;

There the Storm-King may dwell in the halls
he loves best,

But the soft-breathing Zephyr he plays in
the West.

Then come there with me, where no cold
wind doth blow,

And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the
snow !

The Sun in the gorgeous East chaseth the
night

When he riseth, refresh'd, in his glory and
might.

But where doth he go when he seeks his
sweet rest ?

Oh ! doth he not haste to the beautiful West ?
Then come there with me : 'tis the land I

love best,
'Tis the land of my sires !—'tis my own dar-
ling West !

SWEET HARP OF THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

TO THE IRISH HARP.

Oh, give me one strain
Of that wild harp again,
In melody proudly its own !
Sweet harp of the days that are gone !
Time's wide-wasting wing
Its cold shadow may fling
Where the light of the soul hath no
part ;
The sceptre and sword
Both decay with their lord—
But the throne of the bard, is the heart.

And hearts, while they beat
To thy music so sweet,
Thy glories will ever prolong,
Land of honor and beauty and song !
The beauty, whose sway
Woke the bard's votive lay,
Hath gone to eternity's shade,
While, fresh in its fame,
Lives the song to her name,
Which the minstrel immortal hath
made !

YIELD NOT, THOU SAD ONE, TO SIGHS.

Oh yield not, thou sad one, to sighs,
Nor murmur at Destiny's will.
Behold, for each pleasure that flies,
Another replacing it still.
Time's wing, were it all of one feather,
Far slower would be in its flight ;
The storm gives a charm to fine weather,
And day would seem dark without night.
Then yield not, thou sad one, to sighs.

When we look on some lake that repeats
The loveliness bounding its shore,
A breeze o'er the soft surface fleets,
And the mirror-like beauty is o'er :—
But the breeze, ere it ruffled the deep,
Pervading the odorous bowers,
Awaken'd the flowers from their sleep,

And wafted their sweets to be ours.
Then yield not, thou sad one, to sighs.

Oh, blame not the change nor the flight
Of our joys as they're passing away,
'Tis the swiftness and change give delight—
They would pall if permitted to stay.
More gayly they glitter in flying,
They perish in lustre still bright,
Like the hues of the dolphin, in dying,
Or humming-bird's wing in its flight.
Then yield not, thou sad one, to sighs.

WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow *Machree*, it's no wonder you frown,
Och hone ! Widow Machree ;
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty
black gown,
Och hone ! Widow Machree ;
How alter'd your air,
With that close cap you wear—
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free ;
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl,
Och hone ! Widow Machree !

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
Och hone ! Widow Machree :
When everything smiles, should a beauty
look glum ?
Och hone ! Widow Machree.
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why even the bears
Now in couples agree ;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish,
Och hone ! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
Och hone ! Widow Machree,
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone ! Widow Machree ;
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs

Full of family glee ;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit, *you* sup,
Och hone ! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts
I've towld,
Och hone ! Widow Machree,
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in
the cowl'd ?

Och hone ! Widow Machree.
With such sins on your head
Sure your peace would be fled .
Could you sleep in your bed
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, "Och hone ! Widow Machree ?"

Then take my advice, darling Widow Ma-
chree,
Och hone ! Widow Machree.
And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take
me,

Och hone ! Widow Machree.
You'd have me to desire,
Then to sit by the fire,
And sure Hope is no liar
In whispering to me,
That the ghosts would depart,
When you'd me near your heart,
Och hone ! Widow Machree.

MOLLY BAWN.

O ! MOLLY BAWN, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you ?
The stars above are brightly shining
Because—they've nothing else to do.
The flowers, late, were open keeping,
To try a rival blush with you,
But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping,
With their rosy faces wash'd—with dew.
O ! Molly, &c.

Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom,
dear,
And the pretty stars were made to shine,
And the pretty girls were made for the boys,
dear,
And maybe you were made for mine !

The wicked watch-dog here is snarling—
He takes me for a thief, you see ;
For he knows I'd steal you, Molly darling—
And then transported I should be.

O ! Molly, &c.

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

Mother.

Now what are you crying for, Nelly ?
Don't be blubbering there like a fool ;
With the weight o' the grief, faith, I tell you
You'll break down the three-legged stool.
I suppose now you're crying for Barney,
But don't b'lieve a word that he'd say,
He tells nothing but big lies and blarney,—
Sure you know how he sarved poor Kate
Karney.

Daughter.

But, mother !

Mother.

Oh, bother !

Daughter.

Oh, mother, he's going away,
And I dreamt the other night
Of his ghost—all in white !

[*Mother speaks in an undertone*
The dirty blackguard !]

Daughter.

Oh, mother, he's going away.

Mother.

If he's going away all the better,—
Blesséd hour when he's out o' your sight
There's one comfort—you can't get a letter—
For yiz' neither can read nor can write.
Sure, 'twas only last week you protested,
Since he courted fat Jinney M'Cray,
That the sight o' the scamp you detested—
With abuse sure your tongue never
rested—

Daughter.

But, mother!

Mother.

Oh, bother!

Daughter.

Oh, mother, he's going away!

[*Mother, speaking again with peculiar parental piety,*

May he never come back!]

Daughter.

And I dream of his ghost

Walking round my bedpost—

Oh, mother, he's going away!

THE QUAKER'S MEETING.

A TRAVELLER wended the wilds among,
With a purse of gold and a silver tongue;
His hat it was broad and all drab were his
clothes,

For he hated high colors—except on his nose,
And he met with a lady, the story goes.

Heigho! *yea thee and nay thee.*

The damsel she cast him a beamy blink,
And the traveller nothing was loth, I think;
Her merry black eye beam'd her bonnet
beneath,

And the Quaker he grinn'd—for he'd very
good teeth.

And he ask'd, "Art thee going to ride on
the heath?"

Heigho! *yea thee and nay thee.*

"I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said
the maid,

"As to ride this heath over I'm sadly afraid;
For robbers, they say, here in numbers
abound,

And I wouldn't 'for anything' I should be
found,

For—between you and me—I have five
hundred pound."

Heigho! *yea thee and nay thee.*

"If that is thee' own, dear," the Quaker he
said,

"I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed;
And I have another five hundred just now,
In the padding that's under my saddle-bow.
And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow!"

Heigho! *yea thee and nay thee.*

The maiden she smiled, and her rein she drew,
"Your offer I'll take—though I'll not take
you."

A pistol she held at the Quaker's head—

"Now give me your gold—or I'll give you
my lead—

'Tis under the saddle I think you said."

Heigho! *yea thee and nay thee.*

The damsel she ripp'd up the saddle-bow,
And the Quaker was never a Quaker till now,
And he saw, by the fair one he wish'd for a
bride,

His purse borne away with a swaggering
stride,

And the eye that shamm'd tender, now only
defied.

Heigho! *yea thee and nay thee.*

"The spirit doth move me, friend Broad-
brim," quoth she,

"To take all this filthy temptation from thee,
For Mammon deceiveth—and beauty is fleet-
ing;

Accept from thy *maaid'n* a right loving
greeting,

For much doth she profit by this Quaker's
meeting."

Heigho! *yea thee and nay thee.*

"And hark! jolly Quaker, so rosy and sly,
Have righteousness, more than a wench, in
thine eye,

Don't go again peeping girls' bonnets beneath,
Remember the one that you met on the
heath,—

Her name's *Jimmy* Barlow—I tell to your
teeth!"

Heigho! *yea thee and nay thee.*

¹ The inferior class of Quakers make *thee* serve not only in its true grammatical use, but also to do the duty of *thou*, *thy*, and *thine*.

"*Friend James*," quoth the Quaker, "pray
listen to me,

For thou canst confer a great favor, d'y'e see;
The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my
friend,

But my master's—and truly on thee I depend,
To make it appear I my trust did defend."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"So fire a few shots through my clothes,
here and there,

To make it appear 'twas a desp'rate affair."—
So Jim he popp'd first through the skirt of
his coat,

And then through his collar—quite close to
his throat;

"Now one through my broadbrim," quoth
Ephraim, "I vote."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"I have but a brace," said bold Jim, "and
they're spent,

And I won't load again for a make-believe
rent."—

"Then"—said Ephraim, producing *his* pis-
tols—"just give

My five hundred pounds back—or as sure as
you live

I'll make of your body a riddle or sieve."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

Jim Barlow was diddled—and, though he
was game,

He saw Ephraim's pistol so deadly in aim,
That he gave up the gold, and he took to
his scrapers;

And when the whole story got into the
papers,

They said that "*the thieves were no match
for the Quakers.*"

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

NATIVE MUSIC.

OH! native music! beyond comparing

The sweetest far on the ear that falls,

Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,

Thy strains enchain us in tender thralls.

Thy tones endearing,

Or sad or cheering,

The absent soothe on a foreign strand;

Ah! who can tell

What a holy spell

Is in the song of our native land?

The proud and lowly, the pilgrim holy,
The lover, kneeling at beauty's shrine,
The bard who dreams by the haunted
streams,—

All, all are touch'd by thy power divine!

The captive cheerless,

The soldier fearless;

The mother—taught by Nature's hand—

Her child when weeping,

Will lull to sleeping,

With some sweet song of her native land!

THE CHARM.

[They say that a flower may be found in a valley opening to the West, which bestows on the finder the power of winning the affection of the person to whom it is presented. Hence, it 's supposed, has originated the custom of presenting a bouquet.]

THEY say there's a secret charm which lies
In some wild floweret's bell,

That grows in a vale where the west wind
sighs,

And where secrets best may dwell;
And they who can find the fairy flower,
A treasure possess that might grace a
throne;

For, oh! they can rule with the softest power
The heart they would make their own.

The Indian has toil'd in the dusky mine,
For the gold that has made him a slave;
Or, plucking the pearl from the sea-god's
shrine,

Has tempted the wrath of the wave;
But ne'er has he sought, with a love like mine,
The flower that holds the heart in thrall.
Oh! rather I'd win that charm divine

Than their gold and their pearl and all

I've sought it by day, from morn till eve,
I've won it—in dreams at night;

And then how I grieve my couch to leave,
 And sigh at the morning's light :
 Yet sometimes I think in a hopeful hour,
 The blissful moment I yet may see
 To win the fair flower from the fairy's bower
 And give it, love—to thee.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

[A four-leaved Shamrock is of such rarity that it is supposed to endue the finder with magic power.]

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock in all the
 fairy dells,
 And if I find the charmed leaves, oh, how
 I'll weave my spells !
 I would not waste my magic might on dia-
 mond, pearl, or gold,
 For treasure tires the weary sense,—*such*
 triumph is but cold ;
 But I would play the enchanter's part, in
 casting bliss around,—
 Oh ! not a tear, nor aching heart, should in
 the world be found !

To worth I would give honor !—I'd dry the
 mourner's tears,
 And to the pallid lip recall the smile of hap-
 pier years,
 And hearts that had been long estranged,
 and friends that had grown cold,
 Should meet again—like parted streams—
 and mingle as of old ;
 Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's part, thus
 scatter bliss around,
 And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in
 the world be found !

The heart that had been mourning o'er van-
 ish'd dreams of love,
 Should see them all returning—like Noah's
 faithful dove,
 And Hope should launch her blessed bark
 on Sorrow's darkening sea,
 And Misery's children have an ark, and
 saved from sinking be ;
 Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's part, thus
 scatter bliss around,
 And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in
 the world be found !

OH ! WATCH YOU WELL BY DAYLIGHT.

[The Irish peasant says, " Watch well by daylight, for then your own senses are awake to guard you : but keep no watch in darkness, for then God watches over you." This, however, can hardly be called a superstition, there is so much of *rightful* reverence in it : for though, in perfect truth, we are as dependent on God by day as by night, yet some allowance may be made for the poetic fondness of the saying.]

Oh, watch you well by daylight,
 By daylight may you fear,
 But take no watch in darkness—
 The angels then are near :
 For Heaven the gift bestoweth
 Our waking life to keep,
 But tender mercy showeth
 To guard us in our sleep.
 Then watch you well by daylight.

Oh, watch you well in pleasure,
 For pleasure oft betrays,
 But take no watch in sorrow,
 When joy withdraws its rays :
 For in the hour of sorrow,
 As in the darkness drear,
 To Heaven intrust the morrow—
 The angels then are near.
 Then watch you well by daylight.

RORY O'MORE ; OR, GOOD OMENS.

YOUNG RORY O'MORE courted Kathleen
 Bawn,
 He was bold as a hawk,—she as soft as the
 dawn ;
 He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to
 please,
 And he thought the best way to do *that* was
 to *tease*.
 " Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen
 would cry,
 (Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,)
 " With your tricks I don't know, in troth,
 what I'm about ;
 Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak
 inside out."
 " Oh ! jewel," says Rory, " that same is the
 way
 You've thrated my heart this many a day ;

And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be
sure ?

For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory
O'More.

"Indeed then," says Kathleen, "don't think
of the like,

For I half gave a promise to *soothing* Mike:
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be
bound."

"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love *you*
than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I drame ev'ry night that I'm hating
you so!"

"Oh," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted
to hear,

For *dramas* always go by *conthrairies*, my
dear;

Oh! jewel, keep draming that same till you
die,

And bright morning will give dirty night
the black lie!

And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be
sure ?

Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory
O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased
me enough,

Sure I've thrash'd for your' sake Dinny
Grimes and Jim Duff;

And I've made myself, drinking your health,
quite a *baste*,

So I think, after that, I may *talk to the priest*."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round
her neck,

So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he look'd in her eyes that were beam-
ing with light,

And he kiss'd her sweet lips;—don't you
think he was right ?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir; you'll hug me
no more,

That's eight times to-day you have kiss'd me
before."

"Then here goes another," says he, "to
make sure,

For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory
O'More.

THE BLARNEY.

[There is a certain coign-stone on the summit of Blarney Castle, in the county of Cork, the kissing of which is said to impart the gift of persuasion. Hence the phrase, applied to those who make a flattering speech—"You've kissed the Blarney Stone."]

Oh! did you ne'er hear of "the Blarney,"
That's found near the banks of Killarney ?

Believe it from me,

No girl's heart is free,

Once she hears the sweet sound of the
Blarney.

For the Blarney's so great a deceiver,
That a girl thinks you're there, though you
leave her;

And never finds out

All the tricks you're about,

Till she's quite gone herself,—with your
Blarney.

Oh! say, would you find this same "Blar-
ney?"

There's a castle not far from Killarney,
On the top of its wall—

(But take care you don't fall)—

There's a stone that contains all this Blar-
ney.

Like a magnet, its influence such is,
That attraction it gives all it touches;

If you kiss it, they say,

From that blessed day,

You may kiss whom you please with your
Blarney.

THE CHAIN OF GOLD.

[The Earl of Kildare, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, ruled justly, and was hated by the small oppressors whose practices he dis-
countenanced. They accused him of favoring the Irish to the
King's detriment, but he, in the presence of the King, rebut-
ted their calumnies. They said, at last, "Please your High-
ness, all Ireland cannot rule this Earl."—"Then," said Henry
"he is the man to rule all Ireland," and he took the golden
chain from his neck and threw it over the shoulders of the
Earl, who returned, with honor, to his government.]

Oh, Moina, I've a tale to tell

Will glad thy soul, my girl:

The King hath given a chain of gold

To our noble-hearted Earl.

¹ Paddy's mode of asking a girl to name the day.

His foes, they rail'd—the Earl ne'er quail'd—
 But, with a front so bold,
 Before the King did backward fling
 The slanderous lies they told :
 And the King gave him no iron chain—
 No—he gave him a chain of gold !

Oh, 'tis a noble sight to see
 The cause of truth prevail :
 An honest cause is always proof
 Against a treacherous tale.
 Let fawning false ones court the great,
 The heart in virtue bold
 Will hold the right, in power's despite,
 Until that heart be cold :
 For falsehood's the bond of slavery,
 But truth is the chain of gold.

False Connal wed the rich one
 With her gold and jewels rare,
 But Dermid wed the maid he loved,
 And she clear'd his brow from care :
 And thus, in our own hearts, love,
 We may read this lesson plain,
 Let outward joys depart, love,
 So peace within remain—
 For falsehood is an iron bond,
 But love is the golden chain !

GIVE ME MY ARROWS AND GIVE ME MY BOW.

[In the Great North American lakes there are islands bearing the name of "*Manitou*," which signifies "*THE GREAT SPIRIT*," and Indian tradition declares that in these islands the Great Spirit concealed the precious metals, thereby showing that he did not desire they should be possessed by man; and that whenever some rash mortal has attempted to obtain treasure from "*The Manitou Isle*," his canoe was always overwhelmed by a tempest. The "*Palefaces*," however, fearless of "*Manitou's*" thunder, are now working the extensive mineral region of the lakes.]

TEMPT me not, stranger, with gold from the mine,
 I have got treasure more precious than thine,
 Freedom in forest, and health in the chase,
 Where the hunter sees beauty in Nature's
 bright face :
 Then give me my arrows and give me my bow,
 In the wild-woods to rove where the blue
 rapids flow.

If gold had been good, *THE GREAT SPIRIT*
 had given
 That gift, like his others, as freely from
 heaven ;
 The lake gives me whitefish, the deer gives
 me meat,
 And the toil of the capture gives slumber so
 sweet :
 Then give me my arrows and give me my bow,
 In the wild-woods to rove where the blue
 rapids flow.

Why seek you death in the dark cave to find,
 While there's life on the hill in the health-
 breathing wind ?
 And death parts you soon from your treasure
 so bright—
 As the gold of the sunset is lost in the night .
 Then give me my arrows and give me my bow
 In the wild-woods to rove where the blue
 rapids flow.

THE HOUR BEFORE DAY.

[There is a beautiful saying amongst the Irish peasantry to inspire hope under adverse circumstances:—"Remember," they say, "that the darkest hour of all is the hour before day."]

BEREFT of his love, and bereaved of his fame,
 A knight to the cell of an old hermit came :
 "My foes, they have slander'd and forced
 me to fly,
 Oh ! tell me, good father, what's left but to
 die ?"
 "Despair not, my son;—thou'lt be righted
 ere long—
 For heaven is above us to right all the wrong ;
 Remember the words the old hermit doth
 say,—
 "'Tis always the darkest the hour before day !"
 "Then back to the tourney, and back to the
 court,
 And join thee, the bravest, in chivalry's sport;
 Thy foes will be there—and thy lady-love too,
 And show *both* thou'rt a knight that is gal-
 lant and true !"
 He rode in the lists—all his foes he o'erthrew,

And a sweet glance he caught from a soft
eye of blue :

And he thought of the words the old hermit
did say,
For her glance was as bright as the dawning
of day.

The feast it was late in the castle that night,
And the banquet was beaming with beauty
and light ;

But brightest of all is the lady who glides
To a porch where a knight with a fleet
courser bides.

She paused 'neath the arch, at the fierce han-
dog's bark,
She trembled to look on the night—'twas so
dark ;

But her lover he whisper'd, and thus did he
say :

"Sweet love, it is darkest the hour before
day."

MACARTHY'S GRAVE.

A LEGEND OF KILLARNEY.

THE breeze was fresh, the morn was fair,
The stag had left his dewy lair.

To cheering horn and baying tongue
Killarney's echoes sweetly rung.

With sweeping oar and bending mast,
The eager chase was following fast,
When one light skiff a maiden steer'd
Beneath the deep wave disappear'd :

While shouts of terror wildly ring,
A boatman brave, with gallant spring
And dauntless arm, the lady bore—
But he who saved—was seen no more !

Where weeping birches wildly wave,
There boatmen show their brother's grave,
And while they tell the name he bore,
Suspended hangs the lifted oar.
The silent drops thus idly shed,
Seem like tears to gallant Ned ;
And while gently gliding by,
The tale is told with moistening eye.
No ripple on the slumb'ring lake
Unhallow'd oar doth ever make ;
All undisturb'd the placid wave
Flows gently o'er Macarthy's grave.

ST. KEVIN.

A LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH

At Glendalough lived a young saint,
In odor of sanctity dwelling,
An old-fashion'd odor, which now
We seldom or never are smelling ;
A book or a hook were to him
The utmost extent of his wishes ;
Now, a snatch at the "Lives of the Saints ;"
Then, a catch at the lives of the fishes.

There was a young woman one day,
Stravagin' along by the lake, sir ;
She look'd hard at St. Kevin, they say,
But St. Kevin no notice did take, sir.
When she found looking hard wouldn't do,
She look'd soft—in the old sheep's eye
fashion ;
But, with all her sheep's eyes, she could not
In St. Kevin see signs of soft passion.

"You're a great hand at fishing," says Kate,
" 'Tis yourself that knows how, faith, to
hook them ;

But, when you have caught them, *agra*,
Don't you want a young woman to cook
them ?"

Says the saint, "I am '*sayrious inclined*,'
I intend taking orders for life, dear."

"Only marry," says Kate, "and you'll find
You'll get orders enough from your wife,
dear."

"You shall never be flesh of my flesh,"
Says the saint, with an anchorite groan,
sir ;

"I see that myself," answer'd Kate,
"I can only be 'bone of your bone,' sir.
And even your bones are so scarce,"
Said Miss Kate, at her answers so glib,
sir,

"That I think you would not be the worse
Of a little additional rib, sir."

The saint, in a rage, seized the lass,—
He gave her one twirl round his head, sir,
And, before Doctor Arnott's invention,
Prescribed her a watery bed, sir.

Oh!—cruel St. Kevin!—for shame!
 When a lady her heart came to barter,
 You should not have been Knight of the Bath,
 But have bow'd to the order of Garter.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

[The brief period which succeeds the autumnal close, called "The Indian summer"—a reflex, as it were, of the early portion of the year—strikes a stranger in America as peculiarly beautiful, and quite charmed me.]

WHEN summer's verdant beauty flies,
 And Autumn glows with richer dyes,
 A softer charm beyond them lies—

It is the Indian summer.

Ere winter's snows and winter's breeze
 Bereave of beauty all the trees,
 The balmy spring renewal sees
 In the sweet Indian summer.

And thus, dear love, if early years
 Have drown'd the germ of joy in tears,
 A later gleam of hope appears—

Just like the Indian summer:

And ere the snows of age descend,
 Oh trust me, dear one, changeless friend,
 Our falling years may brightly end—

Just like the Indian summer.

THE WAR-SHIP OF PEACE.

[The Americans exhibited much sympathy toward Ireland when the famine raged there in 1847. A touching instance was then given how the better feelings of our nature may employ even the enginery of destruction to serve the cause of humanity;—an American frigate (the *Jamestown*, I believe), was dismantled of all her warlike appliances, and placed at the disposal of the charitable to carry provisions.]

SWEET Land of Song! thy harp doth hang
 Upon the willows now,
 While famine's blight and fever's pang
 Stamp misery on thy brow;
 Yet take thy harp, and raise thy voice,
 Though faint and low it be,
 And let thy sinking heart rejoice
 In friends still left to thee!

Look out—look out—across the sea
 That girds thy emerald shore,
 A ship of war is bound for thee,
 But with no warlike store;
 Her thunder sleeps—'tis Mercy's breath
 That wafts her o'er the sea;
 She goes not forth to deal out death,
 But bears new life to thee!

Thy wasted hand can scarcely strike
 The chords of grateful praise;
 Thy plaintive tone is now unlike
 Thy voice of former days;
 Yet, even in sorrow, tuneful still,
 Let Erin's voice proclaim
 In bardic praise, on every hill,
 Columbia's glorious name!

AN HONEST HEART TO GUIDE US.

As day by day
 We hold our way
 Through this wild world below, boys,
 With roads so cross,
 We're at a loss
 To know which way to go, boys:
 With choice so vex'd
 When man's perplex'd,
 And many a doubt has tried him,
 It is not long
 He'll wander wrong,
 With an honest heart to guide him.

When rough the way,
 And dark the day,
 More steadfastly we tread, boys,
 Than when by flowers
 In wayside bowers
 We from the path are led, boys:
 Oh! then beware—
 The serpent there
 Is gliding close beside us;
 'Twere death to stay—
 So speed the way,
 With an honest heart to guide us.

If fortune's gale
 Should fill our sail,

While others lose the wind, boys,
 Look kindly back
 Upon the track
 Of luckless mates behind, boys:
 If we won't heed
 A friend in need,
 May rocks ahead abide us!
 Let's rather brave
 Both wind and wave,
 With an honest heart to guide us!

THE BIRTH OF SAINT PATRICK.

ON the eighth day of March it was, some
 people say,
 That Saint Pathrick at midnight he first saw
 the day;
 While others declare 'twas the ninth he was
 born,
 And 'twas all a mistake between midnight
 and morn;
 For mistakes *will* occur in a hurry and shock,
 And some blamed the babby—and some
 blamed the clock—
 'Till with all their cross questions sure no
 one could know,
 If the child was too fast—or the clock was
 too slow.

Now the first faction fight in owld Ireland,
 they say,
 Was all on account of Saint Pathrick's birth-
 day,
 Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth
 more would die,
 And who wouldn't see right, sure they
 blacken'd his eye!
 At last, both the factions so positive grew,
 That *each* kept a birthday, so Pat then had
two,
 'Till Father Mulcahy, who show'd them their
 sins,
 Said "No one could have two birthdays, but
 a *twins*."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or
 for nine,
 Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes
 combine;

Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is
 the mark,
 So let that be his birthday."—"Amen," says
 the clerk.
 "If he wasn't a *twins*, sure our hist'ry will
 show
 That, at least, he's worth any *two* saints that
 we know!"
 Then they all got blind dhrunk—which com-
 plated their bliss,
 And we keep up the practice from that day
 to this.

THE ARAB.

[The interesting fact on which this ballad is founded occurred to Mr. Davidson, the celebrated traveller, between Mount Sinai and Suez, on his overland return from India in 1839. He related the story to me shortly before his leaving England on his last fatal journey to Timbuctoo.]

THE noontide blaze on the desert fell,
 As the traveller reach'd the wish'd-for well;
 But vain was the hope that cheer'd him on,
 His hope in the desert—the waters—were
 gone.

Fainting, he call'd on the Holy Name,
 And swift o'er the desert an Arab came,
 And with him he brought of the blessed thing
 That fail'd the poor traveller at the spring.

"Drink!" said the Arab,—“though I must
 fast,
 For half of my journey is not yet past;
 'Tis long e'er my home or my children I
 see
 But the crystal treasure I'll share with thee."

"Nay," said the weary one, "let me die,—
 For thou hast even more need than I;
 And children hast thou that are watching
 for thee,
 And I am a lone one—none watch for me."

"Drink!" said the Arab.—“My children
 shall see
 Their father returning—fear not for me:—
 For HE who hath sent me to thee this day,
 Will watch o'er me on my desert way."

FĀG-AN-BEALACH.¹

[This song occurs in a scene of political excitement described in the story of "He would be a Gentleman," but might equally belong to many other periods of the history of Ireland,—a harassed land, which has been forced to nurse in secret many a deep and dread desire.]

FILL the cup, my brothers,
To pledge a toast,
Which, beyond all others,
We prize the most;
As yet 'tis but a notion
We care not name;
But soon o'er land and ocean
'Twill fly with fame!
Then give the game before us
One view holla,
Hip! hurra! in chorus,
Fāg-an-Bealach.

We our hearts can fling, boys,
O'er this notion,
As the sea-bird's wing, boys,
Dips the ocean.
'Tis too deep for words, boys,
The thought we know,
So, like the ocean bird, boys,
We touch and go;
For dangers deep surrounding,
Our hopes might swallow;
So, through the tempest bounding,
Fāg-an-Bealach.

This thought with glory rife, boys,
Did brooding dwell,
'Till time did give it life, boys,
To break the shell;
'Tis in our hearts yet lying,
An unfledged thing,
But soon, an eaglet flying,
'Twill take the wing!
For 'tis no timeling frail, boys,—
No summer swallow,—
'Twill live through winter's gale, boys,
Fāg-an-Bealach.

Lawyers may indite us
By crooked laws,
Soldiers strive to fright us
From country's cause;

But we will sustain it
Living—dying—
Point of law or bayonet
Still defying!
Let their parchment rattle—
Drums are hollow—
So is lawyers' prattle—
Fāg-an-Bealach.

Better early graves, boys—
Dark locks gory,
Than bow the head as slaves, boys,
When they're hoary.
Fight it out we must, boys,
Hit or miss it,
Better bite the dust, boys,
Than to kiss it!
For dust to dust at last, boys—
Death *will* swallow—
Hark! the trumpet's blast, boys,
Fāg-an-Bealach.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

[The mystery attendant upon the Councils of Venice increased the terror of their rule. A covered bridge between the Ducal palace and the State prison served as a private passage, by which suspected or condemned persons were transferred at once from examination to the dungeon—hence it was called "The Bridge of Sighs."]

ABOVE the sparkling waters,
Where Venice crowns the tide,
Behold the home of sorrow
So near the home of pride;
A palace and a prison
Beside each other rise,
And, dark between, a link is seen—
It is "The Bridge of Sighs."
Row, gondolier, row fast, row fast.
Until that fatal bridge be past.

But not alone in Venice
Are joy and grief so near;
To-day the smile may waken,
To-morrow wake the tear;
'Tis next the "House of mourning"
That Pleasure's palace lies,
'Twixt joy and grief the passage brief—
Just like "The Bridge of Sighs."
Row, gondolier, row fast, row fast,
Until that fatal bridge be past

¹ Pronounced *Faug-a-bollagh*, meaning "clear the road," or "clear the way."

Who seeks for joy unclouded,
 Must never seek it here ;
 But in a purer region—
 And in a brighter sphere ;
 To lead the way before us,
 Bright hope unfailing flies :—
 This earth of ours, to Eden's bowers
 Is but a " Bridge of Sighs."
 Fly, fly, sweet hope, fly fast, fly fast,
 Until that bridge of sighs be past.

THE CHILD AND AUTUMN LEAF.

Down by the river's bank I stray'd
 Upon an autumn day ;
 Beside the fading forest there,
 I saw a child at play.
 She play'd among the yellow leaves—
 The leaves that once were green,
 And flung upon the passing stream,
 What once had blooming been :
 Oh ! deeply did it touch my heart
 To see that child at play ;
 It was the sweet unconscious sport
 Of childhood with decay.

Fair child, if by this stream you stray,
 When after-years go by,
 The scene that makes thy childhood's sport,
 May wake thy age's sigh :
 When fast you see around you fall
 The summer's leafy pride,
 And mark the river hurrying on
 Its ne'er-returning tide ;
 Then may you feel, in pensive mood,
 That life's a summer dream ;
 And man, at last, forgotten falls—
 A leaf upon the stream.

FORGIVE, BUT DON'T FORGET.

I'm going, Jessie, far from thee,
 To distant lands beyond the sea ;
 I would not, Jessie, leave thee now,
 With anger's cloud upon thy brow.
 Remember that thy mirthful friend
 Might sometimes *tease*, but ne'er *offend* ;

That mirthful friend is sad the while,—
 Oh, Jessie, give a parting smile.

Ah, why should friendship harshly chide
 Our little faults on either side ?
 From friends we love we bear with those,
 As thorns are pardon'd for the rose :—
 The honey-bee, on busy wing,
 Producing sweets—yet bears a sting ;
 The purest gold most needs alloy,
 And sorrow is the nurse of joy.

Then, oh ! forgive me, ere I part,
 And if some corner in thy heart
 For absent friend a place might be—
 Ah ! keep that little place for me !
 "Forgive—Forget," we're wisely told,
 Is held a maxim good and old ;
 But half the maxim's better yet :
 Then, oh ! *forgive*, but *don't forget* !

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

The hour was sad I left the maid,
 A lingering farewell taking,
 Her sighs and tears my steps delay'd—
 I thought her heart was breaking ;
 In hurried words her name I bless'd,
 I breathed the vows that bind me,
 And to my heart, in anguish, press'd
 The girl I left behind me.

Then to the East we bore away
 To win a name in story ;
 And there, where dawns the sun of day,
 There dawn'd our sun of glory !
 Both blazed in noon on ALMA's height,
 Where, in the post assign'd me,
 I shared the glory of that fight,
 Sweet girl I left behind me.

Full many a name our banners bore
 Of former deeds of daring,
 But they were of the days of yore,
 In which we had no sharing ;
 But now, *our* laurels, freshly won,
 With the old ones shall entwined be,
 Still worthy of our sires, each son,
 Sweet girl I left behind me.

The hope of final victory
 Within my bosom burning,
 Is mingling with sweet thoughts of thee
 And of my fond returning:
 But should I ne'er return again,
 Still worth thy love thou'lt find me,
 Dishonor's breath shall never stain
 The name I'll leave behind me!

THE FLAG IS HALF-MAST HIGH.

A BALLAD OF THE WALMER WATCH.¹

A GUARD of honor kept its watch in Wal-
 mer's ancient hall,
 And sad and silent was the ward beside the
 Marshal's pall;
 The measured tread beside the dead through
 echoing space might tell
 How solemnly the round was paced by
 lonely sentinel;
 But in the guard-room, down below, a war-
 worn veteran gray
 Recounted all THE HERO's deeds, through
 many a glorious day:
 How, 'neath the red-cross flag he made the
 foes of Britain fly—
 'Though now, for him,' the veteran said,
 "that flag is half-mast high!"
 "I mark one day, when far away the Duke
 on duty went,
 That Soult came reconnoitering our front
 with fierce intent;
 But when his ear caught up our cheer, the
 cause he did divine,
 He could not doubt why that bold shout
 was ringing up the line;
 He *felt* it was the Duke come back, his lads
 to reassure,
 And our position, weak before, he felt was
 then secure,"

He beat retreat, while we did beat advance,
 and made him fly
 Before the conquering flag—that now is
 drooping half-mast high!

And truly might the soldier say his presence
 ever gave
 Assurance to the most assured, and bravery
 to the brave;
 His prudence-tempered valor—his eagle-
 sighted skill,
 And calm resolves, the measure of a hero
 went to fill.
 Fair Fortune flew before him; 'twas conquest
 where he came—
 For Victory wove her chaplet in the magic
 of his name,
 But while his name thus gilds the past, the
 present wakes a sigh,
 To see his flag of glory now—but drooping
 half-mast high!

In many a bygone battle, beneath an Indian
 sun,
 That flag was borne in triumph o'er the
 sanguine plains he won;
 Where'er that flag he planted, impregnable
 became,
 As Torres Vedras' heights have told in glit-
 tering steel and flame.
 'Twas then to wild Ambition's Chief he flung
 the gauntlet down,
 And from his iron grasp retrieved the ancient
 Spanish crown;
 He drove him o'er the Pyrenees with
 Victory's swelling cry,
 Before the red-cross flag—that now is droop-
 ing half-mast high!

And when once more from Elba's shore the
 Giant Chief broke loose,
 And startled nations waken'd from the calm
 of hollow truce,
 In foremost post the British host soon
 sprang to arms again,
 And Fate in final balance held the world's
 two foremost men.

The Chieftains twain might ne'er again have
 need for aught to do,
 So, once for all, we won the fall at glorious
 Waterloo;—

¹ Arthur, Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, died on the 14th of September, 1852, at Walmer Castle, where his body lay in state under a guard of honor.

² This incident, which occurred in the Pyrenees, is related in Napier's "History of the Peninsular War."

The work was done, and Wellington his
savior-sword laid by,
And now, in grief, to mourn our Chief—the
flag is half-mast high !

I CAN NE’ER FORGET THEE.

It is the chime ; the hour draws near
When you and I must sever ;
Alas ! it must be many a year,
And it *may* be forever.
How long till we shall meet again ;
How short since first I met thee ;
How brief the bliss—how long the pain—
For I can ne’er forget thee !

You said my heart was cold and stern,
You doubted love when strongest ;
In future years you’ll live to learn
Proud hearts can love the longest.
Oh ! sometimes think when press’d to hear,
When flippant tongues beset thee,
That *all* must love thee when thou’rt near ;
But *one* will ne’er forget thee !

The changeful sand doth only know
The shallow tide and latest ;
The rocks have mark’d its highest flow
The deepest and the greatest :
And deeper still the flood-marks grow ;—
So since the hour I met thee,
The more the tide of time doth flow
The less can I forget thee !

LOVE AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

WHEN o’er the silent deep we rove,
More fondly than our thoughts will stray
To those we leave—to those we love,
Whose prayers pursue our watery way.
When in the lonely midnight hour
The sailor takes his watchful stand,
His heart then feels the holiest power
Of love and home and native land.

In vain may tropic climes display
Their glittering shores—their gorgeous
shells ;
Though bright birds wing their dazzling way,
And glorious flowers adorn the dells,
Though Nature, there prolific, pours
The treasures of her magic hand,
The eye, but not the heart, adores :
The heart still beats for native land.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

OFt have I mark’d, as o’er the sea
We’ve swept before the wind,
That those whose hearts were on the shore
Cast longing looks behind ;
While they whose hopes have elsewhere been,
Have watch’d with anxious eyes
To see the hills that lay before
Faint o’er the waters rise

’Tis thus as o’er the sea of life
Our onward course we track,
That anxious sadness looks before,
The happy still look back ;
Still smiling on the course they’ve pass’d,
As earnest of the rest :—
’Tis Hope’s the charm of wretchedness,
While Mem’ry woos the blest.

MOLLY CAREW.

OCH HONE ! and what will I do ?
Sure my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost ;
And there’s no use at all in my going to bed
For ’tis *dhramas* and not sleep comes into
my head,
And ’tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—
And indeed ’tis a sin and a shame ;
You’re complater than Nature
In every feature,
The snow can’t compare
With your forehead so fair,

And I rather would see just one blink of
your eye
Than the purtiest star that shines out of the
sky ;

And by this and by that,
For the matter o' that,
You're more distant by far than that
same !

Och hone ! *weirasthru* !
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone ! but why should I spake
Of your forehead and eyes
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in
rhyme ?

Though there's one Burke, he says, that
would call it *snublime*.

And then for your cheek !
Throth, 'twould take him a week
Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather.

Then your lips ! oh, *machree* !

In their beautiful glow,
They a patthorn might be
For the cherries to grow.

'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we
know,

For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago ;
But at this time o' day,

'Pol my conscience I'll say
Such cherries might tempt a man's
father !

Och hone ! *weirasthru* !
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone ! by the man in the moon,

You *tase* me always

That a woman can plaze,

For you dance twice as high with that thief,
Pat Magee,

As when you take share of a jig, dear, with
me,

Though the piper I bate,
For fear the owld chate

Wouldn't play you your favorite tune ;

And when you're at mass

My devotion you crass,

For 'tis thinking of you

I am, Molly Carew,

While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so
deep,

That I can't at your sweet purty face get a
peep :—

Oh, lave off that bonnet,

Or else I'll lave on it

The loss of my wandherin' sowl !

Och hone ! *weirasthru* !

Och hone ! like an owl,

Day is night, dear, to me, without you !

Och hone ! don't provoke me to do it ;

For there's girls by the score

That love me—and more,

And you'd look very quare if some morning
you'd meet

My weddin' all marchin' in pride down the
sthreet ;

Throth, you'd open your eyes,

And you'd die with surprise,

To think 'twasn't you was come to it !

And faith Katty Naile,

And her cow, I go bail,

Would jump if I'd say,

"Katty Naile, name the day."

And though you're fair and fresh as a morn
ing in May,

While she's short and dark like a cowl'd
winther's day,

Yet if you don't repent

Before Easter, when Lent

Is over I'll marry for spite !

Och hone ! *weirasthru* !

And when I die for you,

My ghost will haunt you every night.

MY DARK-HAIRED GIRL.

My dark-hair'd girl, thy ringlets deck,

In silken curl, thy graceful neck ;

Thy neck is like the swan, and fair as the
pearl,

And light as air the step is of my dark-
haired girl.

My dark-haired girl, upon thy lip

The dainty bee might wish to sip ;

For thy lip it is the rose, and thy teeth they
are pearl,

And diamond is the eye of my dark-haired
girl !

My dark-haired girl, I've promised thee,
And thou thy faith hast given to me,
And oh, I would not change for the crown
of an earl
The pride of being loved by my dark-hair'd
girl!

NORAH'S LAMENT.

OH, I think I must follow my *Cushla-ma-
chree*,
For I can't break the spell of his words
so enthralling:
Closer the tendrils around my heart
creep—
I dream all the day, and at night I can't
sleep,
For I hear a sad voice that is calling me—
calling—
"Oh Norah, my darling, come over the sea!"
For my brave and my fond one is over the
sea,
He fought for "the cause" and the
troubles came o'er him;
He fled for his life when the king lost
the day,
He fled for his life—and he took mine
away;
For 'tis death here without him: I, dying,
deplore him,
Oh! life of my bosom!—my *Cushla-ma-
chree*!

THE SILENT FAREWELL.

In silence we parted, for neither could speak,
But the tremulous lip and the fast-fading
cheek
To both were betraying what neither could
tell—
How deep was the pang of that silent fare-
well!
There are signs—ah! the slightest—that
love understands,
In the meeting of eyes—in the parting of
hands—

In the quick-breathing sighs that of deep
passion tell:
Oh, such were the signs of our silent farewell!
There's a language more glowing love
teaches the tongue
Than poet e'er dream'd, or than minstrel
e'er sung,
But oh, far beyond all such language could
tell,
The love that *was* told in that silent farewell!

'T WAS THE DAY OF THE FEAST.

[When the annual tribute of the flag of Waterloo to the crown of England was made to William the Fourth, a few hours before his Majesty's lamented death, the King on receiving the banner, pressed it to his heart, saying, "It was a glorious day for England," and expressed a wish he might survive the day, that the Duke of Wellington's commemoration fête of the victory of Waterloo might take place. A dying monarch receiving the banner commemorative of a national conquest, and wishing at the same time that his death might not disturb the triumphal banquet, is at once so heroic and poetic, that it naturally suggests a poem.]

'Twas the day of the feast in the chieftain's
hall,
'Twas the day he had seen the foeman fall,
'Twas the day that his country's valor stood
'Gainst steel and fire and the tide of blood:
And the day was mark'd by his country
well—
For they gave him broad valleys, the hill
and the dell,
And they ask'd, as a tribute, the hero should
bring
The flag of the foe to the foot of the king.
'Twas the day of the feast in the chieftain's
hall,
And the banner was brought at the chief-
tain's call,
And he went in his glory the tribute to bring,
To lay at the foot of the brave old king:
But the hall of the king was in silence and
grief,
And smiles, as of old, did not greet the chief;
For he came on the angel of victory's wing,
While the angel of death was awaiting the
king.

The chieftain he knelt by the couch of the
king ;
"I know," said the monarch, "the tribute
you bring,
Give me the banner, ere life depart ;"
And he press'd the flag to his fainting heart.
"It is joy, e'en in death," cried the monarch,
"to say
That my country hath known such a glorious
day !
Heaven grant I may live till the midnight's
fall,
That my chieftain may feast in his warrior
hall !"

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

"What will you do, love, when I am going,
With white sail flowing,
The seas beyond ?—
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us
For being fond ?"
"Though waves divide us, and friends be
chiding,
In faith abiding,
I'll still be true !
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion—
That's what I'll do !"

"What would you do, love, if distant tidings
Thy fond confidings
Should undermine ?—
And I, abiding 'neath sultry skies,
Should think other eyes
Were as bright as thine ?"
"Oh, name it not !—though guilt and shame
Were on thy name,
I'd still be true :
But that heart of thine—should another
share it—
I could not bear it !
What would I do ?"

"What would you do, love, when home re-
turning,
With hopes high-burning,

With wealth for you,
If my bark, which bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near home—
Ah ! what would you do ?"
"So thou wert spared—I'd bless the morrow
In want and sorrow,
That left me you ;
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting bil-
low,
This heart thy pillow—
That's what I'd do !"

WHO ARE YOU ?

["There are very impudent people in London," said a country cousin of mine in 1837. "As I walked down the Strand, a fellow stared at me and shouted, 'Who are you ?' Five minutes after another passing me, cried, 'Flare up'—but a civil gentleman, close to his heels, politely asked, 'How is your mother ?'"]

This mere trifle is almost unintelligible now, but when first published was so effective and popular, as illustrating *gently* the slang cries of the street, that it was honored by French and Italian versions from the sparkling pen of the renowned "Father Prout," in *Bentley's Miscellany*.]

"Who are you ? who are you ?
Little boy that's running after
Everybody, up and down,
Mingling sighing with your laughter ?"
"I am Cupid, lady Belle ;
I am Cupid, and no other."
"Little boy, then prythee tell
How is Venus ?—*How's your mother ?*
Little boy, little boy,
I desire you tell me true,
Cupid—oh, you're altered so,
No wonder I cry, *Who are you ?*"

"Who are you ? who are you ?
Little boy, where is your bow ?
You had a bow, my little boy—"
"So had you, ma'am—long ago."
"Little boy, where is your torch ?"
"Madam, I have given it up :
Torches are no use at all—
Hearts will never now *flare up*."
"Naughty boy, naughty boy,
Such words as these I never knew ;
Cupid—oh, you're altered so,
No wonder I say, *Who are you ?*"

THE POEMS OF GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

THE joy-bells are ringing
In gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is singing
Along the sea-side;
The maids are assembling
With garlands of flowers,
And the harpstrings are trembling
In all the glad bowers.

Swell, swell the gay measure !
Roll trumpet and drum !
'Mid greetings of pleasure
In splendor they come !
The chancel is ready,
The portal stands wide
For the lord and the lady,
The bridegroom and bride.

What years, ere the latter,
Of earthly delight
The future shall scatter
O'er them in its flight !
What blissful caresses
Shall Fortune bestow,
Ere those dark-flowing tresses
Fall white as the snow !

Before the high altar
Young Maud stands array'd;
With accents that falter
Her promise is made—
From father and mother
Forever to part,
For him and no other
To treasure her heart.

The words are repeated,
The bridal is done,
The rite is completed—
The two, they are one ;
The vow, it is spoken
All pure from the heart,
That must not be broken
Till life shall depart.

Hark ! 'mid the gay clangor
That compass'd their car,
Loud accents, in anger
Come mingling afar !
The foe's on the border,
His weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder
Unguarded are found.

As wakes the good shepherd,
The watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard
Is seen in the fold ;
So rises already
The chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady
Looks fainting and pale.

"Son, husband, and brother,
Arise to the strife,
For sister and mother,
For children and wife !
O'er hill and o'er hollow,
O'er mountain and plain,
Up, true men, and follow !—
Let dastards remain !"

Farrah ! to the battle !
They form into line—
The shields, how they rattle !
The spears, how they shine !

Soon, soon shall the foeman
His treachery rue—
On, burgher and yeoman,
To die, or to do!

The eve is declining
In Ione Malahide,
The maidens are twining
Gay wreaths for the bride;
She marks them unheeding—
Her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding
For her in the war.

Hark! loud from the mountain,
'Tis Victory's cry!
O'er woodland and fountain
It rings to the sky!
The foe has retreated!
He flies to the shore;
The spoiler's defeated—
The combat is o'er!

With foreheads unruffled
The conquerors come—
But why have they muffled
The lance and the drum?
What form do they carry
Aloft on his shield?
And where does he tarry,
The lord of the field?

Ye saw him at morning,
How gallant and gay!
In bridal adorning,
The star of the day:
Now weep for the lover—
His triumph is sped,
His hope, it is over!
The chieftain is dead!

But, oh for the maiden
Who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen
And rending with grief!
She sinks on the meadow—
In one morning-tide,
A wife and a widow,
A maid and a bride!

Ye maidens attending,
Forbear to condole!

Your comfort is rending
The depths of her soul.
True—true, 'twas a story
For ages of pride;
He died in his glory—
But, oh, he *has* died!

The war-cloak she raises
All mournfully now,
And steadfastly gazes
Upon the cold brow.
That glance may forever
Unalter'd remain,
But the bridegroom will never
Return it again.

The dead-bells are tolling
In sad Malahide,
The death-wail is rolling
Along the sea-side;
The crowds, heavy hearted,
Withdraw from the green,
For the sun had departed
That brighten'd the scene!

Even yet in that valley,
Though years have roll'd by,
When through the wild sally
The sea-breezes sigh,
The peasant, with sorrow,
Beholds in the shade,
The tomb where the morrow
Saw Hussy convey'd.

How scant was the warning,
How briefly reveal'd,
Before on that morning
Death's chalice was fill'd!
The hero who drunk it
There moulders in gloom,
And the form of Maud Plunket
Weeps over his tomb.

The stranger who wanders
Along the lone vale,
Still sighs while he ponders
On that heavy tale:
"Thus passes each pleasure
That earth can supply—
Thus joy has its measure—
We live but to die!"

Far in that valley's shade
I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of the hazel glade,
Aileen aroon !

Who in the song so sweet,
Aileen aroon !

Who in the dance so sweet,
Aileen aroon !

Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
Aileen aroon !

Were she no longer true,
Aileen aroon !

What should her lover do ?
Aileen aroon !

Fly with his broken chain
Far o'er the sounding main,
Never to love again,
Aileen aroon !

Youth must with time decay,
Aileen aroon !

Beauty must fade away,
Aileen aroon !

Castles are sack'd in war,
Chieftains are scatter'd far,
Truth is a fixéd star,
Aileen aroon !

KNOW YE NOT THAT LOVELY RIVER.¹

Air—"Roy's wife of Aldivalloch."

Know ye not that lovely river ?
Know ye not that smiling river ?
Whose gentle flood,
By cliff and wood,
With wildering sound goes winding ever.
Oh ! often yet with feeling strong,
On that dear stream my memory ponders,
And still I prize its murmuring song,
For by my childhood's home it wanders.
Know ye not, &c.

There's music in each wind that flows
Within our native woodland breathing ;
There's beauty in each flower that blows
Around our native woodland wreathing.
The memory of the brightest joys
In childhood's happy morn that found us,
Is dearer than the richest toys
The present vainly sheds around us.
Know ye not, &c.

Oh, sister ! when 'mid doubts and fears,
That haunt life's onward journey ever,
I turn to those departed years,
And that beloved and lonely river ;
With sinking mind and bosom riven,
And heart with lonely anguish aching ;
It needs my long-taught hope in heaven
To keep this weary heart from breaking !
Know ye not, &c.

'TIS, IT IS THE SHANNON'S STREAM

'Tis, it is the Shannon's stream
Brightly glancing, brightly glancing,
See, oh, see the raddy beam
Upon its waters dancing !
Thus return'd from travel vain,
Years of exile, years of pain,
To see old Shannon's face again,
Oh, the bliss entrancing !
Hail our own majestic stream,
Flowing ever, flowing ever,
Silent in the morning beam,
Our own belovéd river !

Fling thy rocky portals wide,
Western ocean, western ocean ;
Bend ye hills, on either side,
In solemn, deep devotion ;
While before the rising gales
On his heaving surface sails
Half the wealth of Erin's vales,
With undulating motion.
Hail, our own belovéd stream,
Flowing ever, flowing ever,
Silent in the morning beam,
Our own majestic river !

¹ These verses were written at the request of his sister, who wrote to him from America for new words for the old Scotch air of Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.

On thy bosom deep and wide,
 Noble river, lordly river,
 Royal navies safe might ride,
 Green Erin's lovely river.
 Proud upon thy banks to dwell,
 Let me ring Ambition's knell,
 Lured by hope's illusive spell
 Again to wander, never.
 Hail, our own romantic stream,
 Flowing ever, flowing ever,
 Silent in the morning beam,
 Our own majestic river!

Let me from thy placid course,
 Gentle river, mighty river,
 Draw such truth of silent force
 As sophist uttered never.
 Thus, like thee, unchanging still,
 With tranquil breast and order'd will,
 My heaven-appointed course fulfil,
 Undeviating ever!
 Hail, our own majestic stream,
 Flowing ever, flowing ever,
 Silent in the morning beam,
 Our own delightful river!

LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING.

I LOVE my love in the morning,
 For she like morn is fair—
 Her blushing cheek, its crimson streak,
 Its clouds her golden hair.
 Her glance, its beam, so soft and kind;
 Her tears, its dewy showers;
 And her voice, the tender whispering wind
 That stirs the early bowers.

I love my love in the morning,
 I love my love at noon,
 For she is bright as the lord of light,
 Yet mild as autumn's moon:
 Her beauty is my bosom's sun,
 Her faith my fostering shade,
 And I will love my darling one,
 Till even the sun shall fade.

I love my love in the morning,
 I love my love at even;

Her smile's soft play is like the ray
 That lights the western heaven:
 I loved her when the sun was high,
 I loved her when he rose;
 But best of all when evening's sigh
 Was murmuring at its close.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

"Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease—
 Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
 And form in heaven's sight
 One arch of peace!"

THOMAS MOORE.

THE night was falling dreary
 In merry Bandon town,
 When in his cottage, weary,
 An Orangeman lay down.
 The summer sun in splendor
 Had set upon the vale,
 And shouts of "No surrender!"
 Arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters, laving
 The feet of agéd trees,
 The Orange banners waving,
 Flew boldly in the breeze—
 In mighty chorus meeting,
 A hundred voices join,
 And fife and drum were beating
 The *Battle of the Boyne*.

Ha! toward his cottage hieing,
 What form is speedy now,
 From yonder thicket flying,
 With blood upon his brow!
 "Hide—hide me, worthy stranger!
 Though green my color be,
 And in the day of danger
 May Heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending,
 Alone against that crew,
 My life and limbs defending,
 An Orangeman I slew.
 Hark! hear that fearful warning
 There's death in every tone—

Oh, save my life to morning,
And Heaven prolong your own !”

The Orange heart was melted,
In pity to the Green ;
He heard the tale, and felt it,
His very soul within.

“Dread not that angry warning,
Though death be in its tone—
I’ll save your life till morning,
Or I will lose my own.”

Now, round his lowly dwelling
The angry torrent press’d,
A hundred voices swelling,
The Orangeman address’d—

“Arise, arise, and follow
The chase along the plain !
In yonder stony hollow
Your only son is slain !”

With rising shouts they gather
Upon the track amain,
And leave the childless father
Aghast with sudden pain.

He seeks the righted stranger
In covert where he lay—

“Arise !” he said, “all danger
Is gone and past away !

“I had a son—one only,
One lovéd as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely
In that accurséd strife.
I pledged my word to save thee,
Until the storm should cease ;
I keep the pledge I gave thee—
Arise, and go in peace !”

The stranger soon departed
From that unhappy vale ;
The father, broken-hearted,
Lay brooding o’er that tale.
Full twenty summers after
To silver turn’d his beard ;
And yet the sound of laughter
From him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary,
In merry Wexford town,

When in his cabin, weary,
A peasant laid him down.
And many a voice was singing
Along the summer vale,
And Wexford town was ringing
With shouts of “Granua Uile.”

Beside the waters laving
The feet of agéd trees,
The green flag, gayly waving,
Was spread against the breeze ;
In mighty chorus meeting,
Loud voices fill’d the town,
And fife and drum were beating,
“Down, Orangemen, lie down !”

Hark ! ’mid the stirring clangor,
That woke the echoes there,
Loud voices, high in anger,
Rise on the evening air.
Like billows of the ocean,
He sees them hurry on—
And, ’mid the wild commotion,
An Orangeman alone.

“My hair,” he said, “is hoary,
And feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story
Would shame your cruel band.
Full twenty years and over
Have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover
Of peace and concord now.

“It was not thus I greeted
Your brother of the Green,
When, fainting and defeated,
I freely took him in.
I pledged my word to save him
From vengeance rushing on ;
I kept the pledge I gave him,
Though he had kill’d my son.”

That agéd peasant heard him,
And knew him as he stood ;
Remembrance kindly stirr’d him,
And tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure
He pierced the listening train—
I’m here to pay the measure
Of kindness back again !”

Upon his bosom falling,
 That old man's tears came down,
 Deep memory recalling
 That cot and fatal town.
 "The hand that would offend thee
 My being first shall end—
 I'm living to defend thee,
 My savior and my friend!"

He said, and, slowly turning,
 Address'd the wondering crowd;
 With fervent spirit burning,
 He told the tale aloud.
 Now press'd the warm beholders,
 Their agéd foe to greet;
 They raised him on their shoulders,
 And chair'd him through the street.

As he had saved that stranger
 From peril scowling dim,
 So in his day of danger
 Did Heaven remember him.
 By joyous crowds attended,
 The worthy pair were seen,
 And their flags that day were biended
 Of Orange and of Green.

SLEEP THAT LIKE THE COUCHED DOVE.

SLEEP, that like the couchéd dove,
 Broods o'er the weary eye,
 Dreams that with soft heavings move
 The heart of memory—
 Labor's guerdon, golden rest,
 Wrap thee in its downy vest;
 Fall like comfort on thy brain,
 And sing the hush-song to thy pain!

Far from thee be startling fears,
 And dreams the guilty dream;
 No banshee scare thy drowsy ears
 With her ill-omen'd scream.
 But tones of fairy minstrelsy
 Float like the ghosts of sound o'er thee,
 Soft as the chapel's distant bell,
 And lull thee to a sweet farewell.

Ye, for whom the ashy hearth
 The fearful housewife clears—
 Ye, whose tiny sounds of mirth
 The nighted carman hears—
 Ye, whose pigmy hammers make
 The wonderers of the cottage wake—
 Noiseless be your airy flight,
 Silent as the still moonlight.

Silent go and harmless come,
 Fairies of the stream—
 Ye, who love the winter gloom,
 Or the gay moonbeam—
 Hither bring your drowsy store,
 Gather'd from the bright lusmore,
 Shake o'er temples—soft and deep—
 The comfort of the poor man's sleep.

GILLI MA CHREE.

Gilli ma chree,
 Sit down by me,
 We now are join'd, and ne'er shall sever
 This hearth's our own,
 Our hearts are one,
 And peace is ours forever!

When I was poor,
 Your father's door
 Was closed against your constant lover;
 With care and pain
 I tried in vain
 My fortunes to recover.
 I said, "To other lands I'll roam,
 Where Fate may smile on me, love;"
 I said, "Farewell, my own old home!"
 And I said, "Farewell to thee, love!"

I might have said,
 My mountain maid,
 "Come, live with me, your own true lover;
 I know a spot,
 A silent cot,
 Your friends can ne'er discover.
 Where gently flows the waveless tide,
 By one small garden only;
 Where the heron waves his wings so wide.
 And the .innet sings so lonely!"

I might have said,
 My mountain maid,
 "A father's right was never given
 True hearts to curse
 With tyrant force
 That have been blest in heaven."
 But then, I said, "In after-years,
 When thoughts of home shall find her,
 My love may mourn with secret tears
 Her friends thus left behind her."

Oh! no, I said,
 My own dear maid,
 For me, though all forlorn, forever
 That heart of thine
 Shall ne'er repine
 O'er slighted duty—never.
 From home and thee, though wandering far,
 A dreary fate be mine, love;
 I'd rather live in endless war,
 Than buy my peace with thine, love.

Far, far away,
 By night and day,
 I toil'd to win a golden treasure;
 And golden gains
 Repaid my pains
 In fair and shining measure.
 I sought again my native land,
 Thy father welcom'd me, love;
 I pour'd my gold into his hand,
 And my guerdon found in thee, love?
 Sing *Gilli ma chree*,
 Sit down by me,
 We now are join'd, and ne'er shall sever;
 This hearth's our own,
 Our hearts are one,
 And peace is ours forever.

OLD TIMES! OLD TIMES!

Old times! old times! the gay old times!
 When I was young and free,
 And heard the merry Easter chimes
 Under the sally tree.
 My Sunday palm beside me placed—
 My cross upon my hand—
 A heart at rest within my breast,
 And sunshine on the land!
 Old times! Old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee,
 Nor that my cheek is pale—
 I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
 My darling, native vale!—
 A wiser head I have, I know,
 Than when I loiter'd there;
 But in my wisdom there is woe,
 And in my knowledge care.
 Old times! Old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
 To feel my share of pain—
 To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
 To love, and love in vain—
 To feel a pang and wear a smile,
 To tire of other climes—
 To like my own unhappy isle,
 And sing the gay old times!
 Old times! Old times!

And sure the land is nothing changed,
 The birds are singing still;
 The flowers are springing where we ranged,
 There's sunshine on the hill!
 The sally, waving o'er my head,
 Still sweetly shades my frame—
 But, ah, those happy days are fled,
 And I am not the same!
 Old times! Old times!

Oh, come again, ye merry times!
 Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm—
 And let me hear those Easter chimes,
 And wear my Sunday palm.
 If I could cry away mine eyes,
 My tears would flow in vain—
 If I could waste my heart in sighs,
 They'll never come again!
 Old times! Old times!

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY, DEAREST.

A PLACE in thy memory, dearest,
 Is all that I claim,
 To pause and look back when thou hearest
 The sound of my name.
 Another may woo thee, nearer,
 Another may win and wear;

I care not though he be dearer,
If I am remember'd there.

Remember me—not as a lover
Whose hope was cross'd,
Whose bosom can never recover
The light it hath lost;
As the young bride remembers the mother
She loves, though she never may see;
As a sister remembers a brother,
O dearest! remember me.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
Couldst thou smile on me,
I would be the fondest and nearest
That ever loved thee!
But a cloud on my pathway is glooming,
That never must burst upon thine;
And Heaven, that made thee all-blooming,
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me, then!—Oh, remember,
My calm, light love;
Though bleak as the blasts of November
My life may prove,
That life will, though lonely, be sweet,
If its brightest enjoyment should be
A smile and kind word when we meet,
And a place in thy memory.

FOR I AM DESOLATE.

THE Christmas light¹ is burning bright
In many a village pane,
And many a cottage rings to-night
With many a merry strain.
Young boys and girls run laughing by,
Their hearts and eyes elate—
I can but think on mine, and sigh,
For I am desolate.

There's none to watch in our old cot,
Beside the holy light,
No tongue to bless the silent spot
Against the parting night.²

I've closed the door, and hither come
To mourn my lonely fate;
I cannot bear my own old home,
It is so desolate.

I saw my father's eyes grow dim,
And clasp'd my mother's knee;
I saw my mother follow him—
My husband wept with me.
My husband did not long remain—
His child was left me yet,
But now my heart's last love is slain,
And I am desolate!

THE BRIDAL WAKE.

THE priest stood at the marriage board
The marriage cake was made,
With meat the marriage chest was stored,
Deck'd was the marriage bed.
The old man sat beside the fire,
The mother sat by him,
The white bride was in gay attire;
But her dark eye was dim.

Ululah! Ululah!

The night falls quick—the sun is set;
Her love is on the water yet.

I saw a red cloud in the west,
Against the morning light—
Heaven shield the youth that she loves best
From evil chance to-night.
The door flings wide! Loud moans the gale;
Wild fear her bosom fills—
It is, it is the banshee's wail!
Over the darken'd hills.

Ululah! Ululah!

The day is past! the night is dark!
The waves are mounting round his bark.

The guests sit round the bridal bed,
And break the bridal cake;
But they sit by the dead man's head,
And hold his wedding wake.

¹ The Christmas—a light blessed by the priest, and lighted at sunset, on Christmas eve, in Irish houses. It is a kind of amply to snuff, touch, or use it for any profane purposes after.

² It is the custom, in Irish Catholic families, to sit up till

midnight on Christmas eve, in order to join in devotion at that hour. Few ceremonies of religion have a more splendid and imposing effect than the morning mass, which, in cities, is celebrated soon after the hour alluded to, and long before daybreak.

The bride is praying in her room,
 The place is silent all !
 A fearful call ! a sudden doom !
 Bridal and funeral.
 Ululah ! Ululah !
 A youth to Kilfisheras' ta'en
 That never will return again.

ADARE.

O SWEET Adare, O lovely vale,
 O soft retreat of sylvan splendor !
 Nor summer sun nor morning gale
 E'er hail'd a scene more softly tender.
 How shall I tell the thousand charms,
 Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
 When lull'd in Nature's fostering arms,
 Soft peace abides and joy excelling !

Ye morning airs, how sweet at dawn
 The slumbering boughs your song awaken,
 Or linger o'er the silent lawn,
 With odor of the harebell taken !
 Thou rising sun, how richly gleams
 Thy smile from far Knockfierna's mountain,
 O'er waving woods and bounding streams,
 And many a grove and glancing fountain !

Ye clouds of noon, how freshly there,
 When summer heats the open meadows,
 O'er parch'd hill and valley fair,
 All coolly lie your veiling shadows !
 Ye rolling shades and vapors gray,
 Slow creeping o'er the golden heaven,
 How soft ye seal the eye of day,
 And wreath the dusky brow of even !

In sweet Adare the jocund Spring
 His notes of odorous joy is breathing,
 The wild-birds in the woodland sing,
 The wild-flowers in the vale are breathing.
 There winds the Mague, as silver clear,
 Among the elms so sweetly flowing ;
 There fragrant in the early year
 Wild roses on the banks are blowing.

The wild-duck seeks the sedgy bank
 Or dives beneath the glistening billow

Where graceful droop and clustering dank
 The osier bright and rustling willow ;
 The hawthorn scents the leafy dale,
 In thicket lone the stag is belling,
 And sweet along the echoing vale
 The sound of vernal joy is swelling.

THE POET'S PROPHECY.

In the time of my boyhood I had a strange
 feeling,
 That I was to die in the noon of my day ;
 Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
 But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away.

That, e'en in the hour when enjoyment was
 keenest,
 My lamp should quench suddenly hissing
 in gloom,
 That e'en when mine honors were freshest
 and greenest,
 A blight should rush over and scatter
 their bloom.

It might be a fancy—it might be the gloom-
 ing
 Of dark visions taking the semblance of
 truth,
 And it might be the shade of the storm that
 is coming,
 Cast thus in its morn through the sunshine
 of youth.

But be it a dream or a mystic revealing,
 The bodement has haunted me year after
 year,
 And whenever my bosom with rapture was
 filling,
 I paused for the footfall of fate at mine ear.

With this feeling upon me all feverish and
 glowing,
 I rush'd up the rugged way panting to
 Fame,
 I snatch'd at my laurels while yet they were
 growing,
 And won for my guerdon the half of a
 name.

¹ The name of a churchyard near Kilkree.

My triumphs I view'd from the least to the
brightest,

As gay flowers pluck'd from the fingers of
Death,

And whenever Joy's garments flow'd richest
and lightest,

I look'd for the skeleton lurking beneath.

Oh, friend of my heart! if that doom should
fall on me,

And thou shouldst live on to remember
my love—

Come oft to the tomb when the turf lies upon
me,

And list to the even wind mourning above.

Lie down by that bank where the river is
creeping

All fearfully under the still autumn tree,
When each leaf in the sunset is silently
weeping,

And sigh for departed days—thinking of
me.

But when, o'er the minstrel, thou'rt lonely
sighing,

Forgive, if his failings should flash on thy
brain,

Remember the heart that beneath thee is
lying

Can never awake to offend thee again.

Remember how freely that heart that to
others

Was dark as the tempest-dawn frowning
above,

Burst open to thine with the zeal of a broth-
er's,

And show'd all its hues in the light of thy
love.

TWILIGHT SONG.

Dewy twilight! silent hour!

Welcome to our cottage bower!

See, along the lonely meadow,
Ghost-like, falls the lengthen'd shadow,

While the sun, with level shine;

Turns the stream to rosy wine;

And from yonder busy town
Homeward hies the lazy clown.

Hark! along the dewy ground
Steals the sheep-bell's drowsy sound;
While the ploughman, late returning,
Sees his cheerful fagot burning,
And his dame, with kindly smile,
Meets him by the rustic stile;
While beneath the hawthorn mute
Swells the peasant's merry flute.

Lass, from market homeward speed;
Traveller, urge thy lagging steed—
Fly the dark wood's lurking danger;
Churl, receive the 'nighted stranger—
He with merry song and jest
Will repay thy niggard feast,
And the eye of Heaven above
Smile upon the deed of love.

Hour of beauty! hour of peace!
Hour when care and labor cease;
When around her hush'd dominion
Nature spreads her brooding pinion,
While a thousand angel eyes
Wake to watch 'us from the skies,
Till the reason centres there,
And the heart is moved to prayer.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

My darling, my darling, while silence is on
the moor,

And lone in the sunshine, I sit by our cabin
door;

When evening falls quiet, and calm over land
and sea,

My darling, my darling, I think of past times
and thee!

Here, while on this cold shore, I wear out my
lonely hours,

My child in the heavens is spreading my bed
with flowers;

All weary my bosom is grown of this friend-
less clime—

But I long not to leave it; for that were a
shame and crime.

They bear to the churchyard the youth in
 their health away—
 I know where a fruit hangs more ripe for the
 grave than they—
 But I wish not for death, for my spirit is all
 resign'd,
 And the hope that stays with me gives peace
 to my agéd mind.

My darling, my darling, God gave to my
 feeble age
 A prop for my faint heart, a stay in my pil-
 grimage;
 My darling, my darling, God takes back his
 gift again—
 And my heart may be broken, but ne'er shall
 my will complain.

YOU NEVER BADE ME HOPE, 'TIS TRUE.

You never bade me hope, 'tis true—
 I ask'd you not to swear;
 But I look'd in those eyes of blue,
 And read a promise there.

The vow should bind with maiden sighs
 That maiden's lips have spoken—
 But that which looks from maiden's eyes
 Should last of all be broken!

LIKE THE OAK BY THE FOUNTAIN.

LIKE the oak by the fountain,
 In sunshine and storm;
 Like the rock on the mountain,
 Unchanging in form;
 Like the course of the river,
 Through ages the same;
 Like the mist, mounting ever
 To heaven, whence it came.

So firm be thy merit,
 So changeless thy soul;
 So constant thy spirit,
 While seasons shall roll;

The fancy that ranges,
 Ends where it began;
 But the mind that ne'er changes
 Brings glory to man.

THE PHANTOM CITY.

A story I heard on the cliffs of the west,
 That oft, through the breakers dividing,
 A city is seen on the ocean's wild breast
 In turreted majesty riding.
 But brief is the glimpse of that phantom so
 bright,
 Soon close the white waters to screen it,
 And the bodement, they say, of the wonder-
 ful sight,
 Is death to the eyes that have seen it.

I said, when they told me the wonderful tale
 My country, is this not thy story?
 Thus oft, through the breakers of discord
 we hail
 A promise of peace and of glory.
 Soon gulphed in those waters of hatred again
 No longer our fancy can find it,
 And woe to our hearts for the vision so vain;
 For ruin and death come behind it.

WAR! WAR! HORRID WAR!

WAR! War! Horrid war!
 Fly our lovely plain,
 Guide fleet and far
 Thy fiery car,
 And never come again,
 And never,
 Never come again!

Peace! Peace! smiling Peace!
 Bless our lonely plain,
 Guide swiftly here
 Thy mild career,
 And never go again!
 And never,
 Never go again!

GONE! GONE! FOREVER GONE.

GONE, gone, forever gone
 Are the hopes I cherish'd,
 Changed like the sunny dawn,
 In sudden showers perish'd.

Wither'd is the early flower,
 Like a bright lake broken,
 Faded like a happy hour,
 Or Love's secret spoken.

Life! what a cheat art thou!
 On youthful fancy stealing,
 A prodigal in promise now;
 A miser in fulfilling!

SONNETS.

ADDRESSED TO FRIENDS IN AMERICA, AND PRE-
 FIXED TO "CARD-DRAWING," ONE OF THE
 TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS.

FRIENDS far away—and late in life exiled—
 Whene'er these scatter'd pages meet your
 gaze,
 Think of the scenes where early fortune
 smiled—
 The land that was your home in happier
 days—
 The sloping lawn, to which the tired rays
 Of evening stole o'er Shannon's sheeted
 flood—
 The hills of Clare, that in its softening haze
 Look'd vapor-like and dim—the lonely
 wood—
 The cliff-bound Inch—the chapel in the glen,
 Where oft, with bare and reverent locks,
 we stood,
 To hear the Eternal truths—the small dark
 maze
 Of the wild stream that clipp'd the blossom'd
 plain,
 And toiling through the varied solitude,
 Upraised its hundred silver tongues and
 babbled praise.

That home is desolate! our quiet hearth
 Is ruinous and cold—and many a sight

And many a sound are met of vulgar mirth,
 Where once your gentle laughter cheer'd
 the night.

It is as with your country. The calm light
 Of social peace for her is quenched too—
 Rude Discord blots her scenes of old de-
 light,

Her gentle virtues scared away—like
 you.

Remember her when in this tale you meet
 The story of a struggling right—of ties
 Fast bound and swiftly rent—of joy—of
 pain—

Legends which by the cottage fire sound
 sweet;

Nor let the hand that wakes those memo-
 ries

(In faint but fond essay) be unremember'd
 then.

WAR SONG OF O'DRISCOL.

FROM the shieling that stands by the lone
 mountain river,

Hurry, hurry down with the axe and the
 quiver;

From the deep-seated Coom, from the storm-
 beaten highland,

Hurry, hurry down to the shores of your
 island.

Hurry down, hurry down!

Hurry, hurry, &c.

Gallloglach and Kern, hurry down to the
 sea—

There the hungry Raven's beak is gaping
 for a prey;

Farrah! to the onset! Farrah! to the
 shore!

Feast him with the pirate's flesh, the bird of
 gloom and gore!

Hurry down, hurry down!

Hurry down, &c.

Hurry, for the slaves of Bel are mustering
 to meet ye;

Hurry by the beaten cliff, the Nordman
 longs to greet ye;

Hurry from the mountain! hurry, hurry
from the plain!
Welcome him, and never let him leave our
land again!

Hurry down, hurry down!
Hurry down, &c.

On the land a sulky wolf, and in the sea a
shark,

Hew the ruffian spoiler down, and burn his
gory bark!

Slayer of the unresisting! ravager profane!
Leave the White sea-tyrant's limbs to
moulder on the plain.

Hurry down, hurry down!
Hurry down, &c.

MY SPIRIT IS OF PENSIVE MOULD.

My spirit is of pensive mould,
I cannot laugh as once of old,
When sporting o'er some woodland scene,
A child I trod the dewy green.

I cannot sing my merry lay,
As in that past unconscious day;
For time has laid existence bare,
And shown me sorrow lurking there.

I would I were the lonely breeze
That mourns among the leafless trees,
That I might sigh from morn till night
O'er vanish'd peace and lost delight.

I would I were the heavy shower
That falls in spring on leaf and bower,
That I might weep the livelong day
For erring man and hope's decay:

For all the woe beneath the sun,
For all the wrong to virtue done,
For every soul to falsehood gain'd,
For every heart by evil stain'd:

For man by man in durance held,
For early dreams of joy dispell'd,
For all the hope the world awakes
In youthful hearts, and after breaks.

But still, though hate, and fraud, and strife
Have stain'd the shining web of life,
Sweet Hope the glowing woof renews,
In all its old, enchanting hues.

Flow on, flow on, thou shining stream!
Beyond life's dark and changeful dream,
There is a hope, there is a joy,
This faithless world can ne'er destroy.

Sigh on, sigh on, ye gentle winds.
For stainless hearts and faithful minds
There is a bliss abiding true,
That shall not pass and die like you.

Shine on, shine on, thou glorious sun!
When Day his latest course has run,
On sinless hearts shall rise a light
That ne'er shall set in gloomy night.

IMPROMPTU.

ON SEEING AN IRIS FORMED BY THE SPRAY OF
THE OCEAN AT MILTOWN MALBAY.

Oh, sun-color'd breaker! when gazing on
thee

I think of the Eastern story,
How beauty arose from the foam of the sea—
A creature of light and of glory.

But, hark! a hoarse answer is sent from the
wave,

"No—Venus was never my daughter—
To golden-hair'd Iris her being I gave,
Behold where she shines o'er the water."

FRIENDSHIP.

A WEARY time hath pass'd since last we
parted;

Thy gentle eye was fill'd with sorrow, and
I did not speak, but press'd thy trembling
hand,

Even in that hour of rapture, broken hearted.
I have not seen thee since—for thou art
changed;

There sits a coldness on thy lip and brow—

The look, the tone, the smile, are alter'd
now,
And all about, within thee, quite estranged.
I have not seen thee since—although per-
chance,

Among the heartless and the vain, on me
All coldly courteous lights thy lovely glance.
Yet art thou happier? Oh, if such may be
The love that Friendship vows—give me
again
My heart, my days of peace, my lute, and
listening plain.

FAME.

Why hast thou lured me on, fond muse, to
quit
The path of plain dull worldly sense, and be
A wanderer through the realms of thought
with thee;
While hearts that never knew thy visitings
sweet,
Cold souls that mock thy quiet melancholy,
Win their bright way up Fortune's glitter-
ing wheel;
And we sit lingering here in darkness still,
Scorn'd by the bustling sons of wealth and
folly?
Yet still thou whisperest in mine ear, "The
day—
The day may be at hand when thou and I
(The season of expectant pain gone by)
Shall tread to Joy's bright porch a smiling
way,
And rising, not as once with hurried wing,
To purer skies aspire, and hail a lovelier
spring."

WRITTEN IN ADARE IN 1820.

I look'd upon a dark and sullen sea
Over whose slumbering wave the night's
mists hung,
Till from the morn's gray breast a fresh
wind sprung
And sought its brightening bosom joyously;

Then fled the mists its quickening breath
before;
The glad sea rose to meet it—and each
wave,
Retiring from the sweet caress it gave,
Made summer music to the listening shore.
So slept my soul, unmindful of thy reign;
But the sweet breath of thy celestial grace,
Hath risen—oh, let its quickening spirit
chase
From that dark seat, each mist and secret
stain,
Till, as yon clear water, mirror'd fair,
Heaven sees its own calm hues reflected
there.

THE WAKE OF THE ABSENT.¹

The dismal yew and cypress tall,
Wave o'er the churchyard lone,
Where rest our friends and fathers all,
Beneath the funeral stone.
Unvex'd in holy ground they sleep:
Oh, early lost! o'er thee
No sorrowing friend shall ever weep,
Nor stranger bend the knee.
Mo chuma! lorn am I!
Hoarse dashing rolls the salt-sea wave
Over our perish'd darling's grave.

The winds the sullen deep that tore
His death-song chanted loud,
The weeds that line the clifted shore
Were all his burial-shroud;
For friendly wail and holy dirge
And long lament of love,
Around him roar'd the angry surge,
The curlew scream'd above.

Mo chuma! lorn am I,
My grief would turn to rapture now,
Might I but touch that pallid brow.

The stream-born bubbles soonest burst,
That earliest left the source:

¹ It is the custom among the peasantry in some parts of Ireland, when any member of a family has been lost at sea (or in any other way which renders the performance of the customary funeral rite impossible), to celebrate the "wake" exactly in the same way as if the corpse was actually present.

Buds earliest blown are faded first,
 In Nature's wonted course;
 With guarded pace her seasons creep,
 By slow decay expire,
 The young above the agéd weep,
 The son above the sire:
 Mo chuma! lorn am I,
 That death a backward course should hold,
 To smite the young and spare the old.

ON PULLING SOME CAMPANULAS IN A LADY'S GARDEN.

Oh, weeds will haunt the loveliest scene
 The summer sun can see,
 And clouds will sometimes come between
 The truest friends that be.
 And thoughts unkind will come perchance,
 And haply words of blame,
 For pride is man's inheritance,
 And frailty is his name.

Yet while I pace this leafy vale,
 That nursed thine infancy—
 And hear in every passing gale
 A whisper'd sound of thee,
 My 'nighted bosom wakes anew
 To Feeling's genial ray,
 And each dark mist on Memory's view
 Melts into light away.

The flowers that grace this shaded spot—
 Low, lovely, and obscure—
 Are like the joys thy friendship brought—
 Unboasted, sweet, and pure.
 Now wither'd is their autumn blow,
 And changed their simple hue,
 Ah! must it e'er be mine to know
 Their type is faded too?

Yet should those well-remember'd hours
 Return to me no more,
 And, like those cull'd and faded flowers,
 Their day of life be o'er—
 In memory's fragrant shrine conceal'd,
 A sweeter joy they give,
 Than aught the world again can yield
 O! I again receive.

THEY SPEAK OF SCOTLAND'S HEROES OLD.

THEY speak of Scotland's heroes old,
 Struggling to make their country free,
 And in that hour my heart grows cold,
 For, Erin, then I think of thee!

They boast their Bruce of Bannockburn,
 Their noble Knight of Ellerslie;
 To Erin's sons I proudly turn—
 My country, then I smile for thee.

They boast, though join'd to England's
 power,
 Scotland ne'er bow'd to slavery;
 An equal league in danger's hour—
 My country, then I weep for thee.

And when they point to our fair Isle,
 And say no patriot hearts have we,
 That party stains the work defile—
 My country, then I blush for thee.

But Hope says, "Blush or tear shall never
 Sully approving Fame's decree."
 When Freedom's word her bond shall sever—
 My country, then I'll joy in thee.

But oh! be Scotland honor'd long,
 Be envy ever far from me,
 My simple lay meant her no wrong—
 My country, it was but for thee!

O'BRAZIL, THE ISLE OF THE BLEST

A SPECTRE ISLAND, SAID TO BE SOMETIMES VISIBLE
 ON THE VERGE OF THE WESTERN HORIZON,
 IN THE ATLANTIC, FROM
 THE ISLES ON ARRAN.

On the ocean that hollows the rocks where
 ye dwell,
 A shadowy land has appear'd, as they tell;
 Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
 And they call'd it O'Brazil, the Isle of the
 Blest.
 From year unto year, on the ocean's blue
 rim,
 The beautiful spectre show'd lovely and dim;

The golden clouds curtain'd the deep where
it lay,
And it look'd like an Eden, away, far away!

A peasant who heard of the wonderful tale,
In the breeze of the Orient loosen'd his sail;
From Ara, the holy, he turn'd to the west,
For though Ara was holy, O'Brazil was blest.
He heard not the voices that call'd from the
shore—

He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar;
Home, kindred, and safety he left on that day,
And he sped to O'Brazil, away, far away!

Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy
Isle,
O'er the faint rim of distance reflected its
smile;

Noon burn'd on the wave, and that shadowy
shore
Seem'd lovelily distant, and faint as before:
Lone evening came down on the wanderer's
track,

And to Ara again he look'd timidly back;
Oh! far on the verge of the ocean it lay,
Yet the Isle of the Blest was away, far away!

Rash dreamer, return! O ye winds of the
main,

Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara
again;

Rash fool! for a vision of fanciful bliss,
To barter thy calm life of labor and peace.
The warning of reason was spoken in vain,
He never revisited Ara again;

Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and
spray,

And he died on the waters, away, far away!

To you, gentle friends, need I pause to reveal
The lessons of prudence my verses conceal;
How the phantom of pleasure seen distant
in youth,

Oft lures a weak heart from the circle of
truth.

All lovely it seems like that shadowy Isle,
And the eye of the wisest is caught by its
smile;

But, ah! for the heart it has tempted to stray
From the sweet home of duty, away, far
away!

Poor friendless adventurer! vainly might he
Look back to green Ara, along the wild sea;
But the wandering heart has a guardian
above,

Who, though erring, remembers the child of
his love.

Oh, who at the proffer of safety would spurn,
When all that he asks is the will to return;
To follow a phantom, from day unto day,
And die in the tempest, away, far away!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A SEAGULL,

SEEN OFF THE CLIFFS OF MOHER, IN THE
COUNTY OF CLARE.

WHITE bird of the tempest! oh, beautiful
thing,

With the bosom of snow, and the motionless
wing;

Now sweeping the billow, now floating on
high,

Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the
sky;

Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form,
Now breasting the surge with thy bosom so
warm;

Now darting aloft, with a heavenly scorn,
Now shooting along, like a ray of the morn;
Now lost in the folds of the cloud-curtain'd
dome,

Now floating abroad like a flake of the foam;
Now silently poised o'er the war of the main,
Like the spirit of charity brooding o'er pain;
Now gliding with pinion, all silently furl'd,
Like an Angel descending to comfort the
world!

Thou seem'st to my spirit—as upward I gaze,
And see thee, now clothed in mellowest rays,
Now lost in the storm-driven vapors that fly
Like hosts that are routed across the broad
sky—

Like a pure spirit, true to its virtue and faith
'Mid the tempests of nature, of passion, and
death!

Rise! beautiful emblem of purity! rise
On the sweet winds of heaven, to thine own
brilliant skies,

Still higher ! still higher ! till lost to our sight,

Thou hidest thy wings in a mantle of light ;
And I think how a pure spirit gazing on thee
Must long for the moment—the joyous and free—

When the soul, disembodied from nature,
shall spring,

Unfetter'd, at once to her Maker and King ;
When the bright day of service and suffering
ing past,

Shapes fairer than thine shall shine round
her at last,

While the standard of battle triumphantly
furl'd,

She smiles like a victor, serene on the world !

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

SHE once was a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glow'd on her features the roses of
health ;

Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every
fold :

Joy revell'd around her—love shone at her
side,

And gay was her smile, as the glance of a
bride ;

And light was her step, in the mirth-sound-
ing hall,

When she heard of the daughters of Vincent
de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That call'd her to live for the suffering race ;
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of
home,

Rose quickly, like Mary, and answer'd, " I
come ! "

She put from her person the trappings of
pride,

And pass'd from her home with the joy of a
bride ;

Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she
moved,

For her heart was on fire, in the cause it
approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the
toast,

No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding
name,

For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame ;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barter for Heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love ;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume
and gem,

Are tending the helpless or lifted for them ;
That voice that once echo'd the song of the
vain,

Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain ;
And the hair that was shining with diamond
and pearl,

Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet ; her trinkets a bead ;
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read ;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nail'd by her bed ;
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-
crown'd head ;

Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her
knees ;

Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease ;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and
prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin
confined ;

Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions
of grief

She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary—she comforts
the weak,

And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick ;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his
breath,

Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapor of
death ;

Where rings the loud musket, and flashes
the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the
Lord.

How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-
tainted face

With looks that are lighted with holiest
grace!

How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of
Him!

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and
pain;

Who yield up to pleasure your nights and
your days,

Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.

Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men—

Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence
weigh'd,

With the life and the deeds of that high-born
maid?

TO MEMORY.

OH, come! thou sadly pleasing power,
Companion of the twilight hour—
Come, with thy sable garments flowing,
Thy tearful smile, all-brightly glowing—
Come, with thy light and noiseless tread
As one belonging to the dead!
Come, with thy bright, yet clouded eye.
Grant me thine aid, sweet Memory!

She comes, and pictures all again,
The "wood-fringed" lake—the rugged
plain—

The mountain flower—the valley's smile,
And lovely Inisfallen's isle.

The rushing waters roaring by—

Our ringing laugh—our raptured sigh,

The waveless sea—the varied shore—

The dancing boat—the measured oar—

The lofty bugle's rousing cry—

The awoken'd mountains deep reply.

Silence resuming then her reign,

In awful power, o'er hill and plain.

She paints, and her unclouded dyes
Can never fade, in feeling's eyes,
For dipp'd in love's immortal stream,
Through future years they'll brightly beam.

Oh, prized and loved, though lately known,
Forget not all, when we are gone—

Think how our friendship's well-knit band
Waited not time's confirming hand.

Think how despising forms control,
Heart sprung to heart, and soul to soul—

And let us greet thee, far or near,
As cherish'd friend—as brother dear.

THE SONG OF THE OLD MEN- DICANT.

A MAN of threescore, with the snow on his
brow,

And the light of his agéd eye dim,
Oh, valley of sorrow! what lure hast thou
now,

In thy changes of promise for him?
Gay Nature may smile, but his sight has
grown old—

Joy sound, but his hearing is dull;
And pleasure may feign, but his bosom is
cold,

And the cup of his weariness full.

Once warm with the pulses of young twenty-
three,

With plenty and ease in thy train,
Thy fair visions wore an enchantment for me
That never can gild them again.

For changed are my fortunes, and early and
late

From dwelling to dwelling I go:

And I knock with my staff at our first
mother's gate,

And I ask for a lodging below.¹

Farewell to thee, Time! in thy passage with
me,

One truth thou hast taught me to know,
Though lovely the past and the future may be,
The present is little but woe;

¹ This beautiful sentiment occurs in Chaucer.

For the sum of those joys that we find in
life's way,

Where thy silent wing still wafts us on,
Is a hope for to-morrow—a want for to-day,
And a sigh for the times that are gone.

WOULD YOU CHOOSE A FRIEND?

WOULD you choose a friend? Attend! attend!
I'll teach you how to attain your end.

He on whose lean and bloodless cheek
The red grape leaves no laughing streak,
On whose dull white brow and clouded eye
Cold thought and care sit heavily;

Him you must flee:

'Tween you and me,

That man is very bad company.

And he around whose jewell'd nose
The blood of the red grape freely flows;
Whose pursy frame as he fronts the board
Shakes like a wine-sack newly stored,
In whose half-shut, moist, and sparkling
eye

The wine-god revels cloudily

Him you must flee:

'Tween you and me,

That man is very bad company.

But he who takes his wine in measure,
Mingling wit and sense with pleasure,
Who likes good wine for the joy it brings,
And merrily laughs and gayly sings:
With heart and bumper always full,
Never mandlin, never dull,

Your friend let him be:

'Tween you and me,

That man is excellent company.

POEMS OF DEAN SWIFT.

CORINNA.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part ;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes :
Both softly to the cradle creep ;
Both stroke her hands and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then Cupid thus : "This little maid
Of love shall always speak and write."
"And I pronounce" (the Satyr said)
"The world shall feel her scratch and bite."

EPIGRAM.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his
wife,
He took to the streets and fled for his life :
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the
squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and
the rabble ;
Then ventured to give him some sober ad-
vice.
But Tom is a person of honor so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take
warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next
morning ;
Three duels he fought, thrice ventured his life ;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his
wife.

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW PANE AT CHESTER.

The Dean seems to have been roused to anger at Chester by
the extortion of his landlord, if we may judge by some lines
beginning—

My landlord is civil,
But dear as the d——l ;
Your pockets grow empty,
With nothing to tempt ye.

And his rage seems to have been inflated to the degree of con-
signing the whole population to destruction as follows:—

THE walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And strangers delight to walk round 'em ;
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and sellers,
For me, you may hang 'em or drown 'em.

ON MRS. BIDDY FLOYD ;

OR THE

RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY.¹

WHEN Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
To form some beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene :
From which ingredients first the dexterous
boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride :
These Venus clears from every spurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain :
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd .
Then call'd the happy composition *Floyd*.

¹ An elegant Latin version of this poem is in the sixth
volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies*.

WOULD-BE POETS.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
 And millions miss for one that hits.
 Young's universal passion, pride,
 Was never known to spread so wide.
 Say, Britain, could you ever boast
 Three poets in an age at most!
 Our chilling climate hardly bears
 A sprig of bays in fifty years;
 While every fool his claim alleges,
 As if it grew in common hedges.
 What reason can there be assigned
 For this perverseness in the mind?
 Brutes find out where their talents lie—
 A bear will not attempt to fly;
 A foundered horse will oft debate
 Before he tries a five-barred gate;
 A dog by instinct turns aside,
 That sees the ditch too deep and wide.
 But man we find the only creature
 Who, led by Folly, combats Nature;
 Who, when she loudly cries Forbear,
 With obstinacy fixes there;
 And where his genius least inclines,
 Absurdly bends his whole designs.
 Not empire to the rising sun,
 By valor, conduct, fortune won;
 Not highest wisdom in debates,
 For framing laws to govern states;
 Not skill in sciences profound,
 So large to grasp the circle round;
 Such heavenly influence require,
 As how to strike the Muse's lyre.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

- I. LEST it may more quarrels breed,
 I will never hear you read.
- II. By disputing I will never,
 To convince you, once endeavor.
- III. When a paradox you stick to,
 I will never contradict you.
- IV. When I talk and you are heedless,
 I will show no anger needless.

V. When your speeches are absurd,
 I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you, furious, argue wrong,
 I will grieve and hold my tongue.

VII. Not a jest or humorous story
 Will I ever tell before ye:
 To be chidden for explaining,
 When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII. Never more will I suppose
 You can taste my verse or prose.

IX. You no more at me shall fret,
 While I teach and you forget.

X. You shall never hear me thunder
 When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
 And in dress place all your merit;
 Give yourself ten thousand airs;
 That with me shall break no squares.

XII. Never will I give advice
 Till you please to ask me thrice:
 Which if you in scorn reject,
 'Twill be just as I expect.

LESBIA.

LESBIA forever on me rails;
 To talk of me she never fails:
 Now, hang me, but, for all her art,
 I find that I have gain'd her heart.

My proof is thus: I plainly see,
 The case is just the same with me;
 I curse her every hour sincerely,
 Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

EPIGRAM

ON THE BUSTS IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE.
 1732.

LEWIS the living learnèd fed,
 And raised the scientific head:
 Our frugal Queen,¹ to save her meat,
 Exalts the head that cannot eat.

¹ Queen Anne.

THE POEMS OF FRANCIS MAHONY.

BETTER KNOWN AS "FATHER PROUT."

VERT-VERT, THE PARROT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE JESUIT GRESSET.

His original Innocence.

'ALAS! what evils I discern in
Too great an aptitude for learning!
And fain would all the ills unravel
That aye ensue from foreign travel;
Far happier is the man who tarries
Quiet within his household "Lares :"
Read, and you'll find how virtue vanishes,
How foreign vice all goodness banishes,
And how abroad young heads will grow dizzy,
Proved in the underwritten Odyssey.

In old Nevers, so famous for its
Dark narrow streets and Gothic turrets,
Close on the brink of Loire's young flood,
Flourished a convent sisterhood
Of *Ursulines*. Now in this order
A parrot lived as parlor-boarder;
Brought in his childhood from the *Antilles*,
And sheltered under convent mantles:
Green were his feathers, green his pinions,
And greener still were his opinions;
For vice had not yet sought to pervert
This bird, who had been christened *Vert-Vert*,
Nor could the wicked world defile him,
Safe from its snares in this asylum.
Fresh, in his teens, frank, gay, and gracious,
And, to crown all, somewhat loquacious;
If we examine close, not one, or he,
Had a vocation for a nunnery.¹

The convent's kindness need I mention?
Need I detail each fond attention,

Or count the tit-bits which *in Lent* he
Swallowed remorseless and in plenty?
Plump was his carcass; no, not higher
Fed was their confessor, the friar;
And some even say that our young Hector
Was far more loved than the "Director."²
Dear to each novice and each nun—
He was the life and soul of fun;
Though, to be sure, some hags censorious
Would sometimes find him too uproarious.
What did the parrot care for those old
Dames, while he had for him the household?
He had not yet made his "profession,"
Nor come to years called "of discretion;"
Therefore, unblamed, he ogled, flirted,
And romped like any unconverted;
Nay sometimes, too, by the Lord Harry!
He'd pull their caps and "scapulary."
But what in all his tricks seemed oddest,
Was that at times he'd turn so modest,
That to all bystanders the wight
Appeared a finished hypocrite.
In accent he did not resemble
Kean, though he had the tones of Kemble;
But fain to do the sisters' biddings,
He left the stage to Mrs. Siddons.
Poet, historian, judge, financier,
Four problems at a time he'd answer
He had a faculty like Cæsar's.
Lord Althorp, baffling all his teasers,
Could not surpass Vert-Vert in puzzling.
"Goodrich" to him was but a gosling.³

¹ "Souvent l'oiseau l'emporta sur le Père."

² At this remote period it is forgotten that "Prosperity Robin son" was also known as "Goose Goodrich," when subsequently chancellor of the exchequer.—O. Y.

¹ "Par son caquet digne d'être en convent."

Placed when at table near some vestal,
His fare, be sure, was of the best all,—
For every sister would endeavor
To keep for him some sweet *hors d'œuvre*.
Kindly at heart, in spite of vows and
Cloisters, a nun is worth a thousand !
And ay, if Heaven would only lend her,
I'd have a nun for a nurse tender !¹

Then, when the shades of night would come on,
And to their cells the sisters summon,
Happy the favored one whose grotto
This sultan of a bird would trot to :
Mostly the young ones' cells he toyed in
(The aged sisterhood avoiding),
Sure among all to find kind offices,—
Still he was partial to the novices,
And in *their* cells our anchorite
Mostly cast anchor for the night ;
Perched on the box that held the relics, he
Slept without notion of indelicacy.
Rare was his luck ; nor did he spoil it
By flying from the morning toilet ;
Not that I can admit the fitness
Of (at the toilet) a male witness ;
But that I scruple in this history
To shroud a single fact in mystery.

Quick at all arts, our bird was rich at
That best accomplishment, called chit-chat ;
For, though brought up within the cloister,
His beak was not closed like an oyster,
But, trippingly, without a stutter,
The longest sentences would utter ;
Pious withal, and moralizing
His conversation was surprising ;
None of your equivoques, no slander—
To such vile tastes he scorned to pander ;
But his tongue ran most smooth and nice on
“*Deo sit laus*” and “*Kyrie eleison* ;”
The maxims he gave with best emphasis
Were Suarez's or Thomas à Kempis's ;
In Christmas carols he was famous,
“*Orate, fratres*,” and “*OREMUS* ;”
If in good humor, he was wont
To give a stave from “*Think well on't* ;”²
Or, by particular desire, he
Would chant the hymn of “*Dies iræ*.”

¹ “*Les petits soins, les attentions fines,
Sont nées, dit on, chez les Ursulines.*”

² “*Pensez-y-bien*,” or “*Think well on't*,” as translated by the
titular bishop, Richard Challoner, is the most generally adopted
devotional tract among the Catholics of these islands.—*PROUT.*

Then in the choir he would amaze all
By copying the tone so nasal
In which the sainted sisters chanted—
(At least that pious nun my aunt did)

Mys fatall Benotme.

The public soon began to ferret
The hidden nest of so much merit,
And, spite of all the nuns' endeavors,
The fame of Vert-Vert filled all Nevers ;
Nay, from Moulines folks came to stare at
The wondrous talent of this parrot ;
And to fresh visitors *ad libitum*
Sister Sophie had to exhibit him.
Drest in her tidiest robes, the virgin,
Forth from the convent cells emerging,
Brings the bright bird, and for his plumage
First challenges unstinted homage ;
Then to his eloquence adverts,—
“*What preacher's can surpass Vert-Vert's ?*
Truly in oratory few men,
Equal this learned catechumen ;
Fraught with the convent's choicest lessons
And stuffed with piety's quintessence ;
A bird most quick of apprehension,
With gifts and graces hard to mention :
Say in what pulpit can you meet
A Chrysostom half so discreet,
Who'd follow in his ghostly mission
So close the ‘*fathers and tradition* ?’”
Silent meantime, the feathered hermit
Waits for the sister's gracious permit,
When, at a signal from his mentor,
Quick on a course of speech he'll enter ;
Not that he cares for human glory,
Bent but to save his auditory ;
Hence he pours forth with so much unction
That all his hearers feel compunction.

Thus for a time did Vert-Vert dwell
Safe in his holy citadelle ;
Scholared like any well-bred abbé,
And loved by many a cloistered Hébé ;
You'd swear that he had crossed the same bridge
As any youth brought up in Cambridge.³
Other monks starve themselves ; but his skin
Was sleek like that of a Franciscan,
And far more clean ; for this grave Solon
Bathed every day in *eau de Cologne*.

³ Quære—*Pons Asinorum* ;

Thus he indulged each guiltless gambol,
Blessed had he ne'er been doomed to rambie!

For in his life there came a crisis
Such as for all great men arises,—
Such as what NAP to Russia led,
Such as the "FLIGHT" of Mahomed;
O town of Nantz! yes, to thy bosom
We let him go, alas! to lose him!
Edicts, O town famed for *revoking*,
Still was Vert-Vert's loss more provoking!
Dark be the day when our bright Don went
From this to a far-distant convent!
Two words comprise that awful era—
Words big with fate and woe—"IL IRA!"
Yes, "he shall go;" but, sisters! mourn ye
The dismal fruits of that sad journey,—
Ills on which Nantz's nuns ne'er reckoned,
When for the beauteous bird they beckoned.

Fame, O Vert-Vert! in evil humor,
One day to Nantz had brought the rumor
Of thy accomplishments,—"*acumen*,"
"*Nous*," and "*esprit*," quite superhuman:
All these reports but served to enhance
Thy merits with the nuns of Nantz.
How did a matter so unsuited
For convent ears get hither bruited?
Some may inquire. But "nuns are knowing,"
"*And first to hear what gossip's going.*"¹
Forthwith they taxed their wits to elicit
From the famed bird a friendly visit.
Girls' wishes run in a brisk current,
But a nun's fancy is a torrent;²
'To get this bird they'd pawn the missa'
Quick they indite a long epistle,
Careful with softest things to fill it,
And then with musk perfume the billet;
Thus, to obtain their darling purpose,
They send a writ of *habeas corpus*.

Off goes the post. When will the answer
Free them from doubt's corroding cancer?
Nothing can equal their anxiety,
Except, of course, their well-known piety.
Things at Nevers meantime went harder
Than well would suit such pious ardor;
It was no easy job to coax
This parrot from the Nevers folks.

What, take their toy from convent belles?
Make Russia yield the Dardanelles!
Filch his good rifle from a "Suliot,"
Or drag her "Romeo" from a "Juliet!"
Make an attempt to take Gibraltar,
Or try the old corn laws to alter!
This seemed to them, and eke to us,
"Most wasteful and ridiculous."
Long did the "chapter" sit in state,
And on this point deliberate;
The junior members of the senate
Set their fair faces quite again' it;
Refuse to yield a point so tender,
And urge the motto—No surrender.
The elder nuns feel no great scruple
In parting with the charming pupil;
And as each grave affair of state runs
Most on the verdict of the matrons,
Small odds, I ween, and poor the chance
Of keeping the dear bird from Nantz.
Nor in my surmise am I far out—
For by *their* vote off goes the parrot.

Mys tñl Voyage.

En ce tems là, a small canal-boat,
Called by most chroniclers the "Talbot,"
(TALBOT, a name well known in France!)
Travelled between Nevers and Nantz.
Vert-Vert took shipping in this craft,
'Tis not said whether fore or aft;
But in a book as old as Massinger's
We find a statement of the passengers;
These were—two Gascons and a piper,
A sexton (a notorious swiper),
A brace of children, and a nurse;
But what was infinitely worse,
A dashing Cyprian; while by her
Sat a most jolly-looking friar.³

For a poor bird brought up in purity
'Twas a sad augur for futurity
To meet, just free from his indentures,
And in the first of his adventures,
Such company as formed his hansel,—
Two rogues! a friar!! and a damsel!!!
Birds the above were of a feather;
But to Vert-Vert 'twas altogether
Such a strange aggregate of scandals
As to be met but among Vandals;

¹ "Les révérendes mères
A tout savoir ne sont pas les dernières."
² "Desir de fille est un feu qui dévore,
Desir de nonne est cent fois pis encore."

³ "Une nourrice, un moine, deux Gascons;
Pour un enfant qui sort du monastere
C'était échoir en digne compagnie."

Rude was their talk, bereft of polish,
 And calculated to demolish
 All the fine notions and good-breeding
 Taught by the nuns in their sweet Eden.
 No Billingsgate surpassed the nurse's,
 And all the rest indulged in curses;
 Ear hath not heard such vulgar gab in
 The nautic cell of any cabin.
 Silent and sad, the pensive bird,
 Shocked at their guilt, said not a word.¹

Now he "of orders gray," accosting
 The parrot green, who seemed quite lost in
 The contemplation of man's wickedness,
 And the bright river's gliding liquidness,
 "Tip us a stave (quoth Tuck), my darling,
 Ain't you a parrot or a starling?
 If you don't talk, by the holy poker,
 I'll give that neck of yours a choker!"
 Scared by this threat from his propriety,
 Our pilgrim thinking with sobriety,
 That if he did not speak they'd make him,
 Answered the friar, *PAX SIT TECUM!*
 Here our reporter marks down after
 Poll's maiden-speech—"loud roars of laughter;"
 And sure enough the bird so affable
 Could hardly use a phrase more laughable.

Talking of such, there are some rum ones
 That oft amuse the House of Commons:
 And since we lost "*Sir Joseph Yorke*,"
 We've got great "*Feergus*" fresh from Cork,—
 A fellow honest, droll, and funny,
 Who would not sell for love or money
 His native land: nor, like vile Daniel,
 Fawn on Lord Althorp like a spaniel;
 Flatter the mob, while the old fox
 Keeps an eye to the begging-box.
 Now 'tis a shame that such brave fellows,
 When they blow "*agitation's*" bellows,
 Should only meet with heartless scoffers,
 While cunning Daniel fills his coffers.
 But Kerry men will e'er be apter
 At the conclusion of the chapter,
 While others bear the battle's brunt,
 To reap the spoil and *job the blunt*.

This is an *episode* concerning
 The parrot's want of worldly learning,
 In squandering his tropes and figures
 On a vile crew of heartless niggers.
 The "house" heard once with more decorum
 Phil. Howard on "the Roman forum."

Poll's brief address met lots of cavillers;
 Badgered by all his fellow-travellers,
 He tried to mend a speech so ominous
 By striking up with "*DIXIT DOMINUS!*"
 But louder shouts of laughter follow,—
 This last roar beats the former hollow,
 And shows that it was bad economy
 To give a stave from Deuteronomy.

Posed, not abashed, the bird refused to
 Indulge a scene he was not used to;
 And, pondering on this strange reception,
 "There must," he thought, "be some deception
 In the nuns' views of things rhetorical,
 And sister Rose is not an oracle.
 True wit, perhaps, lies not in '*matins*,'
 Nor is *their* school a school of Athens."

Thus in this villanous receptacle
 The simple bird at once grew skeptical.
 Doubts lead to hell. The arch-deceiver
 Soon made of Poll an unbeliever;
 And mixing thus in bad society,
 He took French leave of all his piety.

His austere maxims soon he mollified,
 And all his old opinions qualified;
 For he had learned to substitute
 For pious lore things more astute;
 Nor was his conduct unimpeachable,
 For youth, alas! is but too teachable;
 And in the progress of his madness
 Soon he had reached the depths of badness.
 Such were his *curses*, such his evil
 Practices, that no ancient devil,²
 Plunged to the chin when burning hot
 Into a holy water-pot,
 Could so blaspheme, or fire a volley
 Of oaths so drear and melancholy.

¹ This canal-boat, it would seem, was not a very refined or fashionable conveyance; it rather remindeth of Horace's voyage to Brundisium, and of that line so applicable to the parrot's company—

"Repletum nautis, cauponibus, atque malignis."

O. Y.

² "Bientôt il sent jurer et mougrier
 Mieux qu'un vieux diable au fond d'un bénitier."

Must the bright blossoms, ripe and ruddy,
And the fair fruits of early study,
Thus in their summer season crossed,
Meet a sad blight—a killing frost?
Must that vile demon, Moloch, oust
Heaven from a young heart's holocaust?

And the glad hope of life's young promise
Thus in the dawn of youth ebb from us?
Such is, alas! the sad and last trophy
Of the young rake's supreme catastrophe;
For of what use are learning's laurels
When a young man is without morals?
Bereft of virtue, and grown heinous,
What signifies a brilliant genius?
'Tis but a case for wail and mourning,—
'Tis but a brand fit for the burning!

Meantime the river wafts the barge,
Fraught with its miscellaneous charge,
Smoothly upon its broad expanse,
Up to the very quay of Nantz;
Fondly within the convent bowers
The sisters calculate the hours,
Chiding the breezes for their tardiness,
And, in the height of their fool-hardiness,
Picturing the bird as fancy painted—
Lovely, reserved, polite, and sainted—
Fit "*Ursuline*." And *this*, I trow, meant
Enriched with every endowment!
Sadly, alas! these nuns anointed
Will find their fancy disappointed;
When, to meet all those hopes they drew on,
They'll find a regular DON JUAN!

The awfull *Descouverte*.

Scarce in the port was this small craft
On its arrival telegraphed,
When, from the boat home to transfer him,
Came the nuns' portress, "sister Jerome."
'Well did the parrot recognize
The walk demure and downcast eyes;
Nor aught such saintly guidance relished
A bird by worldly arts embellished;
Such was his taste for profane gayety,
He'd rather much go with the laity.

Fast to the bark he clung; but plucked
thence,

He showed dire symptoms of reluctance,
And, scandalizing each beholder,
Bit the nun's cheek, and eke her shoulder!¹
Thus a black eagle once, 'tis said,
Bore off the struggling Ganymede.²
Thus was Vert-Vert, heart-sick and weary,
Brought to the heavenly monastery.
The bell and tidings both were tolled,
And the nuns crowded, young and old,
To feast their eyes with joy uncommon on
This wondrous talkative phenomenon.

Round the bright stranger, so amazing
And so renowned, the sisters gazing,
Praised the green glow which a warm latitude
Gave to his neck, and liked his attitude.
Some by his gorgeous tail are smitten,
Some by his beak so beauteous bitten!
And none e'er dreamt of dole or harm in
A bird so brilliant and so charming.
Shade of Spurzheim! and thou, Lavater,
Or Gall, of "bumps" the great creator!
Can ye explain how our young hero,
With all the vices of a Nero,
Seemed such a model of good-breeding,
Thus quite astray the convent leading?
Where on *his* head appeared, I ask from ye,
The "nob" indicative of blasphemy?
Methinks 'twould puzzle your ability
To find *his* organ of scurrility.

Meantime the abbess, to "draw out"
A bird so modest and devout,
With soothing air and tongue caressing
The "pilgrim of the Loire" addressing,
Broached the most edifying topics,
To "start" this native of the tropics;
When, to their scandal and amaze, he
Broke forth—"Morbleu! those nuns are crazy!"³
(Showing how well he learnt his task on
The packet-boat from that vile Gascon!)
"Fie! brother poll!" with zeal outbursting,
Exclaimed the abbess, dame Augustin;
But all the lady's sage rebukes
Brief answer got from poll—"Gadzooks!"
Nay, 'tis supposed, he nattered, too,
A word folks write with W.

¹ Les uns disent au cou,
D'autres au bras; on ne sait pas bien où."
² "Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem.
Cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagos
Commisit, expertus fidelem
Jupiter in Ganymede flavo"

Hea

³ "Faut-il qu'ainsi l'exemple sédnoteur
Du di-é au diable emporte un jeune cœur?"

Scared at the sound—"Sure as a gun,
The bird's a demon!" cried the nun.
"O the vile wretch! the naughty dog!
He's surely Lucifer *incog*.
What! is the reprobate before us
That bird so pious and decorous—
So celebrated?"—Here the pilgrim,
Hearing sufficient to bewilder him,
Wound up the sermon of the beldame
By a conclusion heard but seldom—
"Ventre Saint Gris!" "Parbleu!" and "Sacre!"
Three oaths! and every one a *whacker*!

Still did the nuns, whose conscience tender
Was much shocked at the young offender,
Hoping he'd change his tone, and alter,
Hang breathless round the sad defaulter:
When, wrathful at their importunity,
And grown audacious from impunity,
He fired a broadside (holy Mary!)
Drawn from Hell's own vocabulary!
Forth like a Congreve rocket burst,
And stormed and swore, *flared up* and cursed!
Stunned at these sounds of import stygian,
The pious daughters of religion
Fled from a scene so dreau, so horrid,
But with a cross first signed their forehead.
The younger sisters, mild and meek,
Thought that the culprit spoke in Greek;
But the old matrons and "the bench"
Knew every word was genuine French;
And ran in all directions, pell-mell,
From a flood fit to overwhelm hell.
'Twas by a fall that Mother Ruth'
Then lost her last remaining tooth.

"Fine conduct this, and pretty guidance!"
Cried one of the most mortified ones;
"Pray, is such language and such ritual
Among the Nevers nuns habitual?
'Twas in our sisters most improper
To teach such curses—such a whopper!
He shan't by me, for one, be hindered
From being sent back to his kindred!"
This prompt decree of Poll's proscription
Was signed by general subscription.
Straight in a cage the nuns insert
The guilty person of Vert-Vert;

Some young ones wanted to detain him;
But the grim portress took "the paynim"
Back to the boat, close in his litter;
'Tis not said *this* time that he *bit* her.

Back to the convent of his youth,
Sojourn of innocence and truth,
Sails the *green* monster, scorned and hated,
His heart with vice contaminated.
Must I tell how, on his return,
He scandalized his old sojourn?
And how the guardians of his infancy
Wept o'er their quondam child's delinquency?
What could be done? the elders often
Met to consult how best to soften
This obdurate and hardened sinner,
Finished in vice ere a beginner!²
One mother counselled "to denounce
And let the Inquisition pounce
On the vile heretic;" another
Thought "it was best the bird to smother!"
Or "send the convict for his felonies
Back to his native land—the colonies."
But milder views prevailed. His sentence
Was, that, until he showed repentance,
"A solemn fast and frugal diet,
Silence exact, and pensive quiet,
Should be his lot;" and, for a blister
He got, as jailer, a lay-sister,
Ugly as sin, bad-tempered, jealous,
And in her scruples over-zealous
A jug of water and a carrot
Was all the prog she'd give the parrot:
But every eve when vesper-bell
Called sister Rosalie from her cell,
She to Vert-Vert would gain admittance,
And bring of "comfits" a sweet pittance.
Comfits! alas! can sweet confections
Alter sour slavery's imperfections?
What are "preserves" to you or me,
When locked up in the Marshalsea?
The sternest virtue in the hulks,
Though crammed with richest sweetmeats, *sulks*,

Taught by his jailer and adversity,
Poll saw the folly of perversity,

² *Implicat in terminis*. There must have been a beginning, also how conceive a *finish* (see Kant), unless the proposition of Ocellus Lucanus be adopted, viz., *απαρχον και ατελευτασιον το παν*. Gresset simply has it—

"Il fut un scélérat
Profès d'abord, et sans noviciat."

¹ "Toutes pensent être à la fin du monde.
Et sur son nez la mère Cunégonde
Se laissant choir, perd sa dernière dent!"

And by degrees his heart relented :
Duly, in fine, "the lad" repented.
His *Lent* passed on, and sister Bridget
Coaxed the old abdess to abridge it.

The prodigal, reclaimed and free,
Became again a prodigy,
And gave more joy, by works and words,
Than ninety-nine canary-birds,
Until his death. Which last disaster
(Nothing on earth endures!) came faster:
Then they imagined. The transition
From a starved to a stuffed condition,
From penitence to jollification,
Brought on a fit of constipation.
Some think he would be living still,
If given a "Vegetable Pill;"
But from a short life, and a merry,
Poll sailed one day per Charon's ferry.

By tears from nuns' sweet eyelids wept,
Happy in death this parrot slept,
For him Elysium oped its portals,
And there he talks among immortals.
But I have read, that since that happy day
(So writes Cornelius á Lapide,¹
Proving, with commentary droll,
The transmigrator of the soul),
That still Vert-Vert this earth doth haunt,
Of convent bowers a visitant;
And that, gay novices among,
He dwells, transformed into a tongue!

¹ This author appears to have been a favorite with Prout, who takes every opportunity of recording his predilection. Had the *Order*, however, produced only such writers as Cornelius, we fear there would have been little mention of the *Jesuits* in connection with *literature*. Gresset's opinion on the matter is contained in an epistle to his *compère* P. Boujeant, author of the ingenious treatise *Sur l'Âme des Bêtes* :

Moins révérend qu'aimable père,
Vous dont l'esprit, le caractère,
Et les airs, ne sont point montés
Sur le ton sottement austère
De cent tristes paternités,
Qui, manquant du talent de plaire,
Et de toute légèreté,
Pour dissimuler la misère
D'un esprit sans aménité,
Affichent la sévérité;
Et ne sortant de leur tanière
Que sous la lugubre bannière
De la grave formalité,
Héritiers de la triste enclame
De quelque pédant ignoré,
Reforment quelque lourd volume,
Aux autres Latins enterré.

THE SILKWORM. A POEM.

From the Latin of JEROME VIDA.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

LIST to my lay, daughter of Lombardy,
Hope of Gonzaga's house, fair Isabelle!
Graced with thy name, the simplest melody,
Albeit from rural pipe or rustic shell,
Might all the music of a court excel;
Light though the subject of my song may
seem,
'Tis one on which thy spirit loves to dwell;
Nor on a tiny insect dost thou deem
Thy poet's labor lost, nor frivolous my theme.

II.

For thou dost often meditate how hence
Commerce deriveth aliment; how Art
May minister to native opulence,
The wealth of foreign lands to home impart,
And make of ITALY the general mart.
These are thy goodly thoughts—how best to
raise,
Thy country's industry. A patriot heart
Beat in thy gentle breast—no vulgar praise!
Be then this spinner-worm the hero of my lays

III.

Full many a century it crept, the child
Of distant China or the torrid zone;
Wasted its web upon the woodlands wild,
And spun its golden tissue all alone,
Clothing no reptile's body but its own.^{*}
So crawled a brother-worm o'er mount and
glen,
Uncivilized, uncouth; till, social grown,
He sought the cities and the haunts of men—
Science and Art soon tamed the forest denizen.

IV.

Rescued from woods, now under friendly roof
Fostered and fed, and sheltered from the
blast,
Full soon the wondrous wealth of warp and
woof—
Wealth by these puny laborers amassed,
Repaid the hand that spread their green re-
past:
Right merrily they plied their jocund toil,

^{*} Tenet nec honores nec gloria filo!

And from their mouths the silken treasures,
 cast,
 Twisting their canny thread in many a coil,
 While men looked on and smiled, and hailed the
 shining spoil.

v.

Sweet is the poet's ministry to teach
 How the wee operatives should be fed ;
 Their wants and changes ; what befitteth each ;
 What mysteries attend the genial bed,
 And how successive progenies are bred.
 Happy if he his countrymen engage
 In paths of peace and industry to tread ;
 Happier the poet still, if o'er his page
 Fair *ISABELLA'S* een shed radiant patronage !

vi.

Thou, then, who wouldst possess a creeping
 flock
 Of silken sheep, their glossy fleece to shear,
 Learn of their days how scanty is the stock :
 Barely two months of each recurring year
 Make up the measure of their brief career ;
 They spin their little hour, they weave their
 ball,
 And, when their task is done, then disap-
 pear
 Within that silken dome's sepulchral hall ;
 And the third moon looks out upon their funeral.

vii.

Theirs is, in truth, a melancholy lot,
 Never the offspring of their loves to see !
 The parent of a thousand sons may not
 Spectator of his children's gambols be,
 Or hail the birth of his young family.
 From orphan-eggs, fruit of a fond embrace,
 Spontaneous hatched, an insect tenantry
 Creep forth, their sires departed to replace :
 Thus, posthumously born, springs up an annual
 race.

viii.

Still watchful lest their birth be premature,
 From the sun's wistful eye remove the seed,
 While yet the season wavers insecure,
 While yet no leaves have budded forth to
 feed
 With juicy provender the tender breed ;

Nor usher beings into life so new
 Without provision—'twere a cruel deed !
 Ah, such improvidence men often rue !
 'Tis a sad, wicked thing,—if Malthus telleth true

ix.

But when the vernal equinox is passed,
 And the gay mulberry in gallant trim
 Hath robed himself in verdant vest at last
 ('Tis well to wait until thou seest him
 With summer-garb of green on every limb),
 Then is thy time. Be cautious still, nor risk
 Thine enterprise while the moon is dim,
 But tarry till she hangeth out her disk,
 Replenished with full light, then breed thy spin-
 ners brisk.

x.

Methinks that here some gentle maiden begs
 To know how best this genial deed is done :—
 Some on a napkin strew the little eggs,
 And simply hatch their silkworms in the
 sun ;
 But there's a better plan to fix upon.
 Wrapt in a muslin kerchief, pure and warm,
 Lay them within thy bosom safe ;¹ nor shun
 Nature's kind office till the tiny swarm
 Begins to creep. Fear not ; they cannot do thee
 harm.

xi.

Meantime a fitting residence prepare,
 Wherein thy pigmy artisans may dwell,
 And furnish forth their factory with care :
 Of seasoned timber build the spinner's cell
 And be it lit and ventilated well ;
 And range them upon insulated shelves,
 Rising above each other parallel :
 There let them crawl—there let the little elves
 On carpeting of leaf gayly disport themselves.

xii.

And be their house impervious both to rain
 And to th' inclemency of sudden cold :
 See that no hungry sparrow entrance gain,
 To glut his maw and desolate the fold,
 Ranging among his victims uncontrolled.
 Nay, I have heard that once a wicked hen
 Obtained admittance by manœuvre bold,

¹ Tu conde sinu velamine facta,
 Nec pudeat roseis inter fovisse papillae

Slaughtering the insects in their little den ;
If I had caught her there,—she had not come
again.

XIII.

Stop up each crevice in the silkworm house,
Each gaping orifice be sure to fill ;
For oftentimes a sacrilegious mouse
Will fatal inroad make, intent on ill.
And in cold blood the gentle spinners kill.¹
Ah, cruel wretch ! whose idol is thy belly,
The blood of innocence why dost thou spill ?
Dost thou not know that *silk* is in that jelly ?
Go forth, and seek elsewhere a dish of vermicelli.

XIV.

When thy young caterpillars 'gin to creep,
Spread them with care upon the oaken
planks ;
And let them learn from infancy to keep
Their proper station, and preserve their
ranks—
Not crawl at random, playing giddy pranks.
Let them be taught their dignity, nor seek.
Dressed in silk gown, to act like mounte-
banks :
Thus careful to eschew each vulgar freak,
Sober they maun grow up, industrious and meek.

XV.

Their minds kind Nature wisely pre-arranged,
And of domestic habits made them fond ;
Rarely they roam, or wish their dwelling
changed,
Or from their keeper's vigilance abscond :
Pleased with their home, they travel not be-
yond.
Else, woe is me ! it were a bitter potion
To hunt each truant and each vagabond :
Haply of such attempts they have no notion,
Nor on their heads is seen "the bump of loco-
motion."

XVI.

The same kind Nature (who doth all things
right)
Their stomachs hath from infancy imbued
Straight with a most tremendous appetite ;
And till the leaf they love is o'er them
strewed,
Their little mouths wax clamorous for food.

¹ Improbis irreptat tabulis, sævitque per omnes,
Cæde madens, etc., etc

For their first banquetings this plan adopt—
Cull the most tender leaves in all the wood,
And let them, ere upon the worms they're
dropped,
Be minced for their young teeth, and diligently
chopped.

XVII.

Passed the first week, an epoch will begin,
A crisis which maun all thy care engage ;
For then the little asp will cast his skin.
Such change of raiment marks each separate
stage
Of childhood, youthhood, manhood, and
old age :
A gentle sleep gives token when he means
To doff his coat for seemlier equipage ;
Another and another supervenes,
And then he is, I trow, no longer in his teens.

XVIII.

Until that period, it importeth much,
That no ungentle hand, with contact rude,
Visit the shelves. Let the delightful touch
Of Italy's fair daughters—fair and good!—
Administer alone to that young brood.
Mark how you maiden's breast with pity
years,
Tending her charge with fond solicitude,—
Hers be the blessing she so richly earns !
Soon may she see her own wee brood of bonny
bairns !

XIX.

Foliage, fresh gathered for immediate use,
Be the green pasture of thy silken sheep,
For when ferments the vegetable juice,
They loathe the leaves, and from th' un-
tasted heap
With disappointment languishingly creep.
Hie to the forest, evening, noon, and morn ;
Of brimming baskets quick succession keep
Let the green grove for them be freely shorn,
And smiling Plenty void her well-replenished
horn.

XX.

Pleasant the murmurs of their mouths to
hear,
While as they ply the plentiful repast,
The dainty leaves demolished, disappear
One after one. A fresh supply is cast—
That, like the former, vanisheth as fast.

But, cautious of *repletion* (we *yclept*
The fatal fount of sickness), cease at last;
Fling no more food, their fodder intercept,
And be it laid aside, and for their supper kept.

XXI.

To gaze upon the dew-drop's glittering gem,
T' inhale the moisture of the morning air,
Is pleasantness to us;—'tis death to them.
Shepherd, of dank humidity beware,
Moisture mann vitiate the freshest fare;¹
Cull not the leaves at the first hour of prime,
While yet the sun his arrows through the
air
Shoots horizontal. Tarry till he climb
Half his meridian height: then is thy harvest-
time.

XXII.

There be two sisters of the mulberry race,²
One of complexion dark and olive hue;—
Of taller figure and of fairer face,
The other wins and captivates the view,
And to maturity grows quicker too.
Oft characters with color correspond;
Nathless the silkworm neither will eschew,
He is of both immoderately fond—
Still he doth dearly love the gently blooming
blonde.

XXIII.

With milder juice and more nutritious milk
She feedeth him, though delicate and pale;
Nurtured by *her* he spins a finer silk,
And her young sucklings, vigorous and
hale,
Aye o'er her sister's progeny prevail.
Her paler charms more appetite beget,
On which the creepers greedily regale:
She bears the bell in foreign lands; and yet
Our brown Italian maids prefer the dark bru-
nette.³

XXIV.

The dark brulette, more bountiful of leaves,
With less refinement more profusion shows;
But often such redundancy deceives.

What though the ripened berry ruddier
glows
Upon these tufted branches than on those?
Due is the preference to the paler plant:
Then her to rear thy tender nurslings choose,
Her to thy little orphans' wishes grant,
Nor use the darker leaves unless the white be
scant.

XXV.

OVID has told a tender tale of THISBE,
Who found her lifeless lover lying pale
Under a spreading mulberry. Let this be
The merit and the moral of that tale.
Sweet is thy song, in sooth, love's nightin-
gale!
But hadst thou known that, nourished from
that tree,
Love's artisans would spin their tissue frail,
Thou never wouldst of so much misery
Have laid the scene beneath a spreading mul-
berry.

XXVI.

Now should a failure of the mulberry crop
Send famine to the threshold of thy door
Do not despair: but, climbing to the top
Of the tall elm, or kindred sycamore,
Young budding germs with searching eye
explore.
Practise a pious fraud upon thy flock,
With false supplies and counterfeited store:
Thus for a while their little stomachs mock,
Until thou canst provide of leaves a genuine stock.

XXVII.

But ne'er a simple village maiden ask
To climb on trees,⁴—for her was never meant
The rude exposure of such uncouth task;
Lest while she tries the perilous ascent,
On pure and hospitable thoughts intent,
A wicked faun, that lurks behind some bush,
Peep out with upward eye—rude, insolent!
Oh, vile and desperate hardihood! But, hush!
Nor let such matters move the bashful Muse to
blush.

⁴ The good bishop's gallantry is herein displayed to advan-
tage:—

Nec robora dura

Ascendat permittit in sylvis innuba virgo;
Aat operum patiens anus, et cui durior analis
Sit outle (ingratæ facilius jactura senectæ!),
Munere fungatur tali! Ne fortè quis altâ
Egressus sylvâ satyrorum è gente procaci
Suspiciat, teneræque pudor notet ora puellæ.

¹ Pabula semper

Sileca legant, nullâque fluant aspergine sylvæ.

² Est bicolor morus, bombyx vescetur utrâque
Nigra albeneve fuat, etc., etc.

The worm will always prefer to nibble the white mulberry-tree,
and will quit the black for it readily.

³ Quamvis Aasonis laudetur nigra puella.

XXVIII.

The maiden's ministry it is to keep
 Incessant vigil o'er the silkworm fold,
 Supply fresh fodder to the nibbling sheep,
 Cleanse and remove the remnants of the old,
 Guard against influence of damp or cold,
 And ever and anon collect them all
 In close divan : and ere their food is doled,
 Wash out with wine each stable and each stall,
 Lest foul disease the flock through feculence be-
 fall.

XXIX.

Changes will oft come o'er their outward form,
 And each transition needs thy anxious cares :
 Four times they cast their skin. The spinner-
 worm
 Four soft successive suits of velvet wears ;
 Nature each pliant envelope prepares.
 But how can they, in previous clothing pent,
 Get riddance of that shaggy robe of theirs ?
 They keep a three-days' fast. When by that
 Lent
 Grow lean, they doff with ease their old accou-
 trement.

XXX.

Nor are the last important days at hand—
 The liquid gold within its living mine
 Brightens. Nor nourishment they now de-
 mand,
 Nor care for life ; impatient to resign
 The wealth with which diaphanous they
 shine !
 Eager they look around—imploing look,
 For branch or bush, their tissue to entwine ;
 Some rudimental threads they seek to hook,
 And dearly love to find some hospitable nook.

XXXI.

Anticipate their wishes, gentle maid !
 Hie to their help ; the fleeting moment catch.
 Quick be the shelves with wicker-work o'er-
 laid :
 Let osier, broom, and furze, their workshop
 thatch,
 With fond solicitude and blithe dispatch.
 So may they quickly, mid the thicket dense,
 Find out a spot their purposes to match ;
 So may they soon their industry commence,
 And of the round *cocoon* plan the circumference.

XXXII.

Their hour is come. See how the yellow flood
 Swells in yon creeping cylinder ! how teems
 Exuberant the tide of amber blood !
 How the recondite gold transparent gleams,
 And how pellucid the bright fluid seems !
 Proud of such pregnancy, and duly skilled
 In Dædælean craft, each insect deems
 The glorious purposes of life fulfilled,
 If into shining silk his substance be distilled !

XXXIII.

Say, hast thou ever marked the clustering grape
 Swollen to maturity with ripe produce,
 When the imprisoned pulp pants to escape,
 And longs to joy "emancipated" juice
 In the full freedom of the bowl profuse ?
 So doth the silk that swells their skinny coat
 Loathe its confinement, panting to get loose :
 Such longing for relief their looks denote—
 Soon in their web they'll find a "bane and anti-
 dote."

XXXIV.

See ! round and round, in many a mirthful
 maze,
 The wily workman weaves his golden gauze ;
 And while his throat the twisted thread pur-
 veys,
 New lines with labyrinthine labor draws,
 Plying his pair of operative jaws.
 From morn to noon, from noon to silent eve,
 He toileth without interval or pause,¹
 His monumental trophy to achieve,
 And his sepulchral sheet of silk resplendent
 weave.

XXXV.

Approach, and view thy artisans at work ;
 At thy wee spinners take a parting glance ;
 For soon each puny laborer will lurk
 Under his silken canopy's expanse—
 Tasteful alcove ! boudoir of elegance !
 There will the weary worm in peace repose,
 And languid lethargy his limbs entrance ;
 There his career of usefulness will close ;
 Who would not live the life and die the death of
 those !²

¹ Query, *without pause* ?—*P. Devil*.

² Mille legunt releguntque vias, atque orbibus orbem
 Agglomerant, donec cœco se carcere condant
 Sponte sua. Tanta est edendi gloria filii !

XXXVI.

Mostly they spin their solitary shroud
 Single, apart, like ancient anchoret;
 Yet oft a loving pair will,¹ if allowed,
 In the same sepulchre of silk well met,
 Nestle like ROMEO and JULIET.
 From such communing be they not debarred,
 Mindful of her who hallowed Paraclet;
 Even in their silken cenotaph 'twere hard
 To part a HELOISE from her loved ABELARD.

XXXVII.

The task is done, the work is now complete;
 A stilly silence reigns throughout the room!
 Sleep on, blest beings! be your slumbers sweet,
 And calmly rest within your golden tomb—
 Rest, till restored to renovated bloom.
 Bursting the trammels of that dark sojourn,
 Forth ye shall issue, and rejoiced, resume,
 A glorified appearance, and return
 To life a winged thing from monumental urn.

XXXVIII.

Fain would I pause, and of my tuneful text
 Reserve the remnant for a fitter time:
 Another song remains. The summit next
 Of double-peaked Parnassus when I climb,
 Grant me, ye gods! the radiant wings of
 rhyme!
 Thus may I bear me up th' adventurous road
 That winds aloft—an argument sublime!
 But of didactic poems 'tis the mode,
 No canto should conclude without an episode.

XXXIX.

VENUS it was who first invented SILK—
 LINEN had long, by CERES patronized,
 Supplied Olympus: ladies of that ilk
 No better sort of clothing had devised—
 Linen alone their *garde de robe* comprised.
 Hence at her cambric loom the "suitors" found
 PENELOPE, whom bath immortalized
 The blind man eloquent: nor less renowned
 Were "Troy's proud dames," whose robes of lin-
 en "swept the ground."

XL.

Thus the first female fashion was for flax;
 A linen tunic was the garb that graced

Exclusively the primitive "Almack's."

Simplicity's costume! too soon effaced
 By vain inventions of more modern taste.
 Then was the reign of modesty and sense.
 Fair ones were not, I ween, more prude and
 chaste,
 Girt in hoop-petticoats' circumference
 Or stays—*Honi soi* the rogue *qui mal y pense*.

XLI.

WOOL, by MINERVA manufactured, met
 With blithe encouragement and brisk de-
 mand;
 Her loom by constant buyers was beset,
 "Orders from foreign houses" kept her hand
 Busy supplying many a distant land.
 She was of woollen stuffs the sole provider,
 Till some were introduced by contraband:
 A female called ARACHNE thus defied her,
 But soon gave up the trade, being turned into a
 spider.

XLII.

Thus a complete monopoly in wool,
 "Almost amounting to a prohibition,"
 Enabled her to satisfy in full
 The darling object of her life's ambition,
 And gratify her spiteful disposition.
 VENUS! she had determined should not be
 Suffered to purchase stuffs *on no condition*;
 While every naked Naiad nymph was free
 To buy her serge, moreen, and woollen draperie

XLIII.

Albeit "when unadorned adorned the most,"
 The goddess could not brook to be outwitted
 How could she bear her rival's bitter boast,
 If to this taunt she quietly submitted!
 OLYMPUS (robeless as she was) she quitted,
 Fully determined to bring back as fine a
 Dress as was ever woven, spun, or knitted;
 Europe she searched, consulted the CZARINA,
 And, taking good advice, crossed o'er "the wall"
 to CHINA.

XLIV.

Long before Europeans, the Chinese
 Possessed the compass, silkworms, and gun
 powder,

¹ Quin et nonnullæ paribus communia curls
 Associant opera, et nebulæ clauduntur eadem.

² Tantùm nuda Venus merebat muneris expers
 Egregiam ob formam textricis invisâ Minervæ.

And types, and tea, and other rarities.

China (with gifts since Nature hath endowed her)

Is proud; what land hath reason to be prouder?

Her let the dull "Barbarian Eye" respect,

And be her privileges all allowed her;

She is the widow (please to recollect)

Of one the Deluge drowned, PRIMORDIAL INTELLECT!

XLV.

The good inhabitants of PEKIN, when

They saw the dame in downright dishabille,
Were shocked. Such sight was far beyond
the ken

Of their CONFUCIAN notions. Full of zeal

To guard the morals of the commonweal,

They straight deputed SYLK, a mandarin,

Humbly before the visitant to kneel

With downcast eye, and offer Beauty's queen

A rich resplendent robe of gorgeous bombazine.

XLVI.

Venus received the vesture nothing loath,

And much its gloss, its softness much admired,

And praised that specimen of foreign growth,
So splendid, and so cheaply too acquired!

Quick in the robe her graceful limbs attired,
She seeks a mirror—there delighted dallies;

So rich a dress was all could be desired.

How she rejoiced to disappoint the malice

Of her unfeeling foe, the vile, vindictive PALLAS!

XLVII.

But while she praised the gift and thanked the giver

Of spinner-worms she sued for a supply.

Forthwith the good Chinese filled Cupid's quiver

With the cocoons in which each worm doth lie

Snug, until changed into a butterfly.

The light cocoons wild Cupid snowed o'er Greece,

And o'er the isles, and over Italy,

Into the lap of industry and peace;

And the glad nations hailed the long-sought
"Golden Fleece."¹

THE SHANDON BELLS.²

Sabbata pango,

Funera plango,

Solemnia clango.

Inscrip. on an old Bell.

With deep affection

And recollection

I often think of

Those Shandon bells,

Whose sounds so wild would,

In the days of childhood,

Fling round my cradle

Their magic spells.

On this I ponder

Where'er I wander,

And thus grow fonder,

Sweet Cork, of thee,

With thy bells of Shandon,

That sound so grand on

The pleasant waters

Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming

Full many a clime in,

Tolling sublime in

Cathedral shrine,

While at a glib rate

Brass tongues would vibrate—

But all their music

Spoke naught like thine;

For memory dwelling

On each proud swelling

Of the belfry knelling

Its bold notes free,

Made the bells of Shandon

Sound far more grand on

The pleasant waters

Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling

Old "Adrian's Mole" in,

Their thunder rolling

From the Vatican,

And cymbals glorious

Swinging uproarious

In the gorgeous turrets

Of Nôtre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter

Than the dome of Peter

¹ The spire of Shandon, built on the ruins of old Shandon Castle (for which see the plates in "Pacata Hybernica"), is a prominent object, from whatever side the traveller approaches our beautiful city. In a vault at its foot sleep some generations of the writer's kith and kin.

² Retultit insignes tunicas, nihil indige luncæ.

³ Gratulæ opus Ausonlis dum volvunt fila puellæ.

Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly ;—
Oh ! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk o !
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

THE RED-BREAST OF AQUITANIA.

A HUMBLE BALLAD.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father."—ST. MATTHEW, x. 29.

"Gallos ab Aquitanis Garumna flumen."—JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."—SHAKESPEARE.

*"Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river."*—TOM MOORE.

River trip
from Toulou-
se to
Bordeaux.
Thermome-
ter at 0.
Snow 1 foot
and a half
deep. Use
of wooden
shoes.

Oh, 'twas bitter cold
As our steamboat rolled
Down the pathway old
Of the deep Garonne,—
And the peasant lank,
While his *sabot* sank
In the snow-clad bank,
Saw it roll on, on.

Ye Gascon
farmer bieth
to his cot-
tage, and
drinketh a
flaggonne

And he hied him home
To his *toit de chaume* ;
And for those who roam
On the broad bleak flood
Cared he? Not a thought ;
For his beldame brought
His wine-flask fraught
With the grape's red blood.

He warmeth
his cold
shins at a
wooden fire.
Good bye to
him.

And the wood-block blaze
Fed his vacant gaze
As we trod the maze
Of the river down.
Soon we left behind
On the frozen wind
All farther mind
Of that vacant clown.

Ye Father
meeteth a
stray ac-
quaintance
in a small
bird.

But there came anon,
As we journeyed on
Down the deep Garonne,
An acquaintancy,
Which we deemed, I count,
Of more high amount,
For it oped the fount
Of sweet sympathy.

Not ye
famous alba-
tross of that
sinclent ma-
riner olde
Coloridge,
but a poore
robin.

'Twas a stranger dressed
In a downy vest,
'Twas a wee Red-breast
(Not an "*Albatross*"),
But a wanderer meek,
Who fain would seek
O'er the bosom bleak
Of that flood to cross.

Ye sparrow
crossing ye
river maketh
bys half-way
house of the
fire-ship.

And we watched him oft
As he soared aloft
On his pinions soft,
Poor wee weak thing,
And we soon could mark
That he sought our bark,
As a resting ark
For his weary wing.

Delusive
hope. Ye
fire-ship
runneth 10
knots an
hour : 'tis
no go for ye
sparrow.

But the bark, fire-fed,
On her pathway sped,
And shot far ahead
Of the tiny bird,
And quicker in the van
Her swift wheels ran,
As the quickening fan
Of his winglets stirred.

Ye byrde is
led a wilde
goose chase
adown ye
river.

Vain, vain pursuit !
Toil without fruit !
For his forkéd foot
Shall not anchor there,
Though the boat meanwhile
Down the stream beguile
For a bootless mile
The poor child of air !

Symptomes of fatigue.
Tis melancholie to fall
between
2 stools.

And 'twas plain at last
He was flagging fast,
That his hour had past
In that effort vain;
Far from either bank,
Sans a saving plank,
Slow, slow he sank,
Nor uprose again.

Mort of ye
birds.

And the cheerless wave
Just one ripple gave
As it oped him a grave
In its bosom cold,
And he sank alone,
With a feeble moan,
In that deep Garonne,
And then all was told.

Ye old man
at ye hair:
weepeth for
a soun lost
in ye bay of
Biscaya.

But our pilot gray
Wiped a tear away—
In the broad Biscaye
He had lost his boy!
That sight brought back
On its furrowed track
The remembered wreck
Of long-perished joy

Condoie-
ance of ye
ladyes; eke
of *le chasseur
d'infanterie
légère*.

And the tear half hid
In soft Beauty's lid
Stole forth unbid
For that red-breast bird;—
And the feeling crept,—
For a Warrior wept;
And the silence kept
Found no fitting word.

Olde Father
Prontte
sadly mo-
ralizeth
anent ye
birds.

But *I* mused alone,
For I thought of one
Whom I well had known
In my earlier days,
Of a gentle mind,
Of a soul refined,
Of deserts designed
For the Palm of Praise.

Ye Stream
of Lyfe. A
younge r an
of fayre
craie.

And well would it seem
That o'er Life's dark stream,
Easy task for him
In his flight of Fame,
Was the Skyward Path
O'er the billow's wrath,
That for Genius nath
Ever been the same.

Hys earlie
flyght across
ye streame.

And I saw him soar
From the morning shore,
While his fresh wings bore
Him athwart the tide,
Soon with powers unspent
As he forward went,
His wings he had bent
On the sought-for side

A newe ob-
ject calleth
his eye from
ye maine
chaunce.

But while thus he flew,
Lo! a vision new
Caught his wayward view
With a semblance fair,
And that new-found wooer
Conld, alas! allure
From his pathway sure
The bright child of air.

Instabil little
of purpose a
fall evyll
in lyfe.

For he turned aside,
And adown the tide
For a brief hour plied
His yet unspent force.
And to gain that goal
Gave the powers of soul
Which, unwasted, whole,
Had achieved his course.

This is ye
morall of
Father
Prout's
humble
ballade.

A bright Spirit, young,
Unwept, unsung,
Sank thus among
The drifts of the stream;
Not a record left,—
Of renown bereft,
By thy cruel theft,
O DELUSIVE DREAM!

L'ENVOY TO W. H. AINSWORTH, ESQ.

WHILOM, AUTHOR OF THE ADMIRABLE "ORIONTON," SUBSEQUENT
CHRONICLER OF "JACK SHEPPARD,"

which he
wrote by
waxlight in
the *hostel de
Gascogne*
at Bordeaux,
6 Jan., 1841.

Thus sadly I thought
As that bird unsought
The remembrance brought
Of thy bright day;
And I penned full soon
This Dirge, while the moon
On the broad Garonne
Shed a wintry ray.

THE LEGEND OF ARETHUSA.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE ARETHUSA M—R G—N.

A SHEPHERDESS of Arcadie,
In the days hight olden,
Fed her white flock close to the sea ;
'Twas the age called golden.

That age of gold ! yet naught availed
To save from rudeness,
To keep unsullied—unassailed
Such gentle goodness.

The calm composure of a life
Till then uncheckered,
What rude attempt befell ? 'tis rife
In Ovid's record.

Poor shrinking maid—despairing, left
Without reliance ;
Of brother's, father's aid bereft,
She called on Dian's.

"Queen of the spotless ! quick, decree
The boon I ask you !
To die—ere I dishonored be !
Speed to my rescue."

Sudden beneath her footsteps oped
The daisied meadow ;
The passionate arms that wildly groped,
Grasped but a shadow.

Forth from the soil where sank absorbed
That crystal virgin,
Gushed a bright brook—pure, undisturbed—
With pebbly margin.

And onward to the sea-shore sped,
Its course fulfilling ;
Till the Ægean's briny bed
Took the bright rill in.

When lo ! was wrought for aye a theme
Of special wonder ;
Fresh and untainted ran that stream
The salt seas under.

Proof against every wave's attempt
To interfuse it ;
From briny mixture still exempt,
It flowed pellucid.

And thus it kept for many a mile
Its pathway single ;
Current, in which nor gall nor guile
Could ever mingle.

And all day long with onward march
The streamlet glided ;
And when night came, Diana's torch
The wanderer guided ;

Till unto thee, sweet Sicily,
From doubt and danger,
From land and ocean's terrors free,
She led the stranger ;

And there gushed forth, the pride and vaunt
Of Syracuse,
The bright, time-honored, glorious fount
Of Arethusa.

O ladye, such be thy career,
Such be thy guidance ;
From every earthly foe and fear
Such be thy riddance !

Safe from the tainted evil tongue
Of foes insidious ;
Brineless the bitter waves among
Of "friends" perfidions.

Such be thy life—live on, live on !
Nor couldst thou choose a
Name more appropriate than thine own,
Fair Arethusa !

THE LADYE OF LEE.

THERE'S a being bright, whose beams
Light my days and gild my dreams,
Till my life all sunshine seems—'tis the ladye
of Lee.

Oh ! the joy that Beauty brings,
While her merry laughter rings,
And her voice of silver sings—how she loves but
me !

There's a grace in every limb,
There's a charm in every whim,
And the diamond cannot dim—the dazzling of
her e'e.

there's a light amid
the lustre of her lid,
That from the crowd is hid—and only I can see.

'Tis the glance by which is shown
That she loves but me alone;
That she is all mine own—this ladye of Lee.

Then say, can it be wrong,
If the burden of my song
Be, how fondly I'll belong to this ladye of Lee!

LIFE, A BUBBLE.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW THEREOF.

Down comes rain drop, bubble follows;
On the house-top one by one
Flock the synagogue of swallows,
Met to vote that autumn's gone.

There are hundreds of them sitting,
Met to vote in unison;
They resolve on general flitting.
"I'm for Athens off," says one.

"Every year my place is filled in
Plinth of pillared Parthenon,
Where a ball has struck the building,
Shot from Turk's besieging gun."

"As for me, I've got my chamber
O'er a Smyrna coffee-shop,
Where his beadroll, made of amber,
Hadji counts, and sips a drop."

"I prefer Palmyra's scantlings,
Architraves of lone Baalbec,
Perched on which I feed my bantlings
As they ope their bonnie beak."

While the last, to tell her plan, says,
"On the second cataract
I've a statue of old Ramses,
And his neck is nicely cracked."

Blarney Songs.

I.

JACK BELLEW'S SONG

ARK—"Oh, weep for the hour!"

OH! the muse shed a tear
When the cruel auctioneer,
With a hammer in his hand, to sweet Blarney
came!
Lady Jeffery's ghost
Left the Stygian coast,
And shrieked the live-long night for her grand-
son's shame.

The Vandal's hammer fell,
And we know full well
Who bought the castle furniture and fixtures, O!
And took off in a cart
('Twas enough to break one's heart!)
All the statues made of lead, and the pictures,
O!

You're the man I mean, hight
Sir Thomas Deane, knight,
Whom the people have no reason to thank at all
But for you those things so old
Sure would never have been sold,
Nor the fox be looking out from the banquet-hall.

Oh, ye pulled at such a rate
At every wainscoting and grate,
Determined the old house to sack and garble,
O!

That you didn't leave a splinter,
To keep out the could winter,
Except a limestone chimney-piece of marble, O!

And there the place was left
Where bold King Charles the Twelfth
Hung, before his portrait went upon a journey, O!
Och! the family's itch
For going to law was sitch,
That they bound him long before to an attorney,
O!

But still the magic stone
(Blessings on it!) is not flown,
To which a debt of gratitude Pat Lardner owes:
Kiss that block, if you're a dunce,
And you'll emulate at once
The genius who to fame by dint of blarney rose.

II.

FRIAR O'MEARA'S SONG.

CANTILENA OMEARICA.

WHY then, sure it was made by a learned owl,

The "rule" by which I beg,
 Forbidding to eat of the tender fowl
 That hangs on yonder peg.

But, rot it! no matter:

For here on a platter
 Sweet Margaret brings
 A food fit for kings;

And a meat
 Clean and neat—

That's an egg!

Sweet maid,

She brings me an egg newly laid!
 And to fast I need ne'er be afraid,

For 'tis Peg

That can find me an egg.

Three different ways there are of eating them;

First boiled, then fried with salt,—

But there's a particular way of treating them,

Where many a cook's at fault:

For with parsley and flour

'Tis in Margaret's power

To make up a dish,

Neither meat, fowl, nor fish;

But in Paris they call 't

A neat

Omelette.

Sweet girl!

In truth, as in Latin, her name is a pearl,

When she gets

Me a platter of nice omelettes.

Och! 'tis all in my eye, and a joke,

To call fasting a sorrowful yoke;

Sure, of Dublin-bay herrings a keg,

And an egg,

Is enough for all sensible folk!

Success to the fragrant turf-smoke,

That curls round the pan on the fire;

While the sweet yellow yolk

From the egg-shells is broke

In that pan,

Who can,

If he have but the heart of a man,

Not feel the soft flame of desire,

When it burns to a clinker the heart of a friar!

III.

TERRY CALLAGHAN'S SONG;

BEING A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE STORMING OF BLARNEY CASTLE, BY THE UNITED FORCES OF CROMWELL, IRETON AND FAIRFAX, IN 1628.

AIR—"I'm akin to the Callaghans."

O BLARNEY Castle, my darlint!

Sure you're nothing at all but a stone

Wrapped in ivy—a nest for all varmint,

Since the ould Lord Clancarty is gone.

Och! 'tis you that was once strong and aincient,

And ye kep all the Sassenachs down,

While fighting them battles that aint yet

Forgotten by martial renown.

O Blarney Castle, etc.

Bad luck to that robber, ould Crommill!

That plundered our beautiful fort;

We'll never forgive him, though some will—

Saxons! such as George Knapp and his port.

But they tell us the day 'll come, when Dán iel

Will purge the whole country, and drive

All the Sassenachs into the channel,

Nor leave a Cromwellian alive.

O Blarney Castle, etc.

Curse the day clumsy Noll's ugly *corpus*,

Clad in copper, was seen on our plain;

When he rowled over here like a porpoise

In two or three hookers from Spain!

And bekase that he was a freemason

He mounted a battering-ram,

And into her mouth, full of treason,

Twenty pound of gunpowder he'd cram.

O Blarney Castle, etc.

So when the brave boys of Clancarty

Looked over their battlement-wall,

They saw wicked Oliver's party

All a feeding on powder and ball;

And that giniral that married his daughter

Wid a heap of grape-shot in his jaw—

That's bould Ireton, so famous for slaughter—

And he was his brother-in-law.

O Blarney Castle, etc.

They fired off their bullets like thunder,

That whizzed through the air like a snake;

And they made the ould castle (no wonder!)

With all its foundations to shake.

While the Irish had nothing to shoot off

But their bows and their arras, the sows!

Waypons fit for the wars of old Plutarch,
And perhaps mighty good for wild fowls.
O Blarney Castle, etc.

Och! 'twas Crommill then gave the dark token—
For in the black art he was deep;
And though the eyes of the Irish stood open,
They found themselves all fast asleep!
With his jack-boots he stepped on the water,
And he walked clane right over the lake;
While his sodgers they all followed after,
As dry as a duck or a drake.
O Blarney Castle, etc.

Then the gates he burnt down to a cinder,
And the roof he demolished likewise;
Oh! the rafters they flamed out like tinder,
And the buildin' *flared up* to the skies.
And he gave the estate to the Jeffers,
With the dairy, the cows, and the hay;
And they lived there in clover like heifers,
As their ancestors do to this day.
O Blarney Castle, etc.

THE LAMENT OF STELLA.

A BURLESQUE ON THE LAMENT OF DANAE, BY
SIMONIDES.

WHILE round the churn, 'mid sleet and rain,
It blew a perfect hurricane,
Wrapped in slight garment to protect her,
Methought I saw my mother's spectre,
Who took her infant to her breast—
Me, the small tenant of that chest—
While thus she lulled her babe: "How cruel
Have been the Fates to thee, my jewel!
But, caring naught for foe or scoffer,
Thou sleepest in this milky coffer,
Coopered with brass hoops weather-tight,
Impervious to the dim moonlight.
The shower cannot get in to soak
Thy hair or little purple cloak;
Heedless of gloom, in dark sojourn,
Thy face illuminates the churn!
Small is thine ear, wee babe, for hearing,
But grant my prayer, ye gods of Erin!
And may folks find that this young fellow
Does credit to his mother *Stella*."

EPITAPH ON FATHER PROUT.

SWEET upland! where, like hermit old, in peace
sojourned
This priest devout;
Mark where beneath thy verdant sod lie deep
inurned
The bones of Prout!
Nor deck with monumental shrine or tapering
column
His place of rest,
Whose soul, above earth's homage, meek yet
solemn,
Sits 'mid the blessed.
Much was he prized, much loved; his stern re-
buke
O'erawed sheep-stealers;
And rogues feared more the good man's single
look
Than forty Peelers.
He's gone; and discord soon I ween will visit
The land with quarrels;
And the foul demon vex with stills illicit
The village morals.
No fatal chance could happen more to cross
The public wishes;
And all the neighborhood deplore his loss,
Except the fishes;
For he kept Lent most strict, and pickled herring
Preferred to gammon.
Grim Death has broke his angling-rod; his ber-
ring
Delights the salmon.
No more can he hook up carp, eel, or trout,
For fasting pittance,—
Arts which Saint Peter loved, whose gate to
Prout
Gave prompt admittance.
Mourn not, but verdantly let shamrocks keep
His sainted dust;
The bad man's death it well becomes to weep,—
Not so the just.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF A FASHIONABLE IRISH WATERING-PLACE.

THE town of Passage
Is both large and spacious,
And situated
Upon the say.

'Tis nate and dacent,
And quite adjacent
To come from Cork
On a summer's day;
There you may slip in
To take a dipping,
Fornent the shipping
That at anchor ride;
Or in a wherry
Cross o'er the ferry
To Carrigaloe,
On the other side.

Mud cabins swarm in
This place so charming,
With sailor garments
Hung out to dry;
And each abode is
Snug and commodious,
With pigs melodious
In their straw-built sty.

'Tis there the turf is,
And lots of murphies,
Dead sprats and herrings,
And oyster shells;
Nor any lack, O!
Of good tobacco—
Though what is smuggled
By far excels.

There are ships from Cadiz,
And from Barbadoes,
But the leading trade is
In whisky-punch;
And you may go in
Where one Molly Bowen
Keeps a nate hotel
For a quiet lunch.
But land or deck on,
You may safely reckon,
Whatsoever country
You come hither from,
On an invitation
To a jollification,
With a parish priest
That's called "Father Tom." ¹

Of ships there's one fixt
For lodging convicts,

A floating "stone Jug"
Of amazing bulk;
The hake and salmon,
Playing at backgammon,
Swim for divarion
All round this "bulk;"
There "Saxon" jailers
Keep brave repairers,
Who soon with sailors
Must anchor weigh
From th' em'rald island,
Ne'er to see dry land,
Until they spy land
In sweet Bot'ny Bay.

FROM GRESSET'S FAREWELL TO THE JESUITS.

To the sages I leave here's a heartfelt farewell!
'Twas a blessing within their loved cloisters to
dwell,
And my dearest affections shall cling round
them still:
Full gladly I mixed their blessed circles among.
And oh! heed not the whisper of Envy's foul
tongue;
If you list but to her, you must know them
but ill.

DON IGNACIO LOYOLA'S VIGIL

IN THE CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF MONTSERRAT.

WHEN at thy shrine, most holy maid!
The Spaniard hung his votive blade,
And bared his helméd brow—
Not that he feared war's visage grim,
Or that the battle-field for him
Had aught to daunt, I trow;

"Glory!" he cried, "with thee I've done!
Fame! thy bright theatres I shun,
To tread fresh pathways now:
To track *thy* footsteps, Saviour God!
With throbbing heart, with feet unshod:
Hear and record my vow.

¹ The Rev. Thomas England, P. P., known to the literary world
by "a life" of the celebrated friar, Arthur O'Leary, chaplain to a
club which Curran, Yelverton, Earls Moira, Charlemont, etc., etc.,
established in 1780, under the designation of "the Monks of the
Seaw.—O. Y.

Yes, Thou shalt reign! Chained to thy throne,
The mind of man thy sway shall own,
And to its conqueror bow.
Genius his lyre to Thee shall lift,
And intellect its choicest gift
Proudly on Thee bestow."

Straight on the marble floor he knelt,
And in his breast exulting felt
A vivid furnace glow;
Forth to his task the giant sped,
Earth shook abroad beneath his tread,
And idols were laid low.

India repaired half Europe's loss;
O'er a new hemisphere the Cross
Shone in the azure sky;
And, from the isles of far Japan
To the broad Andes, won o'er man
A bloodless victory!

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

COME, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and
bear thy rider on!
The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow, of
the dweller on the Don.
Pillage and Death have spread their wings!
'tis the hour to hie thee forth,
And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the
trumpets of the North!
Nor gems nor gold do men behold upon thy
saddle-tree;
But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy
master and for thee.
Then fiercely neigh, my charger gray!—thy
chest is proud and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France,
and the pride of her heroes trample!

Europe is weak—she hath grown old—her
bulwarks are laid low;
She is loath to hear the blast of war—she
slinketh from a foe!
Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly
haunts of joy—
In the pillared porch to wave the torch, and
her palaces destroy!
Proud as when first thou slakedst thy thirst in
the flow of conquered Seine

Aye shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy
blood-red flanks again.
Then fiercely neigh, my gallant gray!—thy
chest is strong and ample!
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France,
and the pride of her heroes trample!

Kings are beleaguered on their thrones by
their own vassal crew;
And in their den quake noblemen, and priests
are bearded too;
And loud they yelp for the Cossacks' help to
keep their bondsmen down,
And they think it meet, while they kiss *our*
feet, to wear a tyrant's crown!
The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and
the crosier and the cross
Shall bend alike, when I lift my pike, and
aloft *THAT SCEPTRE* toss!
Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray!—th-
chest is broad and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France,
and the pride of her heroes trample!

In a night of storm I have seen a form!—and
the figure was a *GIANT*,
And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent
and his look was all defiant;
Kingly his crest—and towards the West with
his battle-axe he pointed;
And the "form" I saw was *ATTILA*! of this
earth the scourge anointed.
From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's
tramp the coming crash announce;
Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set, on
the carrion field to pounce;
And proudly neigh, my charger gray!—Oh!
thy chest is broad and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France,
and the pride of her heroes trample!

What boots old Europe's boasted fame, o
which she builds reliance,
When the North shall launch its *avalanche* on
her works of art and science?
Hath she not wept her cities swept by our
hordes of trampling stallions?
And tower and arch crushed in the march of
our barbarous battalions?
Can *we* not wield our fathers' shield? the same
war-hatchet handle?
Do our blades want length, or the reapers'
strength, for the harvest of the Vandal?

Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray, for thy
chest is strong and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of
France, and the pride of her heroes tram-
ple!

POPULAR RECOLLECTIONS OF BONA- PARTE.

THEY'LL talk of HIM for years to come,
In cottage chronicle and tale;
When for aught else renown is dumb,
His legend shall prevail!
Then in the hamlet's honored chair
Shall sit some aged dame,
Teaching to lowly clown and villager
That narrative of fame.
'Tis true, they'll say, his gorgeous throne
France bled to raise;
But he was all our own!
Mother! say something in his praise—
Oh, speak of him always!

"I saw him pass: his was a host:
Countless beyond your young imaginings—
My children, he could boast
A train of conquered kings!
And when he came this road,
'Twas on my bridal day.
He were, for near to him I stood,
Cocked hat and surcoat gray.
I blushed; he said, 'Be of good cheer!
Courage, my dear!'
That was his very word."—
Mother! Oh, then this really occurred,
And you his voice could hear!

"A year rolled on, when next at Paris I,
Lone woman that I am,
Saw him pass by,
Girt with his peers, to kneel at Notre Dame.
I knew by merry chime and signal gun,
God granted him a son,
And oh! I wept for joy!
For why not weep when warrior-men did,
Who gazed upon that sight so splendid,
And blessed th' imperial boy?
Never did noonday sun shine out so bright!
Oh, what a sight!"—
Mother! for you that must have been
A glorious scene!

"But when all Europe's gathered strength
Burst o'er the French frontier at length,
'Twill scarcely be believed
What wonders, single-handed, he achieved.
Such general ne'er lived!
One evening on my threshold stood
A guest—'TWAS HE! Of warriors few
He had a toil-worn retinue.
He flung himself into this chair of wood,
Muttering, meantime, with fearful air,
'*Quelle guerre! oh, quelle guerre!*'"—
Mother! and did our emperor sit there,
Upon that very chair?

"He said, 'Give me some food.'—
Brown loaf I gave, and homely wine,
And made the kindling fireblocks shine,
To dry his cloak with wet bedewed.
Soon by the bonny blaze he slept,
Then waking chid me (for I wept);
'Courage!' he cried, 'I'll strike for all
Under the sacred wall
Of France's noble capital!'
Those were his words: I've 'reasured up
With pride that same wine-cup;
And for its weight in gold
It never shall be sold!"—
Mother! on that proud relic let us gaze.
Oh, keep that cup always!

"But, through some fatal witchery,
He, whom a Pope had crowned and blessed,
Perished, my sons! by foulest treachery:
Cast on an isle far in the lonely West.
Long time sad rumors were afloat—
The fatal tidings we would spurn,
Still hoping from that isle remote
Once more our hero would return.
But when the dark announcement drew
Tears from the virtuous and the brave—
When the sad whisper proved too true.
A flood of grief I to his memory gave.
Peace to the glorious dead!"
Mother! may God his fullest blessing send
Upon your aged head!

ADDRESS TO THE VANGUARD OF THE FRENCH

UNDER THE DUKE D'ALENÇON, 1521.

CLEMENT MAROT.

SOLDIER! at length their gathered strength our
might is doomed to feel—
Spain and Brabant comilitant—Bavaria and Cas-
tile.

Idiots, they think that France will shrink from a
foe that rushes on,
And terror damp the gallant camp of the bold
Duke d'Alençon!

But wail and woe betide the foe that waits for
our assault!

Back to his lair our pikes shall scare the wild
boar of Hainault.

La Meuse shall flood her banks with blood, ere
the sons of France resign

Their glorious fields—the land that yields the
olive and the vine!

Then draw the blade! be our ranks arrayed to
the sound of the martial fife;

In the foeman's ear let the trumpeter blow a blast
of deadly strife;

And let each knight collect his might, as if
there hung this day

The fate of France on his single lance in the hour
of the coming fray:

As melts the snow in summer's glow, so may our
helmets' glare

Consume their host; so folly's boast vanish in
empty air.

Fools! to believe the sword could give to the chil-
dren of the Rhine

Our Gallic fields—the land that yields the olive
and the vine!

Can Germans face our Norman race in the con-
flict's awful shock—

Brave the war-cry of "BRITANNY!" the shout of
"LANGUEDOC!"

Dare they confront the battle's brunt—the fell
encounter try

When dread Bayard leads on his guard of stout
gendarmerie?

Strength be the test—then breast to breast, ay,
grapple man with man;

Strength in the ranks, strength on both flanks,
and valor in the van

Let war efface each softer grace; on stern Bel-
lona's shrine
We vow to shield the plains that yield the olive
and the vine!

Methinks I see bright Victory, in robe of glory
dressed,

Joyful appear on the French frontier to the chief-
tain she loves best;

While grim Defeat, in contrast meet, scowls o'er
the foeman's tent,

She on our duke smiles down with look of blythe
encouragement.

E'en now, I ween, our foes have seen their hopes
of conquest fail;

Glad to regain their homes again, and quaff their
Saxon ale.

So may it be while chivalry and loyal hearts com-
bine

To lift a brand for the bonny land of the olive
and the vine!

ODE ON THE SIGNAL DEFEAT OF THE SULTAN OSMAN, BY THE ARMY OF POLAND AND HER ALLIES, SEPTEM- BER, 1621.

FROM THE LATIN OF CASIMIR SARBIEWSKI.

As slow the plough the oxen plied,
Close by the Danube's rolling tide,
With old Galeski for their guide—

The Dacian farmer—

His eye amid the furrows spied

Men's bones and armor.

The air was calm, the sun was low,
Calm was the mighty river's flow,
And silently, with footsteps slow,

Labored the yoke;

When fervently, with patriot glow,

The veteran spoke:

"Halt ye, my oxen! Pause we here

Where valor's vestiges appear,

And Islam's relics far and near

Lurk in the soil;

While Poland on victorious spear

Rests from her toil.

Ay! well she may triumphant rest,
 Adorn with glory's plume her crest,
 And wear of victory the vest,
 Elate and flushed :
 Oft was the Paynim's pride repressed—
 HERE IT WAS CRUSHED !

Here the tremendous deed was done,
 Here the transcendant trophy won,
 Where fragments lie of sword and gun,
 And lance and shield,
 And Turkey's giant skeleton
 Cumbers the field !

Heavens! I remember well that day,
 Of warrior men the proud display,
 Of brass and steel the dread array—
 Van, flank, and rear ;
 How my young heart the charger's neigh
 Throbb'd high to hear !

How gallantly our lancers stood,
 Of bristling spears an iron wood,
 Fraught with a desperate hardihood
 That naught could daunt,
 And burning for the bloody feud,
 Fierce, grim, and gaunt !

Then rose the deadly din of fight ;
 Then shouting charged, with all his might,
 Of Wilna each Teutonic knight,
 And of St. John's,
 While flashing out from yonder height
 Thundered the bronze.

Dire was the struggle in the van,
 Fiercely we grappled man with man,
 Till soon the Paynim chiefs began
 For breath to gasp ;
 When Warsaw folded Ispahan
 In deadly grasp.

So might a tempest grasp a pine,
 Tall giant of the Apennine,
 Whose rankling roots deep undermine
 The mountain's base :
 Fitting antagonists to twine
 In stern embrace.

Loud rung on helm, and coat of mail,
 Of musketry the rattling hail ;
 Of wounded men loud rose the wail
 In dismal rout :

And now alternate would prevail
 The victor's shout.

Long time amid the vapors dense
 The fire of battle raged intense,
 While VICTORY held in suspense
 The scales on high :
 But Poland in her FAITH'S defence
 Maun do or die !

Rash was the hope, and poor the chance,
 Of blunting that victorious lance ;
 Though Turkey from her broad expanse
 Brought all her sons,
 Swelling with tenfold arrogance,
 Hell's myrmidons !

Stout was each Cossack heart and hand,
 Brave was our Lithuanian band,
 But Gallantry's own native land
 Sent forth the Poles ;
 And Valor's flame shone nobly fanned
 In patriot souls.

Large be our allies' meed of fame !
 Rude Russia to the rescue came,
 From land of frost, with brand of flame—
 A glorious horde :
 Huge havoc here these bones proclaim,
 Done by her sword.

Pale and aghast the crescent fled,
 Joyful we clove each turbaned head,
 Heaping with holocausts of dead
 The foeman's camp :
 Loud echoed o'er their gory bed
 Our horsemen's tramp.

A hundred trees one hatchet hews ;
 A hundred doves one hawk pursues ;
 One Polish gauntlet so can bruise
 Their miscreant clay :
 As well the caliph kens who rucs
 That fatal day.

What though, to meet the tug of war,
 Osman had gathered from afar
 Arab, and Sheik, and Hospodar,
 And Copt, and Guèbre,
 Quick yielded Pagan scimitar
 To Christian sabre.

Here could the Turkman turn and trace
 The slaughter-tracks, here slowly pace

The field of downfall and disgrace,
Where men and horse,
Thick strewn, encumbered all the place
With frequent corse.

Well might his haughty soul repent
That rash and guilty armament;
Weep for the blood of nations spent,
His ruined host;
His empty arrogance lament,
And bitter boast.

Sorrow, derision, scorn, and hate,
Upon the proud one's footsteps wait;
Both in the field and in the gate
Accursed, abhorred;
And be his halls made desolate
With fire and sword!"

Such was the tale Galeski told,
Calm as the mighty Danube rolled;
And well I ween that farmer old,
Who held a plough,
Had fought that day a warrior bold
With helméd brow.

But now upon the glorious stream
The sun flung out his parting beam,
The soldier-swain unyoked his team,
Yet still he chanted
The live-long eve:—and glory's dream
His pillow haunted.

ODE ON THE TAKING OF CALAIS,

ADDRESSED TO HENRY II., KING OF FRANCE, BY
GEORGE BUCHANAN.

HENRY! let none commend to thee
FATE, FORTUNE, DOOM, or DESTINY,
Or STAR in heaven's high canopy,
With magic glow
Shining on man's nativity,
For weal or woe.

Rather, O king! here recognize
A PROVIDENCE all just, all wise,
Of every earthly enterprise
The hidden mover;
Aye casting calm complacent eyes
Down on thy Louvre

Prompt to assume the right's defence
Mercy unto the meek dispense,
Curb the rude jaws of insolence
With bit and bridle,
And scourge the chiel whose frankincense
Burns for an idol.

Who, his triumphant course amid,
Who smote the monarch of Madrid,
And bade Pavia's victor bid
To power farewell?
Once Europe's arbiter, now hid
In hermit's cell.

Thou, too, hast known misfortune's blast;
Tempests have bent thy stately mast,
And nigh upon the breakers cast
Thy gallant ship:
But now the hurricane is passed—
Hushed is the deep.

For PHILIP, lord of ARAGON,
Of haughty CHARLES the haughty son,
The clouds still gather dark and dun,
The sky still scowls;
And round his gorgeous galleón
The tempest howls.

Thou, when th' Almighty ruler dealt
The blows thy kingdom lately felt,
Thy brows unhelmed, unbound thy belt,
Thy feet unshod,
Humbly before the chastener knelt,
And kissed the rod.

Pardon and peace thy penance bought;
Joyful the seraph Mercy brought
The olive-bough, with blessing fraught
For thee and France;—
God for thy captive kingdom wrought
Deliverance.

'Twas dark and drear! 'twas winter's reign!
Grim horror walked the lonesome plain;
The ice held bound with crystal chain
Lake, flood, and rill;
And dismal piped the hurricane
His music shrill.

But when the gallant GUISE displayed
The flag of FRANCE, and drew the blade,
Straight the obsequious season bade
Its rigor cease;

And, lowly crouching, homage paid
The FLEUR DE LYS.

Winter his violence withheld,
His progeny of tempests quelled,
His canopy of clouds dispelled,
Unveiled the sun—
And blithesome days unparalleled
Began to run.

'Twas then beleaguered Calais found,
With swamps and marshes fenced around,
With counterscarp, and moat, and mound,
And yawning trench,
Vainly her hundred bulwarks frowned
To stay the French.

Guise! child of glory and Lorraine,
Ever thine house hath proved the bane
Of France's foes! aye from the chain
Of slavery kept her,
And in the teeth of haughty Spain
Upheld her sceptre.

Scarce will a future age believe
The deeds one year saw thee achieve
Fame in her narrative should give
Thee magic pinions
To range, with free prerogative,
All earth's dominions.

What were the year's achievements? first,
Yon Alps their barrier saw thee burst,
To bruise a reptile's head, who durst,
With viper sting,
Assail (ingratitude accursed!)
Rome's Pontiff-King.

To rescue Rome, capture Plaisance,
Make Naples yield the claims of France,
While the mere shadow of thy lance
O'erawed the Turk:—
Such was, within the year's expanse,
Thy journey-work.

But Calais yet remained unwon—
Calais, stronghold of Albion,
Her zone begirt with blade and gun,
In all the pomp
And pride of war; fierce Amazon!
Queen of a swamp!

But even she hath proven frail,
Her walls and swamps of no avail;

What citadel may Guise not scale,
Climb, storm, and seize?
What foe before thee may not quail,
O gallant Guise!

Thee let the men of England dread,
Whom Edward erst victorious led,
Right joyful now that ocean's bed
Between them rolls
And thee!—that thy triumphant tread
Yon wave controls.

Let ruthless MARY learn from hence
That Perfidy's a foul offence;
That falsehood hath its recompense;
That treaties broken,
The anger of Omnipotence
At length have woken.

May evil counsels prove the bane
And curse of her unhallowed reign;
Remorse, with its disastrous train,
Infest her palace;
And may she of God's vengeance drain
The brimming chalice!

MICHEL ANGELO'S FAREWELL TO SCULPTURE.

I FEEL that I am growing old—
My lamp of clay! thy flame, behold!
'Gins to burn low: and I've unrolled
My life's eventful volume!

The sea has borne my fragile bark
Close to the shore—now, rising dark,
O'er the subsiding wave I mark
This brief world's final column.

'Tis time, my soul, for pensive mood,
For holy calm and solitude;
Then cease henceforward to delude
Thyself with fleeting vanity.

The pride of art, the sculptured thought,
Vain idols that my hand hath wrought—
To place my trust in such were naught
But sheer insanity.

What can the pencil's power achieve?
What can the chisel's triumph give?

A name perhaps on earth may live,
And travel to posterity.

But can proud Rome's Panthéon tell,
If for the soul of Raffaele
His glorious obsequies could quell
The JUDGMENT-SEAT's severity?

Yet why should Christ's believer fear,
While gazing on yon image dear?—
Image adored, maugré the sneer
Of miscreant blasphemer.

Are not those arms for me outspread?
What mean those thorns upon thy head?—
And shall I, wreathed with laurels, tread
Far from thy paths, Redeemer?

THE SONG OF BRENNUS,

OR THE INTRODUCTION OF THE GRAPE INTO FRANCE.

TUNE—"The Night before Larry."

WHEN Brennus came back here from Rome,
These words he is said to have spoken:
"We have conquered, my boys! and brought
home
A sprig of the vine for a token!
Cheer, my hearties! and welcome to Gaul
This plant, which we won from the foeman;
'Tis enough to repay us for all
Our trouble in beating the Roman;
Bless the gods! and bad luck to the
geese!

Oh! take care to treat well the fair guest,
From the blasts of the north to protect her;
Of your hillocks, the sunniest and best
Make them hers, for the sake of her nectar.
She shall nurse your young Gauls with her juice;
Give life to 'the arts' in libations;
While your ships round the globe shall produce
Her goblet of joy for all nations—
E'en the foeman shall taste of our cup.

¹ His body was laid out in state in the church of St. Maria Rotonda (the Pantheon), whither all Rome flocked to honor the illustrious dead. His last and most glorious work, "The Transfiguration," was placed above his bier; while Leo's pontifical hand strewed flowers and burnt incense over the cold remains of departed genius.—*Life of Raffaele.*

The exile who flies to our hearth
She shall soothe, all his sorrows redressing;
For the vine is the parent of mirth,
And to sit in its shade is a blessing."
So the soil Brennus dug with his lance,
'Mid the crowd of Gaul's warriors and sages;
And our forefathers grim, of gay France
Got a glimpse through the vista of ages—
And it gladdened the hearts of the
Gauls!

WINE DEBTOR TO WATER.

AIR—"Life let us cherish"

RAIN best doth nourish
Earth's pride, the budding vine!
Grapes best will flourish
On which the dewdrops shine.
Then why should water meet with scorn,
Or why its claim to praise resign?
When from that bounteous source is born
The vine! the vine! the vine!

Rain best disposes
Earth for each blossom and each bud;
True, we are told by Moses,
Once it brought on "a flood."
But while that flood did all immerse,
All save old Noah's holy line,
Pray read the chapter and the verse—
The vine is there! the vine!

Wine by water-carriage
Round the globe is best conveyed;
Then why disparage
A path for old Bacchus made?
When in our docks the cargo lands
Which foreign merchants here consign,
The wine's red empire wide expands—
The vine! the vine! the vine!

Rain makes the miller
Work his glad wheel the livelong day.
Rain brings the siller,
And drives dull care away:
For without rain he lacks the stream,
And fain o'er watery cups must pine;

But when it rains, he courts, I deem,
The vine! the vine! the vine!

Though all good judges
Water's worth now understand,
Mark yon chiel who drudges
With buckets in each hand;
He toils with *water* through the town,
Until he spies a certain "sign,"
Where entering, all his labor done,
He drains thy juice, O vine!

But pure water singing
Dries full soon the poet's tongue;
So crown all by bringing
A draught drawn from the bung
Of yonder cask, that wine contains
Of Loire's good vintage or the Rhine,
Queen of whose teeming margin reigns
The vine! the vine! the vine!

POPULAR BALLAD ON THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

LET us sing how the boast of the Saracen host
In the gulf of Lepanto was scattered,
When each knight of St. John's from his cannon
of bronze

With grape-shot their argosies battered.
Oh! we taught the Turks then that of Europe
the men

Could defy every infidel menace—
And that still o'er the main float the galleys of
Spain,

And the red-lion standard of Venice!

Quick we made the foe skulk, as we blazed at
each hulk,

While they left us a splinter to fire at;
And the rest of them fled o'er the waters, blood
red

With the gore of the Ottoman pirate;
And our navy gave chase to the infidel race,
Nor allowed them a moment to rally;

¹ This idea, containing an apparent paradox, has been frequently worked up in the quaint writing of the middle ages. There is an old Jesuits' riddle, which I learnt among other wise saws at their colleges, from which it will appear that this *Miller* is a regular *Joc.*

Q. "Suave bibo vinum quoties mihi suppetit unda;
Undaque si desit, quid bibo?"

R. "Tristis aquam!"

And we forced them at length to acknowledge
our strength
In the trench, in the field, in the galley!

Then our men gave a shout, and the ocean
throughout

Heard of Christendom's triumph with rapture.
Galeottes eighty-nine of the enemy's line
To our swift-sailing ships fell a capture:
And I firmly maintain that the number of slain
To at least sixty thousand amounted;
To be sure 'twas sad work—if the life of a Turk
For a moment were worth being counted.

We may well feel elate; though I'm sorry to
state,

That albeit by the myriad we've slain 'em,
Still, the sons of the Cross have to weep for the
loss

Of six thousand who fell by the Paynim.
Full atonement was due for each man that they
slew,

And a hecatomb paid for each hero:
But could all that we'd kill give a son to Castile,
Or to Malta a brave cavalheiro?

St. Mark for the slain intercedes not in vain—
There's a mass at each altar in Venice;
And the saints we implore for the banner they
bore

Are *Our Lady*, *St. George*, and *St. Denis*.
For the brave while we grieve, in our hearts
they shall live,

In our mouths shall their praise be incessant;
And again and again we will boast of the men
Who have humbled the pride of the Crescent.

THE THREE-COLORED FLAG.

(A PROSECUTED SONG.)

COMRADES, around this humble board,
Here's to our banner's by-gone splendor.
There may be treason in that word—

All Europe may the proof afford—

All France be the offender;

But drink the toast

That gladdens most,

Fires the young heart and cheers the old—

*" May France once more
Her tri-color
Blessed with new life behold !*

List to my secret. That old flag
Under my bed of straw is hidden,
Sacred to glory ! War-worn rag !
Thee no *informer* thence shall drag,
Nor dastard *spy* say 'tis forbidden.
France, I can vouch,
Will, from its couch,
The dormant symbol yet unfold,
*And wave once more
Her tri-color
Through Europe, uncontrolled !*

For every drop of blood we spent,
Did not that flag give value plenty !
Were not our children as they went,
Jocund, to join the warrior's tent,
Soldiers at ten, heroes at twenty ?
FRANCE ! who were then
Your noblemen ?
Not *they* of parchment-must and mould !
*But they who bore
Your tri-color
Through Europe, uncontrolled !*

Leipsic hath seen our eagle fall,
Drunk with renown, worn out with glory ;
But, with the emblem of old Gaul
Crowning our standard, we'll recall
The brightest days of *Valmy's* story !
With terror pale
Shall despots quail,
When in their ear the tale is told,
*Of France once more
Her tri-color
Preparing to unfold !*

Trust not the *lawless* ruffian chiel,
Worse than the vilest monarch he !
Down with the dungeon and Bastile !
But let our country never kneel
To that grim idol, *Anarchy* !
Strength shall appear
On our frontier—
France shall be Liberty's stronghold !
*Then earth once more
The tri-color
With blessings shall behold !*

O my old flag ! that liest hid,
There where my sword and musket lie—

Banner, come forth ! for tears unbid
Are filling fast a warrior's lid,
Which thou alone canst dry.
A soldier's grief
Shall find relief,
A veteran's heart shall be consoled—
*France shall once more
Her tri-color
Triumphantly unfold !*

MALBROUCK.

MALBROUCK the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders ;
His fame is like Alexander's ;
But when will he come home ? [ter.

Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter.
Egad ! he had better make haste, or
We fear he may never come. [ter.

For " Trinity Feast " is over,
And has brought no news from Dover ;
And Easter is past, moreover ;
And Malbrouck still delays. [ter.

Milady in her watch-tower
Spends many a pensive hour,
Not well knowing why or how her
Dear lord from England stays. [ter.

While sitting quite forlorn in
That tower, she spies returning
A page clad in deep mourning,
With fainting steps and slow. [ter.

" O page, prithee, come faster ;
What news do you bring of your master ?
I fear there is some disaster,
Your looks are so full of woe." [ter.

" The news I bring, fair lady,"
With sorrowful accent said he,
" Is one you are not ready
So soon, alas ! to hear, [ter.

But since to speak I'm hurried,
Added this page, quite flurried,
" Malbrouck is dead and buried !"—
(And here he shed a tear.) [ter.

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring!
For I beheld his '*berring*,'
And four officers transferring
His corpse away from the field.

[ter.]

One officer carried his sabre,
And he carried it not without labor,
Much envying his next neighbor,
Who only bore a shield.

[ter.]

The third was helmet-bearer—
That helmet which on its wearer
Filled all who saw with terror,
And covered a hero's brains.

[ter.]

Now, having got so far, I
Find that (by the Lord Harry!)
The *fourth* is left nothing to carry;
So there the thing remains."

[ter.]

THE OBSEQUIES OF DAVID THE PAINTER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BÉRANGER.

THE pass is barred! "Fall back!" cries the guard;
"cross not the French frontier!"

As with solemn tread, of the exiled dead the
funeral drew near.

For the sentinelle hath noticed well what no
plume, no pall can hide,

That yon hearse contains the sad remains of a
banished regicide!

"But pity take, for his glory's sake," said his
children to the guard;

"Let his noble art plead on his part—let a *grave*
be his reward!

France knew his name in her hour of fame, nor
the aid of his pencil scorned;

Let his passport be the memory of the triumphs
he adorned!"

"That corpse can't pass! 'tis my duty, alas!"
said the frontier sentinelle.—

"But pity take, for his country's sake, and his
clay do not repel

From its kindred earth, from the land of his
birth!" cried the mourners, in their turn.

Oh! give to France the inheritance of her
painter's funeral urn:

His pencil traced, on the Alpine waste of the
pathless Mont Bernard,

Napoleon's course on the snow-white horse!—
let a *grave* be his reward!

For he loved this land—ay, his dying hand to
paint her fame he'd lend her:

Let her passport be the memory of his native
country's splendor!"

"Ye cannot pass," said the guard, "alas! (for
tears bedimmed his eyes)

Though France may count to pass that mount
a glorious enterprise."—

"Then pity take, for fair Freedom's sake," cried
the mourners once again:

"Her favorite was Leonidas, with his band of
Spartan men;

Did not his art to them impart life's breath,
that France might see

What a patriot few in the gap could do at old
Thermopylæ?

Oft by that sight for the coming fight was the
youthful bosom fired:

Let his passport be the memory of the valor he
inspired!"

"Ye cannot pass."—"Soldier, alas! a dismal
boon we crave—

Say, is there not some lonely spot where his
friends may dig a grave?

Oh! pity take, for that hero's sake whom he
gloried to portray

With crown and palm at Notre Dame on his
coronation-day."

Amid that band the withered hand of an aged
pontiff rose,

And blessing shed on the conqueror's head, for-
giving his own woes:—

He drew that scene—nor dreamt, I ween, that
yet a little while,

And the hero's doom would be a tomb far off in
a lonely isle!

"I am charged, alas! not to let you pass," said
the sorrowing sentinelle;

"His destiny must also be a foreign grave!"—
"Tis well!—

Hard is our fate to supplicate for his bones a
place of rest,

And to bear away his banished clay from the land
that he loved best.

But let us hence !—Sad recompense for the lustre
that he cast,
Blending the rays of modern days with the glo-
ries of the past !
Our sons will read with shame this deed (unless
my mind doth err)
And a future age make pilgrimage to the painter's
sepulchre !”

TO PROSTRATE ITALY.

FILICIAIA.

HAST thou not been the nations' queen, fair Italy !
though now
Chance gives to them the diadem that once adorn-
ed thy brow ?
Too beautiful for tyrant's rule, too proud for
handmaid's duty—
Would thou hadst less of loveliness, or strength
as well as beauty !

The fatal light of beauty bright with fell attrac-
tion shone,
Fatal to thee, for tyrants be the lovers thou hast
won !
That forehead fair is doomed to wear its shame's
degrading proof,
And slavery's print in damning tint stamped by
a despot's hoof !

Were strength and power, maiden ! thy power,
soon should that robber-band,
That prowls unbid thy vines amid, fly scourged
from off that land ;
Nor wouldst thou fear yon foreigner, nor be con-
demned to see
Drink in the flow of classic Po barbarian cav-
alry.

Climate of art ! thy sons depart to gild a Van-
dal's throne ;
To battle led, their blood is shed in contests not
their own ;—
Mixed with yon horde, go draw thy sword, nor
ask what cause 'tis for :
Thy lot is cast—slave to the last ! conquered or
conqueror !

ODE TO THE STATUE OF MOSES

AT THE FOOT OF THE MAUSOLEUM OF POPE JULIUS II. IN THE
CHURCH OF ST. PETER AD VINCLIA, ROME—THE MASTERPIECE OF
MICHAEL ANGELO.

STATUE ! whose giant limbs
Old Buonarrotti planned,
And Genius carved with meditative hand,—
Thy dazzling radiance dims
The best and brightest boasts of Sculpture's fa-
vorite land.

What dignity adorns
That beard's prodigious sweep !
That forehead, awful with mysterious horns
And cogitation deep,
Of some uncommon mind the rapt beholder warns.

In that proud semblance, well
My soul can recognize
The prophet fresh from converse with the
skies ;
Nor is it hard to tell
The liberator's name,—the Guide of Israël.

Well might the deep respond
Obedient to that voice,
When on the Red Sea shore he waved his
wand,
And bade the tribes rejoice,
Saved from the yawning gulf and the Egyptian's
bond !

Fools ! in the wilderness
Ye raised a calf of gold !
Had ye then worshipped what I now behold,
Your crime had been far less—
For ye had bent the knee to one of godlike
mould !

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE TIBER.

BY ALESSANDRO GUILDI.

TIBER ! my early dream,
My boyhood's vision of thy classic stream
Had taught my mind to think
That over sands of gold
Thy limpid waters rolled,
And ever-verdant laurels grew upon thy brink.

But far in other guise
 The rude reality hath met mine eyes.
 Here, seated on thy bank,
 All desolate and drear
 Thy margin doth appear,
 With creeping weeds, and shrubs, and vegetation
 rank.

Fondly I fancied thine
 The wave pellucid, and the Naiad's shrine,
 In crystal grot below;
 But thy tempestuous course
 Runs turbulent and hoarse.
 And, swelling with wild wrath, thy wintry waters
 flow.

Upon thy bosom dark
 Peril awaits the light confiding bark,
 In eddying vortex swamped;
 Foul, treacherous, and deep,
 Thy winding waters sweep,
 Enveloping their prey in dismal ruin prompt.

Fast in thy bed is sunk
 The mountain pine-tree's broken trunk,
 Aimed at the galley's keel;
 And well thy wave can waft
 Upon that broken shaft
 The barge, whose sunken wreck thy bosom will
 conceal.

The dog-star's sultry power,
 The summer heat, the noontide's fervid hour,
 That fires the mantling blood,
 Yon cautious swain can't urge
 To tempt thy dangerous surge,
 Or cool his limbs within thy dark insidious flood.

I've marked thee in thy pride,
 When struggle fierce thy disembodying tide
 With Ocean's monarch held;
 But, quickly overcome
 By Neptune's masterdom,
 Back thou hast fled as oft, ingloriously repelled.

Often, athwart the fields
 A giant's strength thy flood redundant wields,
 Bursting above its brim—
 Strength that no dike can check:
 Dire is the harvest-wreck!
 Buoyant, with lofty horns, th' affrighted bullock
 swims!

But still thy proudest boast,
 Tiber! and what brings honor to thee most,
 Is, that thy waters roll
 Fast by th' eternal home
 Of Glory's daughter, ROME;
 And that thy billows bathe the sacred CAPITOL.

Famed is thy stream for her,
 Clelia, thy current's virgin conqueror,
 And him who stemmed the march
 Of Tuscany's proud host,
 When, firm at honor's post,
 He waved his blood-stained blade above the
 broken arch.

Of Romulus the sons,
 To torrid Africans, to frozen Huns,
 Have taught thy name, O flood!
 And to that utmost verge
 Where radiantly emerge
 Apollo's car of flame and golden-footed stud.

For so much glory lent,
 Ever destructive of some monument,
 Thou makest foul return;
 Insulting with thy wave
 Each Roman hero's grave,
 And Scipio's dust that fills yon consecrated urn!

THE ANGEL OF POETRY.

TO L. E. L.

LADY! for thee a holier key shall harmonize the
 chord—
 In Heaven's defence Omnipotence drew an
 avenging sword;
 But when the bolt had crushed revolt, one angel,
 fair though frail,
 Retained his lute, fond attribute! to charm that
 gloomy vale.
 The lyre he kept his wild hand swept; the music
 he'd awaken
 Would sweetly thrill from the lonely hill where
 he sat apart forsaken:
 There he'd lament his banishment, his thoughts
 to grief abandon,
 And weep his full. 'Twas pitiful to see him
 weep, fair Landon!

He wept his fault! Hell's gloomy vault grew
vocal with his song;
But all throughout derision's shout burst from
the guilty throng:
God pitying viewed his fortitude in that unhal-
lowed den;
Freed him from hell, but bade him dwell amid
the sons of men.
Lady! for us, an exile thus, immortal Poesy
Came upon earth, and lutes gave birth to sweet-
est minstrelsy;
And poets wrought their spellwords, taught by
that angelic mind,
And music lent soft blandishment to fascinate
mankind.

Religion rose! man sought repose in the shadow
of her wings;
Music for her walked harbinger, and Genius
touched the strings:
Tears from the tree of Araby cast on her altar
burned,
But earth and wave most fragrance gave where
Poetry sojourned.
Vainly, with hate inveterate, hell labored in its
rage,
To persecute that angel's lute, and cross his pil-
grimage;
Unmoved and calm, his songs poured balm on
sorrow all the while;
Vice he unmasked, but virtue basked in the
radiance of his smile.

Oh, where, among the fair and young, or in what
kingly court,
In what gay path where pleasure hath her favor-
ite resort,
Where hast thou gone, angelic one? Back to
thy native skies?
Or dost thou dwell in cloistered cell, in pensive
hermit's guise?
Methinks I ken a denizen of this our island—
nay,
Leave me to guess, fair poetess! queen of the
matchless lay!
The thrilling line, lady! is thine; the spirit pure
and free;
And England views that angel muse, London!
revealed in **THEE!**

"GOOD DRY LODGINGS."

ACCORDING TO BÉRANGER, SONGSTER.

My dwelling is ample,
And I've set an example
For all lovers of wine to follow;
If my home you should ask,
I have drained out a cask,
And I dwell in the fragrant hollow.
A disciple am I of Diogenes—
Oh! his tub a most classical lodging is.
'Tis a beautiful alcove for thinking;
'Tis, besides, a cool grotto for drinking:
Moreover, the parish throughout
You can readily roll it about.

Oh! the berth
For a lover of mirth,
To revel in jokes, and to lodge in ease,
Is the classical tub of Diogenes!

In politics I'm no adept,
And into my tub when I've crept,
They may canvass in vain for my vote.
For besides, after all the great cry and hubbub,
REFORM gave no "ten pound franchise" to my
tub;

So your "bill" I don't value a groat!
And as for that idol of filth and vulgarity,
Adorned now-a-days, and yolept Popularity,
To my home
Should it come,

And my hogshead's bright aperture darken,
Think not to such summons I'd hearken.

No! I'd say to that ghoul grim and gaunt,
Vile phantom, avaunt!

Get thee out of my sight!
For thy clumsy opacity shuts out the light
Of the gay, glorious sun
From my classical tun,

Where a hater of cant and a lover of fun
Fain would revel in mirth, and would lodge in
ease—

The classical tub of Diogenes!

In the park of St. Cloud there stare at you
A pillar or statue

Of my liege, the philosopher cynical:
There he stands on a pinnacle,
And his lantern is placed on the ground,
While, with both eyes fixed wholly on
The favorite haunt of Napoleon,

"A MAN!" he exclaims, "by the powers, I have found!"

But for me, when at eve I go sauntering
On the boulevards of Athens, "Love" carries my
lantern;

And, egad! though I walk most demurely,
For a man I'm not looking full surely;
Nay, I'm sometimes brought drunk home,
Like honest Jack Reeve, or like honest Tom
Duncombe.

Oh! the nest

For a lover of jest

To revel in fun, and to lodge in ease,
Is the classical tub of Diogenes.

THE CARRIER-DOVE OF ATHENS.

A DREAM, 1822.

HELEN sat by my side, and I held
To her lip the gay cup in my bower,
When a bird at our feet we beheld,
As we talked of old Greece in that hour;
And his wing bore a burden of love,
To some fair one the secret soul telling—
Oh, drink of my cup, carrier-dove!
And sleep on the bosom of Helen.

Thou art tired—rest awhile, and anon
Thou shalt soar, with new energy thrilling,
To the land of that far-off fair one,
If such be the task thou'rt fulfilling;
But perhaps thou dost waft the last word
Of despair, wrung from valor and duty—
Then drink of my cup, carrier-bird!
And sleep on the bosom of Beauty.

Ha! these lines are from Greece! Well I knew
The loved idiom! Be mine the perusal.
Son of France, I'm a child of Greece too;
And a kinsman will brook no refusal.
"Greece is free!" all the gods have concurred
To fill up our joy's brimming measure—
Oh, drink of my cup, carrier bird!
And sleep on the bosom of Pleasure.

Greece is free! Let us drink to that land,
To our elders in fame! Did ye merit
Thus to struggle alone, glorious band!
From whose sires we our freedom inherit!

The old glories, which kings would destroy,
Greece regains, never, never to lose 'em!
Oh, drink of my cup, bird of joy!
And sleep on my Helen's soft bosom.

Muse of Athens! thy lyre quick resume!
None thy anthem of freedom shall hinder:
Give Anacreon joy in his tomb,
And gladden the ashes of Pindar.
Helen! fold that bright bird to thy breast,
Nor permit him henceforth to desert you—
Oh, drink of my cup, winged guest!
And sleep on the bosom of Virtue.

But no, he must hie to his home,
To the nest where his bride is awaiting;
Soon again to our climate he'll come,
The young glories of Athens relating,
The baseness of kings to reprove,
To blush our vile rulers compelling!—
Then drink of my goblet, O dove!
And sleep on the breast of my Helen.

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MILLEVOYE.

AUTUMN had stripped the grove, and strewed
The vale with leafy carpet o'er—
Shorn of its mystery the wood,
And Philomel bade sing no more—
Yet *one* still hither comes to feed
His gaze on childhood's merry path;
For him, sick youth! poor invalid!
Lonely attraction still it hath.

"I come to bid you farewell brief,
Here, O my infancy's wild haunt!
For death gives in each falling leaf
Sad summons to your visitant.
'Twas a stern oracle that told
My dark decree, '*The woodland bloom*
Once more 'tis given thee to behold,
Then comes th' inexorable tomb!'

Th' eternal cypress, balancing
Its tall form like some funeral thing
In silence o'er my head,
Tells me my youth shall wither fast,
Ere the grass fades—yea, ere the last
Stalk from the vine is shed.

I die! Yes, with his icy breath
Fixed Fate has frozen up my blood;
And by the chilly blast of Death
Nipped is my life's spring in the bud.

Fall! fall, O transitory leaf!
And cover well this path of sorrow;
Hide from my mother's searching grief
The spot where I'll be laid to-morrow.

But should my loved one's fairy tread
Seek the sad dwelling of the dead,
Silent, alone, at eve;
Oh, then with rustling murmur meet
The echo of her coming feet,
And sign of welcome give!"

Such was the sick youth's last sad thought:
Then slowly from the grove he moved;
Next moon that way a corpse was brought,
And buried in the bower he loved.
But at his grave no form appeared,
No fairy mourner: through the wood
The shepherd's tread alone was heard
In the sepulchral solitude.

LINES ON THE BURIAL OF A FRIEND'S DAUGHTER AT PASSY, JULY 16, 1832.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

ERE that coffin goes down, let it bear on its lid
The garland of roses
Which the hand of a father, her mourners amid,
In silence deposes—
'Tis the young maiden's funeral hour!
From thy bosom, O earth! sprung that young
budding rose
And 'tis meet that together thy lap should in-
close
The young maid and the flower!

Never, never give back the two symbols so pure
Which to thee we confide;
From the breath of this world and its plague-spot
secure,
Let them sleep side by side—
They shall know not its pestilent power!
Soon the breath of contagion, the deadly mildew,

Or the fierce scorching sun, might parch up as
they grew
The young maid and the flower!

Poor Eliza! for thee life's enjoyments have fled,
But its pangs too are flown!
Then go sleep in the grave! in that cold bridal
bed

Death may call thee his own—
Take this handful of clay for thy dower!
Of a texture wert thou far too gentle to last;
'Twas a morning thy life! now the matins are
past
For the maid and the flower!

PRAY FOR ME.—A BALLAD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MILLEVOYE, ON HIS DEATH-BED AT THE VIL-
LAGE OF NEUILLY.

SILENT, remote, this hamlet seems—
How hushed the breeze! the eve how calm!
Light through my dying chamber beams,
But hope comes not, nor healing balm.
Kind villagers! God bless your shed!
Hark! 'tis for prayer—the evening bell—
Oh, stay! and near my dying bed,
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

When leaves shall strew the waterfall
In the sad close of autumn drear,
Say, "The sick youth is freed from all
The pangs and woe he suffered here."
So may ye speak of him that's gone;
But when your belfry tolls my knell,
Pray for the soul of that lost one—
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

Oh! pity *her*, in sable robe,
Who to my grassy grave will come:
Nor seek a hidden wound to probe—
She was my love!—point out my tomb;
Tell her my life should have been hers—
'Twas but a day!—God's will!—'tis well
But weep with her, kind villagers!
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

THE FRENCH FIDDLER'S LAMENTATION.

My poor dog! here! of yesterday's festival-cake
 Eat the poor remains in sorrow;
 For when next a repast you and I shall make,
 It must be on brown bread, which, for charity's
 sake,

Your master must beg or borrow.

Of these strangers the presence and pride in
 France

Is to me a perfect riddle;

They have conquered, no doubt, by some fatal
 chance—

For they haughtily said, "You *must* play us a
 dance!"

I refused—and they broke my fiddle!

Of our village the orchestra, crushed at one stroke,
 By that savage insult perished!

'Twas then that our pride felt the strangers' yoke,
 When the insolent hand of a foreigner broke
 What our hearts so dearly cherished.

For whenever our youth heard it merrily sound,
 A flood of gladness shedding,

At the dance on the green they were sure to be
 found;

While its music assembled the neighbors around
 To the village maiden's wedding.

By the priest of the parish its note was pro-
 nounced

To be innocent "after service;"

And gayly the wooden-shoed peasantry bounced
 On the bright Sabbath-day, as they danced unde-
 nounced

By pope, or bonze, or dervis.

How dismally slow will the Sabbath now run,
 Without fiddle, or flute, or tabor—

How sad is the harvest when music there's
 none—

How sad is the vintage *sans* fiddle begun!—
 Dismal and tuneless labor!

In that fiddle a solace for grief we had got;

'Twas of peace the best preceptor;

For its sound made all quarrels subside on the
 spot,

And its bow went much farther to soothe our
 hard lot

Than the crosier or the sceptre.

But a truce to my grief!—for an insult so base

A new pulse in my heart hath awoken!

That affront I'll revenge on their insolent race;
 Gird a sword on my thigh—let a musket replace
 The fiddle their hand has broken.

My friends, if I fall, my old corpse in the crowd
 Of slaughtered martyrs viewing,
 Shall say, while they wrap my cold limbs in a
 shroud,

'Twas not *his* fault if *some* a barbarian allowed
 To dance in our country's ruin!

CONSOLATION

ADDRESSED BY LAMARTINE TO HIS FRIEND AND BROTHER-IN-
 MANOEËL, BANISHED FROM PORTUGAL.

If your bosom beats high, if your pulse quicker
 grows,

When in visions ye fancy the wreath of the Muse,
 There's the path to renown—there's the path to
 repose—

Ye must choose! ye must choose!

mm

Manoël, thus the destiny rules thy career,
 And thy life's web is woven with glory and woe;
 Thou wert nursed on the lap of the Muse, and
 thy tear

Shall unceasingly flow.

Oh, my friend! do not envy the vulgar their joys,
 Nor the pleasures to which their low nature is
 prone;

For a nobler ambition *our* leisure employs—
 Oh, the lyre is our own!

And the future is ours! for in ages to come,
 The admirers of genius an altar will raise
 To the poet; and Fame, till her trumpet is dumb,
 Will re-echo our praise.

Poet! Glory awaits thee; her temple is *thine*;
 But there's *one* who keeps vigil, if entrance you
 claim—

'Tis MISFORTUNE! she sits in the porch of the
 shrine,

The pale portress of Fame.

Saw not Greece an old man, like a pilgrim ar-
 rayed,

With his tale of old Troy, and a staff in his hand,

Beg his bread at the door of each hut, as he
strayeu
Through his own classic land?

And because he had loved, though unwisely, yet
well;
Mark what was the boon by bright beauty be-
stowed—
Blush, Italy, blush! for yon maniac's cell
It was Tasso's abode.

Hand in hand Woe and Genius must walk here
below,
And the chalice of bitterness, mixed for mankind,
Must be quaffed by us all; but its waters o'er-
flow
For the noble of mind.

Then the heave of thy heart's indignation keep
down;
Be the voice of lament never wrung from thy
pride;
Leave to others the weakness of grief; take re-
nown
With endurance allied.

Let them banish far off and proscribe (for they
can)
Saddened Portugal's son from his dear native
plains;
But no tyrant can place the free soul under ban,
Or the spirit in chains.

No! the frenzy of faction, though hateful, though
strong,
From the banks of the Tagus can't banish thy
fame:
Still the halls of old Lisbon shall ring with thy
song
And resound with thy name.

When Dante's attainder his townsmen repealed—
When the sons stamped the deeds of their sires
with abhorrence,
They summoned reluctant Ravenna to yield
Back his fame to his Florence.

And with both hands uplifted Love's bard ere he
breathed
His last sigh, far away from his kindred and
home:
To the Scythians his ashes hath left, but be-
queathed
All his glory to Rome.

THE DOG OF THE THREE DAYS.

A BALLAD, SEPTEMBER, 1831.

With gentle tread, with uncovered head,
Pass by the Louvre-gate,
Where buried lie the "men of JULY!"
And flowers are flung by the passers-by,
And the dog howls desolate.

That dog had fought
In the fierce onslaught
Had rushed with his master on:
And both fought well;
But the master fell—
And behold the surviving one!

By his lifeless clay,
Shaggy and gray,
His fellow-warrior stood:
Nor moved beyond,
But mingled, fond,
Big tears with his master's blood.

Vigil he keeps
By those green heaps,
That tell where heroes be:
No passer-by
Can attract his eye,
For he knows "it is not HE!"

At the dawn, when dew
Wets the garlands new
That are hung in this place of mourning,
He will start to meet
The coming feet
Of HIM whom he dreamt returning.

On the grave's wood-cross
When the chaplets toss,
By the blasts of midnight shaken,
How he howleth! Hark!
From that dwelling dark
The slain he would fain awaken.

When the snow comes fast
On the chilly blast,
Blanching the bleak churchyard,
With limbs outspread
On the dismal bed
Of his liege, he still keeps guard.

Oft in the night,
 With main and might,
 He strives to raise the stone.
 Short respite takes—
 "If master wakes,
 He'll call me"—then sleeps on.

Of bayonet-blades,
 Of barricades,
 And guns, he dreameth most;
 Starts from his dream,
 And then would seem
 To eye a bleeding ghost.

He'll linger there
 In sad despair,
 And die on his master's grave.
 His name? 'Tis known
 To the dead alone—
 He's the dog of the nameless brave!

Give a tear to the dead,
 And give some bread
 To the dog of the Louvre gate!
 Where buried lie the men of July,
 And flowers are flung by the passers-by,
 And the dog howls desolate.

THE MISTLETOE,

A TYPE OF THE HEAVEN-BORN.

I.

A PROPHET sat by the Temple gate,
 And he spake each passer-by—
 In thrilling tone—with word of weight,
 And fire in his rolling eye.
*"Pause thee, believing Jew!
 Nor move one step beyond,
 Until thy heart hath pondered
 The mystery of this wand."*
 And a rod from his robe he drew—
 'Twas a withered bough torn long ago
 From the trunk on which it grew,
 But the branch long torn showed a bud new
 born
 That had blossomed there anew.
 'Twas JESSE'S rod!
 And the bud was the birth of God.

II.

A priest of Egypt sat meanwhile
 Under a lofty palm,
 And gazing on his native Nile,
 As in a mirror calm,
 He saw a lowly Lotus plant—
 Pale orphan of the flood.
 And well did th' aged hierophant
 Mark the mysterious bud:
 For he fitly thought, as he saw it float
 O'er the waste of waters wild,
 That the symbol told of the cradle boat
 Of the wondrous Hebrew child.
 Nor was that bark-like Lotus dumb
 Of a mightier infant yet to come,
 Whose graven skiff in hieroglyph
 Marks obelisk and catacomb.

III.

A Greek sat on Colonna's cape,
 In his lofty thoughts alone,
 And a volume lay on Plato's lap,
 For he was that lonely one.
 And oft as the sage gazed o'er the page
 His forehead radiant grew;
 For in Wisdom's womb of the Word to come,
 The vision blessed his view.
 He broached that theme in the Academe,
 In the teachful olive grove;
 And a chosen few that secret knew
 In the Porch's dim alcove.

IV.

A Sibyl sat in Cumæ's cave—
 'Twas the hour of infant Rome—
 And vigil kept, and warning gave
 Of the holy one to come.
 'Twas she who had culled the hallowed branch,
 And sat at the silent helm,
 When Æneas, sire of Rome, would launch
 His bark o'er Hades' realm.
 And now she poured her vestal soul
 Through many a bright illumined scroll;
 By priest and sage of an after-age
 Conned in the lofty capitol.

V.

A Druid stood in the dark oak wood
 Of a distant northern land,
 And he seemed to hold a sickle of gold
 In the grasp of his withered hand;
 And slowly moved around the girth
 Of an aged oak, to see

If a blessed plant of wondrous birth
 Had clung to the old oak tree.
 And anon he knelt, and from his belt
 Unloosened his golden blade,
 Then rose and culled the MISTLETOE
 Under the woodland shade.

VI.

O blessed bough! meet emblem thou
 Of all dark Egypt knew,
 Of all foretold to the wise of old,
 To Roman, Greek, and Jew.
 And long God grant, time-honored plant,
 May we behold thee hung
 In cottage small, as in baron's hall,
 Banner and shield among.
 Thus fitly rule the mirth of Yule
 Aloft in thy place of pride;
 Still usher forth in each land of the north
 The solemn Christmas tide.

SHOOTING STARS.

*SHEPHERD. they say that a star presides
 Over life?"—"Tis a truth, my son!
 Its secrets from men the firmament hides,
 But tells to some favored one."—
 "Shepherd! they say that a link unbroken
 Connects our fate with some favorite star;
 What may yon shooting light betoken,
 That falls, falls, and is quenched afar?"
 "The death of a mortal, my son, who held
 In his banqueting-hall high revel;
 And his music was sweet, and his wine excelled,
 Life's path seemed long and level:
 No sign was given, no word was spoken,
 His pleasure death comes to mar."
 "But what does yon milder light betoken,
 That falls, falls, and is quenched afar?"
 "'Tis the knell of beauty!—it marks the close
 Of a pure and gentle maiden;
 And her cheek was warm with its bridal rose,
 And her brow with its bride-wreath laden:—
 The thousand hopes young love had woken
 Lie crushed, and her dream is past."
 "But what can yon rapid light betoken,
 That falls, falls, and is quenched so fast?"
 "'Tis the emblem, my son, of quick decay!
 'Tis a rich lord's child newly born:

The cradle that holds his inanimate clay,
 Gold, purple, and silk adorn;
 The panders prepared through life to haunt him
 Must seek some one else in his room."—
 "Look, now! what means yon dismal phantom
 That falls, falls, and is lost in gloom?"

"There, son! I see the guilty thought
 Of a haughty statesman fail,
Who the poor man's comforts sternly sough!
To plunder or curtail.
 His former sycophants have cursed
 Their idol's base endeavor."—
 "But watch the light that now has burst,
 Falls, falls, and is quenched forever!"
 "What a loss, O my son, was there!
 Where shall hunger now seek relief?
 The poor, who are gleaners elsewhere,
 Could reap in *his* field full sheaf!
 On the evening he died, his door
 Was thronged with a weeping crowd."—
 "Look, shepherd! there's one star more
 That falls, and is quenched in a cloud."

"'Tis a monarch's star? Do thou preserve
 Thy innocence, my child!
 Nor from thy course appointed swerve,
 But there shine calm and mild.
 Of *thy* star, if the sterile ray
 For no useful purpose shone,
 At thy death, 'See that star,' they'd say;
 'It falls! falls! is past and gone!'"

A PANEGRIC ON GEESE (1810).

I HATE to sing your hackneyed birds—
 So, doves and swans, a truce!
 Your nests have been too often stirred
My hero shall be—in a word—
 A goose.

The nightingale, or else "bulbul,"
 By Tommy Moore let loose,
 Is grown intolerably dull—
I from the feathered nation call
 A goose.

Can roasted Philomel a liver
 Fit for a pie produce?

Fat pies that on the Rhine's sweet river
Fair Strasburg bakes. Pray who's the giver?
A goose!

An ortolan is good to eat,
A partridge is of use;
But they are scarce—whereas you meet
At Paris, ay, in every street,
A goose!

When tired of war the Greeks became,
They pitched Troy to the deuce;
Ulysses, then, was not to blame
For teaching them the noble "game
Of goose."

May Jupiter and Bonaparte,
Of thunder less profuse,
Suffer their eagles to depart,
Encourage peace, and take to heart
A goose.

ODE TO TIME.

If my mind's independence one day I'm to sell,
If with Vice in her pestilent haunts I'm to dwell—

Then in mercy, I pray thee, O TIME!
Ere that day of disgrace and dishonor comes on,
Let my life be cut short!—better, better be gone
Than live here on the wages of crime.

But if yet I'm to kindle a flame in the soul
Of the noble and free—if my voice can console,
In the day of despondency, some—
If I'm destined to plead in the poor man's defence—

*If my writings can force from the national sense
An enactment of joy for his home:*¹

Time! retard thy departure! and linger awhile—
Let my "songs" still awake of my mother the smile—

Of my sister the joy, as she sings.
But, O GLORY and VIRTUE! your care I engage;
When I'm old—when my head shall be silvered
with age,
Come and shelter my brow with your wings!

THE GARRET OF BÉRANGER.

Oh! it was here that Love his gifts bestowed
On youth's wild age!
Gladly once more I seek my youth's abode,
In pilgrimage:
Here my young mistress with her poet dared
Reckless to dwell:
She was sixteen, I twenty, and we shared
This attic cell.

Yes, 'twas a garret! be it known to all
Here was Love's shrine;
There read, in charcoal traced along the wall,
Th' unfinished line—
Here was the board where kindred hearts would
blend—
The Jew can tell
How oft I pawned my watch, to feast a friend
In attic cell!

Oh! my Lisette's fair form could I recall
With fairy wand;
There she would blind the window with aers
shawl—
Bashful, yet fond.
What though from whom she got her dress I've
since
Learnt but too well,
Still in those days I envied not a prince
In attic cell!

Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst,
'Mid the bright bowls:
Yes, it was here Marengo's triumph first
Kindled our souls.
Bronze cannon roared; France with redoubled
might
Felt her heart swell.
Proudly we drank our consul's health that night
In attic cell!

Dreams of my joyful youth! I'd freely give,
Ere my life's close,
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live,
For one of those.
Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,
Joys that befell,
And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt
In attic cell!

¹ Mahony alludes to O'Connell's conduct on the Poor Law for Ireland.

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE GYPSIES.

Sons of witchcraft ! tribe of thieves !
 Whom the villager believes
 To deal with Satan,
 Tell us your customs and your rules :
 Whence came ye to this land of fools,
 On whom ye fatten ?

“ Whence do we come ? Whence comes the swal-
 low !

Where does our home lie ? Try to follow
 The wild bird's flight,
 Speeding from winter's rude approach :
 Such home is ours. Who dare encroach
 Upon our right ?

Prince we have none, nor gypsy throne,
 Nor magistrate nor priest we own,
 Nor tax nor claim ;
 Blithesome, we wander reckless, free,
 And happy two days out of three :
 Who'll say the same ?

Away with church-enactments dismal !
 We have no liturgy baptismal
 When we are born ,
 Save the dance under greenwood tree,
 And the glad sound of revelry
 With pipe and horn.

At our first entrance on this globe,
 Where Falsehood walks in varied robe,
 Caprice, and whims,—
 Sophist or bigot, heed ye this !—
 The swathing-bands of prejudice
 Bound not our limbs.

Well do we ken the vulgar mind,
 Ever to Truth and Candor blind,
 But led by Cunning ;
 What rogue can tolerate a brother ?
 Gypsies contend with priests, each other
 In tricks outrunning.

Your ‘ towered cities ’ please us not ;
 But give us some secluded spot,
 Far from the millions :
 Far from the busy haunts of men,
 Rise for the night, in shady glen,
 O'er dark pavilions.

Soon we are off ; for we can see
 Nor pleasure nor philosophy
 In fixé dwelling.
 Ours is a life—the life of clowns,
 Or drones who vegetate in towns,
 Far, far excelling !

Paddock and park, fence and inclosure,
 We scale with ease and with composure :
 'Tis quite delightful !
 Such is our empire's mystic charm,
 We are the owners of each farm,
 More than the rightful.

Great is the folly of the wise,
 If on relations he relies,
 Or trusts in men ;
 ‘ Welcome ! ’ they say, to babes born newly,
 But when your life is eked out duly,
 ‘ Good evening ! ’ then

None among us seeks to illude
 By empty boast of brotherhood,
 Or false affection ;
 Give, when we die, our souls to God,
 Our body to the grassy sod,
 Or ‘ for dissection.’

Your noblemen may talk of vassals,
 Proud of their trappings and their tassels ;
 But never heed them :
 Our's is the life of perfect bliss—
 Freedom is man's best joy, and this
 IS PERFECT FREEDOM ! ”

THE GOD OF BÉRANGER.

THERE'S a God whom the poet in silence adores,
 But molests not his throne with importuna
 prayer ;
 For he knows that the evil he sees and abhors,
 There is blessing to balance and balm to re-
 pair.
 But the plan of the Deity beams in the bowl,
 And the eyelid of beauty reveals his design :
 Oh ! the goblet in hand, I abandon my soul
 To the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and
 wine.

At the door of my dwelling the children of want
 Ever find the full welcome its roof can afford.
 While the dreams of the rich pain and poverty
 haunt,
 Peace awaits on my pillow, and joy at my
 board.
 Let the god of the court other votaries seek—
 No! the idol of sycophants never was mine;
 But I worship the God of the lowly and meek,
 In the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and
 wine.

I have seen die a captive, of courtiers bereft,
 Him, the sound of whose fame through our
 hemisphere rings;
 I have marked both his rise and his fall: he has
 left
 The imprint of his heel on the forehead of
 kings.
 Oh, ye monarchs of Europe! ye crawled round
 his throne—
 Ye, who now claim our homage, then knelt at
 his shrine;
 But I never adored him, but turned me alone
 To the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and
 wine.

The Russians have dwelt in the home of the
 Frank;
 In our halls from their mantles they've shaken
 the frost;
 Of their war-boots our Louvre has echoed the
 clank,
 As they passed, in barbarian astonishment lost.
 O'er the ruins of France, take, O England! take
 pride!
 Yet a similar downfall, proud land! may be
 thine;
 But the poet of freedom still, still will confide
 In the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and
 wine.

This planet is doomed, by the priesthood's decree,
 To deserved dissolution one day, O my friends!
 Lo! the hurricane gathers, the bolt is set free,
 And the thunder on wings of destruction de-
 scends.
 Of thy trumpet, archangel, delay not the blast;
 Wake the dead in the graves where their
 ashes recline:
 While the poet, unmoved, puts his trust to the
 last

In the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and
 wine.

But away with the nightmare of gloomy fore-
 thought!

Let the ghoul Superstition creep back to its
 den;

Oh! this fair goodly globe, filled with plenty,
 was wrought

By a bountiful hand, for the children of men.
 Let me take the full scope of my years as they
 roll,

Let me bask in the sun's pleasant rays while
 they shine;

Then, with goblet in hand, I'll abandon my soul
 To the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and
 wine.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF P. J. DE BÉRANGER.

PARIS! gorgeous abode of the gay! Paris!
 haunt of despair!

There befell in thy bosom one day an occur-
 rence most weighty,

At the house of a tailor, my grandfather, under
 whose care

I was nursed, in the year of our Lord seven-
 teen hundred and eighty.

By no token, 'tis true, did my cradle announce
 a young Horace—

And the omens were such as might well lead
 astray the unwary;

But with utter amazement one morning my
 grandfather, Maurice,

Saw his grandchild reclining asleep in the
 arms of a fairy.

And this fairy so handsome

Assumed an appearance so striking,

And for me seemed to take such a liking,

That he knew not what gift he should offer
 the dame for my ransom.

Had he previously studied thy *Legends*, O rare
 Crofty Croker!

He'd have learnt how to act from thy pages—
 ('tis there that the charm is),

But my guardian's first impulse was rather to
 look for the poker,

To rescue his beautiful boy from her hands
vi et armis.

Yet he paused in his plan, and adopted a milder
suggestion,
For her attitude, calm and unterrified, made
him respect her.
So he thought it was best to be civil, and fairly
to question,
Concerning my prospects in life, the benevo-
lent spectre.
And the fairy, prophetic,
Read my destiny's book in a minute,
With all the particulars in it :
And its outline she drew with exactitude most
geometrical.

"His career shall be mingled with pleasure,
though checkered with pain,
And some bright sunny hours shall succeed to
a rigorous winter :
See him first a *garçon* at a hostelry—then, with
disdain
See him spurn that vile craft, and apprentice
himself to a printer.
As a poor university-clerk view him next at his
desk ;—
Mark that flash !"—he will have a most nar-
row escape from the lightning :
But behold after sundry adventures, some bold,
some grotesque,
The horizon clears up, and his prospects appear
to be brightening."
And the fairy, caressing
The infant, foretold that, ere long,
He would warble unrivalled in song ;
All France in the homage which Paris had
paid acquiescing.

"Yes, the muse has adopted the boy ! On his
brow see the laurel !
In his hand 'tis Anacreon's cup !—with the
Greek he has drank it.
Mark the high-minded tone of his songs, and
their exquisite moral,
Giving joy to the cottage, and heightening the
blaze of the banquet.
Now the future grows dark—see the spectacle
France has become !
'Mid the wreck of his country, the poet, un-
daunted and proud,

To the public complaints shall give utterance :
slaves may be dumb,
But he'll ring in the hearing of despots defiance
aloud !"
And the fairy addressing
My grandfather, somewhat astonished,
So mildly my guardian admonished,
That he wept while he vanished away with a
smile and a blessing.

MEDITATIONS IN A WINE-CELLAR.

BY THE JESUIT VANIERE.

"Introduxit me in cellam vinariam."—*Song of Solomon*, cap
II. v. 4. (Vulgate Version.)

I've taught thus far a vineyard how to plant,
Wielded the pruning-hook and plied the
hoe,
And trod the grape ; now, Father Bacchus,
grant
Entrance to where, in many a goodly row,
You keep your treasures safely lodged below
Well have I earned the privilege I ask ;
Then proudly down the cellar-steps I go :
Fain would I terminate my tuneful task,
Pondering before each pipe, communing with
each cask.

Hail, horrors, hail ! Welcome, Cimmerian cel-
lar !
Of liquid bullion inexhausted mine !
Cumæan cave !—no sibyl thy indweller :
Sole Pythoness, the witchery of wine !
Pleased I explore this sanctuary of thine,
A humble votary, whom venturous feet
Have brought into thy subterranean shrine ;
Its mysteries I reverently greet,
Pacing these solemn vaults in contemplation
sweet.

Armed with a lantern though the poet walks,
Who dares upon those silent halls intrude,
He cometh not a pupil of GUY FAUX,
O'er treasonable practices to brood
Within this deep and awful solitude ;
Albeit LOYOLA claims him for a son,
Yet, with the kindest sympathies imbued
For every human thing heaven shines upon,
Naught in his bosom beats but love and benison.

¹ Béranger tells us in a note, that in early life he had well nigh
perished by the electric fluid in a thunder-storm. The same is re-
lated of Luther, when at the university. The flash which, in Lu-
ther's case, changed the student into a monk, in Béranger's con-
verted the tailor's goose into a swan.

He knows nor cares not what be other men's
 Notions concerning orthodox belief;
 Others may seek theology in "DENS,"
 He in this grot would rather take a leaf
 From Wisdom's book, and of existence brief
 Learn not to waste in empty jars the span.
 If jars there must be in this vale of grief,
 Let them be *full* ones; let the flowing can
 Reign umpire of disputes, uniting man with man.

'Twere better thus than in collegiate hall,
 Where wrangling pedants and dull ponderous
 tomes
 Build up Divinity's dark arsenal,
 Grope in the gloom with controversial
 gnomes—
 Geneva's gospel still at war with Rome's:
 Better to bury discord and dissent
 In the calm cellar's peaceful catacombs,
 Than on dogmatic bickerings intent,
 Poison the pleasing hours for man's enjoyment
 meant.

Doth yonder cask of BURGUNDY repine
 That some prefer his brother of BORDEAUX?
 Is old GARUMNA jealous of the RHINE?
 Gaul, of the grape Germanic vineyards grow?
 Doth XERES deem bright LACHRYMA his
 foe?
 On the calm banks that fringe the blue Mo-
 selle,
 On LEMAN's margin, on the plains of Po,
 Pure from one common sky these dewdrops
 fell
 Hast thou preserved the juice in purity? 'Tis
 well!

Lessons of love, and light, and liberty,
 Lurk in these wooden volumes. Free-
 dom's code
 Lies there and pity's charter. Poetry
 And genius make their favorite abode
 In double range of goodly purcheons
 stowed;
 Whence welling up freely, as from a fount,
 The flood of fancy in all time has flowed,
 Gushing with more exuberance, I count,
 Than from Pierian sprang on Greece's fabled
 mount.

School of Athenian eloquence! did not
 Demosthenes, half-tonsured, love to pass

Winters in such preparatory grot,
 His topics there in fit array to class,
 And stores of wit and argument amass!
 Hath not another Greek of late arisen,
 Whose eloquence partaketh of the glass,
 Whose nose and tropes with rival radiance
 glisten,
 And unto whom the Peers night after night
must listen?

Say not that wine hath bred dissensions—
 wars;
 Charge not the grape, calumnious, with the
 blame
 Of murdered Clytus. Lapithæ, Centaurs,
 Drunkards of every age, will aye defame
 The innocent vine to palliate their shame.
 O Thyrsus, magic wand! thou mak'st appear
 Man in his own true colors—vice proclaim,
 Its infamy—sin its foul figure rear,
 Like the recumbent toad touched by Ithuriel's
 spear!

A savage may the glorious sun revile,¹
 And shoot his arrows at the god of day;
 Th' ungrateful Æthiop on thy banks, O Nile!
 With barbarous shout and insult may repay
 Apollo for his vivifying ray,
 Unheeded by the god, whose fiery team
 Prances along the sky's immortal way;
 While from his brow, flood-like, the bounte-
 ous beam
 Bursts on the stupid slaves who gracelessly blas-
 pheme.

That savage outcry some attempt to ape,
 Loading old Bacchus with absurd abuse;
 But, pitying them, the father of the grape,
 And conscious of their intellect obtuse,
 Tells them to go (for answer) to the juice:
 Meantime the god, whom fools would fain an-
 noy,
 Rides on a cask, and, of his wine profuse,

¹ "Le Nil a vu sur ses rivages
 Les noirs habitans des déserts
 Insulter, par de cris sauvages,
 L'astre brillant de l'univers.
 Cris impuissans! fureurs bizarres!
 Tandis que ces monstres barbares
 Pousent d'inutiles clameurs,
 Le Dieu, poursuivant sa carrière,
 Verse des torrens de lumière
 Sur ses obscurs blasphémateurs."

Je franc de Pompignan.

Sends up to earth the flood without alloy,
Whence round the general globe circles the cup
of joy.

Hard was thy fate, much-injured *HYLAS*! whom
The roguish Naiads of the fount entrapped;
Thine was, in sooth, a melancholy doom—

In liquid robes for wintry wardrobe wrapped,
And "in Elysium" of spring-water "lapped!"

Better if hither thou hadst been enticed,
Where casks abound and generous wine is
tapped;

Thou wouldst not feel as now, thy limbs all
iced,

But deem thyself in truth blessed and imparadised.

A Roman king—the second of the series—

NUMA, who reigned upon Mount *PALATINE*,
Possessed a private grotto called *Egeria's*;

Where, being in the legislative line,

He kept an oracle men deemed divine.

What nymph it was from whom his "law" he
got

None ever knew; but jars, that smelt of
wine,

Have lately been discovered in a grot

Of that *Egerian* vale. Was this the nymph?
God wot.

Here would I dwell! Oblivious! 'aye shut
out

'Passions and pangs that plague the human
heart,

Content to range this goodly grot throughout,

Loath, like the lotus-eater, to depart,

Deeming this cave of joy the genuine mart;

CELLAR, though dark and dreary, yet I ween

Depot of brightest intellect thou art.

Calm reservoir of sentiment serene!

Miscellany of mind! wit's *GLORIOUS MAGAZINE*.

LINES ON A MOTH-EATEN BOOK.

FROM THE LATIN OF *BEZA*.

The soldier soothes in his behalf
Bellona, with a victim calf;

The farmer's fold victims exhaust—
Ceres must have her holocaust:
And shall the bard alone refuse
A votive offering to his muse,
Proving the only uncompliant,
Unmindful, and ungrateful client?

What gift, what sacrifice select,
May best betoken his respect?
Stay, let me think—O, happy notion!
What can denote more true devotion,
What victim gave more pleasing odor,
Than yon small grub, yon wee corroder,
Of sluggish gait, of shape uncouth,
With Jacobin destructive tooth?

Ho, creeper! thy last hour is come;
Be thou the muses' hecatomb!²
With whining tricks think not to gull us:
Have I not caught thee in *Catullus*,
Converting into thy vile marrow
His matchless ditty on "the Sparrow!"

Of late, thy stomach had been partial
To sundry tit-bits out of *Martial*;
Nay, I have traced thee, insect keen-eyed!
Through the fourth book of *Maro's "Æneid"*
On vulgar French couldst not thou fatten,
And curb thy appetite for Latin?
Or, if thou wouldst take Latin from us,
Why not devour *Duns Scot* and *Thomas*?
Might not the "Digest" and "Decretals"
Have served thee, varlet, for thy victuals?

Victim! come forth! crawl from thy nook!
Fit altar be this injured book;
Caitiff! 'tis vain slyly to simulate
Torpor and death; thee this shall immolate—
This penknife, fitting guillotine
To shed a bookworm's blood obscene!
Nor can the poet better mark his
Zeal for the muse than on thy carcass.

The deed is done! the insect Goth
Unmourned (save by maternal moth),
Slain without mercy or remorse,
Lies there, a melancholy corse.
The page he had profaned 'tis meet
Should be the robber's winding-sheet;
While for the deed the muse decrees a
Wreath of her brightest bays to *BEZA*

¹ "Quittons ce lieu où ma raison s'enivre." *BÉRANGER*.

² Quere, Hack, a tome?—*Printer's Devil*.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ST. NAZARO.

FROM THE LATIN OF SANNAZAR.

THERE'S a fount at the foot of Pausilipé's hill,
 Springing up on our bay's sunny margin,
 And the mariner loveth his vessel to fill
 At this fount, of which I am the guardian.
 'Tis the gem of my villa, the neighborhood's
 boast,
 And with pleasure and pride I preserve it;
 For alone it wells out, while the vine-covered
 coast

In the summer lies panting and fervid.

When the plains are all parched, and the rivers
 run low,

Then a festival comes I love dearly :

Here, with goblet in hand, my devotion I show
 To the day of my birth that comes yearly.

'Tis the feast of my patron, NAZARO the Saint ;

Nor for aught that fond name would I barter :
 To this fount I have fixed that fond name, to ac-
 quaint

All mankind with my love for the martyr.

He's the tutelar genius of me and of mine,

And to honor the saints is my motto :

Unto him I devoted this well, and a shrine

Unto him I have built in the grotto.

There his altar devoutly with shells I have
 decked—

I have decked it with crystal and coral ;
 And have strewed all the pavement with branches
 select

Of the myrtle, the pine, and the laurel.

By the brink of this well will I banquet the day

Of my birth, on its yearly recurring ;

Then at eve, when the bonny breeze wrinkles the
 bay,

And the leaves of the citron are stirring,
 Beneath my calm dwelling before I repair,
 To the Father of mercy addressing,

In a spirit of thankfulness, gratitude's prayer,
 I'll invoke on his creatures a blessing.

And long may the groves of Pausilipé shade

By this fount, holy martyr, thy client :

Thus long may he bless thee for bountiful aid,
 And remain on thy bounty reliant.

To thy shrine shall the maids of Parthenopé
 bring

Lighted tapers, in yearly procession ;
 While the pilgrim hereafter shall visit this spring
 To partake of the Saint's intercession.

PETRARCA'S DREAM.

(AFTER THE DEATH OF LAURA.)

SHE has not quite forgotten me ; her shade

My pillow still doth haunt,

A nightly visitant,

To soothe the sorrows that herself had made :

And thus that spirit blessed,

Shedding sweet influence o'er my hour of rest,

Hath healed my woes, and all my love repaid.

Last night, with holy calm,

She stood before my view,

And from her bosom drew

A wreath of laurel and a branch of palm :

And said, "To comfort thee,

O child of Italy !

From my immortal home,

Petrarca, I am come," etc., etc.

ON SOLAR ECLIPSES.

(A NEW THEORY.)

For the use of the London University.

ALL heaven, I swear by Styx that rolls

Its dark flood round the land of souls !

Shall play this day at "Blind man's buff."

Come, make arrangements on the spot ;

Prepare the 'kerchief, draw the lot—

So Jove commands ! Enough !

Lot fell on SOL : the stars were struck

At such an instance of ill luck.

Then Luna forward came,

And bound with gentle, modest hand,

O'er his bright brow the muslin band :

Hence mortals learned the game.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

A BALLAD.

THERE'S a legend that's told of a gypsy who dwelt

In the land where the Pyramids be ;
And her robe was embroidered with stars, and
her belt

With devices, right wondrous to see :
And she lived in the days when our Lord was a
child

On his mother's immaculate breast ;
When he fled from his foes—when to Egypt
exiled,

He went down with St. Joseph the blessed.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, me-
thinks,

And the future was given to her gaze ;
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx
On her threshold kept vigil always.

She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd ;
But communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs,
I ween,

Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one
day,

With a maid on a mule, by that road ;
And a child on her bosom reclined—and the way
Led them straight to the gypsy's abode :
And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome
path,

From their home many, many a league—
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,
Spent with toil, and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gypsy came forth from her dwelling,
and prayed

That the pilgrims would rest them awhile ;
And she offered her couch to that delicate maid,
Who had come many, many a mile ;

And she fondled the babe with affection's caress,
And she begged the old man would repose ;

"Here the stranger," she said, "ever finds free
access,

And the wanderer balm for his woes."

When her guests from the glare of the noonday
she led

To a seat in her grotto so cool ;
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits—and
a shed,

With a manger, was found for the mule ;
With the wine of the palm-tree, with the dates
newly culled,

All the toil of the road she beguiled,
And with song in a language mysterious she
lulled

On her bosom the wayfaring child.

When the gypsy anon in her Ethiop hand
Placed the infant's diminutive palm,
Oh, 'twas fearful to see how the features she
scanned

Of the babe in his slumber so calm.
Well she noted each mark and each furrow that
crossed

O'er the tracings of destiny's line :
"WHENCE CAME YE?" she cried, in astonishment
lost,

"FOR THIS CHILD IS OF LINEAGE DIVINE!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,
"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew ;
We have fled from a tyrant, whose garment :
dyed

In the gore of the children he slew.
We were told to remain till an angel's com-
mand

Should appoint us the hour to return ;
But till then we inhabit the foreigner's land,
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me!" cried the gypsy in
joy,

"And ye make of my dwelling your home :
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite
boy

(Blesséd hope of the Gentiles!) would come."
And she kissed both the feet of the infant, and
knelt,

And adored him at once;—then a smile
Lit the face of his mother, who cheerfully dwelt
With her host on the banks of the Nile.

THE VEIL. AN ORIENTAL DIALOGUE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

"Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?"—SHAKESPEARE.

THE SISTER.

WHAT has happened, my brothers? Your spirit
to-day

Some secret sorrow damps:
There's a cloud on your brow. What has hap-
pened? oh, say!

For your eyeballs glare out with a sinister ray,
Like the light of funeral lamps.

The blades of your poniards are half-unsheathed
In your zone—and ye frown on me!
There's a woe untold, there's a pang unbreathed,
In your bosom, my brothers three!

ELDEST BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer! Hast thou, since the dawn,
To the eye of a stranger thy veil withdrawn?

THE SISTER.

As I came, O my brothers!—at noon—from the
bath—

As I came—it was noon—my lords—
And your sister had then, as she constantly hath,
Drawn her veil close around her, aware that the
path

Is beset by these foreign hordes.

But the weight of the noonday's sultry hour
Near the mosque was so oppressive,
That—forgetting a moment the eye of the
Giaour—

I yielded to heat excessive.

SECOND BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer! Whom, then, hast thou
seen,
In a turban of white, and a caftan of green?

THE SISTER.

Nay, *he* might have been there; but I muffled
me so,

He could scarce have seen my figure.—
But why to your sister thus dark do you grow?
What words to yourselves do you mutter thus
low,
Of "blood," and "an intriguer?"

Oh! ye cannot of murder bring down the red
guilt

On your souls, my brothers, surely!
Though I fear—from your hand that I see ~~on~~ the
hilt,

And the hints you give obscurely.

THIRD BROTHER.

Gulnara! this evening when sank the red sun,
Hast thou marked how like blood in descending
it shone?

THE SISTER.

Mercy! Allah! three daggers! have pity! oh,
spare!

See! I cling to your knees repenting!
Kind brothers, forgive me! for mercy, forbear!
Be appeased at the voice of a sister's despair,
For your mother's sake relenting.

O God! must I die? They are deaf to my cries
Their sister's life-blood shedding:
They have stabbed me again—and I faint—o'er
my eyes

A VEIL OF DEATH is spreading!—

ELDEST BROTHER.

Gulnara, farewell! take *that* veil; 'tis the gift
Of thy brothers—a veil thou wilt never lift!

THE BRIDE OF THE CYMBALEER.

A BALLAD FROM VICTOR HUGO.

"My liege, the Duke of Brittany.

Has summoned his vassals all,

The list is a lengthy litany!

Nor 'mong them shall ye meet any

But lords of land and hall.

Barons, who dwell in donjon-keep,

And mail-clad count and peer,

Whose fief is fenced with fossé deep.

But none excel in soldiership

My own loved cymbaleer.

Clashing his cymbals forth he went,

With a bold and gallant bearing;

Sure for a captain he was meant,

To judge from his accoutrement,
And the cloth of gold he's wearing.

But in my soul since then I feel
A fear, in secret creeping;
And to Saint Bridget oft I kneel,
That she may recommend his weal
To his guardian angel's keeping

I've begged our abbot, Bernardine,
His prayers not to relax;
And, to procure him aid divine,
I've burnt upon Saint Gilda's shrine
Three pounds of virgin wax,

Our Lady of Loretto knows
The pilgrimage I vowed:
*To wear the scollop I propose,
If health and safety from the foes
My lover is allowed.*

No letter (fond affection's gage!)
From him could I require,
The pain of absence to assuage—
A vassal-maid can have no page,
A liegeman has no squire.

This day will witness, with the duke's
My cymbaleer's return:
Gladness and pride beam in my looks,
Delay my heart impatient brooks,
All meaner thoughts I spurn.

Back from the battle-field elate,
His banner brings each peer;
Come, let us see, at the ancient gate,
The martial triumph pass in state,
And the duke and my cymbaleer.

We'll see from the rampart-walls of Nantz
What an air his horse assumes;
His proud neck swells, his glad hoofs prance,
And on his head unceasing dance,
In a gorgeous tuft, red plumes!

Be quick, my sisters! dress in haste!
Come, see him bear the bell,
With laurels decked, with true-love graced;
While in his bold hand, fitly placed,
The bounding cymbals swell!

ark well the mantle that he'll wear,
Embroidered by his bride:

Admire his burnished helmet's glare,
O'ershadowed by the dark horse-hair
That waves in jet folds wide!

The gypsy (spiteful wench!) foretold
With voice like a viper hissing
(Though I had crossed her palm with gold),
That from the ranks a spirit bold
Would be to day found missing.

But I have prayed so hard, I trust
Her words may prove untrue;
Though in her cave the hag accursed
Muttered "*Prepare thee for the worst!*"
With a face of ghastly hue.

My joy her spells shall not prevent.
Hark! I can hear the drums!
And ladies fair from silken tent
Peep forth, and every eye is bent
On the cavalcade that comes

Pikemen, dividing on both flanks,
Open the pageantry;
Loud, as they tread, their armor clanks,
And silk-robed barons lead the ranks,
The pink of gallantry.

In scarfs of gold, the priests admire;
The heralds on white steeds;
Armorial pride decks their attire,
Worn in remembrance of a sire
Famed for heroic deeds.

Feared by the Paynim's dark divan,
The Templars next advance;
Then the brave bowmen of Lausanne,
Foremost to stand in battle's van,
Against the foes of France.

Next comes the duke with radiant brow,
Girt with his cavaliers;
Round his triumphant banner bow
Those of the foe. Look, sisters, now!
Now come the cymbaleers!"

She spoke—with searching eye surveyed
Their ranks—then pale, aghast,
Sunk in the crowd! Death came in aid—
'Twas mercy to that gentle maid:
The cymbaleers had passed!

THE MILITARY PROFESSION

IN FRANCE.

OH, the pleasant life a soldier leads!
 Let the lawyer count his fees,
 Let old women tell their beads,
 Let each booby squire breed cattle, if he please.
 Far better 'tis, I think,
 To make love, fight, and drink.
 Odds boddekin!
 Such life makes a man to a god akin.

Do we enter any town?
 The portcullis is let down,
 And the joy-bells are rung by municipal author-
 ity;

The gates are opened wide,
 And the city-keys presented us beside,
 Merely to recognize our vast superiority.
 The married citizens, 'tis ten to one,
 Would wish us fairly gone;
 But we stay while it suits our good pleasure.
 Then each eve, at the rising of the moon,
 The fiddler strikes up a merry tune,
 We meet a buxom partner full soon,
 And we foot it to a military measure.

[Chorus of drums.

When our garrison at last gets "the route,"
 Who can adequately tell
 The regret of the fair all the city throughout,
 And the tone with which they bid us "*fare-
 well?*"

Their tears would make a flood—a perfect river:
 And, to soothe her despair,
 Each disconsolate maid entreats of us to give her,
 Ere we go, a single lock of our hair.

Alas! it is not often
 That my heart can soften
 Responsive to the feelings of the fair.

[Chorus of drums.

On a march, when our gallant divisions
 In the country make a halt,
 Think not that we limit our provisions
 To Paddy's fare, "potatoes and salt."
 Could such beggarly cheer
 Ever answer a French grenadier?
 No! we send a dragoon guard
 To each neighboring farmyard,
 To collect the choicest pickings—

Turkeys, sucking-pigs, and chickens.
 For why should mere rustic rascallions
 Fatten on such tit-bits,
 Better suited to the spits
 Of our hungry and valorous battalions!

But, oh! at our return
 To our dear native France,
 Each village in its turn,
 With music, and wine, and merry dance,
 Forth on our joyful passage comes;
 And the pulse of each heart beats time to the
 drums.

[Chorus of drums.

Oh, the merry life a soldier leads!

TIME AND LOVE.

OLD TIME is a pilgrim—with onward course
 He journeys for months, for years;
 But the traveller to-day must halt perforce—
 Behold, a broad river appears!
 "Pass me over," Time cried; "Oh! tarry not,
 For I count each hour with my glass;
 Ye, whose skiff is moored to yon pleasant spot—
 Young maidens, old TIME come pass!"

Many maids saw with pity, upon the bank,
 The old man with his glass in grief;
 Their kindness, he said, he would ever thank,
 If they'd row him across in their skiff.
 While some wanted LOVE to unmoor the bark,
 One wiser in thought sublime:
 "Oft shipwrecks occur," was the maid's remark,
 "When seeking to pass old TIME!"

From the strand the small skiff LOVE pushed
 afloat—

He crossed to the pilgrim's side,
 And taking old TIME in his well-trimmed boat,
 Dipped his oars in the flowing tide.
 Sweetly he sung as he worked at the oar,
 And this was his merry song—
 "You see, young maidens who crowd the shore,
 How with LOVE TIME passes along?"

But soon the poor boy of his task grew tired,
 As he often had been before;
 And faint from his toil, for mercy desired
 Father TIME to take up the oar.

In his worn grown tuneful, the pilgrim old
 With the paddles resumed the lay;
 But he changed it and sung, "Young maids,
 behold
 How with Time Love passes away!"

PETRARCA'S ADDRESS

TO THE SUMMER HAUNT OF LAURA.

SWEET fountain of Vaucluse!
 The virgin freshness of whose crystal bed
 The ladye, idol of my soul! hath led
 Within thy wave her fairy bath to choose!
 And thou, O favorite tree!
 Whose branches she loved best
 To shade her hour of rest—
 Her own dear native land's green mulberry!
 Roses, whose earliest bud
 To her sweet bosom lent
 Fragrance and ornament!
 Zephyrs, who fan the murmuring flood!
 Cool grove, sequestered grot!
 Here in this lovely spot
 I pour my last sad lay, where first her love I
 wooed.

If soon my earthly woes
 Must slumber in the tomb,
 And if my life's sad doom
 Must so in sorrow close!
 Where yonder willow grows
 Close by the margin lay
 My cold and lifeless clay,
 That unrequited love may find repose!
 Seek thou thy native realm,
 My soul! and when the fear
 Of dissolution near,
 And doubts shall overwhelm,
 A ray of comfort round
 My dying couch shall hover,
 If some kind hand will cover
 My miserable bones in yonder hallowed ground!

But still alive for her
 Oft may my ashes greet
 The sound of coming feet!
 And Laura's tread gladden my sepulchre!
 Relenting, on my grave,

My mistress may, perchance,
 With one kind pitying glance
 Honor the dust of her devoted slave.
 Then may she intercede,
 With prayer and sigh, for one
 Who, hence forever gone,
 Of mercy stands in need;
 And while for me her rosary she tells,
 May her uplifted eyes
 Win pardon from the skies,
 While angels through her veil behold the tear
 that swells!

Visions of love! ye dwell
 In memory still enshrined.—
 Here, as she once reclined,
 A shower of blossoms on her bosom fell!
 And while th' enamored tree
 From all its branches thus
 Rained odoriferous,
 She sat, unconscious, all humility.
 Mixed with her golden hair, those blossoms sweet
 Like pearls on amber seemed;—
 Some their allegiance deemed
 Due to her floating robe and lovely feet:
 Others, disporting, took
 Their course adown the brook:
 Others aloft, wafted in airy sport,
 Seemed to proclaim, "To-day Love holds his
 merry court!"

I've gazed upon thee, jewel beyond price!
 Till from my inmost soul
 This secret whisper stole—
 "Of Earth no child art thou, daughter of Para-
 dise!"
 Such sway thy beauty held
 O'er the enraptured sense,
 And such the influence
 Of winning smile and form unparalleled!
 And I would marvel then
 "How came I here, and when,
 Wafted by magic wand,
 Earth's narrow joys beyond?"
 Oh, I shall ever count
 My happiest days spent here by this romantic
 fount!

THE PORCH OF HELL.

(DANTE.)

"Seek ye the path traced by the wrath of God for
sinful mortals ?

Of the reprobate this is the gate, these are the gloomy
portals.

For sinne and crime from the birth of tyme dugge was
this Gulph Infernal.

Quest! let all Hope on this threshold stop! here
reigns Despair Eternal."

I READ with tears these characters—tears shed
on man's behalf;

Each word seemed fraught with painful thought,
the lost soul's epitaph.

Turning dismayed, "O mystic shade!" I cried,
"my kindly Mentor,

Of comfort, say, can no sweet ray these dark
dominions enter?"

"My son!" replied the ghostly guide, "this is
the dark abode

Of the guilty dead—alone they tread hell's mel-
ancholy road.

Brace up thy nerves! this hour deserves that
Mind should have control,

And bid avaunt fears that would haunt the clay-
imprisoned soul.

Mine be the task, when thou shalt ask, each mys-
tery to solve;

Anon for us dark Erebus back shall its gates re-
volve—

Hell shall disclose its deepest woes, each punish-
ment, each pang,

Saint hath revealed, or eye beheld, or flame-
tongued prophet sang."

Gates were unrolled of iron mould—a dismal
dungeon yawned!

We passed—we stood—'twas hell we viewed—
eternity had dawned!

Space on our sight burst infinite—echoes were
heard remote;

Shrieks loud and drear startled our ear, and
stripes incessant smote.

Onward we went. The firmament was starless
o'er our head,

Spectres swept by inquiringly—clapping their
hands they fled

Borne on the blast strange whispers passed; and
ever and anon

Athwart the plain, like hurricane, God's ven-
geance would come on!

Then sounds, breathed low, of gentler woe soft
on our hearing stole;

Captives so meek fain would I seek to comfort
and console:

"Oh, let us pause and learn the cause of so much
grief, and why

Saddens the air of their despair the unavailing
sigh!"

"My son! Heaven grants them utterance in
plaintive notes of woe;

In tears their grief may find relief, but hence
they never go.

Fools! they believed that if they lived blameless
and vice eschewed,

God would dispense with excellence, and give
beatitude.

They died! but naught of virtue brought to win
their Maker's praise;

No deeds of worth the page set forth that chron-
icled their days.

Fixed is their doom—eternal gloom! to mourn
for what is past,

And weep aloud amid that crowd with whom
their lot is cast.

One fate they share with spirits fair, who, when
rebellion shook

God's holy roof, remained aloof, nor part what-
ever took;

Drew not the sword against their Lord, nor yet
upheld his throne:

Could God for this make perfect bliss theirs when
the fight was won?

The world knows not their dreary lot, nor can
assuage their pangs,

Or cure the curse of fell remorse, or blunt the
tiger's fangs.

Mercy disdains to loose their chains—the hour
of grace has been!

Son! let that class unheeded pass—unwept,
though not unseen."

A TRUE BALLAD,

CONTAINING THE FLIGHT OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, WITH THE LOSS OF HIS SWORD, HIS HAT, AND IMPERIAL BATON, BESIDES A WOUND IN THE HEAD; THE GOOD LUCK OF THE PRUSSAINS IN GETTING HOLD OF HIS VALUABLES, IN DIAMONDS AND OTHER PROPERTY; AND LASTLY, THE HAPPY ENTRY OF HIS MAJESTY, LOUIS DIX-HUIT, INTO PARIS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF NICODEMUS LERMIL.

TUNE—"On Linden when."

WHEN Bonaparté, overcome,
Fled from the sound of Prussian drum,
Aghast, discomfited, and dumb,
 Wrapped in his roquelaure,—

To wealth and power he bade adieu—
Affairs were looking *Prussic* blue:
In emblematic tatters flew
 The glorious tricolor.

What once had seemed fixed as a rock
Had now received a fatal shock,
And he himself had got a knock
 From a Cossack on the head.

Gone was his hat, lost was his hope;
The hand, that once had smote the Pope,
Had even dropped its telescope
 In the hurry as he fled.

Old Blucher's corps a capture made
Of his mantle, sabre, and cockade;
Which in "Rag Fair" would, "from the trade,"
 No doubt a trifle fetch.

But though the Prussians ('tis confessed)
Of all his wardrobe got the best
(Besides the military chest),
 Himself they could not catch.

He's gone somewhere beyond the seas,
To expiate his rogueries:
King Louis in the Tuileries
 Has recommenced to reign.

Gladness pervades the allied camps,
And naught the public triumph damps;
But every house is lit with lamps,
 E'en in each broken pane.

Paris is one vast scene of joy;
And all her citizens employ

Their throats in shouting *Vive le roi!*
Amid the roar of cannon.

Oh! when they saw the "*blanc drapeau*"
Once more displayed, they shouted so
You could have heard them from the Po,
 Or from the banks of Shannon.

Gadzooks! it was, upon my fay,
An European holiday;
And the land laughed, and all were gay,
 Except the *sans culottes*.

You'd see the people playing cards,
And gay grisettes and dragoon guards
Dancing along the boulevards—
 Of brandy there were lots.

Now, Bonaparté and Murat,
My worthy heroes! after that,
I'd like to know what you'll be at—
 I think you must feel nervous.

Perhaps you are not so besotted
As to be cutting the "*carotid*"—
But there's the horsepond!—there, odd rot it!
 From such an eud preserve us!

THE WINE-CUP BESPOKEN.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CLAUDIO TOLOMEL.

AIR—"One bumper at parting."

GREAT Vulcan! your dark smoky palace,
With these ingots of silver, I seek;
And I beg you will make me a chalice,
 Like the cup you once forged for the Greek.
Let no deeds of Bellona "the bloody"
Emblazon this goblet of mine;
But a garland of grapes, ripe and ruddy,
 In sculpture around it entwine.

The festoon (which you'll gracefully model)
Is, remember, but *part* of the whole;
Lest, perchance, it might enter your noddle
 To diminish the *size* of the bowl.
For though dearly what's deemed ornamental,
And of art the bright symbols, I prize;
Still I cling with a fondness parental
 Round a cup of the true good old size.

Let me have neither sun, moon, nor planet,
Nor "the Bear," nor "the Twins," nor "the
Goat:"

Yet its use to each eye that may scan it,
Let a glance at its emblems denote.
Then away with Minerva and Venus!
Not a rush for them both do I care;
But let jolly old Father Silenus,
Astride on his jackass, be there!

Let a dance of gay satyrs, in cadence
Disporting, be seen 'mid the fruit;
And let Pan to a group of young maidens
Teach a new vintage-lay on his flute;
Cupid, too, hand in hand with Bathyllus,
May purple his feet in the foam:
Long may last the red joys they distil us!
Though Love spread his winglets to roam!

VILLAGE SONG.

HUSBANDS, they tell me, gold hath won
More than aught else beside:
Gold I have none; can I find one
To take me for his bride?
Yet who knows
How the wind blows—
Or who can say
I'll not find one to-day!

I can embroider, I can sew—
A husband I could aid;
I have no dowry to bestow—
Must I remain a maid?
Yet who knows
How the wind blows—
Or who can say
I'll not find one to-day!

A simple maid I've been too long—
A husband I would find;
But then to ask—no!—that were wrong;
So I must be resigned.
Yet who knows
How the wind blows—
Or who can say
I'll not find one to-day!

THE VISION OF PETRARCA.

A FORM I saw with secret awe—nor ken I what
it warns;
Pure as the snow, a gentle doe it seemed with
silver horns.
Erect she stood, close by a wood between two
running streams;
And brightly shone the morning sun upon that
land of dreams.

The pictured hind fancy designed glowing with
love and hope;
Graceful she stepped, but distant kept, like the
timid antelope;
Playful, yet coy—with secret joy her image
filled my soul;
And o'er the sense soft influence of sweet obliv-
ion stole.

Gold I beheld and emerald on the collar that
she wore;
Words too—but theirs were characters of legen-
dary lore:
"Caesar's decree hath made me free; and through his
solemn charge,
Untouched by men o'er hill and glen I wander here
at large."

The sun had now with radiant brow climbed his
meridian throne,
Yet still mine eye untiringly gazed on that lovely
one.
A voice was heard—quick disappeared my dream.
The spell was broken.
Then came distress—to the consciousness of life
I had awoken.

A VENETIAN BARCAROLLE.

"PRITHEE, young fisherman, come over—
Hither thy light bark bring;
Row to this bank, and try recover
My treasure—'tis a ring!"

The fisher-boy of Como's lake
His bonny boat soon brought her,
And promised for her beauty's sake
To search beneath the water.

"I'll give thee," said the ladye fair,
 "One hundred sequins bright,
 If to my villa thou wilt bear,
 Fisher, that ring to-night."

"A hundred sequins I'll refuse
 When I shall come at eve:
 But there is something, if you choose,
 Lady, that you can give!"

The ring was found beneath the flood;
 Nor need my lay record
 What was that lady's gratitude,
 What was that youth's reward.

Where fresh and new at first they grew,
 Of whims, and tricks, and fancies,
 Those locks at best were but a nest:—
 Their being spread on learned head
 Vastly their worth enhances

From flowers exempt, uncouth, unkempt—
 Matted, entangled, thick!
 Mourn not the loss of curl or gloss
 'Tis *infra dig.* THOU ART THE WIG
 OF ROGER BOSCOVICH!

THE INTRUDER.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MENZINI.

THERE'S a goat in the vineyard! an unbidden
 guest—

He comes here to devour and to trample;
 If he keep not aloof, I must make, I protest,
 Of the trespassing rogue an example.
 Let this stone, which I fling at his ignorant head,
 Deep impressed in his skull leave its moral—
 That a four-footed beast 'mid the vines should
 not tread,
 Nor attempt with great Bacchus to quarrel.

Should the god on his car, to which tigers are
 yoked,

Chance to pass and espy such a scandal,
 Quick he'd mark his displeasure—most justly
 provoked

At the sight of this four-footed Vandal.
 To encounter his wrath, or be found on his path,
 In the spring when his godship is sober,
 Silly goat! would be rash—and you fear not the
 lash

Of the god in the month of *October*.

In each bunch, thus profaned by an insolent
 tooth,

There has perished a goblet of nectar;
 Fitting vengeance will follow those gambols
 uncouth,

For the grape has a jealous protector.
 On the altar of Bacchus a victim must bleed,
 To avert a more serious disaster;
 Lest the ire of the deity visit the deed
 Of the goat on his negligent master.

ODE TO THE WIG OF FATHER BOSCO- VICH,

THE CELEBRATED ASTRONOMER.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF JULIUS CÆSAR CORDARA.

WITH awe I look on that peruke,
 Where Learning is a lodger,
 And think, when'er I see that hair
 Which now you wear, some ladye fair
 Had worn it once, dear Roger!

On empty skull most beautiful
 Appeared, no doubt, those locks,
 Once the bright grace of pretty face;
 Now far more proud to be allowed
 To deck thy "knowledge-box."

Condemned to pass before the glass
 Whole hours each blessed morning,
 'Twas desperate long, with curling-tong
 And tortoise-shell, to have a belle
 Thee frizzing and adorning.

Bright ringlets set as in a net,
 To catch us men like fishes!
 Your every lock concealed a stock
 Of female wares—love's pensive cares,
 Vain dreams, and futile wishes!

That *chevelure* has caused, I'm sure,
 Full many a lover's quarrel;
 Then it was decked with flowers select
 And myrtle-sprig: but now a wig,
 'Tis circled with a laurel!

A SERENADE.

BY VITTORELLI.

PALE to-night is the disk of the moon, and of
azure unmixed

Is the bonny blue sky it lies on;
And silent the streamlet, and hushed is the
zephyr, and fixed

Is each star in the calm horizon;
And the hamlet is lulled to repose, and all na-
ture is still—

How soft, how mild her slumbers!
And naught but the nightingale's note is awake,
and the thrill
Of his sweetly plaintive numbers.

His song wakes an echo! it comes from the
neighboring grove—

Love's sweet responsive anthem!
Lady! list to the vocalist! Dost thou not envy
his love,

And the joys his mate will grant him?
Oh, smile on thy lover to-night! let a transient
hope

Ease the heart with sorrow laden:
From yon balcony wave the fond signal a mo-
ment—and ope

Thy casement, fairest maiden.

THE REPENTANCE OF PETRARCA.

BRIGHT days of sunny youth, irrevocable years,
Period of manhood's prime!

O'er thee I shed sad but unprofitable tears—
Lapse of returnless time.

Oh! I have cast away, like so much worthless
dross,

Hours of most precious ore—
Blessed hours I could have coined for heaven,
your loss

Forever I'll deplore!

Contrite I kneel, O God inscrutable, to thee,
High heaven's immortal King!

Thou gavest me a soul that to thy bosom free
Might soar on seraph wing:

My mind with gifts and grace thy bounty had
endowed

To cherish Thee alone—
Those gifts I have abused, this heart I have
allowed
Its Maker to disown.

But from his wanderings reclaimed, with full,
with throbbing heart

Thy truant has returned:
Oh! be the idol and the hour that led him to
depart

From Thee, forever mourned.
If I have dwelt remote, if I have loved the tents
of guilt—

To thy fond arms restored,
Here let me die! On whom can my eternal
hopes be built,
SAVE UPON THEE, O LORD!

Odes of Horace.

Horace, in one small volume, shows us what it is
To blend together every kind of talent;—
'Tis a bazaar for all sorts of commodities,
To suit the grave, the sad, the brave, the gallant;
He deals in songs and "sermons," whims and oddities
By turns is philosophic and pot-vallant,
And not unfrequently with sarcasm slaughters
The vulgar insolence of cockcomb authors.

ODE I.—TO MECÆNAS.

"Mecænas! atavis edito regibus," etc.

MY FRIEND and PATRON, in whose veins runneth
right royal blood,

Give but to some the HIPPODROME, the car, the
prancing stud,

Clouds of Olympic dust—then mark what ecstasy
of soul

Their bosom feels, as the rapt wheels glowing
have grazed the goal.

Talk not to them of diadem or sceptre, save the
whip—

A branch of palm can raise them to the gods'
companionship.

And there be some, my friend, for whom the
crowd's applause is food,

Who pine without the hollow shout of Rome's
mad multitude;

Others, whose giant greediness whole provinces
would drain—

Their sole pursuit to gorge and glut huge gran-
aries with grain.

Yon homely hind, calmly resigned his narrow
farm to plod,
Seek not with ASIA's wealth to wean from his
paternal sod :
Ye can't prevail! no varnished tale that simple
swain will urge,
In galley built of CYPRUS oak, to plough th'
EGEAN surge.

Your merchant-mariner, who sighs for fields and
quiet home,
While o'er the main the hurricane howls round
his path of foam,
Will make, I trow, full many a vow, the deep
for aye t' eschew.
He lands—what then? Pelf prompts again—
his ship 's afloat anew!

Soft Leisure hath its votaries, whose bliss it is to
bask
In summer's ray the live-long day, quaffing a
mellow flask
Under the green-wood tree, or where, but newly
born as yet,
Religion guards the cradle of the infant rivulet.

Some love the camp, the horseman's tramp, the
clarion's voice; aghast
Pale mothers hear the trumpeter, and loathe the
murderous blast.

Lo! under wintry skies his game the Hunter
still pursues;
And, while his bonny bride with tears her lonely
bed bedews,
He for his antlered foe looks out, or tracks the
forest whence
Broke the wild boar, whose daring tusk levelled
the fragile fence.

THEE the pursuits of learning claim—a claim the
gods allow;
Thine is the ivy coronal that decks the scholar's
brow:

ME in the woods' deep solitudes the Nymphs a
client count,
The dancing FAUN on the green lawn, the NAIAD
of the fount.
For me her lute (sweet attribute!) let POLYHYM-
NIA sweep;

For me, oh! let the flageolet breathe from Eu-
TERPE's lip;
Give but to me of poesy the lyric wreath, and
then
Th' immortal halls of bliss won't hold a prouder
denizen.

ODE II.

"Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ Grandinis," etc.

SINCE Jove decreed in storms to vent
The winter of his discontent,
Thundering o'er ROME impenitent
With red right hand,
The flood-gates of the firmament,
Have drenched the land!

Terror hath seized the minds of men,
Who deemed the days had come again
When PROTEUS led, up mount and glen,
And verdant lawn,
Of teeming ocean's darksome den
The monstrous spawn.

When PYRRHA saw the ringdove's nest
Harbor a strange unbidden guest,
And, by the deluge dispossessed
Of glade and grove
Deers down the tide, with antlered crest,
Affrighted drove.

WE saw the yellow TIBER, sped
Back to his Tuscan fountain-head,
O'erwhelm the sacred and the dead
In one fell doom,
And VESTA's pile in ruins spread,
And NUMA's tomb.

Dreaming of days that once had been,
He deemed that wild disastrous scene
Might soothe his ILLA, injured queen!
And comfort give her,
Reckless though Jove should intervene,
Uxorious river!

Our sons will ask, why men of Rome
Drew against kindred, friends, and hom
Swords that a Persian hecatomb
Might best imbue—

Sons, by their fathers' feuds become
Feeble and few!

Whom can our country call in aid?
Where must the patriot's vow be paid?
With orisons shall vestal maid
Fatigue the skies?
Or will not VESTA's frown upbraid
Her votaries?

Augur APOLLO! shall we kneel
To THEE, and for our commonweal
With humbled consciousness appeal?
Oh, quell the storm!
Come, though a silver vapor veil
Thy radiant form!

Will VENUS from Mount ERYX stoop,
And to our succor hie, with troop
Of laughing GRACES, and a group
Of Cupids round her?
Or comest THOU with wild war-whoop,
Dread MARS! our FOUNDER!

Whose voice so long bade peace avaunt;
Whose war-dogs still for slaughter pant;
The tented field thy chosen haunt,
Thy child the ROMAN,
Fierce legioner, whose visage gaunt
Scowls on the foeman.

Or hath young HERMES, MAIA's son,
The graceful guise and form put on
Of thee, AUGUSTUS? and begun
(Celestial stranger!)
To wear the name which THOU hast won—
"CÆSAR'S AVENGER?"

Blessed be the days of thy sojourn,
Distant the hour when ROME shall mourn
The fatal sight of thy return
To Heaven again,
Forced by a guilty age to spurn
The haunts of men.

Rather remain, beloved, adored,
Since ROME, reliant on thy sword,
To thee of JULIUS hath restored
The rich reversion;
Baffle ASSYRIA's hovering horde,
And smite the PERSIAN!

ODE 'II.—TO THE SHIP BEARING VIRGIL TO GREECE.

"Sic te diva potens," etc.

MAY Love's own planet guide thee o'er the
wave!

Brightly aloft
HELEN's star-brother's twinkling,
And ÆOLUS chain all his children, save
A west-wind soft
Thy liquid pathway wrinkling,
Galley! to whom we trust, on thy parole,
Our VIRGIL—mark
Thou bear him in thy bosom
Safe to the land of GREECE; for half my soul,
O gallant bark!
Were lost if I should lose him.

A breast of bronze full sure, and ribs of oak,
Where his who first
Defied the tempest-demon;
Dared in a fragile skiff the blast provoke,
And boldly burst
Forth on the deep a Seaman!
Whom no conflicting hurricanes could daunt,
Nor BOREAS chill,
Nor weeping HYADS sadden,
E'en on yon gulf, whose lord, the loud LEVANT,
Can calm at will,
Or to wild frenzy madden.

What dismal form must Death put on for him
Whose cold eye mocks
The dark deep's huge indwellers!
Who calm athwart the billows sees the grim
CERAUNIAN rocks,
Of wail and woe tale-tellers!—
Though Providence poured out its ocean-flood,
Whose broad expanse
Might land from land dis sever,
Careering o'er the waters, Man withstood
Jove's ordinance
With impious endeavor.

The human breast, with bold aspirings fraught,
Throbs thus unawed,
Untamed, and unquiescent,
Fire from the skies a son of Japbet brought,
And, fatal fraud!
Made earth a guilty present.
Scarce was the spark snatched from the bright
abode,

When round us straight
 A ghastly phalanx thickened—
Fever and Palsy; and grim Death, who strode
 With tardy gait
 Far off,—his coming quickened.

Wafted on daring art's fictitious plume,
 The Cretan rose,
 And waved his wizard pinions;
 Downwards Alcides pierced the realms of gloom,
 Where darkly flows
 Styx, through the dead's dominions.
 Naught is beyond our reach, beyond our scope,
 And heaven's high laws
 Still fail to keep us under;
 How can our unrepenting malice hope
 Respite or pause
 From Jove's avenging thunder?

ODE IV.

"*Solvitur acris hyems,*" etc.

Now Winter melts beneath
 Spring's genial breath,
 And Zephyr
 Back to the water yields
 The stranded bark—back to the fields
 The stabled heifer—
 And the gay rural scene
 The shepherd's foot can wean,
 Forth from his homely hearth, to tread the
 meadows green.

Now Venus loves to group
 Her merry troop
 Of maidens,
 Who, while the moon peeps out,
 Dance with the Graces round about
 Their queen in cadence;
 While far, 'mid fire and noise,
 Vulcan his forge employs,
 Where Cyclops grim aloft their ponderous sledges
 poise.

Now maids, with myrtle-bough,
 Garland their brow—
 Each forehead
 Shining with flow'rets decked;
 While the glad earth, by frost unchecked,

Buds out all florid;—
 Now let the knife devote,
 In some still grove remote,
 A victim-lamb to Faun; or, should he list, a
 goat.

Death, with impartial foot,
 Knocks at the hut;
 The lowly
 As the most princely gate.
 O favored friend! on life's brief date
 To count were folly;
 Soon shall, in vapors dark,
 Quenched be thy vital spark,
 And thou, a silent ghost, for Pluto's land em-
 bark?

Where at no gay repast,
 By dice's cast
 King chosen,
 Wine-laws shalt thou enforce,
 But weep o'er joy and love's warm source
 Forever frozen;
 And tender Lydia lost,
 Of all the town the toast,
 Who then, when thou art gone, will fire al
 bosoms most!

ODE V.—PYRRHA'S INCONSTANCY.

"*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa,*" etc.

PYRRHA, who now, mayhap,
 Pours on thy perfumed lap
 With rosy wreath, fair youth, his fond addresses!
 Within thy charming groat,
 For whom, in gay love-knot,
 Playfully dost thou bind thy yellow tresses?

So simple in thy neatness!
 Alas! that so much sweetness
 Should prelude prove to disillusion painful!
 He shall bewail too late
 His sadly altered fate,
 Chilled by thy mien, repellant and disdainful.

Who now, to fondness prone,
 Deeming thee all his own,
 Revels in golden dreams of favors boundless;
 So bright thy beauty glows,

Still fascinating those
Who've yet to learn all trust in thee is ground-
less.

I the false light forswear,
A shipwrecked mariner,
Who hangs the painted story of his suffering
Aloft o'er Neptune's shrine;
There shall I hang up mine,
And of my dripping robes the votive offering!

ODE VI.

"Scriberis Vario," etc.

AGRIPPA! seek a loftier bard; nor ask
Horace to twine in songs
The double wreath, due to a victor's casque
From land and ocean: such Homeric task
To Varius belongs.

Our lowly lyre no fitting music hath,
And in despair dismisses
The epic splendors of "Achilles' wrath,"
Or the "dread line of Pelops," or the "path
Of billow-borne Ulysses."

The record of the deeds at Actium wrought
So far transcends our talent—
Vain were the wish! wild the presumptuous
thought!
To sing how Cæsar, how Agrippa, fought—
Both foremost 'mid the gallant!

The *God of War* in adamant mail;
Merion, gaunt and grim;
Pallas in aid; while Troy's battalions quail,
Scared by the lance of Diomed . . . must fail
To figure in our hymn.

Ours is the banquet-song's light-hearted strain,
Roses our only laurel,
The progress of a love-suit our campaign,
Our only scars the gashes that remain
When romping lovers quarrel.

ODE VII.—TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

"Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon."

RHODES, Ephesus, or Mitylene,
Or Thessaly's fair valley,
Or Corinth, placed two gulfs atween,
Delphi, or Thebes, suggest the scene
Where some would choose to dally;
Others in praise of Athens launch,
And poets lyric
Grace, with Minerva's olive branch
Their panegyric.

To Juno's city some would roam—
Argos—of steeds productive;
In rich Mycenæ make their home,
Or find Larissa pleasant some,
Or Sparta deem seductive;
Me Tibur's grove charms more than all
The brook's bright bosom,
And o'er loud Anio's waterfall
Fruit-trees in blossom.

Plancus! do blasts forever sweep
Athwart the welkin rancored?
Friend! do the clouds forever weep?—
Then cheer thee, and thy sorrows deep
Drown in a flowing tankard:
Whether "the camp! the field! the sword"
Be still thy motto,
Or Tibur to thy choice afford
A sheltered grotto.

When Teucer from his father's frown
For exile 'parted,
Wreathing his brow with poplar crown,
In wine he bade his comrades drown
Their woes light-hearted;
And thus he cried, Whate'er betide,
Hope shall not leave me:
The home a father hath denied
Let Fortune give me!

Who doubts or dreads if Teucer lead?
Hath not Apollo
A new-found *Salamis* decreed,
Old Fatherland shall supersede?
Then fearless follow.
Ye who could bear ten years your share
Of toil and slaughter,
Drink! for our sail to-morrow's gale
Wafts o'er the water.

ODE VIII.

"Lydia, dic per omnes," etc.

ENCHANTING Lydia! prithee,
 By all the gods that see thee,
 Pray tell me this Must Sybaris
 Perish, enamored with thee?
 Lo! wrapped as in a trance, he
 Whose hardy youth could fancy
 Each manly feat, dreads dust and heat,
 All through thy necromancy!

Why rides he never, tell us,
 Accounted like his fellows,
 For curb and whip, and horsemanship,
 And martial bearing zealous?
 Why hangs he back, demurient
 To breast the Tiber's current,
 From wrestlers' oil, as from the coil
 Of poisonous snake, abhorrent?

No more with iron rigor
 Rude armor-marks disfigure
 His pliant limbs, but languor dims
 His eye and wastes his vigor.
 Gone is the youth's ambition
 To give the lance emission,
 Or hurl adroit the circling quoit
 In gallant competition.

And his embowered retreat is
 Like where the Son of Thetis
 Lurked undivulged, while he indulged
 A mother's soft entreaties,
 Robed as a Grecian girl,
 Lest soldier-like apparel
 Might raise a flame, and his kindling frame
 Through the ranks of slaughter whirl.

ODE IX.

*"Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
 Socrate," etc.*

SEE how the winter blanches
 Soracté's giant brow!
 Hear how the forest-branches
 Groan for the weight of snow!
 While the fixed ice impanels
 Rivers within their channels.

Out with the frost! expel her!
 Pile up the fuel-block,
 And from thy hoary cellar
 Produce a Sabine crock:
 O Thaliarek! remember
 It count a fourth December.

Give to the gods the guidance
 Of earth's arrangements. List!
 The blasts at their high biddance
 From the vexed deep desist,
 Nor 'mid the cypress riot;
 And the old elms are quiet.

Enjoy, without foreboding,
 Life as the moments run;
 Away with Care corroding,
 Youth of my soul! nor shun
 Love, for whose smile thou'rt suited;
 And 'mid the dancers foot it.

While youth's hour lasts, beguile it;
 Follow the field, the camp,
 Each manly sport, till twilight
 Brings on the vesper-lamp;
 Then let thy loved one lisp her
 Fond feelings in a whisper.

Or in a nook hide furtive,
 Till by her laugh betrayed,
 And drawn, with struggle sportive,
 Forth from her ambuscade;
 Bracelet or ring th' offender
 In forfeit sweet surrender!

ODE X.—HYMN TO MERCURY.

"Mercuri facunde Nepos Atlantis," etc.

PERSUASIVE Hermes! Afric's son!
 Who—scarce had human life begun—
 Amid our rude forefathers shone
 With arts instructive,
 And man to new refinement won
 With grace seductive.

Herald of Jove, and of his court,
 The lyre's inventor and support,
 Genius! that can at will resort
 To glorious cunning;

Both gods and men in furtive sport
And wit outrunning!

You, when a child the woods amid,
Apollo's kine drew off and hid;
And when the god with menace bid
The spoil deliver,
Forced him to smile—for, while he chid,
You stole his quiver!

The night old Priam sorrowing went,
With gold through many a Grecian tent,
And many a foeman's watchfire, bent
To ransom Hector,
In you he found a provident
Guide and protector.

Where bloom Elysium's groves beyond
Death's portals and the Stygian pond,
You guide the ghosts with golden wand,
Whose special charm is
That Jove and Pluto both are fond
Alike of Hermes!

ODE XI.—AD LEUCONOE.

"Tu ne quaesieris," etc.

Love, mine! seek not to grope
Through the dark windings of Chaldean witchery,
To learn your horoscope,
Or mine, from vile adepts in fraud and treachery,
My Leuconœ! shun
Those sons of Babylon.

Far better 'twere to wait,
Calmly resigned, the destined hour's maturity,
Whether our life's brief date
This winter close, or, through a long futurity,
For us the sea still roar
On yon Tyrrenean shore.

Let Wisdom fill the cup;—
Vain hopes of lengthened days and years felicitous

Folly may treasure up;
Ours be the day that passeth—unsollicitous
Of what the next may bring.
Time flieth as we sing!

ODE XII.—A PRAYER FOR AUGUSTUS.

"Quem virum aut heroa."

AIR—"Sublime was the warning."

NAME Olio, the man! or the god—for whose
sake
The lyre, or the clarion, loud echoes shall wake
On thy favorite hill, or in Helicon's grove?
Whence forests have followed the wizard of Thrace,
When rivers enraptured suspended their race,
When the ears were vouchsafed to the obdurate
oak,
And the blasts of mount Hæmus bowed down to
the yoke
Of the magical minstrel, grandson of Jove.

First to Him raise the song! whose parental control
Men and gods feel alike; whom the waves, as
they roll—
Whom the earth, and the stars, and the seasons
obey,
Unapproached in his godhead; majestic alone,
Though Pallas may stand on the steps of his
throne,
Though huntress Diana may challenge a shrine
And worship be due to the god of the vine,
And to archer Apollo, bright giver of day.

Shall we next sing Alcides? or Leda's twin-
lights—
Him the Horseman, or him whom the Cestus
delights?
Both shining aloft, by the seaman adored;
(For he kens that their rising the clouds can
dispel,
Dash the foam from the rock, and the hurricane
quell.)—
Of Romulus next shall the claim be allowed?
Of Numa the peaceful? of Tarquin the proud?
Of Cato, whose fall hath ennobled his sword?

Shall Scaurus, shall Regulus fruitlessly crave
Honour due? shall the Consul, who prodigal gave
His life-blood on Cannæ's disastrous plain?
Camillus? or he whom a king could not tempt?
Stern Poverty's children, unfashioned, unkempt.
The fame of Marcellus grows yet in the shade,
But the meteor of Julius beams over his head,
Like the moon that outshines all the stars in
her train!

Great Deity, guardian of men ! unto whom
We commend, in Augustus, the fortunes of Rome,
REIGN FOR EVER ! but guard *his* subordinate
throne.

Be it his—of the Parthian each inroad to check ;
Of the Indian, in triumph, to trample the neck ;
To rule all the nations of earth ;—be it Jove's
To exterminate guilt from the god's hallowed
groves,

Be the bolt and the chariot of thunder THINE
own !

ODE XIII.—THE POET'S JEALOUSY.

"Quam tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam," etc.

LYDIA, when you tauntingly
Talk of Telephus, praising him
For his beauty, vauntingly
Far beyond me raising him,
His rosy neck, and arms of alabaster,
My rage I scarce can master !

Pale and faint with dizziness,
All my features presently
Paint my soul's uneasiness ;
Tears, big tears, incessantly
Steal down my cheeks, and tell in what fierce
fashion

My bosom burns with passion.

'Sdeath ! to trace the evidence
Of your gay deceitfulness,
Mid the cup's improvidence,
'Mid the feast's forgetfulness,
To trace, where lips and ivory shoulders pay
for it,
The kiss of your young favorite !

Deem not vainly credulous,
Such wild transports durable,
Or that fond and sedulous
Love is thus procurable :
Though Venus drench the kiss with her quint-
essence,
Its nectar Time soon lessens.

But where meet (thrice fortunate !)
Kindred hearts and suitable,
Strife comes ne'er importunate,
Love remains immutable ;
On to the close they glide, 'mid scenes Elysian,
Through life's delightful vision !

ODE XIV.—TO THE VESSEL OF THE STATE.— AN ALLEGORY.

AD REMPUBLICAM.

WHAT fresh perdition urges,
Galley ! thy darksome track,
Once more upon the surges ?
Hie to the haven back !
Doth not the lightning show thee
Thou hast got none to row thee ?

Is not thy mainmast shattered ?
Hath not the boisterous south
Thy yards and rigging scattered ?
In dishabille uncouth,
How canst thou hope to weather
The storms that round thee gather ?

Rent are the sails that decked thee ;
Deaf are thy gods become,
Though summoned to protect thee,
Though sued to save thee from
The fate thou most abhorrest,
Proud daughter of the forest !

Thy vanity would vaunt us,
Yon richly pictured poop
Pine-timbers from the Pontus ;
Fear lest, in one fell swoop,
Paint, pride, and pine-trees hollow,
The scoffing whirlpool swallow !

I've watched thee, sad and pensive,
Source of my recent cares !
Oh, wisely apprehensive,
Venture not unawares
Where Greece spreads out her seas,
Beggemmed with Cyclades !

ODE XV.—THE SEA-GOD'S WARNING TO PARIS.

"Pastor cum traheret," etc.

As the Shepherd of Troy, wafting over the deep
Sad Perfidy's freightage, bore Helen along,
Old Nereus uprose, hushed the breezes to sleep,
And the secrets of doom thus revealed in his
song.

Ah ! homeward thou bringest, with omen of
dread,

One whom Greece will reclaim!—for her
millions have sworn
Not to rest till they tear the false bride from
thy bed,
Or till Priam's old throne their revenge over-
turn.

See the struggle! how foam covers horsemen
and steeds!

See thy Ilion consigned to the bloodiest of
sieges!

Mark, arrayed in her helmet, Minerva, who
speeds

To prepare for the battle her car and her
ægis!

Too fondly thou deemest that Venus will vouch
For a life which thou spendest in trimming
thy curls,

Or, in tuning, reclined on an indolent couch,
An effeminate lyre to an audience of girls.

Though awhile in voluptuous pastime employed,
Far away from the contest, the truant of lust
May baffle the bowman, and Ajax avoid,
Thy adulterous ringlets are doomed to the
dust!

See'st thou him of Ithica, scourge of thy race?
Gallant Teucer of Salamis? Nestor the wise?
Now, urging his car on thy cowardly trace,
Swift Sthenelus poises his lance as he flies!

Swift Sthenelus, Diomed's brave charioteer,
Accomplished in combat like Merion the
Cretan,
Fierce, towering aloft see his master appear,
Of a breed that in battle has never been beaten.

Whom thou, like a fawn, when a wolf in the
valley
The delicate pasture compels him to leave,
Wilt fly, faint and breathless—though flight
may not tally
With all thy beloved heard thee boast to
achieve.

Achilles, retired in his angry pavilion,
Shall cause a short respite to Troy and her
games;
Yet a few winters more, and the turrets of Ilion
Must sink 'mid the roar o' retributive flames!

ODE XVI.—THE SATIRIST'S RECANTATION.

PALINODIA AD TYNDARIDEM.

BLESSED with a charming mother, yet,
Thou still more fascinating daughter!
Prythee my vile lampoons forget—
Give to the flames the libel—let
The satire sink in Adria's water!

Not Cybele's most solemn rites,
Cymbals of brass and spells of magic;
Apollo's priest, 'mid Delphic flights;
Or Bacchanal, 'mid fierce delights,
Presents a scene more tragic

Than Anger, when it rules the soul.
Nor fire nor sword can then surmount her
Nor the vexed elements control,
Though Jove himself, from pole to pole,
Thundering rush down to the encounter.

Prometheus—forced to graft, of old,
Upon our stock a foreign scion,
Mixed up—if we be truly told—
With some brute particles, our mould—
Anger he gathered from the lion.

Anger destroyed Thyestes' race,
O'erwhelmed his house in ruin thorough,
And many a lofty city's trace
Caused a proud foeman to efface,
Ploughing the site with hostile furrow.

Oh, be appeased! 'twas rage, in sooth,
First woke my song's satiric tenor;
In wild and unreflecting youth,
Anger inspired the deed uncouth;
But, pardon that foul misdemeanor.

Lady! I swear—my recreant lays
Henceforth to rectify and alter—
To change my tones from blame to praise,
Should your rekindling friendship raise
The spirits of a sad defaulter!

ODE XVII.—AN INVITATION TO HORACE'S
VILLA

AD TYNDARIDEM.

OFT for the hill where ranges
My Sabine flock,
Swift-footed Faun exchanges
Arcadia's rock,
And, tempering summer's ray, forbids
Untoward rain to harm my kids.

And there in happy vagrance,
Roams the she-goat,
Lured by marital fragrance,
Through dells remote;
Of each wild herb and shrub partakes,
Nor fears the coil of lurking snakes.

No prowling wolves alarm her;
Safe from their gripe
While Faun, immortal charmer!
Attunes his pipe,
And down the vale and o'er the hills
Ustica's every echo fills.

The Gods, their bard caressing,
With kindness treat:
They've filled my house with blessing—
My country-seat,
Where Plenty voids her loaded horn,
Fair Tyndaris, pray come adorn!

From Sirius in the zenith,
From summer's glare,
Come, where the valley screeneth,
Come, warble there
Songs of the hero, for whose love
Penelopé and Circé strove.

Nor shall the cup be wanting,
So harmless then,
To grace that hour enchanting
In shady glen.
Nor shall the juice our calm disturb!
Nor aught our sweet emotions curb!

Fear not, my fair one! Cyrus
Shall *not* intrude,
Nor worry thee desirous
Of solitude,
Nor rend thy innocent robe, nor tear
The garland from thy flowing hair.

ODE XVIII.

"Nullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem," etc.

SINCE at Tivoli, Varus, you've fixed upon planting
Round your villa enchanting,
Of all trees, O my friend! let the Vine be the
first.
On no other condition will Jove lend assistance
To keep at a distance
Chagrin, and the cares that accompany thirst.

No one talks after wine about "battles" or
"famine;"
But, if you examine,
The praises of love and good living are rife.
Though once the Centaurs, 'mid potations too
ample,

Left a tragic example
Of a banquet dishonored by bloodshed and strife,

Far removed be such doings from us! Let the
Thracians,
Amid their libations,
Confound all the limits of right and of wrong;
I never will join in their orgies unholy—
I never will sully
The rites that to ivy-crowned Bacchus belong.

Let Cybele silence her priesthood, and calm her
Brass cymbals and clamor;
Away with such outbursts, uproarious and vain!
Displays often followed by Insolence mulish,
And Confidence foolish,
To be seen through and through, like this glass
that I drain.

ODE XIX.—DE GLYCERA.

"Mater Sæva Cupidinum," etc.

Love's unrelenting Queen,
With Bacchus—Theban maid! thy wayward
child
Whene'er I try to wean,
My heart, from vain amours and follies wild,
Is sure to intervene,
Kindling within my breast some passion unfor-
seen.

Glycera's dazzling glance,
That with voluptuous light my vision dims—
The graces that enhance
The Parian marble of her snow-white limbs,
Have left my heart no chance
Against her winning wiles and playful petulance.

Say not that Venus dwells
In distant Cyprus, for she fills my breast,
And from that shrine expels
All other themes: my lyre, by love possessed,
No more with war-notes swells,
Nor sings of Parthian shaft, nor scythian slaughter tells.

Come hither, slaves! and pile
An altar of green turf, and incense burn;
Strew magic vervain, while
I pour libations from a golden urn:
These rites may reconcile
The goddess of fierce love, who yet may deign
to smile.

ODE XX.—“POT-LUCK” WITH HORACE.

AD MÆCENATEM.

SINCE thou, Mæcenas, nothing loath,
Under the bard's roof-tree,
Canst drink rough wine of Sabine growth,
Here stands a jar for thee!—
The Grecian delf I sealed myself,
That year the theatre broke forth,
In tribute to thy sterling worth,

When Rome's glad shout the welkin rent,
Along the Tiber ran,
And rose again, by Echo sent,
Back from Mount Vatican;—
When with delight, O Roman Knight!
Etruria heard her oldest flood
Do homage to her noblest blood.

Wines of Falernian vintage, friend,
Thy princely cellar stock;
Bethink thee, should'st thou condescend
To share a poet's crock,
Its modest shape, Cajeta's grape
Hath never tinged, nor Formia's hill
Deigned with a purple flood to fill.

ODE XXI.—TO THE RISING GENERATION OF
ROME.

AD PUBEM ROMANAM.

Worship Diana, young daughters of Italy!
Youths! sing Æpollo—both children of Jove:
Honor Latona, their mother, who mightily
Triumphed of old in the Thunderer's love.

Maids! sing the Huntress, whose haunts are the
highlands,

Who treads, in a buskin of silvery sheen,
Each forest-crowned summit through Greece and
her highlands,

From dark Erymanthus to Cragus the green.

From Temp's fair valley, by Phœbus frequented,
To Delos his birthplace—the light quiver hung
From his shoulders—the lyre that his brother in-
vented—

Be each shrine by our youth and each attri-
bute sung.

May your prayers to the regions of light find ad-
mittance

On Cæsar's behalf;—and the Deity urge
To drive from our land to the Persians and
Britons,
Of Famine the curse! of Bellona the scourge!

ODE XXII.

AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

ARISTUS! if thou canst secure
A conscience calm, with morals pure,
Look upwards for defence! abjure
All meaner craft—
The bow and quiver of the Moor,
And poisoned shaft.

What though thy perilous path lie traced
O'er burning Afric's boundless waste. . . .
Of rugged Caucasus the guest,
Or doom'd to travel
Where fabulous rivers of the East
Their course unravel! . . .

Under my Sabine woodland shade,
Musing upon my Grecian maid,
Unconsciously of late I strayed
Through glen and meadow,

When, lo! a ravenous wolf, afraid,
Fled from my shadow.

No monster of such magnitude
Lurks in the depth of Daunia's wood,
Or roams through Lybia unsubdued
The land to curse—
Land of a fearful lion-brood
The withered nurse.

Waft me away to deserts wild,
Where vegetation never smiled,
Where sunshine never once beguiled
The dreary day,
But winters upon winters piled
For aye delay.

Place me beneath the torrid zone,
Where man to dwell was never known,
I'd cherish still one thought alone,
Maid of my choice!
The smile of thy sweet lip—the tone
Of thy sweet voice!

ODE XXIII.—A REMONSTRANCE TO CHLOE THE
BASHFUL.

"Vitas hinnuleo," etc.

WHY wilt thou, Chloe, fly me thus?
The yearling kid
Is not more shy and timorous,
Our woods amid,
Seeking her dam o'er glen and hill,
While all her frame vain terrors thrill.

Should a green lizard chance to stir
Beneath the bush—
Should Zephyr through the mountain-fir
Disporting gush—
With sudden fright behold her start,
With trembling knees and throbbing heart.

And canst thou think me, maiden fair!
A tiger grim?
A Lybian lion, bent to tear
Thee limb by limb?
Still canst thou haunt thy mother's shade,
Ripe for a husband, blooming maid?

ODE XXIV.—TO VIRGIL.—A CONSOLATORY
ADDRESS.

AD VIRGILIUM. DEPLET QUINTILII MORTEM.

WHY check the full outburst of sorrow? Why
blush
To weep for the friend we adored?
Raise the voice of lament! let the swollen tear
gush!
Bemoan thee, Melpomene, loudly! nor hush
The sound of thy lute's liquid chord!

For low lies Quintilius, tranced in that sleep
That issue hath none, nor sequel.
Let Candor, with all her white sisterhood, weep—
Truth, Meekness, and Justice, his memory keep—
For when shall they find his equal?

Though the wise and the good may bewail him,
yet none
O'er his clay sheds the tear more truly
Than you, beloved Virgil! You deemed him
your own:
You mourn his companionship.—'Twas but a
loan,
Which the gods have withdrawn unduly.

Yet not though Eurydice's lover had left
Thee a legacy, friend, of his song!
Couldst thou warm the cold image of life-blood
bereft,
Or force death, who robbed thee, to render the
theft,
Or bring back his shade from the throng,

Which Mercury guides with imperative wand,
To the banks of the fatal ferry.—
'Tis hard to endure;—but 'tis wrong to despond:
For patience may deaden the blow, though be-
yond
Thy power, my friend, to parry.

ODE XXVI.—FRIENDSHIP AND POETRY THE
BEST ANTIDOTES TO SORROW.

MUSIS AMICIS.—ANNO AB U. C. MDCCXXX.

AIR—"Fill the bumper fair."

SADNESS—I who live
Devoted to the Muses,

To the wild wind give,
 To waft where'er it chooses;
 Deigning not to care
 What savage chief be chosen
 To reign beneath "the Bear,"
 O'er the fields forever frozen.

Let Tiridates rue
 The march of Roman legions,
 While I my path pursue
 Through poesy's calm regions—
 Bidding the Muse, who drinks
 From the fountains unpolluted,
 To weave with flowery links
 A wreath, to Friendship suited,

For gentle Lamia's brow.—
 O Muse melodious! sweetly
 Echo his praise; for thou
 Alone canst praise him fitly.
 For him thy Lesbian shell
 With strings refurnish newly,
 And let thy sisters swell
 The jocund chorus duly.
 Sadness—I who live devoted, etc.

ODE XXVII.—A BANQUET-SCENE. TOAST AND
 SENTIMENT.

AD SODALES.

To make a weapon of joy's cup, my friends,
 Is a vile Thracian custom;
 Shame on such practices!—they mar the ends
 Of calm and kindly Bacchus. Bloodshed tends
 To sadden and disgust him.

Here, 'mid the bowls, what business hath the
 sword?

Come, sheathe yon Persian dagger;
 Let the bright lamp shine on a quiet board;
 Recline in peace—these hours we can't afford
 For brawling, sound, and swagger.

Say, shall your chairman fill his cup, and drain
 Of brimming bowls another?
 Then, first, a TOAST his mandate shall obtain;
 He'll know the nymph whose witcheries enchain
 The fair Megilla's brother

What! silent thus? Dost fear to name aloud
 The girl of thy affection?
 Youth! let thy choice be candidly avowed;
 Thou hast a delicate taste, and art allowed
 Some talent for selection.
 Yet, if the loud confession thou wilt shun,
 To my safe ear discover
 Thy cherished secret. . . . Ah, thou art undone!
 What! *she*? How little such a heartless one
 Deserves so fond a lover!

What fiend, what Thracian witch, deaf to re-
 morse,
 Hath brewed thy dire love-potion!
 Scarce could the hero of the winged horse
 Effect thy rescue, or—to free thee—force
 That dragon of the ocean!

ODE XXIX.—THE SAGE TURNED SOLDIER.

AD IOCIUM.

AIR—"One bumper at parting."

THE trophies of war, and the plunder,
 Have fired a philosopher's breast—
 So, Iccius, you march ('mid the wonder
 Of all) for Arabia the blessed.
 Full sure, when 'tis told to the Persian,
 That *you* have abandoned your home,
 He'll feel the full force of coercion,
 And strike to the banners of Rome!

What chief shall you vanquish and fetter?
 What captive shall call you her lord?
 How soon may the maiden forget her
 Betrothed, hewn down by your sword?
 What stripling has fancy appointed,
 From all that their palaces hold,
 To serve you with ringlets anointed,
 And hand you the goblet of gold?

His arts to your pastime contribute,
 His foreign accomplishments show,
 And, taught by his parent, exhibit
 His dexterous use of the bow.—
 Who doubts that the Tiber, in choler,
 May, bursting all barriers and bars,
 Flow back to its source, when a scholar
 Deserts to the standard of Mars?

When *you*, the reserved and the prudent,
 Whom Socrates hoped to engage,
 Can merge in the soldier the student,
 And mar thus an *embryo* sage—
 Bid the visions of science to vanish,
 And barter yon erudite hoard
 Of volumes from Greece for a Spanish
 Cuirass, and the pen for a sword !

ODE XXX.—THE DEDICATION OF GLYCERA'S
 CHAPEL.

AD VENEREM.

AIR—" *The Boyne water.*"

O VENUS! Queen of Cyprus isle,
 Of Paphos and of Gnidus,
 Hie from thy favorite haunts awhile,
 And make abode amid us ;
 Glycera's altar for thee smokes,
 With frankincense sweet-smelling—
 Thee, while the charming maid invokes,
 Hie to her lovely dwelling!

Let yon bright Boy, whose hand hath grasped
 Loves blazing torch, precede thee,
 While gliding on, with zone unclasped,
 The sister Graces lead thee :
 Nor be thy Nymph-attendants missed :
 Nor can it harm thy court, if
 Hebe the youthful swell thy list,
 With Mercury the sportive.

ODE XXXI.—THE DEDICATION OF APOLLO'S
 TEMPLE.

AD APOLLINEM.—ANNO AB U. C. DCCXXVI.

AIR—" *Lesbia hath a beaming eye.*"

WHEN the bard in worship, low
 Bends before his liege Apollo,
 While the red libations flow
 From the goblet's golden hollow,
 Can ye guess his orison ?
 Can it be for "grain" he asketh—
 Mellow grain, that in the sun
 O'er Sardinia's bosom basketh !

No, no! The fattest herd of kine
 That o'er Calabrian pasture ranges—
 The wealth of India's richest mine—
 The ivory of the distant Ganges?
 No—these be not the poet's dream—
 Nor acres broad to roam at large in,
 Where lazy Liris, silent stream,
 Slow undermines the meadow's margin.

The landlord of a wide domain
 May gather his Campanian vintage,
 The venturous trader count his gain—
 I covet not his rich percentage ;
 When for the merchandise he sold
 He gets the balance he relied on,
 Pleased let him toast, in cups of gold,
 "Free intercourse with Tyre and Sidon !"

Each year upon the watery waste,
 Let him provoke the fierce Atlantic
 Four separate times— . . . I have no taste
 For speculation so gigantic.
 The gods are kind, the gain superb ;
 But, haply, I can feast in quiet
 On salad of some homely herb,
 On frugal fruit and olive diet.

On, let Latona's son but please
 To guarantee me health's enjoyment!
 The goods he gave—the faculties
 Of which he claims the full employment ;
 Let me live on to good old age,
 No deed of shame my pillow haunting,
 Calm to the last, the closing stage
 Of life :—nor let the lyre be wanting.

ODE XXXII.—AN OCCASIONAL PRELUDE
 THE POET TO HIS SONGS.

AD LYRAM.

AIR—" *Dear harp of my country.*"

THEY have called for a lay that for ages abiding,
 Bids Echo its music through years to prolong ;
 Then wake, Latin lyre! Since my country takes
 pride in
 Thy wild native harmony, wake to my song

'Twas Alcæus, a minstrel of Greece, who first
 married
 The tones of the voice to the thrill of the
 chord;
 O'er the waves of the sea the loved symbol he
 carried,
 Nor relinquished the lyre though he wielded
 the sword.

Gay Bacchus, the Muses, with Cupid he chanted
 —The boy who accompanies Venus the fair—
 And he told o'er again how for Lyca he panted,
 With her bonny black eyes and her dark
 flowing hair.

'Tis the pride of Apollo—he glories to rank it,
 Amid his bright attributes, foremost of all:
 'Tis the solace of life! Even Jove to his banquet
 Invites thee!—O lyre! ever wake to my call.

ODE XXXIV.—THE POET'S CONVERSION.

AD SEIPSUM.

I, WHOM the Gods had found a client,
 Rarely with pious rites compliant,
 At Unbelief disposed to nibble,
 And pleased with every sophist quibble—
 I, who had deemed great Jove a phantom,
 Now own my errors, and RECENT 'em!

Have I not lived of late to witness,
 Athwart a sky of passing brightness,
 The God, upon his car of thunder,
 Cleave the calm elements asunder?
 And, through the firmament careering,
 Level his bolts with aim unerring?

Then trembled Earth with sudden shiver;
 Then quaked with fear each mount and river;
 Tuned at the blow, Hell reeled a minute,
 With all the darksome caves within it;
 And Atlas seemed as he would totter
 Beneath his load of land and water!

Yes! of a God I hail the guidance;
 The proud are humble at his biddance;
 Fortune, his handmaid, now uplifting
 Monarchs, and now the sceptre shifting,
 With equal proof HIS power evinces,
 Whether she raise or ruin Princes.

ODE XXXV.—AN ADDRESS TO FORTUNE.

AD FORTUNAM.

FORTUNE, whose pillared temple crowns
 Cape Antium's jutting cliff,
 Whose smiles confer success, whose frowns
 Can change our triumphs brief
 To funerals—for life both lie at
 The mercy of thy sovereign fiat.

THEE, Goddess! in his fervent prayers,
 Fondly the frugal farmer courts;
 The mariner, before he dares
 Unmoor his bark, to THEE resorts—
 That thy kind favor may continue,
 To bless his voyage to Bithynia.

Rude Dacia's clans, wild Scythia's hordes—
 Abroad—at home—all worship THEE!
 And mothers of barbarian Lords,
 And purpled tyrants, bend the knee
 Before thy shrine, O Maid! who seemest
 To rule mankind with power supremest.

Lest THOU their statue's pillared pride
 Dash to the dust with scornful foot—
 Lest Tumult, bent on regicide,
 Their ancient dynasty uproot;
 When maddened crowds, with Fiends to lead
 'em,
 Wreck empires in the name of freedom!

THEE stern Necessity leads on,
 Loaded with attributes of awe!
 And grasping, grim automaton,
 Bronze wedges in his iron claw,
 Prepared with sledge to drive the bolt in,
 And seal it fast with lead that's molten.

Thee Hope adores. In snow-white vest,
 Fidelity (though seldom found)
 Clings to her liege, and loves him best,
 When dangers threat and ills surround;
 Prizing him poor, despoiled, imprisoned,
 More than with gold and gems bedizened.

Not so the fickle crowd! Not so
 The purchased Beauty, sure to fly
 Where all our boon companions go,
 Soon as the cask of joy runs dry:
 Round us the Spring and Summer brought ~~and~~—
 They leave us at the close of Autumn!

THE PRAYER.

Goddess! defend, from dole and harm,
 Cæsar, who speeds to Britain's camp!
 And waft, of Rome's glad youth, the swarm
 Safe to where first Apollo's lamp
 Shines in the East—the brave whose fate is
 To war upon thy banks, Euphrates!

Oh! let our country's tears expunge
 From history's page those years abhorred,
 When Roman hands could reckless plunge,
 Deep in a brother's heart, the sword;
 When Guilt stalked forth, with aspect hideous,
 With every crime and deed perfidious;

When Sacrilege and Frenzy urged
 To violate each hallowed fane.—
 Oh! that our falchions were reformed,
 And purified from sin and shame;—
 Then—turned against th' Assyrian foeman—
 Baptized in exploits truly Roman!

ODE XXXVI —A WELCOME TO NUMIDA.

AD PLOTIUM NUMIDAM.

Burn frankincense! blow life
 A merry note!—and quick devote
 A victim to the knife,

To thank the guardian powers
 Who led from Spain—home once again
 This gallant friend of ours.

Dear to us all; yet *one*
 Can fairly boast—his friendship most:
 Oh, *him* he doats upon!

The gentle Lamia, whom,
 Long used to share—each schoolday care,
 He loved in boyhood's bloom.

One day on both conferred
 The garb of men—this day, again
 Let a "white chalk" record.

Then send the wine-jar round,
 And blithely keep—the "Salian" step
 With many a mirthful bound.

ODE XXXVII.—THE DEFEAT OF CLEOPATRA,

A JOYFUL BALLAD

"AD SODALES."

Now, comrades, drink
 Full bumpers, undiluted!
 Now, dancers, link
 Firm hands, and freely foot it!
 Now let the priests,
 Mindful of Numa's ritual,
 Spread victim-feasts,
 And keep the rites habitual!

Till now, 't was wrong
 T' unlock th' ancestral cellar,
 Where dormant long
 Bacchus remained a dweller;
 While Egypt's queen
 Vowed to erase (foud woman!)
 Rome's walls, and e'en
 The very name of Roman!

Girt with a band
 Of craven-hearted minions,
 Her march she planned
 Through Cæsar's broad dominions!
 With visions sweet
 Of coming conquest flattered;
 When, lo! her fleet
 Agrippa fired and scattered!

While Cæsar left
 Nor time nor space to rally;
 Of all bereft
 —All, save a single galley—
 Fain to escape
 When fate and friends forsook her,
 Of Egypt's grape
 She quaffed the maddening liquor:

And turned her back
 On Italy's fair region;—
 When soars the hawk
 So flies the timid pigeon;
 So flies the hare,
 Pursued by Scythia's hunter,
 O'er fallows bare,
 Athwart the snows of winter.

The die was cast,
 And chains she knew t' await her;—

Queen to the last,
 She spurned the foeman's fetter;
 Nor shelter sought
 In hidden harbors meanly;—
 Nor feared the thought
 Of death—but met it queenly!

Untaught to bend,
 'Calm 'mid a tottering palace—
 'Mid scenes that rend
 Weak woman's bosom, callous—
 Her arm could grasp
 The writhing snake; nor waver,
 While of the asp
 It drank the venomed slaver!

Grim Death unawed
 She hailed with secret rapture,
 Glad to defraud
 Rome's galleys of a capture!
 And, haughty dame,
 Scorning to live, the agent
 Of regal shame,
 To grace a Roman pageant!

ODE XXXVIII.—LAST ODE OF BOOK THE
 FIRST.

AD MINISTRUM. DIRECTIONS FOR SUPPER.

SLAVE! for my feast, in humble grot
 Let Persia's pomps be all forgot;
 With twining garlands worry not
 Thy weary fingers,
 Nor heed in what secluded spot
 The last rose lingers.

Let but a modest myrtle-wreath,
 In graceful guise, our temples sheathe—
 Nor thou nor I aught else herewith
 Can want, I'm thinking.
 Cupbearer thou;—and I, beneath
 The wine-tree drinking.

LIB. II. ODE I.—TO POLLIO ON HIS MEDITA
 TED HISTORY.

AD C. ASINIUM POLLIONEM.

THE story of our civil wars,
 Through all the changes that befell us,
 To chronicle thy pen prepares,
 Dating the record from Metellus;—
 Of parties and of chiefs thy page
 Will paint the leagues, the plans, the forces;
 Follow them through each varied stage,
 And trace the warfare to its sources.

And thou wilt tell of swords still wet
 With unatoned-for blood:—historian,
 Bethink thee of thy risk!... ere yet
 Of Clio thou awake the clarion.
 Think of the tact which Rome requires
 In one who would such deeds unfold her:
 Know that thy tread is upon fires
 Which still beneath the ashes smoulder.

Of Tragedy the weeping Muse
 Awhile in thee may mourn a truant.
 Whom varnished fiction vainly woos,
 Of stern realities pursuant:
 But finish thy laborious task,
 Our annals write with care and candor;
 Then don the buskin and the mask,
 And tread through scenes of tragic grandeur.

Star of the stage! to thee the Law
 Looks for her mildest, best expounder—
 Thee the rapt senate hears with awe,
 Wielding the bolts of patriot thunder—
 Thee Glory found beneath the tent,
 When from a desert wild and horrid,
 Dalmatia back in triumph sent
 Her conqueror, with laurelled forehead!

But, hark! methinks the martial horn
 Gives prelude to thy coming story;
 In fancy's ear shrill trumpets warn
 Of battle-fields, hard fought and gory:
 Fancy hath conjured up the scene,
 And phantom warriors crowd beside her—
 The squadron dight in dazzling sheen—
 The startled steed—th' affrighted rider!

Hark to the shouts that echo loud
 From mighty chieftains, shadowed grimly!

While blood and dust each hero shroud,
 Costume of slaughter—not unseemly :
 Vainly ye struggle, vanquished brave !
 Doomed to see fortune still desert ye,
 Fill all the world lies prostrate, save
 Unconquered Cato's savage virtue !

Juno, who loveth Afric most,
 And each dread tutelary godhead,
 Who guards her black barbaric coast,
 Lybia with Roman gore have flooded :
 While warring thus the sons of those
 Whose prowess could of old subject her,
 Glutting the grudge of ancient foes,
 Fell—but to glad Jugurtha's spectre !

Where be the distant land but drank
 Our Latium's noblest blood in torrents !
 Sad sepulchres, where'er it sank,
 Bear witness to each foul occurrence.
 Rude barbarous tribes have learned to scoff,
 Sure to exult at our undoing ;—
 Persia hath heard with joy, far off,
 The sound of Rome's gigantic ruin !

Point out the gulf on ocean's verge—
 The stream remote, along whose channels
 Hath not been heard the mournful dirge
 That rose throughout our murderous annals—
 Show me the sea—without its tide
 Of blood upon the surface blushing—
 Show me the shore—with blood undyed
 From Roman veins profusely gushing.

But, Muse ! a truce to themes like these—
 Let us strike up some jocund carol ;
 Nor pipe with old Simonides
 Dull solemn strains, morosely moral :
 Teach me a new, a livelier stave—
 And that we may the better chant it,
 Hie with me to the mystic cave,
 Grotto of song ! by Bacchus haunted.

LIB. II. ODE II.—THOUGHTS ON BULLION AND
 THE CURRENCY.

AD CRISPUM SALLUSTIUM.

MY Sallust, say, in days of dearth,
 What is the lazy ingot worth,
 Deep in the bowels of the earth
 Allowed to settle,

Unless a temperate use send forth
 The shining metal ?

Blessings on him whose bounteous hoard
 A brother's ruined house restored—
 Spreading anew the orphan's board,
 With care paternal :
 Murena's fame aloft hath soared
 On wings eternal !

Canst thou command thy lust for gold ?
 Then art thou richer, friend, fourfold,
 Than if thy nod the marts controlled
 Where chiefest trade is—
 The Carthages both "new" and "old,"
 The Nile and Cadiz.

Mark yon hydropic sufferer, still
 Indulging in the draughts that fill
 His bloated frame,—insatiate, till
 Death end the sickly ;
 Unless the latent fount of ill
 Be dried up quickly.

Heed not the vulgar tale that says
 —"He counts calm hours and happy &
 Who from the throne of Cyrus sways
 The Persian sceptre :"
 Wisdom corrects the ill-used phrase—
 And—stern preceptor—

Happy alone proclaimeth them,
 Who with undazzled eye contemn
 The pile of gold, the glittering gem,
 The bribe unholy—
 Palm, laurel-wreath, and diadem,
 Be theirs—theirs solely !

LIB. II. ODE III.—A HOMILY ON DEATH

AD Q. DELLIUM.

THEE, whether Pain assail
 Or Pleasure pamper,
 Dellius—whiche'er prevail—
 Keep thou thy temper ;
 Unwed to boisterous joys, that ne'er
 Can save thee from the sepulchre ;

Death smites the slave to spleen,
 Whose soul repineth,
 And him who on the green,
 Calm sage, reclineth,

Keeping—from grief's intrusion far—
Blithe holiday with festal jar.

Where giant fir, sun-proof,
With poplar blendeth,
And high o'er head a roof
Of boughs extendeth;
While onward runs the crooked rill,
Brisk fugitive, with murmur shrill.

Bring wine, here, on the grass!
Bring perfumes hither!
Bring roses—which, alas!
Too quickly wither—
Ere of our days the spring-tide ebb,
While the dark sisters weave our web.

Soon—should the fatal shear
Cut life's frail fibre—
Broad lands, sweet Villa near
The yellow Tiber,
With all thy chattels rich and rare,
Must travel to a thankless heir.

Be thou the nobly born,
Spoiled child of Fortune—
Be thou the wretch forlorn,
Whom wants importune—
By sufferance thou art here at most,
Till death shall claim his holocaust.

All to the same dark bourne
Plod on together—
Lots from the same dread urn
Leap forth—and, whether
Our's be the first or last, Hell's wave
Yawns for the exiles of the grave.

LIB. II. ODE IV.—CLASSICAL LOVE MATCHES.

"Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori," etc.

"When the heart of a man is oppressed with care,
The mist is dispelled if a woman appear;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises his spirits and charms his ear."

CAPTAIN MACHEATH.

O DEEM not thy love for a captive maid
Doth, Phoeus, the heart of a Roman degrade!
Like the noble Achilles, 'tis simply, simply,
With a "Briseis" thou sharest thy bed.

Ajax of Telamon did the same,
Felt in his bosom a Phrygian flame!
Taught to contemn none, King Agamemnon
Fond of a Trojan slave became.

Such was the rule with the Greeks of old,
When they had conquered the foe's stronghold
When gallant Hector—Troy's protector—
Falling, the knell of Ilion tolled.

Why deem her origin vile and base?
Canst thou her pedigree fairly trace?
Yellow-haired Phyllis, slave tho' she be, still is
The last, perhaps, of a royal race.

Birth to demeanor will sure respond—
Phyllis is faithful, Phyllis is fond:
Gold cannot buy her—then why grieve her
A rank the basely born beyond?

Phyllis hath limbs divinely wrought,
Features and figure without a fault...
Do not feel jealous, friend, when a fellow's
Fortieth year forbids the thought!

LIB. II. ODE VI.—THE ATTRACTIONS OF TIBUR AND TARENTUM.

"Septimi, Gades," etc.

SEPTIMIUS, pledged with me to roam
Far as the fierce IBERIAN's home,
Where men abide not yet o'ercome
By Roman legions,
And MAURITANIAN billows foam—
Barbaric regions!

TIBUR!—sweet colony of Greece!—
There let my devious wanderings cease;—
There would I wait old age in peace,
There calmly dwelling,
A truce to war!—a long release
From "colonelling!"

Whence to go forth should Fate ordain,
Galesus, gentle flood! thy plain
Speckled with sheep—might yet remain
For heaven to grant us;
Land that once knew the halcyon reign
Of King Phalantus.

Spot of all earth most dear to me!
 Teeming with sweets! the Attic bee,
 O'er Mount Hymettus ranging free,
 Finds not such honey—
 Nor basks the Capuan olive-tree
 In soil more sunny.

There lingering Spring is longest found:
 E'en Winter's breath is mild;—and round
 Delicious Aulon grapes abound,
 In mellow cluster!
 Such as Falernum's richest ground
 Can rarely muster.

Romantic towers! thrice happy scene!
 There might our days glide on serene;
 Till thou bedew with tears, I ween,
 Of love sincerest,
 The dust of him who once had been
 Thy friend, the Lyrist!

LIB. II. ODE VII.—A FELLOW-SOLDIER WEL-
 COMED FROM EXILE.

"O sæpe mecum," etc.

FRIEND of my soul! with whom arrayed
 I stood in the ranks of peril,
 When Brutus at *Philippi* made
 That effort wild and sterile . . .
 Who hath reopened Rome to thee,
 Her temples and her forum;
 Beckoning the child of Italy
 Back to the clime that bore him?

Thou, O my earliest comrade! say,
 Pompey, was I thy teacher
 To baulk old Time, and drown the and
 Deep in a flowing pitcher?
 Think of the hours we thus consumed,
 While Syria's richest odors,
 Lavish of fragrancy, perfumed
 The locks of two marauders.

With thee I shared *Philippi's* rout,
 Though I, methinks, ran faster;
 Leaving behind—'twas wrong, no doubt—
 My SHIELD in the disaster:
 E'en Fortitude that day broke down;
 And the rude foeman taught her

To hide her brow's diminished frown
 Low amid heaps of slaughter

But Mercury, who kindly watched
 Me 'mid that struggle deadly
 Stooped from a cloud, and quickly snatched
 His client from the medley.
 While thee, alas! the ebbing flood
 Of war relentless swallowed,
 Replunging thee 'mid seas of blood;
 And years of tempest followed.

Then slay to Jove the victim calf,
 Due to the God; and weary,
 Under my bower of laurels quaff
 A wine-cup blithe and merry.
 Here, while thy war-worn limbs repose,
 'Mid peaceful scenes sojourning,
 Spare not the wine... 'twas kept... it flows
 To welcome thy returning.

Come, with oblivious bowls dispel
 Grief, care, and disappointment!
 Freely from yon capacious shell
 Shed, shed the balmy ointment!
 Who for the genial banquet weaves
 Gay garlands, gathered newly;
 Fresh with the garden's greenest leaves,
 Or twined with myrtle duly?

Whom shall the dice's cast "**WINE-KING**"
 Elect, by Venus guided?
 Quick, let my roof with wild mirth ring—
 Blame not my joy, nor chide it!
 Madly each bacchanalian feat
 I mean to-day to rival,
 For, oh! 'tis sweet thus . . . **THUS TO GREET**
 SO DEAR A FRIEND'S ARRIVAL!

LIB. II. ODE VIII.—THE ROQUERIES OF
 BARINÉ.

IN BARINEN.

BARINÉ! if, for each untruth,
 Some blemish left a mark uncouth,
 With loss of beauty and of youth,
 Or Heaven should alter
 The whiteness of a single tooth—
 O fair defaulter!

Then might I trust thy words. But thou
 Dost triumph o'er each broken vow ;
 Falsehood would seem to give thy brow
 Increased effulgence :
 Men still admire—and gods allow
 Thee fresh indulgence.

Swear by thy mother's funeral urn—
 Swear by the stars that nightly burn
 (Seeming in silent awe to mourn
 O'er such deception)—
 Swear by each Deity in turn,
 From Jove to Neptune ;

Venus and all her Nymphs would yet
 With smiles thy perjury abet—
 Cupid would laugh—Go on ! and let

Fresh courage nerve thee :
 Still on his bloodstained wheel he'll whet
 His darts to serve thee !

Fast as they grow, our youths enchain,
 Fresh followers in beauty's train :
 While they who loved thee first would fain,
 Charming deceiver,
 Within thy threshold still remain,
 And love, forever !

Their sons from thee all mothers hide ;
 All thought of thee stern fathers chide ;
 Thy shadow haunts the new-made bride,
 And fears dishearten her,
 Lest thou inveigle from her side
 Her life's young partner.

THE POEMS OF DENIS F. McCARTHY.

THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRENDAN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many points of interest, topographical as well as historical, which the old "Legend of St. Brendan" possesses, it is somewhat difficult to find any satisfactory account of it even in works expressly devoted to the early legendary lore of Christian Ireland. Dr. Lanigan, in his Ecclesiastical History, has a passing allusion to it, but it is a contemptuous one; although, from all that appears, he does not seem to have possessed a fuller acquaintance with its details than might be gleaned from Colgan's incidental description of the Saint's visit to Arran, previous to his setting out on his great expedition.

Colgan, in the passage referred to, promised to give a full account of this famous voyage when treating of St. Brendan's Festival on the 16th May. This promise I believe he fulfilled, but unfortunately the portion of his great work, "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ," which contains this, in common with much other interesting matter, has never been published. The rare and valuable folio, which is so well known, includes only the lives of those Irish saints whose festivals occur before the end of March. In the public libraries both of England and Ireland MS. copies of the Latin legend may be met with, but not so frequently as in those on the Continent: the Bibliothèque impériale at Paris alone containing, probably, a greater number than all the libraries of the three kingdoms put together. In the old library close to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, founded by the Primate Marsh, there is a MS. commonly, but incorrectly, called the "Codex Kilkeniensis,"¹ which, along with the lives of many other early Irish saints, contains a life of St. Brendan, which is, however, unfortunately, imperfect. The same library possesses a copy of the "Nova Legenda Angliæ," compiled by Joannes Capgrave, and published in 1516. This also contains a life of St. Brendan, but carelessly and inaccurately abridged, after the manner of this writer. The "Legenda Aurea" of Jacobus de Voragine, that famous repertory of legends so popular in the thirteenth and succeeding centuries, makes no mention of the Irish Ulysses. Of this work, it is stated by Brunet, in his "Manuel du Libraire," that, previous to the year 1500, no less than seventy-four editions had appeared, and that up to that period it had been translated thirty times into foreign languages.² The "Golden Legend" of Caxton, printed by Wynkin de Worde at Westminster in 1483, which might be thought a mere translation of the "Legenda Aurea" of Jacobus de Voragine just referred to, contains, however, many additional legends, the most interesting of which, perhaps, is the one devoted to St. Brendan. The fine copy of this rare and valuable

book in the Grenville Collection at the British Museum had the pleasure of examining a few years ago, and of making a transcript therefrom of the "Lyfe of Saint Brandon," which I subsequently published in the "Dublin University Magazine," vol. xxxix. p. 556, where it is to be found in all its original quaintness.

Until very lately, no Irish version of the Legend, which on many accounts ought to be the most valuable, was available. A transcript of a copy, however, has been recently procured for the library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin; but as it remains unedited and untranslated, its advantages to the general student are but slight. The Legend, which has thus been somewhat neglected in the country where it originated, has, however, attracted the notice of a distinguished French archaeologist, M. Achille Jubinal, who has published the Latin original, as well as two early Romance versions of it, under the following title:—"La Legende Latine de S. Brandaine avec une traduction en prose et en poésie Romane." Paris, 1836.

The Legend which concerns St. Brendan, says M. Achille Jubinal, in his Preface to the above scarce and interesting little tract, "is, without doubt, if we may judge by the multitude of narratives founded upon it which still exist, one of those that were most widely diffused in the Middle Ages. This kind of monkish Odyssey is to be found, in fact, in most of the old European dialects; and, thanks to the marvels of which it is the subject, it must have obtained an immense popularity with our ancestors, and with the inhabitants of the British Isles generally—a people that have at all times been the playmates of the ocean."

In the Bibliothèque impériale at Paris there are to be found no less than eleven MSS. of the original Latin legend, the dates of which vary from the eleventh to the fourteenth century. In the old French and Romance dialects copies both in prose and verse are abundant in the various public libraries of France, while versions in the Irish, Dutch, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages are found scattered through the public and private libraries of colleges and convents all over the Continent.

The Spaniards and Portuguese, down nearly to the middle of the eighteenth century, seem to have considered the legend a true narrative, and on several occasions fitted out flotillas for the purpose of ascertaining the exact locality of the islands supposed to have been discovered by St. Brendan.

The first expedition, says M. Achille Jubinal, which had this object in view was that of Fernando de Troya and Fernando Alvarez in 1526. It was not followed, as may well be imagined, by any successful result; but this did not discourage the partisans of the singular illusion which had drawn these two men to seek for the unknown island, since, somewhat later, Dr. Herman Perez de Grado fitted out a little armament destined for the same discovery. This new attempt was not more fortunate than the preceding. In fine, a third expedition, confided to the renowned mariners Fray Lorenzo Pinedo and Gaspard Perez de Acosta, departed from the port of Palma,

¹ Dr. Reeves considers that "Codex Armachanus" is more likely to be its correct designation. See his edition of "Adamnan's Life of St. Columba," Preface, p. xxvi., note 1.

² A very excellent edition of this rare book has been recently published by Dr. Th. Graesse, Librarian to the King of Saxony (Leipzig, 1850.) It contains many additional legends not to be found in the original work. There is also a French translation by M. G. B. in 2 vols., published by Charles Gosselin. Paris, 1843.

which had witnessed the disappointment of the previous undertakings, but did not obtain any greater success. It is probable, after this, that the zeal of the Spaniards chilled considerably; for during a century there was no further attempt to discover the position of this island. But in 1721, Don Juan de Mur, Governor of the Canaries, confided a ship to Gaspard Dominguez, which departed from the port of Santa Cruz, and returned after many months, without having discovered anything. From that time no further expedition has been attempted. It was, however, a popular belief in Spain for a long time, that the Isle of St. Brendan, which was called by them San Borondon, had served as an asylum for King Rodrick against the Moors, and that this monarch dwelt there in an impenetrable fortress; and finally, that it was divided into seven opulent cities; that it had an archbishop, six bishops, seaports, large rivers, and that, as might be supposed, the inhabitants were good Christians, loaded with riches and all the other gifts of fortune.

The Portuguese were not behind the Spaniards in the vividness of their imagination. They were for a long period firmly persuaded that the Isle of St. Brendan was the asylum of King Don Sebastian; and when they beheld the Indies for the first time, they were convinced they had at length discovered the long sought for Island of St. Brendan.¹

The well-known story of Madoc, which seems like a *lay* version of the Legend of St. Brendan, is familiar to all from the fine poem of Southey, of which that prince is the hero. A still earlier Welsh tradition is mentioned by Southey, in his notes to the same poem, of the "Gwerdonnau Llion," or Green Islands of the Ocean, in search of which the enchanter Merlin sailed in his house of glass, and from which expedition he never returned.

The optical causes which produce the *Fata Morgana* in the Straits of Messina may have something to do with these various apparitions, as familiar now to the Tonga Islanders of the South Pacific, as of old time to the more sympathizing and credulous inhabitants of Spain, of Portugal, and of Ireland.²

To return to the voyage of St. Brendan, the main incidents of which appear to be neither impossible nor improbable. These have been carefully abridged by the late Rev. Cæsar Otway in one of his very pleasing "Sketch-books of Irish Scenery." The passage may serve as a sufficient explanation of the use I have made of the Legend in the composition of the following poem:—

"We are informed that Brendan, hearing of the previous voyage of his cousin, Barithus, in the western ocean, and obtaining an account from him of the happy isles he had landed on in the far west, determined, under the strong desire of winning heathen souls to Christ, to undertake a voyage of discovery himself. And, aware that all along the western coast of Ireland there were many traditions respecting the existence of a western land, he proceeded to the Islands of Arran, and there remained for some time, holding communication with the venerable St. Enda, and obtaining from him much information on what his mind was bent. There can be little doubt that he proceeded northward along the coast of Mayo, and made inquiry, among its bays and islands, of the remnants of the Tuatha Danaan people, that once were so expert in naval affairs, and who acquired from the Milesians, or Scots, that overcame them, the character of being magicians, for their superior knowledge. At Inniskea, then, and Innisgloria, Brendan set up his cross; and, in after-times, in his honor were erected those curious remains that still exist. Having prosecuted his inquiries with all diligence, Brendan returned to his native Kerry; and from a bay sheltered by the lofty mountain that is now known by his name, he set sail for the Atlantic land; and, directing his course toward the southwest, in order to meet the summer solstice, or what we would call the tropic, after a long and rough voyage, his little bark being well provisioned, he came to summer seas, where he was carried along, without the aid of sail or oar, for many a long day. This, it is to be presumed, was the great gulf-stream,

and which brought his vessel to shore somewhere about the Virginian capes, or where the American coast tends eastward, and forms the New England States. Here landing, he and his companions marched steadily into the interior for fifteen days, and then came to a large river, flowing from east to west; this, evidently, was the river Ohio. And this the holy adventurer was about to cross, when he was accosted by a person of noble presence—but whether a real or visionary man does not appear—who told him he had gone far enough; that further discoveries were reserved for other men, who would, in due time, come and Christianize all that pleasant land. The above, when tested by common sense, clearly shows that Brendan landed on a continent, and went a good way into the interior, met a great river running in a different direction from those he heretofore crossed; and here, from the difficulty of transit, or want of provisions, or deterred by increasing difficulties, he turned back, and, no doubt, in a dream he saw some such vision which embodied his own previous thought and satisfied him that it was expedient for him to return home. It is said he remained seven years away, and returned to set up a college of three thousand monks, at Clonfert, and he then died in the odor of sanctity."—Cæsar Otway's *Sketches in Erris and Tyrone*, note, pp. 98, 99.

According to Colgan, St. Brendan set out on his voyage in 545. Dr. Lanigan, however (*Ecclesiastical Hist.*, vol. ii. p. 35), considers that it must have commenced some years earlier, as it is natural to suppose that Brendan was, at the time of undertaking such a perilous work, in the vigor of his age, and not sixty years old, as he was in the year 545.

I may add, in conclusion, that the "Paradisus Avium" mentioned in Capgrave's version, and so picturesquely elaborated by Caxton in "The Golden Legend," seemed to me a tempting opportunity of describing the more remarkable specimens of American Ornithology. This I have attempted in the fifth part of the poem.

PART I.

THE VOCATION.

I.

O ITA! mother of my heart and mind—
My nourisher—my fosterer—my friend,
Who taught me first, to God's great will re-
signed,
Before his shining altar-steps to bend.

¹ The following curious account of St. Ita is to be found in Colgan's "Acta Sanctorum."

"St. Ita was of the princely family of the Desii, or Nandesi, in the now county of Waterford. By the divine command she established the convent of *Cluain-Credhail*, in that portion of Hy-Conail which constitutes the present barony of Connello, in the county of Limerick. When Brendan was a mere infant, he was placed under her care, and remained with her five years, after which period he was led away by Bishop Ercus, in order to receive from him the more solid instruction necessary for his advancing years. Brendan retained always the greatest respect and affection for his foster-mother; and he is represented, after his seven years' voyage, amusing St. Ita with an account of his adventures in the ocean. He, however, was not the only person reared by the benevolent abbess of *Cluain-Credhail*; her own nephew, Pulcherius, had also this enviable advantage. The manner of his birth, as described in Colgan, is so curious, that it is worth transcribing. His father's name was Beoanus; he was a skillful artificer, and of an honorable family in Connaght; but, being compelled to fly into exile, he came into the neighborhood of St. Ita. She, hearing of his professional skill, and being anxious to make some addition to the buildings of her convent, requested him

1 Preface to "La Legende Latine de S. Brandaine," pp. 17, 18.

2 See the curious account of the Island of Bolotou in the notes to Southey's "Tale of Paraguy."

Who poured his word upon my soul like balm,
And on mine eyes what pious fancy paints,
And on mine ear the sweetly swelling psalm,
And all the sacred knowledge of the saints.

II.

Who but to thee, my mother, should be told,
Of all the wonders I have seen afar?—
Islands more green, and suns of brighter gold
Than this dear land, or yonder blazing
star;
Of hills that bear the fruit-trees on their tops,
And seas that dimple with eternal smiles;
Of airs from heaven that fan the golden
crops,
O'er the great ocean, 'mid the blessed
isles!

III.

Thou knowest, O my mother! how to thee,
The blessed Ercus led me when a boy,
And how within thine arms and at thy knee
I learned the lore that death cannot de-
stroy;
And how I parted hence with bitter tears,
And felt when turning from thy friendly
door,
In the reality of ripening years,
My paradise of childhood was no more.

IV.

I wept—but not with sin such tear-drops flow;
I sighed—for earthly things with heaven
entwine;

to undertake the work. He consented, on the conditions of receiving Nessa, the sister of the saint, as his wife, and also some land on which to settle. St. Ita acquiesced in the proposition, and gave him her sister Nessa to wife; and he, with great assiduity, applied himself to erect the buildings in the monastery of the saint. It happened, after a time, that in battle, whither he had followed a certain chieftain, Beoanus was killed; and his head, being cut off, was carried away a great distance. St. Ita was, of course, very much grieved at this occurrence, particularly as she had promised her brother-in-law that he would have a son, which promise was unfulfilled, as his wife had been sterile up to this time. St. Ita went to the field of battle, and found the mutilated body of Beoanus, but, of course, without the head. She however, prayed that it might be shown to her, and the head, through the divine power, flew through the air, and stopped where the body lay before her; and the Lord, at the entreaty of his handmaid, made the head adhere to the body as perfectly as if it had never been cut off, except that a slight mark of the wound remained; and the space of one hour having passed, he rose alive, saluting the servant of the Lord, and returning thanks to God. After the return of Beoanus, his wife conceived, and she brought forth a son, as St. Ita had promised. This son was Pulcherius, and he remained with the saint until he reached his twentieth year."—Colgan's *Acta Sancto-rum*, p. 68.

Tears make the harvest of the heart to grow,
And love, though human, is almost divine.
The heart that loves not knows not how to
pray;

That eye can never smile that never weeps;
'Tis through our sighs Hope's kindling sun-
beams play,
And through our tears the bow of Promise
peeps.

V.

I grew to manhood by the western wave,
Among the mighty mountains on the shore;
My bed the rock within some natural cave,
My food, whate'er the seas or seasons bore;
My occupation, morn and noon and night:
The only dream my hasty slumbers gave,
Was Time's unheeding, unreturning flight,
And the great world that lies beyond the
grave.

VI.

And thus, where'er I went, all things to me
Assumed the one deep color of my mind;
Great Nature's prayer rose from the mur-
muring sea,
And sinful man sighed in the wintry wind.
The thick-veiled clouds by shedding many a
tear,
Like penitents, grew purified and bright,
And, bravely struggling through earth's at-
mosphere,
Passed to the regions of eternal light.

VII.

I loved to watch the clouds, now dark and
dun,
In long procession and funereal line,
Pass with slow pace across the glorious sun,
Like hooded monks before a dazzling
shrine.
And now with gentler beauty as they rolled
Along the azure vault in gladsome May,
Gleaming pure white, and edged with broi-
dered gold,
Like snowy vestments on the Virgin's day.

VIII.

And then I saw the mighty sea expand
Like Time's, unmeasured and unfathomed
waves,
One with its tide-marks on the ridgy sand,
The other with its line of weedy graves;

And as beyond the outstretched wave of
Time

The eye of Faith a brighter land may
meet,

So did I dream of some more sunny clime
Beyond the waste of waters at my feet :

IX.

Some clime where man, unknowing and un-
known,

For God's refreshing Word still gasps and
faints ;

Or happier rather some Elysian zone,

Made for the habitation of His saints ;

Where Nature's love the sweat of labor
spares,

Nor turns to usury the wealth it lends,

Where the rich soil spontaneous harvest
bears,

And the tall tree with milk-filled clusters
bends.

X.

The thought grew stronger with my growing
days,

Even like to manhood's strengthening mind
and limb,

And often now amid the purple haze

That evening breathed upon the horizon's
rim—

Methought, as there I sought my wished-for
home,

I could descry amid the waters green,

Full many a diamond shrine and golden
dome,

And crystal palaces of dazzling sheen.

XI.

And then I longed with impotent desire,

Even for the bow whereby the Python
bled,

'hat I might send one dart of living fire

Into that land, before the vision fled ;

And thus at length fix thy enchanted shore,

Hy-Brasail!—Eden of the western wave !

¹ *Hy-Brasail*, or the Enchanted Island, which was supposed to be visible from the western coast of Ireland every seven years. The ballad of Gerald Griffin, and the frequent allusion to this subject in works recently published, render it unnecessary to give any more particular description of it in this place. Among the several modes of disenchanting this island, and others subject to similar eccentric disappearances, resorted to by our ancestors, that of fire seems to have been the one most frequently attempted, and the only one which was

That thou again wouldst fade away no more,
Buried and lost within thy azure grave.

XII.

But angels came and whispered as I dreamt,
"This is no phantom of a frenzied brain—
God shows this land from time to time to
tempt

Some daring mariner across the main :

By thee the mighty venture must be made,

By thee shall myriad souls to Christ be
won !

Arise, depart, and trust to God for aid !"

I woke, and kneeling cried, "His will be
done!"

PART II.

ARA OF THE SAINTS.*

I.

HEARING how blessed Enda¹ lived apart,

Amid the sacred caves of Ara-mhor,

And how beneath his eye, spread like a chart,

Lay all the isles of that remotest shore ;

And how he had collected in his mind

All that was known to man of the Old Sea,²

I left the Hill of Miracles³ behind,

And sailed from out the shallow sandy

Leigh.⁴

attended with any success ; as not only was the island of Inisbofin, off the coast of Connemara, fixed in its present position by means of a few sparks of lighted turf falling upon it, but the still more celebrated *Hy-Brasail* itself seems to have met with the same disaster, if we are to credit a very matter-of-fact and circumstantial account, which may be seen in Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. i. p. 369. Shooting a fiery arrow was one of the means resorted to for bringing the disenchanting element into connection with *Hy-Brasail* ; it was certainly the most elegant method, if not the most successful.

² "From the number of holy men and women formerly inhabiting Arran, it received the name of *Ara-na-naomh*, or 'Ara of the Saints.'"—Colgan, *Acta Sanctorum*, p. 710. n. 18.

³ "St. Enda, or Endeus, was the first abbot of Arran ; it was in the year 540, according to Colgan, that Brendan paid him the visit described in the text."—*Ibid.*, p. 714.

⁴ "The Atlantic was anciently called *Shan-arraigh*, or the Old Sea."—*Sketches in Erris and Tyrarvey*, p. 51.

⁵ It is not mentioned from what place Brendan proceeded on this visit to Arran. It is extremely probable that it was from Ardferit, five miles northwest of Tralee, where he had before this period established a monastery, and where a portion of his church (one of the most beautiful ruins in Kerry) still remain⁶ to this day. According to Sir James Ware (vol. i. p. 518), Ardferit signifies "a wonderful place on an eminence," or, as some interpret it, "The Hill of Miracles."

⁶ Tralee was anciently written *Traleigh*, i. e. "the strand of the river Leigh," which is a small stream that empties itself at the bottom of Tralee Bay.

II.

Betwixt the Samphire Isles' swam my light
skiff,
And like an arrow flew through Fenor
Sound,²
Swept by the pleasant strand,³ and the tall
cliff
Whereon the pale rose amethysts are
found,⁴
Rounded Moyferta's rocky point,⁵ and
crossed
The mouth of stream-streaked Erin's might-
iest tide,
Whose troubled waves break o'er the City
lost,
Chafed by the marble turrets that they
hide.⁶

III.

Beneath Ibrickan's hills, moory and tame,⁷
And Inniscaorach's caves, so wild and
dark,⁸
I sailed along. The white-faced otter came,⁹
And gazed in wonder on my floating bark.
The soaring gannet¹⁰ perched upon my mast,
And the proud bird that flies but o'er the
sea,¹¹
Wheeled o'er my head: and the girrinna
passed
Upon the branch of some life-giving tree.¹²

¹ Islands in the Bay of 'r'alce.

² Between Fenit Island and the mainland.

³ "The strand of Pallyheigh is, in fine weather, a very pleasant ride."—Smith's *Kerry*, p. 208.

⁴ The Amethyst Cliffs, near Kerry Head. Very fine amethysts have been found among these cliffs. Smith describes their colors as being of various degrees and shades of purple: some approach to a violet, and others to a pale rose-color.—p. 405.

⁵ Kerry Head, or Cape Lane, terminates the southern extremity of the barony Moyferta, now called Moyarta, in the county of Clare.

⁶ "It is said that the mouth of the Shannon is the site of a lost city, and that its towers, and spires, and turrets, acting as breakers against the tide-waves, occasion the roughness of this part of the estuary."—Hall's *Ireland*, vol. iii. p. 436. For a story founded on this legend, see Part IV. of the "Voyage of St. Brendan," p. 190.

⁷ The barony of Ibrickan, in the county of Clare.

⁸ Enniskerry Island, half a mile from the shore. There are some curious natural caves here.

⁹ The white-faced otter, called by the Irish *Dobhar-chu*, is occasionally seen off the western coast of Connaught. Martin, in his "Description of the Western Isles," says that "seamen ascribe great virtue to its skin; for they say that it is fortunate in battle, and that victory is always on its side."—p. 159.

¹⁰ "Here the gannet soars high into the sky, to espy his prey in the sea under him," &c.—O'Flaherty's *West Connaught*, p. 12.

IV.

Leaving the awful cliffs of Córcomrúe,
I sought the rocky eastern isle, that bears
The name of blessed Coemhan,¹³ who doth
show
Pity unto the storm-tossed seaman's
prayers:
Then crossing Bealach-na-fearbac's treach-
erous sound,¹⁴
I reached the middle isle, whose citadel
Looks like a monarch from its throne around;
And there I rested by St. Kennerg's well.¹⁵

V.

Again I sailed, and crossed the stormy sound
That lies beneath Binn-Aité's rocky height,¹⁶
And there, upon the shore, the Saint I found
Waiting my coming through the tard
night.
He led me to his home beside the wave,
Where, with his monks, the pious father
dwelled,
And to my listening ear he freely gave
The sacred knowledge that his bosom held.

VI.

When I proclaimed the project that I nursed,
How 'twas for this that I his blessing
sought,
An irrepressible cry of joy outburst
From his pure lips, that blessed me for
the thought.

¹¹ "Birds found in the high cliffs and rocks of Arran, which never fly but over the sea."—*Ibid.*, p. 13.

¹² "Here is the bird engendered by the sea, out of timber long lying in the sea. Some call them clakes and soland geese, some puffins, and others barnacles, because they resemble them. We call them *girrinna*."—*Ibid.*, p. 13. The Irish name is *cadán girinna*.

¹³ "Saint Coemhan (Kevin) was brother to the celebrated Saint Kevin, of Glendalough. The third island of Arran, Inisoirthir, or the Eastern Isle, was also called Ara-Coemhan, in his honor. Hardiman says that he is the most famous of the saints of Arran, and that he is believed to have often abated storms, after having been piously invoked."—*Ibid.*, note, p. 87.

¹⁴ "Between the middle and eastern isle is *Bealach-na-fearbac*, or the 'Foul Sound.'"—*Ibid.*, note, p. 92.

¹⁵ This is a beautiful spring in the middle isle, dedicated to Saint Kennerg, who, according to tradition, was daughter to a king of Leinster. "Her well," says O'Flaherty, "is there in a rock, and never becomes drie."—p. 86. The citadel alluded to is *Dun-Conchobhair*. It rivals *Dun-Angus*, situated in the great island, both in masonry and extent.—*Ibid.*, p. 77.

¹⁶ "*Bealach-na-haite* (now called Gregory's Sound) takes its name from *Binn-Aité*, an elevated part of the great island."—*Ibid.*, note, p. 92.

He said that *he*, too, had in visions strayed
 Over the untracked ocean's billowy foam;
 Bid me have hope that God would give me
 aid,
 And bring me safe back to my native
 home.

VII.

Of, as we paced that marble-covered land,¹
 Would blesséd Enda tell me wondrous
 tales—
 How, for the children of his love, the hand
 Of the Omnipotent Father never fails—
 How his own sister, standing by the side
 Of the great sea, which bore no human
 bark,
 Spread her light cloak upon the conscious
 tide,
 And sailed thereon securely as an ark.²

VIII.

And how the winds became the willing
 slaves
 Of those who labor in the work of God;
 And how Scothinus walked upon the waves,
 Which seemed to him the meadow's verd-
 ant sod.³

¹ The surface of Arran is covered over with large flat slabs of stone. Hardiman says that the "Marble Islands" would not be a bad name for the Arran Isles generally.

² "This sister was St. Fanchea, who, going with three female companions to visit her brother Enda, who was then in Rome, came to the seaside; and not finding a vessel to carry them over, spread her cloak upon the sea, and passed over upon it to the desired port of Britain. During the voyage, the hem of the cloak sank a little beneath the waves, in consequence of one of her companions having brought a brazen vessel with her from the convent, contrary to the expressed command of the saint. Upon her throwing it from her into the sea, the sinking hem rose up on a level with the rest of the cloak."—Colgan's *Acta Sanctorum*, p. 2.

³ "St. Scothinus, by fasting and other penitential observances, had so purified his body, that he had the privilege of walking upon the sea with dry feet, and going upon it whither he pleased, without using any ship or vessel whatsoever. In his life it is mentioned that, upon one occasion, while he was thus walking over to Britain, a ship approached him, in which was the Bishop St. Barra, who beholding the man of God Scothinus, and recognizing him, inquired wherefore he walked upon the sea? Scothinus replied, that it was a flowery field on which he walked, and immediately extending his hand to the water, he plucked from the middle of the ocean a handful of rosy flowers, which, as a proof of his assertion, he flung into the bosom of the blessed bishop. The bishop, on the other hand, to prove that he was justified in making such an inquiry, drew a fish from the sea and threw it to St. Scothinus, and each, magnifying God for his miracles, went on his separate way."—Colgan's *Acta Sanctorum*, p. 10, chap. v. vi.

⁴ "This island (Ara-mhor) was inhabited by infidels out of Corcomroe, the next adjacent country in the county of Clare, when St. Enna (Enda) got it by the donation of Engus. King

How he himself came hither with his flock,
 To teach the infidels from Córcomróe;⁴
 Upon the floating breast of the hard rock,
 Which lay upon the glistening sands be-
 low.⁵

IX.

But not alone of miracles and joys
 Would Enda speak—he told me of his
 dream;
 When blesséd Kieran went to Clon-mac-nois,
 To found the sacred churches by the
 stream—
 How he had wept to see the angels flee
 Away from Arran, as a place accurst;
 And men tear up the island-shading tree,
 Out of the soil from which it sprung at
 first.⁶

X.

At length I tore me from the good man's
 sight,
 And o'er Loch Lurgan's mouth took my
 lone way,

of Munster, anno Christi circiter 480."—O'Flaherty's *West Connaught*, p. 79. These "infidels" were headed by a chief, Corbannus, about whom the following curious story is told by Colgan. Being in possession of Arran previous to the arrival of St. Enda, he surrendered it to him with very bad grace, and was not perfectly convinced of his right to the island until after the occurrence of the following miracle. For, wishing to test how far St. Enda was protected by the celestial powers, he prepared a large barrel, which he filled with corn-seed, and leaving it on the shore of the mainland, he said to himself, 'If Enda be a favorite of heaven, this corn, which he so much requires, will be carried over to him in a miraculous manner.' Wonderful to relate, the event occurred precisely as he anticipated; for the angel of God, taking the barrel, drew it through the sea, and the track of the barrel still remains in perpetual serenity amid the turbulence of the surrounding water."—*Ibid.*, chap. xvi. p. 770.

⁵ "When St. Enda obtained the grant of Arran from his brother-in-law, Engus MacNattraich, for the purpose of erecting a monastery thereon, he proceeded with his disciples to the sea-shore, in order to pass over to Arran. There being no vessel at that place, and the saint not wishing to lose time, he ordered eight of his monks to raise a great stone, which lay upon the shore, and to place it in the water, and a favorable breeze springing up, they were wafted over the sea on this stone, in perfect safety, to Arran."—*Ibid.*, chap. xiv. p. 707.

⁶ "When St. Kieran, with many pious followers, was about leaving Arran, to found the monastery of Clonmacnoise, upon the Shannon, St. Enda had many visions, in one of which he saw all the angels who had hitherto been the guardians of that island departing from it in a great crowd. In another, he saw a mighty tree growing in the midst of Arran, with its branches extending all round to the sea, and many men came and dug up the tree by the roots, and it was borne with them through the air, and replanted by the banks of the river Shannon, where it grew to a still larger size."—*Ibid.*, chap. xxviii. p. 710. According to Ussher, St. Kieran left Arran in the year 538.

Which, in the sunny morning's golden light,
Shone like the burning lake of Lassaræ,¹
Now 'neath heaven's frown—and now, be-
neath its smile—
Borne on the tide, or driven before the
gale;
And as I passed MacDara's sacred Isle,
Thrice bowed my mast, and thrice let
down my sail.²

XI.

Westward of Arran, as I sailed away,
I saw the fairest sight eye can behold,—
Rocks which, illumined by the morning's
ray,
Seemed like a glorious city built of gold.
Men moved along each sunny shining street,
Fires seemed to blaze, and curling 'smoke
to rise,
When lo! the city vanished, and a fleet,
With snowy sails, rose on my ravished
eyes.³

XII.

Thus having sought for knowledge and for
strength,
For the unheard-of voyage that I planned,
I left these myriad isles, and turned at length
Southward my bark, and sought my na-
tive land.
There I made all things ready, day by day,
The wicker boat, with ox-skins covered
o'er—⁴
Chose the good monks companions of my
way,
And waited for the wind to leave the
shore.

¹ "There is some uncommonly fine pasture-land about Moylough, and near it is a lake called Lough Lassaræ, or the Illuminated lake. This was celebrated as a place of religious rite, even in the time of Paganism; and its waters are said, very seventy years, to possess this luminous quality in excess; and then the people bring their children and cattle to be washed in its phosphoric waters, and they are considered to have no chance of dying that year."—Cæsar Otway's *Tour in Connaught*, p. 163. Lough Lurgan was the ancient name of Galway Bay.

² This is the island formerly called *Cruach Mhic Dara*, literally, the stack, or rick (from its appearance in the ocean) of MacDara, who is the patron saint of Moyrus parish. "The boats that pass between Mason-head and this island," says O'Flaherty, "have a custom to bow down their sails three times, in reverence to the saint."—*Description of H-Iar Connaught*, p. 99.

³ These are the Skird Rocks, which are thus beautifully described by O'Flaherty: "There is, westward of Arran, in sight of the next continent of Ballynahynsy barony, Skerde, a

PART III.

THE VOYAGE.

I.

At length the day so long expected came,
When from the opening arms of that wild
bay,
Beneath the hill that bears my humble
name,⁴
Over the waves we took our untracked
way:
Sweetly the morning lay on tarn and rill,
Gladly the waves played in its golden
light,
And the proud top of the majestic hill
Shone in the azure air—serene and bright.⁵

II.

Over the sea we flew that sunny morn,
Not without natural tears and human
sighs;
For who can leave the land where he was
born,
And where, perchance, a buried mother
lies—
Where all the friends of riper manhood
dwell,
And where the playmates of his childhood
sleep—
Who can depart and breathe a cold farewell,
Nor let his eyes their honest tribute weep?

III.

Our little bark, kissing the dimpled smiles
On ocean's cheek, flew like a wanton bird;

wild island of huge rocks, the receptacle of a deal of seals thereon yearly slaughtered. These rocks sometimes appear to be a great city far off, full of houses, castles, towers, and chimneys: sometimes full of blazing flames, smoke, and people running to and fro. Another day you would see nothing but a number of ships, with their sails and riggings: then so many great stakes, or reeks of corn and turf; and this not only on a fair, sun-shining day, whereby it might be thought the reflection of the sunbeams, or the vapors arising about it, had been the cause, but also on dark and cloudy days happening. There is another like number of rocks called Carigmeacan, on the same coast, whereon the like apparitions are seen. But the enchanted island of O'Brazil is not always visible, as those rocks are, nor these rocks have always those apparitions."—*H-Iar Connaught*, p. 69.

⁴ The vessel in which Brendan took his wonderful voyage was made of wattles, over which were ox-skins stretched, and made water-proof with pitch and tallow. Boats of a similar construction are used to this day among the islands of West Connaught.

⁵ Brandon Hill.

⁶ Smith, in his "History of Kerry," says: "It is a certain token of fine weather when its top is visible."—p. 194.

And then the land, with all its hundred isles,
 Faded away, and yet we spoke no word.
 Each silent tongue held converse with the
 past,
 Each moistened eye looked round the cir-
 cling wave,
 And, save the spot where stood our trem-
 bling mast,
 Saw all things hid within one mighty
 grave.

IV.

We were alone, on the wide watery waste—
 Naught broke its bright monotony of blue,
 Save where the breeze the flying billows
 chased,
 Or where the clouds their purple shadows
 threw.
 We were alone—the pilgrims of the sea—
 One boundless azure desert round us
 spread;
 No hope, no trust, no strength except in
 THEE,
 Father, who once the pilgrim-people led.

V.

And when the bright-faced sun resigned his
 throne
 Unto the Ethiop queen, who rules the
 night,—
 Who, with her pearly crown and starry zone,
 Fills the dark dome of heaven with silvery
 light,—
 As on we sailed, beneath her milder sway,
 And felt within our hearts her holier
 power,
 We ceased from toil, and humbly knelt to
 pray,
 And hailed with vesper hymns the tran-
 quil hour!

VI.

For then, indeed, the vaulted heavens ap-
 peared
 A fitting shrine to hear their Maker's
 praise,—
 Such as no human architect has reared,
 Where gems, and gold, and precious mar-
 bles blaze.
 What earthly temple such a roof can boast?
 What flickering lamp with the rich star-
 light vies,

When the round moon rests, like the sacred
 Host,
 Upon the azure altar of the skies?

VII.

We breathed aloud the Christian's filial
 prayer,
 Which makes us brothers even with the
 Lord;
 "Our Father," cried we, in the midnight
 air,
 "In heaven and earth be Thy great name
 adored;
 May Thy bright kingdom, where the angels
 are,
 Replace this fleeting world, so dark and
 dim."
 And then, with eyes fixed on some glorious
 star,
 We sang the Virgin-Mother's vespere
 hymn:

VIII.

"Hail, brightest star! that o'er life's trou-
 bled sea
 Shines pity down from heaven's elysian
 blue!
 Mother and maid, we fondly look to thee,
 Fair gate of bliss, where heaven beams
 brightly through.
 Star of the morning! guide our youthful
 days,
 Shine on our infant steps in life's long
 race;
 Star of the evening! with thy tranquil
 rays,
 Gladden the agéd eyes that seek thy face.

IX.

"Hail, sacred maid! thou brighter, better
 Eve,
 Take from our eyes the blinding scales of
 sin;
 Within our hearts no selfish poison leave,
 For thou the heavenly antidote canst
 win.
 O sacred Mother! 'tis to thee we run—
 Poor children from this world's oppres-
 sive strife;
 Ask all we need from thy immortal Son,
 Who drank of death, that we might taste
 of life.

X.

"Hail, spotless Virgin! mildest, meekest
maid—

Hail! purest Pearl that Time's great sea
bath borne—

May our white souls, in purity arrayed,
Shine as if they thy vestal-robcs had worn;
Make our hearts pure, as thou thyself art
pure—

Make safe the rugged pathway of our
lives,

And make us pass to joys that *will* endure
When the dark term of mortal life ar-
rives."¹

XI.

'Twas thus in hymns, and prayers, and holy
psalms,

Day tracking day, and night succeeding
night,

Now driven by tempests, now delayed by
calms,

Along the sea we winged our varied flight.

Oh! how we longed and pined for sight of
land!

Oh! how we sighed for the green pleasant
fields!

Compared with the cold waves, the barest
strand—

The bleakest rock—a crop of comfort
yields.

XII.

Sometimes, indeed, when the exhausted gale,
In search of rest, beneath the waves would
flee,

Like some poor wretch, who, when his
strength doth fail,

Sinks in the smooth and unsupporting
sea;

Then would the Brothers draw from mem-
ory's store

Some chapter of life's misery or bliss—

Some trial that some saintly spirit bore—

Or else some tale of passion such as this:

PART IV.

THE BURIED CITY.

I.

BESIDE that giant stream that foams and
swells

Betwixt Hy-Conaill and Moyarta's shore,
And guards the isle where good Senanus
dwells,²

A gentle maiden dwelt, in days of yore.
She long has passed out of Time's aching
womb,

And breathes Eternity's favonian air;
Yet fond Tradition lingers o'er her tomb,
And paints her glorious features as they
were:—

II.

Her smile was Eden's pure and stainles
light,

Which never cloud nor earthly vapor
mars;

Her lustrous eyes were like the noon of
night—

Black, but yet brightened by a thousand
stars;

Her tender form, moulded in modest grace,
Shrank from the gazer's eye, and moved
apart;

Heaven shone reflected in her angel face,
And God reposed within her virgin heart.

III.

She dwelt in green Moyarta's pleasant land,
Beneath the graceful hills of Clonderlaw,
Sweet sunny hills, whose triple summits
stand

One vast tiara over stream and shaw.

Almost in solitude the maiden grew,
And reached her early budding woman'
prime;

And all so noiselessly the swift time flew,
She knew not of the name or flight of
Time.

¹ The three preceding stanzas are a paraphrase of the beautiful hymn of the Catholic Church, "Ave, Maris stella."

² "The mouth of the Shannon is grand, almost beyond conception. Its inhabitants point to a part of the river, within the headlands, over which the tides rush with extraordinary rapidity and violence. They say it is the site of a lost city, long buried beneath the waves; and that its towers, and spires, and turrets, acting as breakers against the tide-water,

occasion the roughness of this part of the estuary. The whole city becomes visible on every seventh year, and has been often seen by the fishermen sailing over it; but the sight bodes ill-luck, for within a month after the ill-fated sailor is a corpse. The time of its appearance is also rendered further disastrous by the loss of some boat or vessel, of which, or its crew, no vestige is ever to be found."—Hall's *Ireland*, vol. iii. p. 436.

³ Inniscattery Island.

IV

And thus within her modest mountain nest,
This gentle maiden nestled like a dove,
Offering to God from her pure, innocent
breast

The sweet and silent incense of her love.
No selfish feeling nor presumptuous pride
In her calm bosom waged unnatural strife.
Saint of her home and hearth, she sanctified
The thousand trivial, common cares of life.

V

Upon the opposite shore there dwelt a youth,
Whose nature's woof was woven of good
and ill—

Whose stream of life flowed to the sea of
truth,

But in a devious course, round many a
hill—

Now lingering through a valley of delight,
Where sweet flowers bloomed, and sum-
mer song-birds sung,

Now hurled along the dark tempestuous
night,

With gloomy, treeless mountains over-
hung.

VI.

He sought the soul of Beauty throughout
space,—

Knowledge he tracked through many a
vanished age:

For one he scanned fair Nature's radiant
face,

And for the other, Learning's shrivelled
page.

If Beauty sent some fair apostle down,
Or Knowledge some great teacher of her
lore,

Bearing the wreath of rapture and the crown,
He knelt to love, to learn, and to adore.

VII.

Full many a time he spread his little sail,—
How rough the river, or how dark the
skies,—

Gave his light currach to the angry gale,
And crossed the stream to gaze on Ethna's
eyes.

As yet 'twas worship, more than human
love—

That hopeless adoration that we pay

Unto some glorious planet throned above,
Though severed from its crystal sphere for
aye.

VIII.

But warmer love an easy conquest won,
The more he came to green Moyarta's
bowers;

Even as the earth, by gazing on the sun,
In summer-time puts forth her myriad
flowers.

The yearnings of his heart—vague, unde-
fined—

Wakened and solaced by ideal gleams,
Took everlasting shape, and intertwined
Around this incarnation of his dreams.

IX.

Some strange fatality restrained his tongue—
He spoke not of the love that filled his
breast:

The thread of hope, on which his whole life
hung,

Was far too weak to bear so strong a test.
He trusted to the future—time or chance—

His constant homage, and assiduous care;
Preferred to dream and lengthen out his
trance,

Rather than wake to knowledge and de-
spair.

X

And thus she knew not, when the youth
would look

Upon some pictured chronicle of eld,
In every blazoned letter of the book

One fairest face was all that he beheld:
And where the limner, with consummate
art,

Drew flowing lines and quaint devices
rare,

The wildered youth, by looking from the
heart,

Saw naught but lustrous eyes and waving
hair.

XI.

He soon was startled from his dreams, for now
'Twas said, obedient to a heavenly call,

His life of life would take the vestal vow,
In one short month, within a convent's
wall.

He heard the tidings with a sickening fear,
 But quickly had the sudden faintness
 flown,
 And vowed, though heaven or hell should
 interfere,
 Ethna—his Ethna—should be his alone!

XII.

He sought his boat, and snatched the feath-
 ery oar—
 It was the first and brightest morn of
 May;
 The white-winged clouds that sought the
 northern shore,
 Seemed but love's guides, to point him out
 the way.
 The great old river heaved its mighty heart,
 And, with a solemn sigh, went calmly on,
 As if of all his griefs it felt a part,
 But knew they should be borne, and so
 had gone.

XIII.

Slowly his boat the languid breeze obeyed,
 Although the stream that that light bur-
 den bore
 Was like the level path the angels made,
 Through the rough sea, to Arran's blessed
 shore;¹
 And from the rosy clouds the light airs
 fanned,
 And from the rich reflection that they
 gave,
 Like good Scothinus, had he reached his
 hand;²
 He might have plucked a garland from
 the wave.

XIV.

And now the noon in purple splendor blazed,
 The gorgeous clouds in slow procession
 filed—
 The youth leaned o'er with listless eyes, and
 gazed
 Down through the waves on which the
 blue heavens smiled:
 What sudden fear his gasping breath doth
 drown?
 What hidden wonder fires his startled
 eyes?

Down in the deep, full many a fathom down,
 A great and glorious city buried lies.

XV.

Not like those villages with rude-built walls,
 That raised their humble roofs round
 every coast,
 But holding marble basilics and halls,
 Such as imperial Rome itself might boast.
 There were the palace and the poor man's
 home,
 And upstart glitter and old-fashioned
 gloom,
 The spacious porch, the nicely rounded
 dome,
 The hero's column, and the martyr's tomb.

XVI.

There was the cromleach, with its circling
 stones;
 There the green rath, and the round nar-
 row tower;
 There was the prison whence the captive's
 groans
 Had many a time moaned in the midnight
 hour.
 Beneath the graceful arch the river flowed,
 Around the walls the sparkling waters
 ran,
 The golden chariot rolled along the road,—
 All, all was there except the face of man.

XVII.

The wondering youth had neither thought
 nor word,
 He felt alone the power and will to die;
 His little bark seemed like an outstretched
 bird,
 Floating along that city's azure sky.
 It was not that he was not bold and brave,
 And yet he would have perished with
 affright,
 Had not the breeze, rippling the lucid wave,
 Concealed the buried city from his sight.

XVIII.

He reached the shore: the rumor was too
 true—
 Ethna, his Ethna, would be God's alone

¹ See note 2, p. 296.² See note 3, p. 298.

In one brief month; for which the maid
withdrew,
To seek for strength before His blessed
throne.
Was it the fire that on his bosom preyed,
Or the temptation of the Fiend abhorred,
That made him vow to snatch the white-
veiled maid
Even from the very altar of her Lord!

XIX.

The first of June, that festival of flowers,
Came, like a goddess, o'er the meadows
green!
And all the children of the spring-tide
showers
Rose from their grassy beds to hail their
Queen.
A song of joy, a pæan of delight,
Rose from the myriad life in the tall
grass,
When the young Dawn, fresh from the sleep
of night,
Glanced at her blushing face in Ocean's
glass.

XX.

Ethna awoke—a second, brighter dawn—
Her mother's fondling voice breathed in
her ear:
Quick from her couch she started, as a fawn
Bounds from the heather when her dam
is near.
Each clasped the other in a long embrace—
Each knew the other's heart did beat and
bleed—
Each kissed the warm tears from the other's
face,
And gave the consolation she did need.

XXI.

Oh! bitterest sacrifice the heart can make—
That of a mother of her darling child—
That of a child, who, for the Saviour's sake,
Leaves the fond face that o'er her cradle
smiled!
They who may think that God doth never
need
So great, so sad a sacrifice as this,
While they take glory in their easier creed,
Will feel and own the sacrifice it is.

XXII.

All is prepared—the sisters in the choir—
The mitred abbot on his crimson throne—
The waxen tapers with their pallid fire
Poured o'er the sacred cup and altar-
stone—
The upturned eyes, glistening with pious
tears—
The censor's fragrant vapor floating o'er.
Now all is hushed, for, lo! the maid appears,
Entering with solemn step the sacred door.

XXIII.

She moved as moves the moon, radiant and
pale,
Through the calm night, wrapped in a sil-
very cloud;
The jewels of her dress shone through her
veil,
As shine the stars through their thin va-
porous shroud;
The brighter jewels of her eyes were hid
Beneath their smooth white caskets arch-
ing o'er,
Which, by the trembling of each ivory lid,
Seemed conscious of the treasures that
they bore.

XXIV.

She reached the narrow porch and the tall
door,
Her trembling foot upon the sill was
placed—
Her snowy veil swept the smooth-sanded
floor—
Her cold hands chilled the bosom they
embraced.
Who is this youth, whose forehead, like a
book,
Bears many a deep-traced character of
pain?
Who looks for pardon as the damned may
look—
That ever pray, and know they pray in
vain.

XXV.

'Tis he, the wretched youth—the Demon's
prey.
One sudden bound, and he is at her
side—

One piercing shriek, and she has swooned
away,
Dim are her eyes, and cold her heart's
warm tide.

Horror and terror seized the startled crowd;
Their sinewy hands are nerveless with af-
fright;

When, as the wind beareth a summer cloud,
The youth bears off the maiden from their
sight.

XXVI.

Close to the place the stream rushed roaring
by,

His little boat lay moored beneath the
bank,

Hid from the shore, and from the gazer's
eye,

By waving reeds and water-willows dank.
Hither, with flying feet and glowing brow,

He fled as quick as fancies in a dream—

Placed the insensate maiden in the prow—

Pushed from the shore, and gained the
open stream.

XXVII.

Scarcely had he left the river's foamy edge,
When sudden darkness fell on hill and
plain;

The angry Sun, shocked at the sacrilege,
Fled from the heavens with all his golden
train;

The stream rushed quicker, like a man
afared;

Down swept the storm and clove its breast
of green,

And though the calm and brightness reap-
peared,

The youth and maiden never more were
seen.

XXVIII.

Whether the current in its strong arms bore
Their bark to green Hy-Brasail's fairy
halls,

Or whether, as is told along that shore,
They sunk within the buried city's walls;

Whether through some Elysian clime they
stray,

Or, o'er their whitened bones the river
rolls:—

Whate'er their fate, my brothers, let us pray
To God for peace and pardon to their souls.

XXIX.

Such was the brother's tale of earthly love—
He ceased, and sadly bowed his reverend
head:

For us, we wept, and raised our eyes above,
And sang the *De Profundis* for the dead.

A freshening breeze played on our moistened
cheeks,

The far horizon oped its walls of light,
And lo! with purple hills and sunbright
peaks

A glorious isle gleamed on our gladdened
sight.

PART V.

THE PARADISE OF BIRDS.

I.

It was the fairest and the sweetest scene—
The freshest, sunniest, smiling land that
e'er

Held o'er the waves its arms of sheltering
green

Unto the sea and stormed-vexed mariner:
No barren waste its gentle bosom scarred,

Nor suns that burn, nor breezes winged
with ice,

Nor jagged rocks—Nature's gray ruins—
marred

The perfect features of that Paradise.

II.

The verdant turf spreads from the crystal
marge

Of the clear stream, up the soft-swelling
hill,

Rose-bearing shrubs and stately cedars large,
All o'er the land the pleasant prospect fill.

Unnumbered birds their glorious colors fling
Among the boughs that rustle in the
breeze,

As if the meadow-flowers had taken wing
And settled on the green o'erarching trees.

III.

Oh! Ita, Ita! 'tis a grievous wrong,
 That man commits who, uninspired, pre-
 sumes
 To sing the heavenly sweetness of their song,
 To paint the glorious tinting of their
 plumes—
 Plumes bright as jewels that from diadems
 Fling over golden thrones their diamond
 rays—
 Bright, even as bright as those three mystic
 gems
 The angels bore thee in thy childhood's
 days.¹

IV.

There dwells the bird that to the farther west
 Bears the sweet message of the coming
 spring;²
 June's blushing roses paint his prophet
 breast,
 And summer skies gleam from his azure
 wing.
 While winter prowls around the neighbor-
 ing seas,
 The happy bird dwells in his cedar nest,
 Then flies away, and leaves his favorite trees
 Unto his brother of the graceful crest.³

V.

Birds that with us are clothed in modest
 brown,
 There wear a splendor words cannot ex-
 press.

¹ "Upon a certain occasion, when St. Ita was sleeping, she saw an angel approach her, and present her with three precious stones, at which she wondered exceedingly, until informed by the angel that the three precious stones were types of the blessed Trinity, by whom she would be always visited and protected."—*Life of St. Ita*, in Colgan, p. 66.

² The Blue Bird (*Le rouge gorge bleu de Buffon*). "The pleasing manners and sociable disposition of this little bird entitle him to particular notice. As one of the first messengers of the spring, bringing the charming tidings to our very doors, he bears his own recommendation along with him, and meets with a hearty welcome from everybody."—*Wilson and Bonaparte's American Ornithology*, vol. i. pp. 56, 57. His favorite haunts are the cedar-trees of the Bermudas.

³ The Cedar Bird. "This bird wears a crest on the head, which, when erected, gives it a gay and elegant appearance."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 109.

⁴ The Golden-crowned Thrush. "*Sciturus Aurocapillus*."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 238.

⁵ The Scarlet Tanager.—"Seen among the green leaves with the light falling strongly on his plumage, he really appears beautiful."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 194. "Mr. Edwards calls it the *Scarlet Sparrow*."—*Ibid.*, p. 196.

⁶ The Baltimore Oriole.—"It has a variety of names, among

The sweet-voiced thrush beareth a golden
 crown,⁴
 And even the sparrow boasts a scarlet
 dress.⁵
 There partial Nature fondles and illumines
 The plainest offspring that her bosom
 bears;
 The golden robin flies on fiery plumes,⁶
 And the small wren a purple ruby wears.⁷

VI.

Birds, too, that even in our sunniest hours,
 Ne'er to this cloudy land one moment
 stray,
 Whose brilliant plumes, fleeting and fair as
 flowers,
 Come with the flowers, and with the flow-
 ers decay.⁸
 The Indian bird, with hundred eyes, the
 throws
 From his blue neck the azure of the skies,
 And his pale brother of the northern snows,
 Bearing white plumes mirrored with bril-
 liant eyes.⁹

VII.

Often, in the sunny mornings, have I seen
 Bright-yellow birds, of a rich lemon hue,
 Meeting in crowds upon the branches green,
 And sweetly singing all the morning
 through;¹⁰
 And others, with their heads grayish and dark,
 Pressing their cinnamon cheeks to the old
 trees,

which are 'the golden robin,' and 'the fire-bird;' the latter from the bright orange of its plumes, shining through the green leaves like a flash of fire."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 16.

⁷ The Ruby-crowned Wren.—"This little bird visits us early in the spring, from the south, and is generally found among the maple blossoms about the beginning of April."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 831.

⁸ Peacocks.—"Their brilliant plumes, which surpass in beauty the fairest flowers, wither like them, and fall with each succeeding year."—*Buffon*.

⁹ The White Peacock of Sweden.—"Although the plumage of the white peacock is altogether of this color, the long plumes of the train do yet retain, at their extremities, some vestiges of the brilliant mirrors peculiar to the species."—*Cuvier*. These are the only birds not strictly American that I have introduced into this description.

¹⁰ The Yellow Bird, or Goldfinch: its color is of a rich lemon shade. "On their first arrival in Pennsylvania, in February, and until early in April, they frequently assemble in great numbers on the same tree, and bask and dress themselves in the morning sun, singing in concert for half an hour together; the confused mingling of their notes forming a kind of harmony not at all unpleasant."—*Wilson and Bonaparte*, vol. i. p. 12.

And striking on the hard, rough, shrivelled
bark,
Like conscience on a bosom ill at ease.¹

VIII.

And diamond-birds chirping their single
notes,
Now 'mid the trumpet-flower's deep blossoms seen,
Now floating brightly on with fiery throats,
Small-winged emeralds of golden green;²
And other larger birds with orange cheeks,
A many-color-painted chattering crowd,
Prattling forever with their curv'd beaks,
And through the silent woods screaming
aloud.³

IX.

Color and form may be conveyed in words,
But words are weak to tell the heavenly
strains
That from the throats of these celestial birds
rang through the woods and o'er the
echoing plains:
There was the meadow-lark, with voice as
sweet,
But robed in richer raiment than our
own;⁴
And as the moon smiled on his green retreat,
The painted nightingale sang out alone.⁵

¹ The Gold-winged Woodpecker.—"His back and wings are of a dark amber-color; upper part of the head an iron gray; cheeks, and part surrounding the eyes, of a fine cinnamon-color. The sagacity of this bird in discovering, under a sound bark, a hollow limb or trunk of a tree, is truly surprising."—*Wilson and Bonaparte*, vol. i. p. 45.

² Humming-birds.—"The Jewels of Ornithology"—"Least of the winged vagrants of the sky." Wilson describes this interesting bird in the following manner:—"The Humming-bird is extremely fond of tubular flowers, and I have often stopped with pleasure to observe his manoeuvres among the blossoms of the trumpet-flower. When arrived before a thicket of those that are full-blown, he poises or suspends himself on wing for the space of two or three seconds so steadily, that his wings become invisible, or only like a mist, and you can plainly distinguish the pupil of his eye looking round with great quickness and circumspection. The glossy golden green of his back, and the fur of his throat dazzling in the sun, form altogether a most interesting appearance."—*Ibid.*, p. 179. His only note is a single chirp, not louder than that of a small cricket or grasshopper.

³ The Carolina Parrot.—"Out of 168 kinds of parrots enumerated by Europeans, this is the only species which may be considered a native of the territory of the United States."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 387.

⁴ "The Meadow-lark, though inferior in song to his European namesake, is superior to him in the richness of his plumage."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 318.

⁵ "The Cardinal Grosbeak, or Red-bird, sometimes called the Virginia Nightingale."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 191.

X.

Words cannot echo music's wingéd note,
One bird alone exhausts their utmost
power;
'Tis that strange bird whose many-voicéd
throat
Mocks all his brethren of the woodland
bower—
To whom, indeed, the gift of tongues is
given,
The musical rich tongues that fill the
grove,
Now like the lark dropping his notes from
heaven,
Now cooing the soft earth-notes of the
dove.⁶

XI.

Oft have I seen him, scorning all control,
Winging his arrowy flight rapid and
strong,
As if in search of his evanished soul,
Lost in the gushing ecstasy of song;⁷
And as I wandered on, and upward gazed,
Half lost in admiration, half in fear,
I left the brothers wondering and amazed,
Thinking that all the choir of heaven was
near.

XII.

Was it a revelation or a dream?—
That these bright birds as angels once
did dwell
In heaven with starry Lucifer supreme,
Half sinned with him, and with him part-
ly fell;

⁶ The Mocking-bird (*Turdus Polyglottus*).—"His voice is full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the eagle."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 168. "So perfect are his imitations, that he many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are often imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fanciful calls of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 169.

⁷ His expanded wings and tail glistening with white, and the buoyant gayety of his action, arrest the eye, and his song most irresistibly does the ear, as he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy. He pounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and, as Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, "He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 169.

That in this lesser paradise they stray,
 Float through its air, and glide its streams
 along,
 And that the strains they sing each happy
 day
 Rise up to God like morn and even song.¹

PART VI.

THE PROMISED LAND.*

I.

As on this world the young man turns his
 eyes,
 When forced to try the dark sea of the
 grave,
 Thus did we gaze upon that paradise,
 Fading, as we were borne across the wave.
 And as a brighter world dawns by degrees
 Upon Eternity's serenest strand,
 Thus having passed through dark and
 gloomy seas,
 At length we reached the long-sought
 Promised Land.

II.

The wind had died upon the ocean's breast,
 When, like a silvery vein through the
 dark ore,
 A smooth, bright current, gliding to the
 west,
 Bore our light bark to that enchanted
 shore.

¹ "Soon after, as God would, they saw a fair island, full of flowers, herbs, and trees, whereof they thanked God of his good grace; and anon they went on land, and when they had gone long in this, they found a full fayre well, and thereby stood a fair tree full of boughs, and on every bough sat a fayre bird, and they sat so thick on the tree, that meath any leaf of the tree might be seen. The number of them was so great, and they sung so merrilie, that it was an heavenlike noise to hear. Whereupon S. Brandon kneeled down on his knees and wept for joy, and made his praises devoutlie to our Lord God, to know what these birds meant. And then anon one of the birds flew from the tree to S. Brandon, and he, with the flickering of his wings, made a full merrie noise like a fiddle, that him seemed he never heard so joyful a melodie. And then St. Brandon commanded the foule to tell him the cause why they sat so thick on the tree and sang so merrilie. And then the foule said, Sometime we were angels in heaven, but when our master, Lucifer, fell down into hell for his high pride, and we fell with him for our offences, some higher and some lower, after the quality of the trespass. And because our trespass is but little, therefore our Lord hath sent us here, out of all paine, in full great joy and mirthe, after his pleasing, here to serve him on this tree in the best manner

It was a lovely plain—spacious and fair,
 And blessed with all delights that earth
 can hold,
 Celestial odors filled the fragrant air
 That breathed around that green and
 pleasant wold.

III.

There may not rage of frost, nor snow, nor
 rain,
 Injure the smallest and most delicate
 flower,
 Nor fall of hail wound the fair, healthful
 plain,
 Nor the warm weather, nor the winter's
 shower.
 That noble land is all with blossoms flowered,
 Shed by the summer breezes as they pass;
 Less leaves than blossoms on the trees are
 showered,
 And flowers grow thicker in the fields than
 grass.²

IV.

Nor hills, nor mountains, there stand high
 and steep,
 Nor stony cliffs tower o'er the frightened
 waves,
 Nor hollow dells, where stagnant waters
 sleep,
 Nor hilly risings, nor dark mountain
 caves;
 Nothing deformed upon its bosom lies,
 Nor on its level breast rests aught un-
 smooth;—

we can. The Sundaie is a daie of rest from all worldly occupa-
 tion, and therefore, that daie all we be made as white as
 any snow, for to praise our Lorde, in the best wise we may.
 And then all the birds began to sing even song so merrilie,
 that it was an heavenlie noise to hear; and after supper St.
 Brandon and his fellows went to bed and slept well. And in
 the morn they arose by times, and then these foules began
 mattyns, prime, and hours, and all such service as Christian
 men used to sing; and St. Brandon and his fellows abode
 there seven weeks, until Trinity Sunday was passed."—*The*
"Life of St. Brandon" in the Golden Legend. Published by
 Wynkyn de Worde. 1483. Fol. 357.

² The earlier stanzas of this description of Paradise are prin-
 cipally founded upon the Anglo-Saxon version of the Latin
 poem "De Phenice," ascribed to Lactantius, a literal transla-
 tion of which is given in Wright's Essay on "St. Patrick's
 Purgatory," p. 186. "This poem," says Mr. Wright, "is as
 old as the earlier part of the eleventh century, and probably
 more ancient."

³ "Nullam herbam vidimus sine floribus et arbores nullam
 sine fructibus; et lapides illius pretiosæ gemmæ sunt."—
 Colgan's *Acta Sanctorum*, p. 721.

A green, glad meadow under golden skies,
Blooming forever in perpetual youth.

V.

That glorious land stands higher o'er the
sea,

By twelve-fold fathom measure, than we
deem

The highest hills beneath the heavens to be.
There the bower glitters, and the green
woods gleam.

All o'er that pleasant plain, calm and serene,
The fruits ne'er fall, but, hung by God's
own hand,

Cling to the trees that stand forever green,
Obedient to their Maker's first command.

VI.

Summer and winter are the woods the same,
Hung with bright fruits and leaves that
never fade;

Such will they be, beyond the reach of flame,
Till Heaven, and Earth, and Time shall
have decayed.

Here might Iduna in her fond pursuit,
As fabled by the northern sea-born men,
Gather her golden and immortal fruit,
That brings their youth back to the gods
again.¹

VII.

Of old, when God, to punish sinful pride,
Set round the deluged world the ocean-
flood,

When all the earth lay 'neath the vengeful
tide,

This glorious land above the waters stood.
Such shall it be at last, even as at first,

Until the coming of the final doom,
When the dark chambers—men's death-
homes—shall burst,

And man shall rise to judgment from the
tomb.

VIII.

There, there is never enmity, nor rage,
Nor poisoned calumny, nor envy's breath,

Nor shivering poverty, nor decrepit age,
Nor loss of vigor, nor the narrow death,
Nor idiot laughter, nor the tears men weep,
Nor painful exile from one's native soil,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor weariness, nor sleep,
Nor lust of riches, nor the poor man's toil.

IX.

There, never falls the rain-cloud as with us,
Nor gapes the earth with the dry sum-
mer's thirst,

But liquid streams, wondrously curious,
Out of the ground with fresh, fair bubblings
burst.

Sea-cold and bright the pleasant waters
glide

Over the soil and through the shady
bowers;

Flowers fling their colored radiance o'er the
tide,

And the white streams their crystals o'er
the flowers.

X.

Such was the land for man's enjoyment
made

When from this troubled life his soul doth
wend:

Such was the land through which entranced
we strayed,

For fifteen days, nor reached its bound
nor end.

Onward we wandered in a blissful dream,
Nor thought of food, nor needed earthly
rest;

Until at length we reached a mighty stream,
Whose broad, bright waves flowed from
the east to west.

XI.

We were about to cross its placid tide,
When lo! an angel on our vision broke.
Clothed in white, upon the further side
He stood majestic, and thus sweetly
spoke:

"Father, return! thy mission now is o'er;
God, who did call thee here, now bids
thee go.

Return in peace unto thy native shore,
And tell the mighty secrets thou dost
know.

¹ "In the Scandinavian mythology, Bragi presided over eloquence and poetry. His wife, named Iduna, had the care of certain apples which the gods tasted when they found themselves grow old, and which had the power of instantly restoring them to youth."—Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*, p. 95.

XII.

"In after years, in God's own fitting time,
 This pleasant land again shall reappear;
 And other men shall preach the truths sublime
 To the benighted people dwelling here.
 But ere that hour, this land shall all be
 made,
 For mortal man, a fitting, natural home,
 Then shall the giant mountain fling its shade,
 And the strong rock stem the white tor-
 rent's foam.

XIII.

"Seek thy own isle—Christ's newly-bought
 domain,
 Which Nature with an emerald pencil
 paints;
 Such as it is, long, long shall it remain,
 The school of truth, the college of the
 saints,
 The student's bower, the hermit's calm re-
 treat,
 The stranger's home, the hospitable hearth,
 The shrine to which shall wander pilgrim
 feet
 From all the neighboring nations of the
 earth

XIV.

"But in the end upon that land shall fall
 A bitter scourge, a lasting flood of tears,
 When ruthless tyranny shall level all
 The pious trophies of its earlier years:
 Then shall this land prove thy poor country's
 friend,
 And shine, a second Eden, in the west;
 Then shall this shore its friendly arms ex-
 tend,
 And clasp the outcast exile to its breast."

XV.

He ceased, and vanished from our dazzled
 sight,
 While harps and sacred hymns rang sweetly
 o'er:
 For us, again we winged our homeward
 flight
 O'er the great ocean to our native shore;
 And as a proof of God's protecting hand,
 And of the wondrous tidings that we
 bear,
 The fragrant perfume of that heavenly land
 Clings to the very garments that we wear.'

"Nonne cognoscitis in odore vestimentorum nostrorum
 quod in Paradiso Domini fuimus?"—Colgan's *Acta Sancto-
 rum*, p. 732.

Legends and Lyrics.

THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

I.

The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrous-
 ly they stand
 By the lakes and rushing rivers through the
 valleys of our land;
 In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their
 heads sublime,
 These gray old pillar temples—these con-
 querors of time!

II.

Beside these gray old pillars, how perishing
 and weak

The Roman's arch of triumph, and the tem-
 ple of the Greek,
 And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the
 pointed Gothic spires,
 All are gone, one by one, but the temples of
 our sires!

III.

The column, with its capital, is level with
 the dust,
 And the proud halls of the mighty, and the
 calm homes of the just;
 For the proudest works of man, as certainly
 but slower,
 Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of
 the mower!

IV.

But the grass grows again when in majesty
and mirth,
On the wing of the Spring, comes the goddess of the Earth:
But for man in this world no spring-tide e'er
returns
To the labors of his hands or the ashes of
his urns!

V.

Two favorites hath Time—the pyramids of Nile,
And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle;
As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has its nest,
Thus 'Time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples of the West!

VI.

The names of their founders have vanished
in the gloom,
Like the dry branch in the fire or the body
in the tomb;
But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still
they cast—
These temples of forgotten gods—these relics
of the past!

VII.

Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the Dane—
The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain—
Phœnician and Milesian, and the plundering Norman Peers—
And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the chiefs of later years!

VIII.

How many different rites have these gray
old temples known!
To the mind what dreams are written in
these chronicles of stone!
What terror and what error, what gleams
of love and truth,
Have flashed from these walls since the
world was in its youth!

IX.

Here blazed the sacred fire, and when the
sun was gone,
As a star from afar to the traveller it shone;
And the warm blood of the victim have
these gray old temples drunk,
And the death-song of the Druid and the
matin of the Monk.

X.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held
the sacred wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, and the
relics from the shrine,
And the mitre, shining brighter with its diamonds than the East,
And the crozier of the Pontiff and the vestments of the Priest!

XI.

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the
vesper-bell,—
Where the fugitive found shelter, became
the hermit's cell;
And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good,
For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed
summit stood!

XII.

There may it stand forever, while this symbol doth impart
To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb to the heart;
While the breast needeth rest may these gray old temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past!

THE LAY MISSIONER.

HAD I a wish—'twere this: that Heaven
would make
My heart as strong to imitate as love,
That half its weakness it could leave, and
take
Some spirit's strength, by which to soar
above;
A lordly eagle mated with a dove—

Strong will and warm affection, these be
mine:

Without the one no dreams has fancy
wove,

Without the other soon these dreams de-
cline,

Weak children of the heart, which fade away
and pine!

Strong have I been in love, if not in will;
Affections crowd and people all the past,
And now, even now, they come and haunt
me still,

Even from the graves where once my
hopes were cast.

But not with spectral features, all aghast,
Come they to fright me; no, with smiles
and tears,

And winding arms, and breasts that beat
as fast

As once they beat in boyhood's opening
years,

Come the departed shades, whose steps my
rapt soul hears.

Youth has passed by, its first warm flush
is o'er,

And now 'tis nearly noon; yet unsubdued
My heart still kneels and worships, as of
yore,

Those twin-fair shapes, the Beautiful and
Good!

Valley and mountain, sky and stream and
wood,

And that fair miracle, the human face,
And human nature in its sunniest mood,
Freed from the shade of all things low
and base,—

These in my heart still hold their old accus-
tomed place.

'Tis not with pride, but gratitude, I tell
How beats my heart with all its youthful
glow,

How one kind act doth make my bosom
swell,

And down my cheeks the sweet, warm,
glad tears flow.

Enough of self, enough of me you know,
Kind reader; but if thou wouldst further
wend

With me this wilderness of weak words
through,

Let me depict, before the journey end,
One whom methinks thou'lt love—my bro-
ther and my friend.

Ah! wondrous is the lot of him who
stands

A Christian Priest, within a Christian
fane,

And binds with pure and consecrated
hands,

Round earth and heaven, a festal, flowery
chain;

Even as between the blue arch and the main
A circling western ring of golden light

Weds the two worlds, or as the sunny rain
Of April makes the cloud and clay unite,

Thus links the Priest of God the dark world
and the bright.

All are not priests, yet priestly duties may,
And should be all men's: as a common
sight

We view the brightness of a summer's day,
And think 'tis but its duty to be bright;
But should a genial beam of warming
light

Suddenly break from out a wintry sky,
With gratitude we own a new delight,
Quick beats the heart, and brighter beams
the eye,

And as a boon we hail the splendor from on
high.

'Tis so with men, with those of them at
least

Whose hearts by icy doubts are chilled and
torn:

They think the virtues of a Christian
Priest

Something professional, put on and worn
Even as the vestments of a Sabbath morn;
But should a friend or act or teach as he,
Then is the mind of all its doubtings
shorn,

The unexpected goodness that they see
Takes root, and bears its fruit, as uncoerced
and free!

One have I known, and haply yet I know,
A youth by baser passions undefiled,

Lit by the light of genius, and the glow
Which real feeling leaves where once it
smiled;
Firm as a man, yet tender as a child;
Armed at all points by fantasy and
thought,
To face the true or soar amid the wild;
By love and labor, as a good man ought,
Ready to pay the price by which dear truth
is bought!

'Tis not with cold advice or stern rebuke,
With formal precept, or with face demure,
But with the unconscious eloquence of
look,
Where shines the heart, so loving and so
pure:
'Tis these, with constant goodness, that
allure
All hearts to love and imitate his worth.
Beside him weaker natures feel secure,
Even as the flower beside the oak peeps
forth,
Safe, though the rain descends, and blows
the biting North!

Such is my friend, and such I fain would be,
Mild, thoughtful, modest, faithful, loving,
gay,
Correct, not cold, nor uncontrolled, though
free,
But proof to all the lures that round us
play,—
Even as the sun, that on his azure way
Moveth with steady pace and lofty mien
(Though blushing clouds, like sirens, woo
his stay),
Higher and higher through the pure serene,
Till comes the calm of eve and wraps him
from the scene.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Las mananas Floridas
De Abril y Mayo.
CALDERON.

AH! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,

With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way:—
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day:—
Ah! my heart is sick with longing
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay:—
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away:—
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May—
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away:—
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!¹

A LAMENT.

Ya esta Llama se desata,
Ya caduca este edificio,
Ya se desmaya esta Flor.
CALDERON.

THE dream is over,
The vision has flown;

¹ Set to music by the late lamented Earl of Belfast.

Dead leaves are lying
Where roses have blown;
Withered and strown
Are the hopes I cherished,—
All hath perished
But grief alone.

My heart was a garden
Where fresh leaves grew;
Flowers there were many,
And weeds a few;
Cold winds blew,
And the frosts came thither,
For flowers will wither,
And weeds renew!

Youth's bright palace
Is overthrown,
With its diamond sceptre
And golden throne;
As a time-worn stone
Its turrets are humbled,—
All hath crumbled
But grief alone!

Whither, oh! whither
Have fled away
The dreams and hopes
Of my early day?
Ruined and gray
Are the towers I builded;
And the beams that gilded—
Ah! where are they?

Once this world
Was fresh and bright,
With its golden noon
And its starry night;
Glad and light,
By mountain and river,
Have I blessed the Giver
With hushed delight.

These were the days
Of story and song,
When Hope had a meaning
And Faith was strong.
"Life will be long,
And lit with love's gleamings:"
Such were my dreamings,
But, ah! how wrong!

Youth's illusions,
One by one,
Have passed like clouds
That the sun looked on.
While morning shone,
How purple their fringes!
How ashy their tinges
When that was gone!

Darkness that cometh
Ere morn has fled—
Boughs that wither
Ere fruits are shed—
Death-bells instead
Of a bridal's pealings—
Such are my feelings,
Since hope is dead!

Sad is the knowledge
That cometh with years—
Bitter the tree
That is watered with tears;
Truth appears,
With his wise predictions,
Then vanish the fictions
Of boyhood's years.

As fire-flies fade
When the nights are damp—
As meteors are quenched
In a stagnant swamp—
Thus Charlemagne's camp,
Where the paladins rally,
And the Diamond Valley,
And Wonderful Lamp,

And all the wonders
Of Ganges and Nile,
And Haroun's rambles,
And Crusoe's isle,
And Princes who smile
On the Genii's daughters
'Neath the Orient waters
Full many a mile,

And all that the pen
Of Fancy can write,
Must vanish
In manhood's misty light—
Squire and knight,
And damosel's glances,

Sunny romances
So pure and bright!

These have vanished,
And what remains?
Life's budding garlands
Have turned to chains—
Its beams and rains
Feed but docks and thistles,
And sorrow whistles
O'er desert plains!

The dove will fly
From a ruined nest—
Love will not dwell
In a troubled breast—
The heart has no zest
To sweeten life's dolor—
If Love, the Consoler,
Be not its guest!

The dream is over,
The vision has flown;
Dead leaves are lying
Where roses have blown;
Withered and strown
Are the hopes I cherished—
All hath perished
But grief alone!¹

THE CLAN OF MACCAURA.*

O! BRIGHT are the names of the chieftains
and sages,
That shine like the stars through the dark-
ness of ages,
Whose deeds are inscribed on the pages of
story,
There forever to live in the sunshine of
glory—
Heroes of history, phantoms of fable,
Charlemagne's champions, and Arthur's
Round Table—
O! but they all a new lustre could borrow
From the glory that hangs round the name
of MacCaura!

Thy waves, Manzanares, wash many a shrine,
And proud are the castles that frown o'er
the Rhine,
And stately the mansions whose pinnacles
glance
Through the elms of old England and vine-
yards of France;
Many have fallen, and many will fall—
Good men and brave men have dwelt in
them all—
But as good and as brave men, in gladness
and sorrow,
Have dwelt in the halls of the princely Mac-
Caura!

Montmorency, Medina, unheard was thy rank
By the dark-eyed Iberian and light-hearted
Frank,
And your ancestors wandered, obscure and
unknown,
By the smooth Guadalquiver, and sunny
Garonne—
Ere Venice had wedded the sea, or enrolled
The name of a Doge in her proud "Book of
Gold;"²
When her glory was all to come on like the
morrow,
There were chieftains and kings of the clan
of MacCaura!

Proud should thy heart beat, descendant of
Heber,³
Lofty thy head as the shrines of the Guebre.
Like *them* are the halls of thy forefathers
shattered,
Like *theirs* is the wealth of thy palaces
scattered.
Their fire is extinguished—*your* flag long
unfurled—
But how proud were ye both in the dawn of
the world!
And should both fade away, oh! what heart
would not sorrow
O'er the towers of the Guebre—the name of
MacCaura!

* *Montmorency* and *Medina* are respectively at the head of the French and Spanish nobility.—The first Doge elected in Venice in 709. Voltaire considered the families whose names were inscribed in *The Book of Gold* at the founding of the city, as entitled to the first place in European nobility.—*Burke's Commoners*.

³ The McCarthy's trace their origin to Heber Fionn, the eldest son of Milesius, King of Spain, through Oilioll Olum, King of Munster, in the third century.—*Shrines of the Guebre*.—THE ROUND TOWERS.

¹ Set to music by the Earl of Belfast. Translated into French by M. le Chevalier de Chatelain.

² McCarthy—MacCartha (the correct way of spelling the name in Roman characters) is pronounced in Irish, MacCaura, the *th* or dotted *t* having in that language the soft sound of *h*.

What a moment of glory to cherish and
dream on,
When far o'er the sea came the ships of
Heremon,
With Heber, and Ir, and the Spanish patri-
cians,
To free Inis-Fail from the spells of magicians !
Oh ! reason had these for their quaking and
pallor,
For what magic can equal the strong sword
of valor ?

Better than spells are the axe and the arrow,
When wielded or flung by the hand of Mac-
Caura.¹

From that hour a MacCaura had reigned in
his pride

O'er Desmond's green valleys and rivers so
wide,

From thy waters, Lismore, to the torrents
and rills

That are leaping forever down Brandon's
brown hills ;

The billows of Bantry, the meadows of Bear,
The wilds of Evaugh, and the groves of
Glancare—

From the Shannon's soft shores to the banks
of the Barrow—

All owned the proud sway of the princely
MacCaura !

In the house of *Míodchuart*,² by princes sur-
rounded,

How noble his step when the trumpet was
sounded,

And his clansmen bore proudly his broad
shield before him,

And hung it on high in that bright palace
o'er him ;

On the left of the monarch the chieftain was
seated,

And happy was he whom his proud glances
greeted,

'Mid monarchs and chiefs at the great Feis
of Tara—

Oh ! none was to rival the princely Mac-
Caura !

To the halls of the Red Branch, when con-
quest was o'er,

The champions their rich spoils of victory
bore,³

And the sword of the Briton, the shield of
the Dane,

Flashed bright as the sun on the walls of
Eamhain—

There Dathy and Niall bore trophies of war,
From the peaks of the Alps and the waves
of the Loire ;⁴

But no knight ever bore from the hills of
Ivaragh

The breastplate or axe of a conquered Mac
Caura !

In chasing the red-deer what step was the
fleetest,

In singing the love-song what voice was the
sweetest—

What breast was the foremost in courting
the danger—

What door was the widest to shelter the
stranger—

In friendship the truest, in battle the bravest,
In revel the gayest, in council the gravest—

A hunter to-day, and a victor to-morrow ?

Oh ! who but a chief of the princely Mac-
Caura !

But oh ! proud MacCaura, what anguish to
touch on

The one fatal stain of thy princely es-
cutcheon—

In thy story's bright garden the one spot of
bleakness—

Through ages of valor the one hour of weak-
ness !

Thou, the heir of a thousand chiefs, sceptred
and royal—

¹ Heremon and Ir were also the sons of Milesius.—The people who were in possession of the country when the Milesians invaded it, were the Tuatha de Danaans, so called, says Keating, "from their skill in necromancy, of whom some were so famous as to be called gods."

² The house of *Míodchuart* was an apartment in the palace of Tara, where the provincial kings met for the despatch of public business, at the Feis (pronounced as one syllable), or parliament of Tara, which assembled then once in every three years—the ceremony alluded to is described in detail by Keating. See Petrie's "Tara."

³ The house of the Red Branch was situated in the stately palace of Eamhain (or Emania), in Ulster ; here the spoils taken from the foreign foe were hung up, and the chieftains who won them were called Knights of the Red Branch.

⁴ Dathy was killed at the Alps by lightning, and Niall (his uncle and predecessor), by an arrow fired from the opposite side of the river by one of his own generals as he sat in his tent on the banks of the Loire in France.

Thou to kneel to the Norman and swear to
be loyal!

Oh! a long night of horror, and outrage,
and sorrow

Have we wept for thy treason, base Diar-
mid MacCaura!

O! why, ere you thus to the foreigner pan-
dered,

Did you not bravely call round your Emer-
ald standard

The chiefs of your house of Lough Lene and
Clan Awley,

O'Donogh, MacPatrick, O'Driscoll, Mac-
Awley,

O'Sullivan More, from the towers of Dun-
kerron,

And O'Mahon, the chieftain of green Ardin-
teran?

As the sling sends the stone, or the bent
bow the arrow,

Every chief would have come at the call of
MacCaura!

Soon, soon didst thou pay for that error in
woe—¹

Thy life to the Butler—thy crown to the foe—
Thy castles dismantled and strewn on the
sod—

And the homes of the weak, and the abbeys
of God!

No more in thy halls is the wayfarer fed—
Nor the rich mead sent round, nor the soft
heather spread—

Nor the *clairseach's* sweet notes—now in
mirth, now in sorrow—

All, all have gone by but the name of Mac-
Caura!

MacCaura, the pride of thy house is gone by,
But its name cannot fade, and its fame can-
not die—

Though the Arigideen, with its silver waves
shine²

Around no green forests or castles of thine—

¹ Diarmid MacCarthy, King of Desmond, and Daniel O'Brien, King of Thomond, were the first of the Irish princes to swear fealty to Henry II.

² The *Arigideen* means the little silver stream, and *Allo*, the echoing river. By these rivers and many others in the south of Ireland, castles were erected and monasteries founded by the MacCarthys.

Though the shrines that you founded no in-
cense doth hallow,

Nor hymns float in peace down the echoing
Allo—²

One treasure thou keepest—one hope for the
morrow—

True hearts yet beat of the clan of Mac-
Caura!

DEVOTION.

WHEN I wander by the ocean,
When I view its wild commotion,
Then the spirit of devotion
Cometh near;
But it fills my brain and bosom,
Like a fear!

I fear its booming thunder,
Its terror and its wonder,
Its icy waves that sunder
Heart from heart;
And the white host that lies under
Makes me start!

Its clashing and its clangor
Proclaim the Godhead's anger—
I shudder, and with languor
Turn away;
No joyance fills my bosom
For that day!

When I wander through the valleys,
When the evening zephyr dallies
And the light expiring rallies,
In the stream,
That spirit comes and glads me
Like a dream.

The blue smoke upward curling,
The silver streamlet purling,
The meadow wild-flowers furling
Their leaflets to repose—
All woo me from the world
And its woes!

The evening bell that bringeth
A truce to toil outringeth,—
No sweetest bird that singeth
Half so sweet.

Not even the lark that springeth
From my feet!

Then see I God beside me,
The sheltering trees that hide me,
The mountains that divide me
From the sea,—
All prove how kind a Father
He can be.

Beneath the sweet moon shining
The cattle are reclining,
No murmur of repining
Soundeth sad;
All feel the present Godhead!
And are glad!

With mute, unvoiced confessings,
To the Giver of all blessings
I kneel, and with caressings
Press the sod,
And thank my Lord and Father,
And my God!

OVER THE SEA.

Sad eyes, why are ye steadfastly gazing
Over the sea?
Is it the flock of the Ocean-shepherd grazing
Like lambs on the lea?—
Is it the dawn on the orient billows blazing
Allureth ye?

Sad heart, why art thou tremblingly beating,
What troubleth thee?
There where the waves from the fathomless
water come greeting,
Wild with their glee!
Or rush from the rocks like a routed battalion
retreating,
Over the sea!

Sad feet, why are ye constantly straying
Down by the sea?
There where the winds in the sandy harbor
are playing,
Childlike and free,
What is the charm, whose potent enchant-
ment obeying,
There chaineth ye?

Oh! sweet is the dawn and bright are the
colors it glows in!

Yet not to me!
To the beauty of God's bright creation my
bosom is frozen!

Naught can I see!
Since *she* has departed—the dear one, the
loved one, the chosen,
Over the sea!

Pleasant it was when the billows did strug-
gle and wrestle,

Pleasant to see!
Pleasant to climb the tall cliffs where the
sea-birds nestle,
When near to thee!

Naught can I now behold but the track of
thy vessel
Over the sea!

Long as a Lapland winter, which no pleasant
sunlight cheereth,

The summer shall be:
Vainly shall autumn be gay, in the rich
robes it weareth,
Vainly for me!

No joy can I feel till the prow of thy vessel
appeareth
Over the sea!

Sweeter than summer, which tenderly, moth-
erly bringeth

Flowers to the bee!
Sweeter than autumn, which bounteously,
lovingly flingeth

Fruits on the tree!
Shall be winter, when homeward returning,
thy swift vessel wingeth
Over the sea!

HOME PREFERENCE.

Oh! had I the wings of a bird,
To soar through the blue, sunny sky,
By what breeze would my pinions be stirred?
To what beautiful land would I fly?
Would the gorgeous East allure,
With the light of its golden eves,

Where the tall, green palm over isles of balm,
 Waves with its feathery leaves?
 Ah! no! no! no!
 I heed not its tempting glare;
 In vain would I roam from my island
 home,
 For skies more fair.

Would I seek a southern sea,
 Italia's shore beside,
 Where the clustering grape from tree to tree
 Hangs in its rosy pride?
 My truant heart, be still,
 For I long have sighed to stray
 Through the myrtle flowers of fair Italy's
 bowers,
 By the shores of its southern bay.
 But no! no! no!
 Though bright be its sparkling seas,
 I never would roam from my island
 home
 For charms like these!

Would I seek that land so bright,
 Where the Spanish maiden roves,
 With a heart of love and an eye of light,
 Through her native citron groves?
 Oh! sweet would it be to rest
 In the midst of the olive vales,
 Where the orange blooms, and the rose per-
 fumes
 The breath of the balmy gales!
 But no! no! no!
 Though sweet be its wooing air!
 I never would roam from my island
 home
 To scenes, though fair!

Would I pass from pole to pole?
 Would I seek the western skies,
 Where the giant rivers roll,
 And the mighty mountains rise?
 Or those treacherous isles that lie
 In the midst of the sunny deeps,
 Where the cocoa stands on the glistening
 sands,
 And the dread tornado sweeps?
 Ah! no! no! no!
 They have no charms for me;
 I never would roam from my island
 home,
 Though poor it be!

Poor!—oh! 'tis rich in all
 That flows from Nature's hand—
 Rich in the emerald wall
 That guards its emerald land!
 Are Italy's fields more green?
 Do they teem with a richer store
 Than the bright, green breast of the isle of
 the West,
 And its wild, luxuriant shore?
 Ah! no! no! no!
 Upon it Heaven doth smile.
 Oh! I never would roam from my na-
 tive home,
 My own dear isle!'

THE FIRESIDE.

I HAVE tasted all life's pleasures, I have
 snatched at all its joys,
 The dance's merry measures and the revel's
 festive noise;
 Though wit flashed bright the livelong night,
 and flowed the ruby tide,
 I sighed for thee, I sighed for thee, my own
 fireside!

In boyhood's dreams I wandered far across
 the ocean's breast,
 In search of some bright earthly star, some
 happy isle of rest;
 I little thought the bliss I sought, in roam-
 ing far and wide,
 Was sweetly centred all in thee, my own
 fireside!

How sweet to turn at evening's close from
 all our cares away,
 And end in calm, serene repose, the swiftly
 passing day!
 The pleasant books, the smiling looks of sis-
 ter or of bride,
 All fairy ground doth make around one's
 own fireside!

"My Lord" would never condescend to honor
 my poor hearth;
 "His grace" would scorn a host or friend of
 mere plebeian birth;

And yet the lords of human kind, whom
man has deified,
Forever meet in converse sweet around my
fireside !

The poet sings his deathless songs, the sage
his lore repeats,
The patriot tells his country's wrongs, the
chief his warlike feats ;
Though far away may be their clay, and
gone their earthly pride,
Each godlike mind in books enshrined still
haunts my fireside.

Oh ! let me glance a moment through the
coming crowd of years,
Their triumphs or their failures, their sun-
shine or their tears,
How poor or great may be my fate, I care
not what betide,
So peace and love but hallow thee, my own
fireside !

Still let me hold the vision close, and closer
to my sight ;
Still, still in hopes elysian, let my spirit wing
its flight ;
Still let me dream, life's shadowy stream
may yield from out its tide,
A mind at rest, a tranquil breast, a quiet
fireside !¹

THE VALE OF SHANGANAH.

WHEN I have knelt in the temple of Duty,
Worshipping honor, and valor, and beauty—
When, like a brave man, in fearless resistance,
I have fought the good fight on the field of
existence ;
When a home I have won in the conflict of
labor,
With truth for my armor and thought for
my sabre,
Be that home a calm home where my old
age may rally,
A home full of peace in this sweet, pleasant
valley !

Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shan-
gànah !
Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shan-
gànah !

May the accents of love, like the drop-
pings of manna,
Fall sweet on my heart in the Vale of
Shangànah !

Fair is this isle—this dear child of the ocean,
Nurtured with more than a mother's de-
votion ;

For, see ! in what rich robes has Nature
arrayed her,

From the waves of the west to the cliffs of
Ben Edar,²

By Glengariff's lone islets—Killarney's weird
water,

So lovely was each, that then matchless I
thought her ;

But I feel, as I stray through each sweet-
scented alley,

Less wild but more fair is this soft, verdant
valley !

Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shan-
gànah !

Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shan-
gànah !

No wide-spreading prairie—no Indian
savannah,

So dear to the eye as the Vale of Shan-
gànah !

How pleased, how delighted, the rapt eye
reposes

On the picture of beauty this valley discloses,
From that margin of silver whereon the blue
water

Doth glance like the eyes of the ocean-foam's
daughter !

To where, with the red clouds of morning
combining,

The tall "Golden Spears"³ o'er the moun-
tains are shining,

With the hue of their heather, as sunlight
advances,

Like purple flags furled round the staffs of
the lances !

¹ Set to music by Mr. J. Hirst of Shelby, Yorkshire. Trans-
lated into French by M. le Chevalier de Chatelain

² Ben Edar is the Irish name of the Hill of Howth.

³ The Sugar Loaf Mountains, Co. Wicklow, according to
some antiquaries, were called in Irish "The Golden Spears."

Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shan-
gànah !
Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shan-
gànah !
No-lands far away by the calm Susque-
hannah,
So tranquil and fair as the Vale of Shan-
gànah !

But here, even here, the lone heart were be-
nighted,
No beauty could reach it, if love did not
light it ;
'Tis this makes the earth, oh ! what mortal
can doubt it ?
A garden with it, but a desert without it !
With the loved one, whose feelings instinct-
ively teach her
That goodness of heart makes the beauty of
feature,
How glad through this vale would I float
down life's river,
Enjoying God's bounty, and blessing the
Giver !

Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shan-
gànah !
Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shan-
gànah !
May the accents of love, like the drop-
pings of manna,
Fall sweet on my heart in the Vale of
Shangànah !¹

THE WINDOW.

At my window, late and early,
In the sunshine and the rain,
When the jocund beams of morning
Come to wake me from my napping,
With their golden fingers tapping
At my window-pane :
From my troubled slumbers fitting—
From my dreamings fond and vain,
From the fever intermitting,
Up I start, and take my sitting
At my window-pane :—
Through the morning, through the noontide,

Fettered by a diamond chain,
Through the early hours of evening,
When the stars begin to tremble,
As their shining ranks assemble
O'er the azure plain :
When the thousand lamps are blazing
Through the street and lane—
Mimic stars of man's upraising—
Still I linger, fondly gazing
From my window-pane !

For, amid the crowds, slow passing,
Surging like the main,
Like a sunbeam among shadows,
Through the storm-swept cloudy masses,
Sometimes one bright being passes
'Neath my window-pane :
Thus a moment's joy I borrow
From a day of pain.
See, she comes ! but, bitter sorrow !
Not until the slow to-morrow
Will she come again.

ADVANCE.*

"There is nothing stationary in space—even the fixed stars
move."

COSMOS.

God bade the Sun with golden step sublime
Advance !
He whispered in the listening ear of Time,
Advance !
He bade the guiding spirits of the Stars,
With lightning speed, in silver-shining cars,
Along the bright floor of his azure hall
Advance !
Suns, Stars, and Time, obey the voice, and all
Advance !
The River, at its bubbling fountain, cries
Advance !
The Clouds proclaim, like heralds through
the skies,
Advance !
Throughout the world the mighty Master's
laws
Allow not one brief moment's idle pause.

¹ *The Vale of Shangànah* (or more usually called *Shanganagh*) lies to the south of Killiney Hill, near Dalkey, Co. Dublin.

* This poem has been admirably translated into French verse by M. le Chevalier de Chatelain. See the interesting specimens of his "*Beautés de la Poesie Anglaise*," appended to the third edition of his "*Fables de Gay*," London, 1857.

The Earth is full of life, the swelling seeds
Advance!
And summer hours, like flowery harnessed
steeds,

Advance!

To Man's most wondrous hand the same
voice cried,

Advance!

Go clear the woods, and o'er the bounding tide
Advance!

Go draw the marble from its secret bed,
And make the cedar bend its giant head;
Let domes and columns through the wonder-
dering air

Advance!

The world, O Man! is thine. But wouldst
thou share—

Advance!

Unto the soul of man the same voice spoke,
Advance!

From out the chaos, thunder-like, it broke,
"Advance!

"Go track the comet in its wheeling race,
And drag the lightning from its hiding-place;
From out the night of ignorance and fears,
Advance!

For love and hope, borne by the coming years,
Advance!"

All heard, and some obeyed the great com-
mand,

Advance!

It passed along from listening land to land,
Advance!

The strong grew stronger, and the weak
grew strong,

As passed the war-cry of the World along—
Awake, ye nations, know your powers and
rights—

Advance!

Through hope and work to freedom's new
delights—

Advance!

Knowledge came down and waved her steady
torch,

Advance!

Sages proclaimed 'neath many a marble porch,
Advance!

As rapid lightning leaps from peak to peak,
The Gaul, the Goth, the Roman, and the
Greek,

The painted Briton caught the wingéd word,
Advance!

And earth grew young, and carolled as a bird,
Advance!

Oh! Ireland—oh! my country, wilt thou not
Advance?

Wilt thou not share the world's progressive
lot?

Advance!

Must seasons change, and countless years
roll on,

And thou remain a darksome Ajalon,¹
And never see the crescent moon of hope

Advance?

'Tis time thine heart and eye had wider scop,
Advance!

Dear brothers, wake! look up! be firm! be
strong!

Advance!

From out the starless night of fraud and wrong
Advance!

The chains have fallen from off thy wasted
hands,

And every man a seeming freedman stands.
But ah! 'tis in the soul that freedom dwells:

Advance!

Proclaim that *there* thou wearest no manacles.
Advance!

Advance! thou must advance or perish now:
Advance!

Advance! Why live with wasted heart and
brow?

Advance!

Advance! or sink at once into the grave;
Be bravely free, or artfully a slave!

Why fret thy master, if thou must have one?
Advance!

"Advance three steps, the glorious work is
done"—²

Advance!

The first is COURAGE—'tis a giant stride!
Advance!

¹ "Move not, O Sun, towards Gabaon, nor thou, O Moon,
toward the Valley of Ajalon."—*Josue*, ix. 12.

² "Trois pas en avant, c'est fait."—VICTOR HUGO.

With bounding step up freedom's rugged side

Advance!

KNOWLEDGE will lead you to the dazzling heights;

TOLERANCE will teach and guard your brother's rights.

Faint not! for thee a pitying Future waits:

Advance!

Be wise, be just: with will as fixed as Fate's,

Advance!

THE EMIGRANTS.

PART I.

"On! come, my mother, come away, across
the sea-green water;

Oh! come with me, and come with him, the
husband of thy daughter;

Oh! come with us, and come with them, the
sister and the brother,

Who, prattling, clime thine agéd knees, and
call thy daughter—mother.

"Oh! come, and leave this land of death—
this isle of desolation—

This speck upon the sunbright face of God's
sublime creation;

Since now o'er all our fatal stars the most
malign hath risen,

When labor seeks the poorhouse, and inno-
cence the prison.

"'Tis true, o'er all the sun-brown fields the
husky wheat is bending;

'Tis true, God's blessed hand at last a better
time is sending;

'Tis true, the island's agéd face looks hap-
pier and younger,

But in the best of days we've known the
sickness and the hunger.

"When health breathed out in every breeze,
too oft we've known the fever—

Too oft, my mother, have we felt the hand
of the bereaver;

Too well remember many a time the mourn-
ful task that brought him,

When freshness fanned the summer air, and
cooled the glow of autumn.

"But then the trial, though severe, still tes-
tified our patience,

We bowed with mingled hope and fear to
God's wise dispensations;

We felt the gloomiest time was both a pro-
mise and a warning,

Just as the darkest hour of night is herald
of the morning.

"But now through all the black expanse no
hopeful morning breaketh—

No bird of promise in our hearts the glad-
some song awaketh;

No far-off gleams of good light up the hills
of expectation—

Naught but the gloom that might precede
the world's annihilation.

"So, mother, turn thine agéd feet, and let
our children lead 'em

Down to the ship that wafts us soon to plenty
and to freedom;

Forgetting naught of all the past, yet all the
past forgiving:

Come, let us leave the dying land, and fly
unto the living.

"They tell us, they who read and think of
Ireland's ancient story,

How once its Emerald Flag flung out a sun-
burst's fleeting glory;

Oh! if that sun will pierce no more the dark
clouds that efface it,

Fly where the rising stars of heaven com-
mingle to replace it.

"So, come, my mother, come away, across
the sea-green water;

Oh! come with us, and come with him, the
husband of thy daughter;

Oh! come with us, and come with them, the
sister and the brother,

Who, prattling, climb thine agéd knees, and
call thy daughter—mother."

PART II.

"Ah! go, my children, go away—obey this
inspiration;

Go with the mantling hopes of health and
youthful expectation;

Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and
plough the expectant prairies;
Go, in the sacred name of God, and the
blessed Virgin Mary's.

"But though I feel how sharp the pang from
thee and thine to sever,
To look upon these darling ones the last time
and forever;
Yet in this sad and dark old land, by deso-
lation haunted,
My heart has struck its roots too deep ever
to be transplanted.

"A thousand fibres still have life, although
the trunk is dying—
They twine around the yet green grave
where thy father's bones are lying:
Ah! from that sad and sweet embrace no
soil on earth can loose 'em,
Though golden harvests gleam on its breast,
and golden sands in its bosom.

"Others are twined around the stone, where
ivy blossoms smother
The crumbling lines that trace thy names,
my father and my mother!
God's blessing be upon their souls—God
grant, my old heart prayeth,
Their names be written in the Book whose
writing ne'er decayeth.

"Alas! my prayers would never warm with-
in those great cold buildings,
Those grand cathedral churches, with their
marbles and their gildings;
Far fitter than the proudest dome that would
hang in splendor o'er me,
Is the simple chapel's whitewashed walls,
where my people knelt before me.

"No doubt it is a glorious land to which you
now are going,
Like that which God bestowed of old, with
milk and honey flowing;
But where are the blessed saints of God,
whose lives of his Law remind me,
Like Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille, in the
land I'd leave behind me?

"So leave me here, my children, with my
old ways and old notions—

Leave me here in peace, with my memories
and devotions:

Leave me in sight of your father's grave; and
as the heavens allied us,
Let not, since we were joined in life, even
the grave divide us.

"There's not a week but I can hear how you
prosper better and better,
For the mighty fire-ships over the sea will
bring the expected letter;
And if I need aught for my simple wants,
my food or my winter firing,
Thou'lt gladly spare from thy growing store,
a little for my requiring

"So, go, my children, go away—obey this
inspiration;
Go with the mantling hopes of health and
youthful expectation;
Go clear the forests, climb the hills, and
plough the expectant prairies;
Go, in the sacred name of God, and the
blessed Virgin Mary's."

TO ETHNA.

*Da lei si move ciascun mio pensiero,
Perche l'anima ha preso qualitate
Di sua bella persona.*

DANTE.

FIRST loved, last loved, best loved of all
I've loved!

Ethna, my boyhood's dream, my man-
hood's light,—

Pure angel spirit, in whose light I've
moved

Full many a year along life's darksome
night!

Thou wert my star, serenely shining
bright

Beyond youth's passing clouds and mists
obscure;

Thou wert the power that kept my spirit
white,

My soul unsoiled, my heart untouched and
pure.

Thine was the light from Heaven that ever
must endure

Purest, and best, and brightest, no mishap,
No chance or change can break our mutual ties ;

My heart lies spread before thee like a map,
Here roll the tides, and there the mountains rise ;

Here dangers frown, and there hope's streamlet flies,

And golden promontories cleave the main ;
And I have looked into thy lustrous eyes,
And saw the thought thou couldst not all restrain,

A sweet, soft, sympathetic pity for my pain !

Dearest and best, I dedicate to thee,
From this hour forth, my hopes, my dreams, my cares,

All that I am, and all I e'er may be,—
Youth's clustering locks, and age's thin, white hairs ;

Thou by my side, fair vision, unawares—
Sweet saint—shalt guard me as with angel's wings ;

To thee shall rise the morning's hopeful prayers,

The evening hymns, the thoughts that midnight brings,

The worship that like fire out of the warm heart springs.

Thou wilt be with me through the struggling day,

Thou wilt be with me through the pen- sive night,

Thou wilt be with me, though far, far away
Some sad mischance may snatch you from my sight.

In grief, in pain, in gladness, in delight,
In every thought thy form shall bear a part,

In every dream thy memory shall unite,
Bride of my soul, and partner of my heart !

I'll from the dreadful bow flie the fatal dart !

Am I deceived ? and do I pine and faint
For worth that only dwells in heaven above ?

Ah ! if thou'rt not the Ethna that I paint,
Then thou art not the Ethna that I love :
If thou art not as gentle as the dove,

And good as thou art beautiful, the tooth
Of venom'd serpents will not deadlier prove

Than that dark revelation : but, in sooth,
Ethna, I wrong thee, dearest, for thy name
is TRUTH.'

WINGS FOR HOME.

My heart hath taken wings for home ;

Away ! away ! it cannot stay.

My heart hath taken wings for home,
Nor all that's best of Greece or Rome
Can stop its sway.

My heart hath taken wings for home,
Away !

My heart hath taken wings for home,
O Swallow, Swallow, lead the way !

O, little bird, fly north with me,

I have a home beside the sea

Where thou canst sing and play ;—

My heart hath taken wings for home,
Away !

My heart hath taken wings for home,

But thou, O little bird, wilt stay ;

Thou hast thy little ones with thee here,

Thy mate floats with thee through the clear
Italian depths of day ;—

My heart hath taken wings for home,
Away !

My heart hath taken wings for home,

Away ! away ! it cannot stay.

One spring from Brunelleschi's dome,

To Venice by the Adrian foam,

Then westward be my way.—

My heart hath taken wings for home,
Away !

TO AN INFANT.

LEAP, little feet ; leap up, oh leap !

With bounding life, be bold and brave ;

The time may come when ye must creep,
Even to a grave !

¹ *Æthna*, or *Aithna*, in Irish signifies *Truth*. The mother of St. Columbkille bore this beautiful name. See "Adamnan's Life of St. Columba," edited by the Rev. Dr. Reeves, for the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Society, p. 8.

Laugh, little lips, in dreamless sleep,
 Sweet eyes, smile sweet, the angels hear;
 The time may come when ye must weep,
 No angel near!

Look, little soul, from out thy gate;
 Look out and seek thy one true friend:
 Ah me! to think that thou must wait
 Till life shall end!

Beat, little heart, within thy breast;
 Beat fond and fast, oh flesh-caged dove,
 And when the bars are broke, thy nest
 Be heaven above!

HOME-SICKNESS.

TO THE BAY OF DUBLIN.

I.

My native bay, for many a year
 I've loved thee with a trembling fear,
 Lest thou, though dear, and very dear,
 And beauteous as a vision,
 Shouldst have some rival far away—
 Some matchless wonder of a bay
 Whose sparkling waters ever play
 'Neath azure skies elysian.

II.

'Tis love, me thought, blind love that pours
 The rippling magic round these shores—
 For whatsoever love adores
 Becomes what love desireth:
 'Tis ignorance of aught beside
 That throws enchantment o'er the tide
 And makes my heart respond with pride
 To what mine eye admireth.

III.

And thus, unto our mutual loss,
 Whene'er I paced the sloping moss
 Of green Killiney, or across
 The intervening waters—
 Up Howth's brown sides my feet would wend,
 To see thy sinuous bosom bend,
 Or view thine outstretched arms extend
 To clasp thine islet daughters:

IV.

Then would this spectre of my fear
 Beside me stand—how calm and clear

Slept underneath the green waves, near
 The tide-worn rocks' recesses;
 Or when they woke and leaped from land,
 Like startled sea-nymphs, hand in hand
 Seeking the southern silver strand
 With floating emerald tresses:

V.

It lay o'er all, a moral mist;
 Even on the hills, when evening kissed
 The granite peaks to amethyst,
 I felt its fatal shadow:
 It darkened o'er the brightest rills,
 It lowered upon the sunniest hills,
 And hid the wingéd song that fills
 The moorland and the meadow.

VI.

But now that I have been to view
 All even nature's self can do,
 And from Gaeta's arch of blue
 Borne many a fond memento;
 And from each fair and famous scene,
 Where beauty is, and power hath been,
 Along the golden shores between
 Misenum and Sorrento:

VII.

I can look proudly in thy face,
 Fair daughter of a hardier race,
 And feel thy winning, well-known grace,
 Without my old misgiving;
 And as I kneel upon thy strand,
 And kiss thy once unvalued hand,
 Proclaim earth holds no lovelier land,
 Where life is worth the living.

YOUTH AND AGE.

I.

To give the blossom and the fruit
 The soft warm air that wraps them round,
 Oh! think how long the toilsome root
 Must live and labor 'neath the ground.

II.

To send the river on its way,
 With ever deepening strength and force,
 Oh! think how long 'twas let to play,
 A happy streamlet, near its source.

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

I.

SUMMER is a glorious season—
 Warm, and bright, and pleasant ;
 But the past is not a reason
 To despise the present.
 So while health can climb the mountain,
 And the log lights up the hall,
 There are sunny days in winter, after all !

II.

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
 Maiden-like in charms ;
 Summer, too, with all her promise,
 Perished in our arms.
 But the memory of the vanished,
 Whom our hearts recall,
 Maketh sunny days in winter, after all !

III.

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh,
 All the best are dead ;
 But the wall-flower still perfumeth
 Yonder garden-bed.
 And the arbutus pearl-blossomed
 Hangs its coral ball—
 There *are* sunny days in winter, after all !

IV.

Summer trees are pretty—very,
 And I love them well ;
 But this holly's glistening berry,
 None of those excel.
 While the fir can warm the landscape,
 And the ivy clothes the wall,
 There are sunny days in winter, after all !

V.

Sunny hours in every season
 Wait the innocent—
 Those who taste with love and reason
 What their God hath sent.
 Those who neither soar too highly,
 Nor too lowly fall,
 Feel the sunny days of winter, after all !

VI.

Then, although our darling treasures
 Vanish from the heart ;

Then, although our once-loved pleasures
 One by one depart ;
 Though the tomb looms in the distance,
 And the mourning pall,
 There is sunshine and *no* winter, after all !

DUTY.

As the hardy oat is growing,
 Howsœ'er the wind may blow ;
 As the untired stream is flowing,
 Whether shines the sun or no :—
 Thus, though storm-winds rage about it,
 Should the strong plant, Duty, grow ;
 Thus, with beauty or without it,
 Should the stream of being flow.

ORDER.

A WORD went forth upon Creation's day,
 At which the void infinitude was filled
 With life and light. Where horrid CHAOS
 reigned
 In dark confusion, orbéd ORDER rose,
 And with the silent majesty of strength
 Took up the sceptre of a thousand worlds,
 And ruled by right divine the radiant realms.
 Where all was blank vacuity, or worse,
 Monstrous Disorder—fair material Form
 Rose wondering from the vacant wastes of
 Space ;
 And as each world beheld its sister world,
 So calm, so beautiful, so full of light,
 Walking in gladness through the halls of
 heaven,
 Like a fair daughter in her father's house—
 Its heart yearned towards her, and its trem-
 bling feet
 Turned in pursuit ; and its great, eager eyes
 Followed her ever down the eternal day.
 Round golden suns the silver planets rolled,
 Round silver planets circled moons of pearl,
 Round pearly moons, the roses of the sky
 (Eve-crimsoned clouds) stood wondering, till
 their cheeks
 Grew pale with passion, and then dark with
 pain ;
 As sank the moons behind the unheeding
 hills !

THE FIRST OF THE ANGELS.

I.

HUSH! hush! through the azure expanse of
the sky
Comes a low, gentle sound, 'twixt a laugh
and a sigh;
And I rise from my writing, and look up
on high,
And I kneel—for the first of God's angels is
nigh!

II.

Oh! how to describe what my rapt eyes
descry!
For the blue of the sky is the blue of his eye;
And the white clouds, whose whiteness the
snow-flakes outvie,
Are the luminous pinions on which he doth
fly!

III.

And his garments of gold gleam at times
like the pyre
Of the west, when the sun in a blaze doth
expire;
Now tinged like the orange—now flaming
with fire!
Half the crimson of roses and purple of Tyre.

IV.

And his voice, on whose accents the angels
have hung—
He himself a bright angel, immortal and
young—
Scatters melody sweeter the green buds
among,
Than the poet e'er wrote, or the nightingale
sung.

V.

It comes on the balm-bearing breath of the
breeze,
And the odors that later will gladden the
bees,
With a life and a freshness united to these,
From the rippling of waters and rustling of
trees.

VI.

Like a swan to its young o'er the glass of a
pond,

So to earth comes the angel, as graceful and
fond;

While a bright beam of sunshine—his mag-
ical wand—
Strikes the fields at my feet, and the moun-
tains beyond.

VII.

They waken—they start into life at a bound—
Flowers climb the tall hillocks, and cover
the ground;
With a nimbus of glory the mountains are
crowned,
As their rivulets rush to the ocean profound.

VIII.

There is life on the earth—there is calm on
the sea,
And the rough waves are smoothed, and the
frozen are free;
And they gambol and ramble like boys in
their glee,
Round the shell-shining strand on the grass-
bearing lea.

IX.

There is love for the young—there is life for
the old,
And wealth for the needy, and heat for the
cold;
For the dew scatters nightly its diamonds
untold,
And the snowdrop its silver—the crocus its
gold!

X.

God—whose goodness and greatness we bless
and adore—
Be Thou praised for this angel—the first of
the four—
To whose charge Thou hast given the world's
utmost shore,
To guide it, and guard it, till time is no more!

SPIRIT VOICES.

I.

THERE are voices, spirit voices, sweetly
sounding everywhere,
At whose coming earth rejoices, and the
echoing realms of air,

And their joy and jubilation pierce the near
and reach the far—
From the rapid world's gyration to the
twinkling of the star.

II.

One, a potent voice uplifting, stops the white
cloud on its way,
As it drives with driftless drifting o'er the
vacant vault of day,
And in sounds of soft upbraiding calls it
down the void inane
To the gilding and the shading of the moun-
tain and the plain.

III.

Airy offspring of the fountains, to thy des-
tined duty sail—
Seek it on the proudest mountains, seek it in
the humblest vale;
Howsoever high thou fliest, howso deep it
bids thee go,
Be a beacon to the highest and a blessing to
the low.

IV.

When the sad earth, broken-hearted, hath
not even a tear to shed,
And her very soul seems parted for her chil-
dren lying dead,
Send the streams with warmer pulses through
that frozen fount of fears,
And the sorrow that convulses, soothe and
soften down to tears.

V.

Bear the sunshine and the shadow, bear the
rain-drop and the snow,
Bear the night-dew to the meadow, and to
hope the promised bow,
Bear the moon, a moving mirror, for her
angel face and form,
And to guilt and wilful error, bear the light-
ning and the storm.

VI.

When thou thus hast done thy duty on the
earth and o'er the sea,
Bearing many a beam of beauty, ever bet-
tering what must be,

Thus reflecting heaven's pure splendor, and
concealing ruined clay,
Up to God thy spirit render, and dissolving,
pass away.

VII.

And with fond solicitation, speaks another
to the streams—
Leave your airy isolation, quit the cloudy
land of dreams,
Break the lonely peak's attraction, burst the
solemn, silent glen,
Seek the living world of action, and the busy
haunts of men.

VIII.

Turn the mill-wheel with thy fingers, turn
the steam-wheel with thy breath,
With thy tide that never lingers, save the
dying fields from death;
Let the swiftness of thy currents bear to man
the freight-filled ship,
And the crystal of thy torrents bring re-
freshment to his lip.

IX.

And when thou, O rapid river, thy eternal
home dost seek—
When no more the willows quiver but to
touch thy passing cheek—
When the groves no longer greet thee and
the shores no longer kiss—
Let infinitude come meet thee on the verge
of the abyss.

X.

Other voices seek to win us—low, sugges-
tive, like the rest—
But the sweetest is within us, in the stillness
of the breast;
Be it ours, with fond desiring, the same har-
vest to produce
As the cloud in its aspiring, and the river in
its use.

 TRUTH IN SONG.

I.

I CANNOT sing, I cannot write,
To show that I can write and sing—

I cannot for a cause so slight

Command my Ariel's dainty wing:
Not for the dreams of cultured youth,
Nor praises of the lettered throng.
Oh, no! I string the pearls of song
But only on the chords of truth:

II.

And when the precious pearls are strung,
What are their value but to deck
Some kindred forehead, or be hung
Around the whiteness of some neck?
Some neck? some forehead?—ah! but one
Would win or haply wear the chain,
And now the fragments of the strain
Lie broken round me—SHE is gone!

III.

Gone from my home some weary hours,
But never, never from my heart—
Gone, like the memory of the showers
To flowers long-drooping, love, thou art:
O, truest friend—O, best of wives—
Come soon: my world, my queen, my
crown,
Then shall the pearls run ringing down
The love-twined chords of both our lives.

ALL FOOL'S DAY.

I.

THE sun called a beautiful beam that was
playing
At the door of his golden-walled palace on
high;
And he bade him be off without any delay-
ing,
To a fast-fleeting cloud on the verge of the
sky:
"You will give him this letter," said roguish
Apollo,
(While a sly little twinkle contracted his
eye),
"With my royal regards; and be sure that
you follow
Whatsoever his *highness* may send in re-
ply."

II.

The beam heard the order, but being no
novice,
Took it coolly, of course—nor in this was
he wrong;
But was forced (being a clerk in Apollo's
post-office)
To declare (what a bounce!) that he
wouldn't be long;
So he went home and dressed—gave his
beard an elision—
Put his scarlet coat on, nicely edged with
gold lace;
And thus being equipped, with a postman's
precision,
He prepared to set out on his nebulous race.

III.

Off he posted at last, but just outside the
portals
He lit on earth's high-soaring bird in the
dark;¹
So he tarried a little, like many frail mortals,
Who, when sent on an errand, first *go on*
a lark.
But he broke from the bird—reached the
cloud in a minute—
Gave the letter and all, as Apollo ordained;
But the sun's correspondent, on looking
within it,
Found "Send the fool farther," was all it
contained.

IV.

The cloud, who was up to all *mystification*,
Quite a *humorist*, saw the intent of the
sun;
And was ever too *airy*—though lofty his
station—
To spoil the least taste of the prospect of
fun;
So he hemmed and he hawed—took a roll of
pure vapor,
Which the light from the beam made
bright as could be,
(Like a sheet of the whitest cream golden-
edged paper),
And wrote a few words, superscribed "To
the Sea."

¹ "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," &c.

V.

"My dear Beam," or "dear Ray," ('twas thus coolly he *hailed* him),
 "Pray take down to Neptune this letter from me,
 For the person you seek—though I lately *re-galed* him—
 Now tries a new airing, and dwells by the sea."
 So our Mercury hastened away through the ether,
 The bright face of Thetis to gladden and greet;
 And he plunged in the water a few feet beneath her,
 Just to get a sly peep at her beautiful feet.

VI.

To Neptune the letter was brought for inspection—
 But the god, though a *deep one*, was still rather *green*;
 So he took a few moments of *steady reflection*,
 Ere he wholly made out what the missive could mean:
 But the date (it was "April the first") came to save it
 From all fear of mistake; so he took pen in hand,
 And, transcribing the cruel entreaty, he gave it
 To our travelled-tired friend, and said
 "Bring it to Land."

VII.

To Land went the Sunbeam, which scarcely received it,
 When it sent it post-haste back again to the Sea;
 The Sea's hypocritical calmness deceived it,
 And sent it once more to the Land on the lea;
 From the Land to the Lake—from the Lakes to the Fountains—
 From the Fountains and Streams to the Hills' azure crest,
 'Till, at last, a tall Peak on the top of the mountains,
 Sent it back to the Cloud in the now golden west.

VIII.

He saw the whole trick, by the way he was greeted
 By the Sun's laughing face, which all purple appears;
 Then amused, yet annoyed at the way he was treated,
He first laughed at the joke, and then burst into tears.
 It is thus at this day of mistakes and surprises,
 When fools write on foolscap, and wear it the while,
 This gay saturnalia forever arises
 'Mid the shower and sunshine, the tear and the smile.

THE BIRTH OF THE SPRING.

I.

O KATHLEEN, my darling, I've dreamt such a dream!
 'Tis as hopeful and bright as the Summer's first beam:
 I dreamt that the World, like yourself darling dear,
 Had presented a son to the happy New Year!
 Like yourself, too, the poor mother suffered awhile,
 But like thine was the joy, at her baby's first smile,
 When the tender nurse, Nature, quick hastened to fling
 Her sun-mantle round, as she fondled THE SPRING.

II.

O Kathleen, 'twas strange how the elements all,
 With their friendly regards, condescended to call:
 The rough rains of Winter like summer-dews fell,
 And the North-wind said, zephyr-like—"Is the World well?"
 And the streams ran quick-sparkling to tell o'er the Earth
 God's goodness to man in this mystical birth,

For a Son of this World, and an heir to the
King
Who rules over man, is this beautiful Spring!

III.

O Kathleen, methought, when the bright
babe was born,
More lovely than morning appeared the
bright morn;
The birds sang more sweetly, the grass
greener grew,
And with buds and with blossoms the old
trees looked new;
And methought when the Priest of the Uni-
verse came—
The Sun, in his vestments of glory and
flame—
He was seen the warm rain-drops of April
to fling
On the brow of the babe, and baptize him
The Spring!

IV.

O Kathleen, dear Kathleen! what treasures
are piled
In the mines of the Past for this wonderful
Child!
The lore of the sages, the lays of the bards,
Like a primer, the eye of this infant regards;
All the dearly-bought knowledge that cost
life and limb,
Without price, without peril, are offered to
him;
And the blithe bee of Progress concealeth its
sting,
As it offers its sweets to this beautiful
Spring!

V.

O Kathleen, they tell us of wonderful things,
Of speed that surpasseth the fairy's fleet
wings;
How the lands of the world in communion
are brought,

And the slow march of speech is as rapid as
thought.
Think, think what an heir-loom the great
world will be,
With this wonderful wire 'neath the Earth
and the Sea;
When the snows and the sunshine together
shall bring
All the wealth of the world to the feet of
the Spring.

VI.

O Kathleen, but think of the birth-gifts of
love,
That THE MASTER who lives in the GREAT
HOUSE above,
Prepares for the poor child that's born on
His land—
Dear God! they're the sweet flowers that
fall from Thy hand—
The crocus, the primrose, the violet given
Awhile, to make Earth the reflection of
Heaven;
The brightness and lightness that round the
world wing
Are Thine, and are ours too, through thee,
happy Spring!

VII.

O Kathleen, dear Kathleen! that dream is
gone by,
And I wake once again, but, thank God!
thou art by;
And the land that we love looks as bright
in the beam,
Just as if my sweet dream was not all out a
dream:
The spring-tide of Nature its blessing im-
parts—
Let the spring-tide of Hope send its pulse
through our hearts;
Let us feel 'tis a mother, to whose breast we
cling,
And a brother we hail, when we welcome
the Spring.

POEMS BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

GERMAN ANTHOLOGY.

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

The Tay of the Bell.

Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.

PREPARATION FOR FOUNDING THE BELL.

FIRMLY wall'd within the soil
Stands the firebaked mould of clay.
Courage, comrades! Now for toil!
For we cast THE BELL to-day.
Sweat must trickle now
Down the burning brow,
If the work may boast of beauty:
Still 'tis Heaven must bless our duty.

A word of earnest exhortation
The serious task before us needs:
Beguiled by cheerful conversation,
How much more lightly toil proceeds!
Then let us here, with best endeavor,
Weigh well what these our labors mean:
Contempt awaits that artist ever
Who plods through all, the mere machine;
But Thought makes Man to dust superior,
And he alone is thoughtful-soul'd
Who ponders in his heart's interior
Whatever shape his hand may mould.

Gather first the pine-tree wood,
Only be it wholly dry,
That the flame, with subtle flood,
Through the furnace-chink may fly.
Now the brass is in,
Add the alloy of tin,
That the ingredients may, while warm,
Take the essential fluid form.

OFFICES OF THE BELL.

What here in caverns by the power
Of fire our mastering fingers frame,
Hereafter from the belfry tower
Will vindicate its makers' aim;
'Twill speak to Man with voice unfailing
In latest years of after-days,
Will echo back the mourner's wailing,
Or move the heart to prayer and praise:
In many a varying cadence ringing,
The willing BELL will publish far
The fitful changes hourly springing
Beneath Man's ever-shifting star.

Surface-bubbles glittering palely
Show the mixture floweth well:
Mingle now the quick *alkali*;
That will help to found the BELL
Purified from scum
Must the mass become,
That the tone, escaping free,
Clear and deep and full may be.

THE BIRTH-DAY BELL.

For, with a peal of joyous clangor
It hails the infant boy, that in
The soft embrace of sleep and languor
Life's tiring travel doth begin.
His brighter lot and darker doom
Lie shrouded in the Future's womb.
Watch'd over by his tender mother,
His golden mornings chase each other;
Swift summers fly like javelins by.

The woman's yoke the stripling spurneth;
 He rushes wildly forth to roam
 The wide world over, and returneth
 When years have wheel'd—a stranger—
 home.

Array'd in Beauty's magic might,
 A vision from the Heaven that's o'er him,
 With conscious blush and eye of light,
 The bashful virgin stands before him.
 Then flies the youth his wonted sports,
 For in his heart a nameless feeling
 Is born; the lonesome dell he courts,
 And down his cheek the tears are stealing.
 He hangs upon her silver tone,
 He tracks with joy her very shadow,
 And culls, to deck his lovely one,
 The brightest flowers that gem the meadow.
 Oh, golden time of Love's devotion,
 When tenderest hopes and thrills have
 birth,
 When hearts are drunk with blest emotion,
 And Heaven itself shines out on Earth!
 Were thy sweet season ever vernal!
 Were early Youth and Love eternal!

Ha! the pipes appear embrown'd,
 So this little staff I lower:
 'Twill be time, I wis, to found,
 If the fluid glaze it o'er.
 Courage, comrades! Move!
 Quick the mixture prove.

If the soft but well unite
 With the rigid, all is right.

THE WEDDING-BELL.

For, where the Strong protects the Tender,
 Where Might and Mildness join, they render
 A sweet result, content insuring;
 Let those then prove who make election,
 That heart meets heart in blent affection,
 Else Bliss is brief, and Grief enduring!
 In the bride's rich ringlets brightly
 Shines the flowery coronal,
 As the BELL, now pealing lightly,
 Bids her to the festal hall.
 Fairest scene of Man's elysian
 World! thou closest life's short May:

With the *zone* and *veil*' the Vision
 Melts in mist and fades for aye!
 The rapture has fled,
 Still the love has not perish'd;
 The blossom is dead,
 But the fruit must be cherish'd.

The husband must out,
 He must mix in the rout,
 In the struggle and strife
 And the clangor of life,
 Must join in its jangle,
 Must wrestle and wrangle,
 O'erreaching, outrunning,
 By force and by cunning,
 That Fortune propitious
 May smile on his wishes.

Then riches flow in to his uttermost wishes;
 His warehouses glitter with all that is pre-
 cious;

The storehouse, the mansion,
 Soon call for expansion;
 And busied within is
 The orderly matron,
 The little ones' mother,*
 Who is everywhere seen
 As she rules like a queen,
 The instructress of maidens
 And curber of boys;
 And seldom she lingers
 In plying her fingers,
 But doubles the gains
 By her prudence and pains,

And winds round the spindle the threads at
 her leisure,

And fills odoriferous coffers with treasure,
 And storeth her shining receptacles full
 Of snowy-white linen and pale-colored wool,
 And blends with the Useful the Brilliant and
 Pleasing,

And toils without ceasing.
 And the father counts his possessions now,
 As he paces his house's commanding terrace,
 And he looks around with a satisfied brow

* Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier,
 Reizt der schöne Wahn entzwei.

Schiller here alludes to that custom of antiquity according to which the bridegroom unloosed the zone and removed the veil of his betrothed. Among the ancients, to *unbind the cestus*, and to *espouse*, were expressions meaning the same thing hence the well-known line of Catullus—

Quod possit zonam solvere virgineam.

* Here, and in a few subsequent passages, Schiller omits his rhymes.

On his pillar-like trees in rows unending,
 And his barns and rooms that are filling
 amain,
 And his granaries under their burden bend-
 ing,
 And his wavy fields of golden grain,
 And speaks with exultation,
 "Fast as the Earth's foundation,
 Against all ill secure,
 Long shall my house endure!"
 But ah! with Destiny and Power
 No human paction lasts an hour,
 And Ruin rides a restless courser.

Good! The chasm is guarded well;
 Now, my men! commence to found;
 Yet, before ye run the BELL,
 Breathe a prayer to Heaven around!
 Wrench the stopple-cork!
 God protect our work!
 Smoking to the bow it flies,
 While the flames around it rise.

THE FIRE-BELL.

Fire works for good with noble force
 So long as Man controls its course;
 And all he rears of strong or slight
 Is debtor to this heavenly might.
 But dreadful is this heavenly might
 When, bursting forth in dead of night,
 Unloosed and raging, wide and wild
 It ranges, Nature's chainless child!
 Woe! when oversweeping bar,
 With a fury naught can stand,
 Through the stifled streets afar
 Rolls the monstrous volume-brand!
 For the elements ever war
 With the works of human hand.
 From the cloud
 Blessings gush;
 From the cloud
 Torrents rush;
 From the cloud alike
 Come the bolts that strike.
 LARUM peals from lofty steeple
 Rouse the people!
 Red, like blood,
 Heaven is flashing!
 How it shames the daylight's flood!

Hark! what crashing
 Down the streets!
 Smoke ascends in volumes!
 Skyward flares the flame in columns!
 Through the tent-like lines of streets
 Rapidly as wind it fleets!
 Now the white air, waxing hotter,
 Glows a furnace—pillars totter—
 Rafters crackle—casements rattle—
 Mothers fly—
 Children cry—
 Under ruins whimper cattle.
 All is horror, noise, affright!
 Bright as noontide glares the night!
 Swung from hand to hand with zeal along
 By the throng,
 Speeds the pail. In bow-like form
 Sprays the hissing water-shower,
 But the madly-howling storm
 Aids the flames with wrathful power;
 Round the shrivell'd fruit they curl:
 Grappling with the granary-stores,
 Now they blaze through roof and floors,
 And with upward-dragging whirl,
 Even as though they strove to bear
 Earth herself aloft in air,
 Shoot into the vaulted Void,
 Giant-vast!
 Hope is past:
 Man submits to God's decree,
 And, all stunn'd and silently,
 Sees his earthly All destroy'd!

Burn'd a void
 Is the Dwelling:
 Winter winds its wailing dirge are knelling;
 In the skeleton window-pits
 Horror sits,
 And exposed to Heaven's wide woof
 Lies the roof.

One glance only
 On the lonely
 Sepulchre of all his wealth below
 Doth the man bestow;
 Then turns to tread the world's broad path.
 It matters not what wreck the wrath
 Of fire hath brought on house and land,
 One treasured blessing still he hath,
 His Best Beloved beside him stand!

Happily at length, and rightly,
 Doth it fill the loamy frame:
 Think ye will it come forth brightly?
 Will it yet fulfil our aim?
 If we fail to found?
 If the mould rebound?
 Ah! perchance, when least we deem,
 Fortune may defeat our scheme.

In hope our work we now confide
 To Earth's obscure but hallow'd bosom;
 Therein the sower, too, doth hide
 The seed he hopes shall one day blossom,
 If bounteous Heaven shall so decide.
 But holier, dearer Seed than this
 We bury oft, with tears, in Earth,
 And trust that from the Grave's abyss
 'Twill bloom forth yet in brighter birth.

THE PASSING BELL.

Hollowly and slowly,
 By the BELL's disastrous tongue,
 Is the melancholy
 Knell of death and burial rung.
 Heavily those muffled accents mourn
 Some one journeying to the last dark bourne.

Ah! it is the spouse, the dear one!
 Ah! it is that faithful mother!
 She it is that thus is borne,
 Sadly borne and rudely torn
 By the sable Prince of Spectres
 From her fondest of protectors—
 From the children forced to flee
 Whom she bore him lovingly,
 Whom she gazed on day and night
 With a mother's deep delight.
 Ah! the house's bands, that held
 Each to each, are doom'd to sever
 She that there as mother dwell'd
 Roams the Phantom-land forever.
 Truest friend and best arranger!
 Thou art gone, and gone for aye;
 And a loveless hireling stranger
 O'er thine orphan'd ones will sway.

Till the BELL shall cool and harden,
 Labor's heat a while may cease;
 Like the wild-bird in the garden,
 Each may play or take his ease.

Soon as twinkles Hesper,
 Soon as chimes the Vesper,
 All the workman's toils are o'er,
 But the master frets the more.

Wandering through the lonely greenwood
 Blithely hies the merry rover
 Forward towards his humble hovel.
 Bleating sheep are homeward wending,
 And the herds of
 Sleek and broad-brow'd cattle come with
 Lowing warning
 Each to fill its stall till morning.
 Townward rumbling
 Reels the wagon,
 Corn-o'erladen,
 On whose sheaves
 Shine the leaves
 Of the Garland fair,
 While the youthful band of reapers
 To the dance repair.
 Street and market now grow stiller:
 Round the social hearth assembling,
 Gayly crowd the house's inmates,
 As the town-gate closes creaking;
 And the earth is
 Robed in sable,
 But the night, which wakes affright
 In the souls of conscience-haunted men,
 Troubles not the tranquil denizen,
 For he knows the eye of Law unsleeping
 Watch is keeping.

Blesséd Order! heaven-descended
 Maiden! Early did she band
 Like with like, in union blended,
 Social cities early plann'd;
 She the fierce barbarian brought
 From his forest-haunts of wildness;
 She the peasant's hovel sought,
 And redeem'd his mind to mildness,
 And first wove that ever-dearest band,
 Fond attachment to our Fatherland!

Thousand hands in ceaseless motion
 All in mutual aid unite,
 Every art with warm devotion
 Eager to reveal its might.
 All are bonded in affection;
 Each, rejoicing in his sphere,
 Safe in Liberty's protection,

Laughs to scorn the scoffer's sneer.
Toil is polish'd Man's vocation :
Praises are the meed of Skill ;
Kings may vaunt their crown and station,
We will vaunt our Labor still.

Mildest Quiet !
Sweetest Concord !
Gently, gently
Hover over this our town !
Ne'er may that dark day be witness'd
When the dread exterminators
Through our vales shall rush, destroying,
When that azure
Softly painted by the rays of
Sunset fair
Shall (oh, horror !) with the blaze of
Burning towns and hamlets glare !

Now, companions, break the mould,
For its end and use have ceased :
On the structure 'twill unfold
Soul and sight alike shall feast.
Swing the hammer ! Swing !
Till the covering spring.
Shivered first the mould must lie
Ere the BELL may mount on high.

The Master's hand, what time he wills,
May break the mould ; but woe to ye
If, spreading far in fiery rills,
The glowing ore *itself* shall free !
With roar as when deep thunder crashes
It blindly blasts the house to ashes,
And as from Hell's abysmal deep
The death-tide rolls with lava-sweep.
Where lawless force is awless master
Stands naught of noble, naught sublime !
Where Freedom comes achieved by Crime
Her fruits are tumult and disaster.

THE TOCSIN, OR ALARM-BELL

Woe! when in cities smouldering long
The pent-up train explodes at length !
Woe! when a vast and senseless throng
Shake off their chains by desperate
strength !

Then to the bellrope rushes Riot,
And rings, and sounds the alarm afar,
And, destined but for tones of quiet,
The TOCSIN peals To War ! To War
" Equality and Liberty !"
They shout : the rabble seize on swords ;
And streets and halls' fill rapidly
With cutthroat gangs and ruffian hordes.
Then women change to wild hyenas,
And mingle cruelty with jest,
And o'er their prostrate foe are seen, as
With panther-teeth they tear his breast.
All holy shrines go trampled under :
The Wise and Good in horror flee ;
Life's shamefaced hands are ripped asunder,
And cloakless Riot wantons free.
The lion roused by shout of stranger,
The tiger's talons, these appal—
But worse, and charged with deadlier
danger,
Is reckless Man in Frenzy's thrall !
Woe, woe to those who attempt illuming
Eternal blindness by the rays
Of Truth !—they flame abroad, consuming
Surrounding nations in their blaze !
God hath given my soul delight !
Glancing like a star of gold,
From its shell, all pure and bright,
Comes the metal kernel roll'd.
Brim¹ and rim, it gleams
As when sunlight beams ;
And the armorial shield and crest
Tell that Art hath wrought its best.

In, in ! our task is done—
In, in, companions every one !
By what name shall we now baptize the BELL ?
CONCORDIA will become it well :
For oft in concord shall its pealing loud
Assemble many a gay and many a solemn
crowd.

THE DESTINATION OF THE BELL.

And this henceforward be its duty,
For which 'twas framed at first in beauty :

¹ Die Strassen fullen sich, die *Hallen*.—Schiller means public halls, as the Town Hall, the Halls of Justice, &c.

² *Brim* is the technical term for the body of the bell, or that part upon which the clapper strikes.

High o'er this world of lowly labor
 In Heaven's blue concave let it rise,
 And heave aloft, the thunder's neighbor,
 In commerce with the starry skies.
 There let it chorus with the story
 Of the resplendent planet-sphere,
 Which nightly hymns its MAKER's glory,
 And guides the garland-crownèd year.
 Be all its powers devoted only
 To things eternal and sublime,
 As hour by hour it tracks the lonely
 And forward-winged flight of Time!
 To destiny an echo lending,
 But never doom'd itself to feel,
 Forever be it found attending
 Each change of Life's revolving wheel;
 And as its tone, when tolling loudest,
 Dies on the listener's ear away,
 So let it teach that all that's proudest
 In human might must thus decay!

Now attach the ropes—now move,
 Heave the BELL from this its prison,
 Till it hath to Heaven above
 And the realm of Sound arisen.
 Heave it! heave it!—There—
 Now it swings in air.
 Joy to this our city may it presage!
 PEACE attend its first harmonious message!

THE DIVER.

A BALLAD.

"BARON or vassal, is any so bold
 As to plunge in yon gulf, and follow
 Through chamber and cave this beaker of
 gold,
 Which already the waters whirlingly
 swallow?
 Who retrieves the prize from the horrid
 abyss
 Shall keep it: the gold and the glory be
 his!"

So spake the King, and incontinent flung
 From the cliff that, gigantic and steep,
 High over Charybdis's whirlpool hung,
 A glittering wine-cup down in the deep;

And again he ask'd, "Is there one so brave
 As to plunge for the gold in the dangerous
 wave?"

And the knights and the knaves all answer-
 less hear
 The challenging words of the speaker;
 And some glance downward with looks of
 fear,
 And none are ambitious of winning the
 beaker.
 And a third time the King his question
 urges—
 "Dares none, then, breast the menacing
 surges?"

But the silence lasts unbroken and long;
 When a Page, fair-featured and soft,
 Steps forth from the shuddering vassal-
 throng,
 And his mantle and girdle already are
 doff'd,
 And the groups of nobles and damosels nigh,
 Envisage the youth with a wondering eye.

He dreadlessly moves to the gaunt crag's
 brow,
 And measures the drear depth under;—
 But the waters Charybdis had swallow'd
 she now
 Regurgitates bellowing back in thunder;
 And the foam, with a stunning and horrible
 sound,
 Breaks its hoar way through the waves
 around.

And it seethes and roars, it welters and boils,
 As when water is shower'd upon fire;
 And skyward the spray agonizingly toils,
 And flood over flood sweeps higher and
 higher,
 Upheaving, downrolling, tumultuously,
 As though the abyss would bring forth a
 young sea.

But the terrible turmoil at last is over;
 And down through the whirlpool's well
 A yawning blackness ye may discover,
 Profound as the passage to central Hell;

And the waves, under many a struggle and
spasm,
Are suck'd in afresh by the gorge of the
chasm.

And now, ere the din rethunders, the youth
Invokes the Great Name of God;
And blended shrieks of horror and ruth
Burst forth as he plunges headlong unaw'd:
And down he descends thro' the watery bed,
And the waves boom over his sinking head.

But though for a while they have ceased
their swell,
They roar in the hollows beneath,
And from mouth to mouth goes round the
farewell—
"Brave-spirited youth, good-night in
death!"

And louder and louder the roarings grow,
While with trembling all eyes are directed
below.

Now, wert thou even, O monarch! to fling
Thy crown in the angry abyss,
And exclaim, "Who recovers the crown
shall be king!"

The guerdon were powerless to tempt me,
I wis;
For what in Charybdis's caverns dwells
No chronicle penn'd of mortal tells.

Full many a vessel beyond repeal
Lies low in that gulf to-day,
And the shatter'd masts and the drifting
keel

Alone tell the tale of the swooper's prey.
But hark!—with a noise like the howling of
storms,
Again the wild water the surface deforms!

And it hisses and rages, it welters and boils,
As when water is spurted on fire,
And skyward the spray agonizingly toils,
And wave over wave beats higher and
higher,
While the foam, with a stunning and horri-
ble sound,
Breaks its white way through the waters
around

When lo! ere as yet the billowy war
Loud-raging beneath is o'er,
An arm and a neck are distinguish'd afar,
And a swimmer is seen to make for the
shore,

And hardily buffeting surge and breaker,
He springs upon land with the golden beaker.

And lengthen'd and deep is the breath he
draws

As he hails the bright face of the sun;
And a murmur goes round of delight and
applause—

He lives!—he is safe!—he has conquer'd
and won!

He has master'd Charybdis's perilous wave!
He has rescued his life and his prize from
the grave!

Now, bearing the booty triumphantly,
At the foot of the throne he falls,
And he proffers his trophy on bended knee;
And the King to his beautiful daughter
calls,

Who fills with red wine the golden cup,
While the gallant stripling again stands up

"All hail to the King! Rejoice, ye who
breathe.

Wheresoever Earth's gales are driven!
For ghastly and drear is the region beneath;
And let Man beware how he tempts high
Heaven!

Let him never essay to uncurtain to light
What destiny shrouds in horror and night!

"The maelstrom dragg'd me down in its
course;

When, forth from the cleft of a rock,
A torrent outrush'd with tremendous force,
And met me anew with deadening shock,
And I felt my brain swim and my senses reel
As the double-flood whirl'd me round like a
wheel.

"But the God I had cried to answer'd me
When my destiny darkliest frown'd,
And He show'd me a reef of rocks in the sea.
Whereunto I clung, and there I found
On a coral jag the goblet of gold,
Which else to the lowermost crypt had roll'd.

"And the gloom through measureless toises
under

Was all as a purple haze ;
And though sound was none in these realms
of wonder,

I shudder'd when under my shrinking gaze
'That wilderness lay develop'd where wander
The dragon, and dog-fish, and sea-salamander.

"And I saw the huge kraken and magnified
snake,

And the thornback and ravening shark,
Their way through the dismal waters take ;

While the hammer-fish wallow'd below in
the dark,

And the river-horse rose from his lair be-
neath,

And grinn'd through the grate of his spiky
teeth.

"And there I hung, aghast and dismay'd,

Among skeleton larvæ, the only
Soul conscious of life—despairing of aid

In that vastness untrodden and lonely.
Not a human voice—not an earthly sound—
But silence, and water, and monsters around.

"Soon one of these monsters approach'd me,
and plied'

His hundred feelers to drag
Me down through the darkness; when,
springing aside,

I abandon'd my hold of the coral crag,
And the maelstrom grasp'd me with arms of
strength,

And upwhirl'd and upbore me to daylight
at length."

Then spake to the Page the marvelling King,

"The golden cup is thine own,
But—I promise thee further this jewell'd ring

That beams with a priceless hyacinth-stone,
Shouldst thou dive once more and discover
for me

The mysteries shrined in the cells of the
sea."

Now the King's fair daughter was touch'd
and grieved,

And she fell at her father's feet—

"O father, enough what the youth has
achieved !

Expose not his life anew, I entreat !
If this your heart's longing you cannot well
tame,
There are surely knights here who will rival
his fame."—

But the King hurl'd downward the golden
cup,

And he spake as it sank in the wave,
"Now, shouldst thou a second time bring it
me up,

As my knight, and the bravest of all my
brave,

Thou shalt sit at my nuptial banquet, and she
Who pleads for thee thus thy wedded shall
be !"—

Then the blood to the youth's hot temples
rushes,

And his eyes on the maiden are cast,
And he sees her at first overspread with
blushes,

And then growing pale and sinking aghast.
So, vowing to win so glorious a crown,
For Life or for Death he again plunges down.

The far-sounding din returns amain,

And the foam is alive as before,
And all eyes are bent downward. In vain,
in vain—

The billows indeed re-dash and re-roar.
But while ages shall roll and those billows
shall thunder,

That youth shall sleep under !

THE MAIDEN'S PLAINT.

The forest-pines groan—

The dim clouds are flitting—

The Maiden is sitting

On the green shore alone.

The surges are broken with might, with
might,

And her sighs are pour'd on the desert Night,
And tears are troubling her eye.

"All, all is o'er :

The heart is destroy'd—

The world is a void—

It can yield me no more.

Then, Master of Life, take back thy boon :
I have tasted such bliss as is under the moon :
I have lived, I have loved—I would die !”

Thy tears, O Forsaken !
Are gushing in vain ;
Thy wail shall not waken
The Buried again :
But all that is left for the desolate bosom,
The flower of whose Love has been blasted
in blossom,
Be granted to thee from on high !

Then pour like a river
Thy tears without number !
The Buried can never
Be wept from their slumber :
But the luxury dear to the Broken-hearted,
When the sweet enchantment of Love hath
departed,
Be thine—the tear and the sigh !

THE UNREALITIES.

AND dost thou faithlessly abandon me ?
Must thy chameleon phantasies depart ?
Thy griefs, thy gladnesses, take wing and
flee
The bower they builded in this lonely
heart ?
O, Summer of Existence, golden, glowing !
Can naught avail to curb thine onward
motion ?
In vain ! The river of my years is flowing,
And soon shall mingle with the eternal
ocean.

Extinguish'd in dead darkness lies the sun,
That lighted up my shrivell'd world of
wonder ;
Those fairy bands Imagination spun
Around my heart have long been rent
asunder.
Gone, gone forever is the fine belief,
The all too generous trust in the Ideal :
All my Divinities have died of grief,
And left me wedded to the Rude and Real.

As clasp'd the enthusiastic Prince¹ of old
The lovely statue, stricken by its charms,
Until the marble, late so dead and cold,
Glow'd into throbbing life beneath his
arms ;
So fondly round enchanting Nature's form,
I too entwined my passionate arms, till,
press'd
In my embraces, she began to warm
And breathe and revel in my bounding
breast.

And, sympathizing with my virgin bliss,
The speechless things of Earth received a
tongue ;
They gave me back Affection's burning kiss,
And loved the Melody my bosom sung :
Then sparkled hues of Life on tree and flower,
Sweet music from the silver fountain
flow'd ;
All soulless images in that brief hour
The Echo of my Life divinely glow'd !

How struggled all my feelings to extend
Themselves afar beyond their prisoning
bounds !
Oh, how I long'd to enter Life and blend
Me with its words and deeds, its shapes
and sounds !
This human theatre, how fair it beam'd
While yet the curtain hung before the
scene !
Uproll'd, how little then the arena seem'd !
That little how contemptible and mean !

How roam'd, imparadised in blest illusion,
With soul to which upsoaring Hope lent
pinions,
And heart as yet unchill'd by Care's intru-
sion,
How roam'd the stripling-lord through
his dominions !
Then Fancy bore him to the palest star
Pinnacled in the lofty ether dim :
Was naught so elevated, naught so fair,
But thither the Enchantress guided him !

¹ Pygmalion.

With what rich reveries his brain was rife !
 What adversary might withstand him
 long ?
 How glanced and danced before the Car of
 Life
 The visions of his thought, a dazzling
 throng !
 For there was FORTUNE with her golden
 crown,
 There flitted LOVE with heart-bewitching
 boon,
 There glitter'd starry-diadem'd RENOWN,
 And TRUTH, with radiance like the sun of
 noon !

But ah ! ere half the journey yet was over,
 That gorgeous escort wended separate
 ways ;
 All faithlessly forsook the pilgrim-rover,
 And one by one evanish'd from his gaze.
 Away inconstant-handed FORTUNE flew ;
 And, while the thirst of knowledge burn'd
 alway,
 The dreary mists of Doubt arose and threw
 Their shadow over TRUTH's resplendent
 ray.

I saw the sacred garland-crown of FAME
 Around the common brow its glory shed :
 The rapid Summer died, the Autumn came,
 And LOVE, with all his necromancies, fled,
 And ever lonelier and silenter
 Grew the dark images of Life's poor dream,
 Till scarcely o'er the dusky scenery there
 The lamp of HOPE itself could cast a gleam.

And now, of all, Who, in my day of dolor,
 Alone survives to clasp my willing hand ?
 Who stands beside me still, my best con-
 soler,
 And lights my pathway to the Phantom-
 strand ?
 Thou, FRIENDSHIP ! stancher of our wounds
 and sorrows,
 From whom this lifelong pilgrimage of
 pain
 A balsam for its worst afflictions borrows ;
 Thou whom I early sought, nor sought in
 vain !

And thou whose labors by her light are
 wrought,
 Soother and soberer of the spirit's fever,
 Who, shaping all things, ne'er destroyest
 aught,
 Calm OCCUPATION ! thou that weariest
 never !
 Whose efforts rear at last the mighty Mount
 Of Life, though merely grain on grain
 they lay,
 And, slowly toiling, from the vast Account
 Of Time strike minutes, days, and years
 away.

THE WORDS OF REALITY.

I NAME you Three Words which ought to
 resound
 In thunder from zone to zone :
 But the world understands them not—they
 are found
 In the depths of the heart alone.
 That man must indeed be utterly base
 In whose heart the Three Words no longer
 find place.

First,—MAN IS FREE, IS CREATED FREE,
 Though born a manacled slave :—
 I abhor the abuses of Liberty—
 I hear how the populace rave,—
 But I never can dread, and I dare not dis-
 daign,
 The slave who stands up and shivers his
 chain !

And,—VIRTUE IS NOT AN EMPTY NAME :—
 'Tis the paction of Man with his soul,
 That, though balk'd of his worthiest earthly
 aim,
 He will still seek a heavenly goal ;
 For, that to which worldling natures are
 blind
 Is a pillar of light for the childlike mind.

And,—A GOD, AN IMMUTABLE WILL, EXISTS,
 However Men waver and yield :—
 Beyond Space, beyond Time, and their dim-
 ming mists,
 The Ancient of Days is reveal'd ;

And while Time and the Universe haste to decay,
Their unchangeable Author is Lord for aye!

Then, treasure those Words. They ought to resound

In thunder from zone to zone;
But the world will not teach thee their force;—they are found

In the depths of the heart alone;
Thou never, O Man! canst be utterly base
While *those* Three Words in thy heart find place!

THE WORDS OF DELUSION.

THREE Words are heard with the Good and Blameless,

Three ruinous words and vain—
Their sound is hollow—their use is aimless—
They cannot console and sustain.

Man's path is a path of thorns and troubles
So long as he chases these vagrant bubbles.

So long as he hopes that *Triumph and Treasure*

Will yet be the guerdon of Worth:—
Both are dealt out to Baseness in lavishest measure;

The Worthy possess not the earth—
They are exiled spirits and strangers here,
And look for their home to a purer sphere.

So long as he dreams that *On clay-made creatures*

The noonbeams of Truth will shine:—
No mortal may lift up the veil from her features;

On earth we but guess and opine:
We prison her vainly in pompous words:
She is not *our* handmaid—she is the Lord's.

So long as he sighs for a Golden Era,
When *Good will be victress o'er Ill*:

The triumph of Good is an idiot's chimera;
She never can combat—nor will:
The Foe must contend and o'ermaster, till,
cloy'd

By destruction, he perishes, self-destroy'd.

Then, Man! through Life's labyrinths winding and darken'd,

Take, dare to take, Faith as thy clue!

THAT WHICH EYE NEVER SAW, TO WHICH EAR NEVER HEARKEN'D,

THAT, THAT IS THE BEAUTEOUS AND TRUE!
It is not *without*—let the foci seek it there—
It is in thine own bosom and heart—the
Perfect, the Good, and the Fair!

THE COURSE OF TIME.

TIME is threefold—triple—three:

First—and Midst—and Last;
Was—and Is—and Yet-To-Be;—
Future—Present—Past.

Lightning-swift, the Is is gone—
The Yet-To-Be crawls with a snakelike slowness on;

Still stands the Was for aye—its goal is won.
No fierce impatience, no entreating,

Can spur or wing the tardy Tarrier;
No strength, no skill, can rear a barrier
Between Departure and the Fleeting:
No prayers, no tears, no magic spell,
Can ever move the Immovable.

Wouldst thou, fortunate and sage,
Terminate Life's Pilgrimage?
Wouldst thou quit this mundane stage
Better, happier, worthier, wiser?
Then, whate'er thine aim and end,
Take, O Youth! for thine adviser,
Not thy working-mate, The Slow;
Oh, make not The Vanishing thy friend,
Or The Permanent thy foe!

HOPE.

THE Future is Man's immemorial hymn:

In vain runs the Present a-wasting;
To a golden goal in the distance dim
In life, in death, he is hasting.
The world grows old, and young, and old,
But the ancient story still bears to be told.

¹ The classical reader need hardly be informed that the epithets in this line are from Plato.

Hope smiles on the Boy from the hour of
his birth :—

To the Youth it gives bliss without limit ;
It gleams for Old Age as a star on earth,
And the darkness of Death cannot dim it.
Its rays will gild even fathomless gloom,
When the Pilgrim of Life lies down in the
tomb.

Never deem it a Shibboleth phrase of the
crowd,

Never call it the dream of a rhymers ;
The instinct of Nature proclaims it aloud—

WE ARE DESTINED FOR SOMETHING SUB-
LIMER.

This truth, which the Witness within reveals,
The purest worshipper deepest feels.

Ludwig Uhland.

SPIRITS EVERYWHERE.

A MANY a summer is dead and buried
Since over this flood I last was ferried ;
And then, as now, the Noon lay bright
On strand, and water, and castled height.

Beside me then in this bark sat nearest
Two companions the best and dearest ;
One was a gentle and thoughtful sire,
The other a youth with a soul of fire.

One, outworn by Care and Illness,
Sought the grave of the Just in stillness ;
The other's shroud was the bloody rain
And thunder-smoke of the battle plain.

Yet still, when memory's necromancy
Robes the Past in the hues of Fancy,
Me dreameth I hear and see the Twain,
With talk and smiles at my side again !

Even the grave is a bond of union ;
Spirit and spirit best hold communion !
Seen through Faith, by the Inward Eye,
It is *after* Life they are truly nigh !

Then, ferryman, take this coin, I pray thee,
Thrice thy fare I cheerfully pay thee ;
For, though thou seest them not, there stand
Anear me Two from the Phantom-land !

SPRING ROSES.

GREEN-LEAFY Whitsuntide was come,
To gladden many a Christian home :—
Spake then King Engelbert—“ A fitter
Time than this we scarce shall see
For tournament and revelrie :
Ho ! to horse, each valiant Ritter !”

Gay banners wave above the walls,—
The herald's trumpet loudly calls,
And beauteous eyes rain radiant glances !
And of all the knights can none
Match the Monarch's gallant son,
In the headlong shock of lances !

Till, at the close, a Stranger came,—
Japan-black iron cased his frame ;
In his air was somewhat kingly :
Well I guess, that stalwart knight
Yet will overcome in fight
All the hosts of Europe singly.

As he flings his gage to earth
You hear no more the sound of mirth,—
All shrink back, as dreading danger ;
The Prince alone defies the worst—
Alas ! in vain ! He falls, unhorsed :
Sole victor bides the Sable Stranger !

Boots now no longer steed or lance :
“Light up the hall!—a dance!—a dance!
Anon a dazzling throng assembles ;
And then and therethat Dark Unscann'd
Asks the Royal Maiden's hand,
Whilk she gives, albeit it trembles.

And as they dance—the Dark and Fair—
In the Maiden's breast and hair
Every golden clasp uncloses,
And, to and fro—that way and this—
Drops dimm'd each pearl and amethyst—
Drop dead the shrivell'd yello & roses.

But who makes merriest at the feast ?
 Not he who furnish'd it at least !
 Sad is he for son and daughter !
 Fears that reason cannot bind
 Chase each other through his mind,
 Swift and dark as midnight water !

So pale both youth and maiden were !
 Whereon the Guest, affecting care,
 Spake, "Blushful wine will mend your
 color,"
 Fill'd he then a beaker up,
 And they—they drank ; but oh ! that
 cup
 Proved in sooth a draught of dolor !

Their eyelids droop, and neither speaks ;
 They kiss their father ; and their cheeks,
 Pale before, wax white and shrunk :
 Momently their death draws nigher,
 He, the while, their wretched sire,
 Gazing on them, terror-drunken !

"Spare these ! Take *me* !" he shriek'd,
 and pressed
 The stone-cold corpses to his breast ;
 When, to that heart-smitten father
 Spake the Guest, with iron voice,
 "Autumn spoils are not my choice ;
 Roses in the Spring I gather !"

THE CASTLE OVER THE SEA.

"SAWEST thou the castle that beetles over
 The wine-dark sea ?
 The rosy sunset clouds do hover
 Above it so goldenly !

"It hath a leaning as though it would bend to
 The waves below ;
 It hath a longing as though to ascend to
 The skies in their gorgeous glow."

"—Well saw I the castle that beetles over
 The wine-dark sea ;
 And a pall of watery clouds did cover
 Its battlements gloomsomely."

"The winds and the moonlit waves were
 singing
 A choral song ?
 And the brilliant castle-hall was ringing
 With melody all night long ?"

"The winds and the moonless waves were
 sleeping
 In stillness all ;
 But many voices of woe and weeping
 Rose out from the castle-hall."—

—"And sawest thou not step forth so lightly
 The King and the Queen,
 Their festal dresses bespangled brightly,
 Their crowns of a dazzling sheen ?

"And by their side a resplendent vision,
 A virgin fair,
 The glorious child of some clime elysian
 With starry gems in her hair ?"

"—Well saw I the twain by the wine-dark
 water
 Walk slower and slower ;
 They were clad in weeds, and their vir-
 gin daughter
 Was found at their side no more."

DURAND OF BLONDEN.

TOWARDS the lofty walls of Balbi, lo ! Durand
 of Blonden hies ;
 Thousand songs are in his bosom ; Love and
 Pleasure light his eyes.
 There, he dreams, his own true maiden,
 beauteous as the evening star,
 Leaning o'er her turret-lattice, waits to hear
 her knight's guitar.

In the linden-shaded courtyard soon Durand
 begins his lay.
 But his eyes glance vainly upward ; there
 they meet no answering ray.
 Flowers are blooming in the lattice, rich of
 odor, fair to see,
 But the fairest flower of any, Lady Blanca,
 where is she ?

Ah! while yet he chants the ditty, draws a
mourner near and speaks—
"She is dead, is dead forever, whom Durand
of Blonden seeks!"

And the knight replies not, breathes not;
darkness gathers round his brain:

He is dead, is dead forever, and the mourn-
ers weep the twain.

In the darken'd castle-chapel burn a many
tapers bright:

There the lifeless maiden lies, with whitest
wreaths and ribands dight.

There....But lo! a mighty marvel! She
hath oped her eyes of blue!

All are lost in joy and wonder! Lady Blanca
lives anew!

Dreams and visions flit before her, as she
asks of those anear,

"Heard I not my lover singing!—Is Durand
of Blonden here?"

Yes, O Lady, thou hast heard him; he has
died for thy dear sake!

He could wake his transcend mistress: him
shall none forever wake!

He is in a realm of glory, but as yet he
weets not where;

He but seeks the Lady Blanca: dwells she
not already there?

Till he finds her must he wander to and fro,
as one bereaven,

Ever calling, "Blanca! Blanca!" through
the desert halls of Heaven.

Adwig Tiek.

LIFE IS THE DESERT AND THE SOLITUDE.

WHENCE this fever?
Whence this burning
Love and Longing?
Ah! forever,
Ever turning,
Ever thronging

Towards the Distance,
Roams each fonder
Yearning yonder,
There, where wander
Golden stars in blest existence!

Thence what fragrant
Airs are blowing!
What rich vagrant
Music flowing!
Angel voices,
Tones wherein the
Heart rejoices,
Call from thence from Earth to win thee!

How yearns and burns for evermore
My heart for thee, thou blessed shore!
And shall I never see thy fairy
Bowers and palace-gardens near?
Will no enchanted skiff so airy,
Sail from thee to seek me here?
Oh! undeveloped Land,
Whereto I fain would flee,
What mighty hand shall break each band
That keeps my soul from thee?
In vain I pine and sigh
To trace thy dells and streams:
They gleam but by the spectral sky
That lights my shifting dreams.
Ah! what fair form, flitting through yon
green glades,
Dazes mine eye? Spirit, oh! rive my
chain!

Woe is my soul! Swiftly the vision fades,
And I start up—waking—to weep in vain!

Hence this fever;
Hence this burning
Love and Longing:
Hence forever,
Ever turning,
Ever thronging,
Towards the Distance,
Roams each fonder
Yearning yonder,
There, where wander
Golden stars in blest existence!

LIGHT AND SHADE.

THE gayest lot beneath
By Grief is shaded:
Pale Evening sees the wreath
Of Morning faded.

Pain slays, or Pleasure cloy;—
All mortal morrows
But waken hollow joys
Or lasting sorrows.

Hope yesternoon was bright,—
Earth beam'd with beauty;
But soon came conquering Night
And claim'd his booty.

Life's billows, as they roll,
Would fain look sunward;
But ever must the soul
Drift darkly onward.

The sun forsakes the sky,
Sad stars are sovereigns,
Long shadows mount on high
And darkness governs.

So Love deserts his throne,
Weary of reigning!
Ah! would he but rule on
Young and unwaning!

Pain slays, or Pleasure cloy;—
And all our morrows
But waken hollow joys
Or lasting sorrows.

Justinus Berner.

THE MIDNIGHT BELL.

HARK! through the midnight lonely
How tolls the convent-bell!
But ah! no summer-breeze awakes the
sound;
The beating of the heavy hammer only
Is author of the melancholy knell
That startles the dull ear for miles
around.

How such a bell resembles
The drooping poet's heart!
Thereon must Misery's hammer drearily
jar,
Ere the deep melody that shrinks and
trembles
Within its dædal chambers can impart
Its tale unto the listless world afar.

And, woe is me! too often
Hath such a bell alone,
At such an hour, with such disastrous
tongue,
Power to disarm the heart's despair, and
soften
Its chords to music; even as now its tone
Inspires me with the lay I thus have sung

THE WANDERER'S CHANT

MAY sparkle for others
Henceforward this wine!
Adieu, beloved brothers
And sisters of mine,
My boyhood's green valleys,
My fathers' gray halls!
Where Liberty rallies
My destiny calls.

The sun never stands,
Never slackens his motion;
He travels all lands
Till he sinks in the ocean;
The stars cannot rest;
The wild winds have no pillow,
And the shore from its breast
Ever flings the blue billow.

So Man in the harness
Of Fortune must roam,
And far in the Farness
Look out for his home
Unresting and errant,
West, East, South, and North,
The liker his parent,
The weariless Earth.

Though he hears not the words of
 The language he loves,
 He kens the blithe birds of
 His Fatherland's groves:
 Old voices are singing
 From river and rill,
 And flow'rets are springing
 To welcome him still.

And Beauty's dear tresses
 Are lovely to view,
 And Friendship still blesses
 The soul of the True:
 And love, too, so garlands
 The wanderer's dome,
 That the farthest of far lands
 To him is a home.

NOT AT HOME.

"One grand cause of this uneasiness is, that Man is not at home."—GODWIN, *Thoughts on Man*.

My spirit, alas, knoweth *no* rest!
 I lay under Heaven's blue dome,
 One day, in the summer beam,
 By the Mummel-zee in the forest,
 And dream'd a dream
 Of my Home—

My Home, the Home of my Father!
 Shone glory within and without;
 Shone bright in its garden bowers
 Such fruits as the Angels gather,
 And gold-hued flowers
 All about!

Alas! the illusion soon vanish'd.
 I awoke. There were clouds in the sky.
 My tears began to flow.
 My quiet of soul was banish'd;
 I felt as though
 I could die!

And still with a heart ever swelling
 With yearnings,—and still with years
 Overdark'd by a desolate lot,
 I seek for my Father's Dwelling,
 And see it not
 For my tears!

Gottfried Augustus Burger.

HOPE.

Oh! maiden of heavenly birth,
 Than rubies and gold more precious,
 Who camest of old upon Earth,
 To solace the human species!
 As fair as the morn that uncloses
 Her gates in a region sunny,
 Thou openest lips of roses
 And utterest words of honey.

When Innocence forth at the portals
 Of Sorrow and Sin was driven,
 For sake of afflicted mortals
 Thou ledest thy home in Heaven,
 To mitigate Anguish and Trouble,
 The monstrous brood of Crime,
 And restore us the prospects noble
 That were lost in the olden time.

Tranquillity never-ending
 And Happiness move in thy train;
 Where Might is with Might contending,
 And labor and tumult reign,
 Thou succorest those that are toiling,
 Ere yet all their force hath departed;
 And pourest thy balsam of oil in
 The wounds of the Broken-hearted.

Thou lendest new strength to the warrior
 When battle is round him and peril;
 Thou formest the husbandman's barrier
 'Gainst Grief, when his fields are sterile
 From the sun and the bright Spring show
 ers,

From the winds and the gentle dew,
 Thou gatherest sweets for the flowers
 And growth for the meads anew.

When armies of sorrows come swooping,
 And Reason is captive to Sadness,
 Thou raisest the soul that was drooping,
 And givest it spirit and gladness;
 The powers Despair had degraded
 Thou snatchest from dreary decay,
 And all that was shrunken and faded
 Reblooms in the light of thy ray.

When the Sick on his couch lies faintest
 Thou deadenest half of his dolours,
 For still as he suffers thou paintest
 The Future in rainbow colors :
 By thee are his visious vermilion'd ;
 Thou throne'st his soul in a palace,
 In which, under purple pavilion'd,
 He quaffs Immortality's chalice.

Down into the mine's black hollows,
 Where the slave is dreeing his doom,
 A ray from thy lamp ever follows
 His footsteps throughout the gloom.
 And the wretch condemn'd in the galleys
 To swink at the ponderous oar,
 Revived by thy whisperings, rallies,
 And thinks on his labors no more.

O goddess ! the gales of whose breath
 Are the heralds of Life when we languish,
 And who dashest the potion of Death
 From the lips of the martyr to Anguish :
 No earthly event is so tragic
 But thou winnest good from it still,
 And the lightning-like might of thy magic
 Is conqueror over all ill !

Harl Sinrock.

O MARIA, REGINA MISERICORDIÆ !

THERE lived a Knight long years ago,
 Proud, carnal, vain, devotionless.
 Of God above, or Hell below,
 He took no thought, but, undismay'd,
 Pursued his course of wickedness.
 His heart was rock ; he never pray'd
 To be forgiven for all his treasons ;
 He only said, at certain seasons,
 " O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! "

Years roll'd, and found him still the same,
 Still draining Pleasure's poison-bowl ;
 Yet felt he now and then some shame ;
 The torment of the Undying Worm
 At whiles woke in his trembling soul ;

And then, though powerless to reform,
 Would he, in hope to appease that sternest
 Avenger, cry, and more in earnest,
 " O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! "

At last Youth's riotous time was gone,
 And loathing now came after Sin.
 With locks yet brown he felt as one
 Grown gray at heart ; and oft with tears,
 He tried, but all in vain, to win
 From the dark desert of his years
 One flower of hope ; yet, morn and e'ening,
 He still cried, but with deeper meaning,
 " O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! "

A happier mind, a holier mood,
 A purer spirit, ruled him now ;
 No more in thrall to flesh and blood,
 He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,
 And, under a religious vow,
 Travell'd his way to Pommerland :
 There enter'd he an humble cloister,
 Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,
 " O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! "

Here, shorn and cowl'd, he laid his cares
 Aside, and wrought for God alone.
 Albeit he sang no choral prayers,
 Nor matin hymn nor laud could learn,
 He mortified his flesh to stone :
 For him no penance was too stern ;
 And often pray'd he on his lonely
 Cell-couch at night, but still said only,
 " O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! "

And thus he lived long, long ; and, when
 God's angels call'd him, thus he died.
 Confession made he none to men,
 Yet, when they anointed him with oil,
 He seem'd already glorified,
 His penances, his tears, his toil,
 Were past ; and now, with passionate sigh-
 ing,
 Praise thus broke from his lips while dying
 " O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! "

They buried him with mass and song
 Aneath a little knoll so green ;
 But, lo ! a wonder-sight !—Ere long

Rose, blooming, from that verdant mound,
 The fairest lily ever seen ;
 And, on its petal-edges round,
 Relieving their translucent whiteness,
 Did shine these words in gold-hued brightness,
 "O MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

And, would God's angels give thee power,
 Thou, dearest reader, mightst behold
 The fibres of this holy flower
 Upspringing from the dead man's heart
 In tremulous threads of light and gold ;
 Then wouldst thou choose the better part !
 And thenceforth flee Sin's foul suggestions ;
 Thy sole response to mocking questions,
 "O MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

Johann Elias Schlegel.

LOVE-DITTY.

My love, my wingèd love, is like the swallow,
 Which in Autumn flies from home,
 But, when balmy Spring again is come,
 And soft airs and sunshine follow,
 Returneth newly,
 And gladdens her old haunts till after
 bowery July.

My slumbrous love is like the winter-smitten
 Tree, whereon Decay doth feed,
 Till the drooping dells and forests read
 What the hand of May hath written
 Against their sadness ;
 And then, behold ! it wakens up to life
 and gladness !

¹ Luke. x. 42.

My love, my fitting love, is like the shadow
 All day long on path or wall :
 Let but Evening's dim-gray curtains fall,
 And the sunlight leave the meadow,
 And, self-invited,
 It wanders through all bowers where
 Beauty's lamps are lighted.

Emanuel Geibler.

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE BRIDGE OF MOONBEAMS.

[“Many traditions are extant of the fondness of Charlemagne for the neighborhood of Langewinkel. Nay, it is firmly believed that this affection survived his death ; and that even now, at certain seasons of the year, his spirit loves to wake from its slumber of ages, and revisit it still.”—*Snowe's Legends of the Rhine*, vol. ii.]

BEAUTEOUS is it in the Summer-night, and
 calm along the Rhine,
 And like molten silver shines the light that
 sleeps on wave and vine.
 But a stately Figure standeth on the Silent
 Hill alone,
 Like the phantom of a Monarch looking
 vainly for his throne !

Yes !—’tis he—the unforgotten Lord of this
 belovèd land !
 ’Tis the glorious Car’lus Magnus, with his
 gleamy sword in hand,
 And his crown enwreath’d with myrtle, and
 his golden sceptre bright,
 And his rich imperial purple vesture floating
 on the night !

Since he dwell’d among his people, stormy
 centuries have roll’d.
 Thrones and kingdoms have departed, and
 the world is waxing old :
 Why leaveth he his house of rest ? Why
 cometh he once more
 From his marble tomb to wander here by
 Langawinkel’s shore ?

Oh, fear ye not the Emperor!—he doth not
leave his tomb
As the herald of disaster to our land of
blight and bloom;
He cometh not with blight or ban on castle,
field, or shrine,
But with overflowing blessings for the Vine-
yards of the Rhine!

As a bridge across the river lie the moon-
beams all the time,
They shine from Langawinkel unto ancient
Ingelheim;
And along this Bridge of Moonbeams is the
Monarch seen to go,
And from thence he pours his blessings on
the royal flood below.

He blesses all the vineyards, he blesses vale
and plain,
The lakes and glades and orchards, and fields
of golden grain,
The lofty castle-turrets and the lowly cot-
tage-hearth;
He blesses all, for over all he reign'd of yore
on earth;

Then to each and all so lovingly he waves a
mute Farewell,
And returns to slumber softly in his tomb at
La Chapelle,
Till the Summer-time be come again, with
sun, and rain, and dew,
And the vineyards and the gardens woo him
back to them anew.

Carl Theodore Goerner.

THE MINSTREL'S MOTHERLAND.

WHERE lies the minstrel's Motherland?
Where Love is faith and Friendship duty,
Where Valor wins its meed from Beauty,
Where Man makes Truth, not Gold his
booty,
And Freedom bids the soul expand—
There lay my Motherland!

Where Man makes Truth, not Gold his
booty,
There was my Motherland!

How fares the minstrel's Motherland!
The land of oaks and sunlit waters
Is dark with woe, is red with slaughters;
Her bravest sons, her fairest daughters,
Are dead—or live proscribed and bann'd—
So fares my Motherland!
The land of oaks and sunlit waters—
My cherish'd Motherland!

Why weeps the minstrel's Motherland?
To see her sons, while tyrants trample
Her yellow fields and vineyards ample,
So coldly view the bright example
Long shown them by a faithful band—
For this weeps Motherland!
Because they slight that high example
Weeps thus my Motherland!

What wants the minstrel's Motherland?
To fire the Cold and rouse the Dreaming,
And see *their* German broadswords
gleaming,
And spy *their* German standard stream-
ing,
Who spurn the Despot's haught command—
This wants my Motherland!
To fire the Cold and rouse the Dreaming,
This wants my Motherland!

Whom calls the minstrel's Motherland?
Her saints and gods of ancient ages,
Her Great and Bold, her bards and sages,
To bless the war fair Freedom wages,
And speed her torch from hand to hand—
These calls my Motherland!
Her Great and Bold, her bards and sages,
These calls my Motherland!

And hopes then still the minstrel's Land?
Yes! Prostrate in her deep dejection,
She still dares hope swift resurrection!
She hopes in Heaven and His protection
Who can redeem from Slavery's brand—
This hopes my Motherland!
She hopes in God and God's protection,
My suffering Motherland!

Otto Bunge.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

THERE blooms a beautiful Flower ; it blooms
in a far-off land ;
Its life has a mystic meaning for few to understand.
Its leaves illumine the valley, its odor
scents the wood ;
And if evil men come near it they grow for
the moment good.

When the winds are tranced in slumber, the
rays of this luminous Flower
Shed glory more than earthly o'er lake and
hill and bower ;
The hut, the hall, the palace, yea, Earth's
forsakenest sod,
Shine out in the wondrous lustre that fills
the Heaven of God.

Three kings came once to a hostel, wherein
lay the Flower so rare :
A star shone over its roof, and they knelt
adoring there.
Whenever thou seest a damsel whose young
eyes dazzle and win,
Oh, pray that her heart may cherish this
Flower of Flowers within !

S. A. Mahlmann.

THE GRAVE, THE GRAVE.

BLEST are the Dormant
In Death ! They repose
From Bondage and Torment,
From Passions and Woes,
From the yoke of the world and the snares
of the traitor :
The Grave, the Grave, is the true Liberator !

Griefs chase one another
Around the Earth's dome ;
In the arms of the Mother¹
Alone is our home.

Woo Pleasure, ye triflers ! The Thoughtful
are wiser :
**The Grave, the Grave, is their one Tranquil-
lizer !**

Is the good man unfriended
On Life's ocean-path,
Where storms have expended
Their turbulent wrath ?
Are his labors requited by Slander and Ran-
cor ?
**The Grave, the Grave, is his sure bower-
anchor !**

To gaze on the faces
Of Lost ones anew,—
To lock in embraces
The Loved and the True,
Were a rapture to make even Paradise
brighter :
The Grave, the Grave, is the great Reuniter !

Crown the corpse then with laurels,
The conqueror's wreath,
Make joyous with carols
The Chamber of Death,
And welcome the Victor with cymbal and
psalter :
The Grave, the Grave, is the only Exalter !

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

THE MINSTREL.

"**WHAT** voice, what harp, are those we hear
Beyond the gate in chorus ?
Go, page !—the lay delights our ear,
We'll have it sung before us !"
So speaks the king : the stripling flies.
He soon returns ; his master cries—
"Bring in the hoary minstrel !"

¹ Mother Earth.

"Hail, princess mine! Hail, noble knights!
 All hail, enchanting dames!
 What starry heaven! What blinding lights!
 Whose tongue may tell their names?
 In this bright hall, amid this blaze,
 Close, close, mine eyes! Ye may not gaze
 On such stupendous glories!"

The Minnesinger closed his eyes:
 He struck his mighty lyre:
 Then beauteous bosoms heaved with sighs,
 And warriors felt on fire;
 The king, enraptured by the strain,
 Commanded that a golden chain
 Be given the bard in guerdon.

"Not so! Reserve thy chain, thy gold,
 For those brave knights whose glances,
 Fierce flashing through the battle bold,
 Might shiver sharpest lances!
 Bestow it on thy Treasurer there—
 The golden burden let him bear
 With other glittering burdens.

"I sing as in the greenwood bush
 The cageless wild-bird carols—
 The tones that from the full heart gush
 Themselves are gold and laurels!
 Yet, might I ask, then thus I ask,
 Let one bright cup of wine in flask
 Of glowing gold be brought me!"

They set it down: he quaffs it all—
 "Oh! draught of richest flavor!
 Oh! thrice divinely happy hall,
 Where that is scarce a favor!
 If Heaven shall bless ye, think on me,
 And thank your God as I thank ye
 For this delicious wine-cup!"

THE ROSE.

ONCE a boy beheld a bright
 Rose in dingle growing;
 Far, far off it pleased his sight;
 Near he view'd it with delight:
 Soft it seemed and glowing.
 Lo! the rose, the rose so bright,
 Rose so brightly blowing!

Spake the boy, "I'll pluck thee, grand
 Rose all wildly blowing."
 Spake the rose, "I'll wound thy hand,
 Thus the scheme thy wit hath plann'd
 Deftly overthrowing."
 Oh! the rose, the rose so grand,
 Rose so grandly glowing.

But the stripling pluck'd the red
 Rose in glory growing,
*And the thorn his flesh hath bled,
 And the rose's pride is fled,
 And her beauty's going.*
 Woe! the rose, the rose once red,
 Rose once redly glowing.

A VOICE FROM THE INVISIBLE WORLD

HIGH o'er his mouldering castle walls
 The warrior's phantom glides,
 And loudly to the skiff it calls
 That on the billow rides—

"Behold! these arms once vaunted might,
 This heart beat wild and bold—
 Behold! these ducal veins ran bright
 With wine-red blood of old.

"The noon in storm, the eve in rest,
 So sped my life's brief day.
 What then? *Young bark on Ocean's breast,
 Cleave thou thy destined way!*"

A SONG FROM THE COPTIC.

QUARRELS have long been in vogue among
 sages;
 Still, though in many things wranglers and
 rancorous,
 All the philosopher-scribes of all ages
 Join, *und voce*, on one point to anchor us.
 Here is the gist of their mystified pages,
 Here is the wisdom we purchase with gold:
*Children of Light, leave the world to its
 mulishness,
 Things to their natures, and fools to their
 foolishness;
 Berries were bitter in forests of old.*

Hoary old Merlin, that great necromancer,
Made me, a student, a similar answer,
When I besought him for light and for
lore :

*Toiler in vain ! leave the world to its mulish-
ness,*

*Things to their natures, and fools to their
foolishness ;*

Granite was hard in the quarries of yore.

And on the ice-crested heights of Armenia,
And in the valleys of broad Abyssinia,

Still spake the Oracle just as before .

*Wouldst thou have peace, leave the world to
its mulishness,*

*Things to their natures, and fools to their
foolishness ;*

Beetles were blind in the ages of yore.

ANOTHER COPTIC SONG.

Go !—but heed and understand
This my last and best command :
Turn thine Youth to such advantage
As that no reverse shall daunt Age.
Learn the serpent's wisdom early ;
And condemn what Time destroys ;
Also, wouldst thou creep or climb,
Choose thy rôle, and choose in time,
Since the scales of Fortune rarely
Show a liberal equipoise.

*Thou must either sour or stoop,
Fall or triumph, stand or droop ;
Thou must either serve or govern,
Must be slave, or must be sovereign ;
Must, in fine, be block or wedge,
Must be anvil or be sledge.*

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock.

[One night, in 1748, KLOPSTOCK, was seated alone in his room in the University at Leipsic. He was deeply immersed in meditation on the Past and the Future. Suddenly a thought, isolated and dreary in its character, appears to have taken possession of his mind. He fancied that some unknown individual had been reft by death of his nearest and dearest, of

all his friends and his beloved, and stood alone in the world. Involuntarily his imagination called up and marshalled before him the Appearances of the Departed. They came, a shrouded and shadowy group, and surrounded the Living Man ; and then it was that the poet, as he earnestly contemplated them, found that he had suffered a forfeiture of his proper identity ; for he himself was now that other Man, and the Appearances he gazed on wore the forms and lineaments of his own literary friends. The vision lasted but a brief while, and when the spell was broken, Klopstock started as from a dream ; but so vivid was the impression that remained with him, that he ever afterward regarded what he had seen as a kind of pictorial revelation, a prophetic figure-history of his own destiny. We are now to fancy him over a flask of wine with his fellow-student Johann Arnold Ebert. With every glass their gaiety grows wilder and wilder. Suddenly Klopstock covers his face with his hands ; the recollection of his vision has intervened, and brings with it gloom and anguish.]

TO EBERT.

EBERT, Ebert, my friend ! Here over the
dark-bright wine

A horrible phantasy masters me !

In vain thou showest me where the chalice-
glasses shine,

In vain thy words ring cheerily :

I must aside and weep—if haply my weep-
ing may

Assuage this agony of distress.

Oh, tears ! in pity Nature blent you with hu-
man clay,

To mitigate human wretchedness ;

For, were your fountain unlocked, and you
forbidden to flow,

Could Man sustain his sorrows an hour ?

Then let me aside and weep : this thought
of dolor and woe

Struggles within me with giant power.

O, Ebert ! if all have perished, and under
shroud and pall

Lie still and voiceless in Death's abyss ;

If thou and I be the lone and withered sur-
vivors of all ?

Art not thou, also, speechless at this ?

Glazes not horror thine eye ? Glares it not
blank without soul ?

So from mine, too, departed the light,

When first this harrowing phantom over the
purple bowl

Struck my spirit with thundermight.

Sudden as when a wanderer, hastening home
to the faces

That circle with smiles his joyous hearth,

To his blooming offspring and spouse, whom
already in thought he embraces,

By the tempest-bolt is fell'd to the earth,
Death-stricken, so that his bones are blasted
to blackest ashes,

The while in triumph is heard to roll
The booming thunder through Heaven, so
suddenly flash'd, so flashes

This vision athwart my shuddering soul,
Deadening the might of mine arm, and dark-
ening the light of mine eyes,
And shrivelling the flesh of my heart with
despair.

Oh! in the depth of the Night I saw the Death-
Pageant arise!

And—Ebert!—the souls of our friends
were there.

Oh! in the depths of the Night I saw the
Graves laid bare!

Around me throng'd the immortal Band!

When gentle GISEKE's eye no longer lustre
shall wear;

When faithful CRAMER, lost to our land,
Shall moulder in dust; when the words that
GAERTNER and RABNER have
spoken

Shall only be echo'd through years in dis-
tance;

When every sweetly-sounding chord shall be
ruefully broken

In the noble GELLERT's harmonious exist-
ence;

When his early companions of pleasure
young ROTHE, the social and bright,

Shall meet on the charnel chamber-floor,
And when from a longer exile' ingenious

SCHLEGEL shall write

To the cherish'd friends of his youth no
more;

When for SCHMIDT, the beloved and evan-
ished, these weariful eyes shall weep

No longer their wonted affectionate rain;

When HAGEDORN at last in our Father's
bosom shall sleep;

¹ Schlegel, on quitting college, had gone to Strehla, and there established an academy, from whence he corresponded with his friends, the members of the Poetical club at Leipzig. This residence of his at Strehla they were playfully wont to designate his *exile*. By *longer exile*, Klopstock, of course, means Death.

Oh, Ebert! what then are We who remain?
What but Woe-consecrated, whom here a
dreary doom

Has left to mourn for those that are gone?
If then one of us should die (Behold how my
thought of gloom

Further and darker hurries me on!)
If then, of us, one should die, and ONE alone
should survive—

And oh, should that sad survivor be I—
If she, the unknown Beloved, with whom I
am destined to wive,

If she, too, under the mould should lie!

If I be the Only, the Lonely, the earth's
companionless One,

Oh, answer! Shalt thou, my undying soul,
For friendship created, shalt thou preserve
thy feeling and tone,

In the days that then may vacantly roll?
Or shalt thou, in slumberful stupor, imagine
that Daylight is pass'd,

And the reign of Night has begun for thee?
Haply! but shouldst thou up start, oh, im-
mortal spirit, at last,

And feel all the weight of thy misery,
Wilt thou not, suffering spirit, in agony
shriekingly call

To the sepulchres where thy Sleepers are—
“Oh! ye graves of my Dead! Ye tombs of
my dearest ones all!

Why are ye severed apart so far?

Why not rather ingrouped in the blossomy
valleys yonder,

Or cluster'd in groves, or flower-crown'd?
Guide an expiring old man! With faltering
feet will I wander

And plant upon every hallow'd mound
A cypress-tree, beneath whose yet undark-
ening shade

May rest my happier daughters and sons,
And oft through its boughs at night shall
stand before me portray'd

The effigies of my immortal ones!
Till, worn with weeping, I too shall finally
join those immortals;

Then, oh! Grave, beside which I shall be!
Grave over which I shall die!—I call on
thee—open thy portals,
And hide forever my tears and me!”

Horrible dream! from which, as in chains, I
 struggle to waken,
 Terrible as the Judgment-hour,
 And as Eternity solemn! My spirit, appall'd
 and shaken,
 Can wrestle no longer against thy power.

Herder.

THE BROTHER AND THE SISTER.

In a winding dell, thick-sown with flowers,
 Often play'd together, through the hours
 Of the livelong sunny Summer's day,
 Two most lovely children—one a boy,
 One a girl, a sister and a brother;
 And along with them did ever play
 Innocence, and Gracefulness, and Joy.
 Here there stood an image of the
 Mother

Of our Blessed Saviour, with her Child
 In her arms, who always look'd and smiled
 On the playmates. And their own
 dear mother

One day told them, after they had play'd,
 Who the smiling little Infant was;
 How He was the mighty God, who made
 Sun, and Moon, and Earth, and the green
 grass,
 And themselves; and, when she saw them
 moved

With deep reverence, and their childish
 mirth
 Hush'd, she told them how this God had
 loved

Little children when He dwell'd on Earth,
 And that now in Heaven He loved them still.
 And the little girl said, "I and brother
 Both love God: will He love us, too,
 mother?"

And the mother said, "If you be good, He
 will."

So upon another time, a bland,
 Bright, soft, Summer-evening, as the fair
 Children sat together hand in hand,

One said to the other ('twas the boy
 To the girl), "Oh, if the dear God there
 Would come down to us! There's not a toy
 In our house but I would give to Him."
 And the girl said, "I would cull Him all
 Pretty flowers." "And I would climb the
 tall

Trees," the boy said, "till the day grew dim,
 And would gather fruits for Him." And thus
 Each sweet child did prattle to the other,
 Till the sun sank low behind the hill,
 And both, running, then sought out their
 mother,

And cried out together, "Mother!—will
 God come down some day and play with us?"

Gently spake the mother in rebuke
 Of their babble; but it bore a deep
 Meaning in the eternal Minute-book;
 For, one night, soon after, in her sleep,
 She beheld the Infant-Saviour playing
 With her children and she heard Him saying,
 "How shall I requite you for the flowers
 And the fruits you would have given
 me? Thee,

Brother, will I take along with me,
 To my Father's many-mansion'd Home,
 And will guide thee to luxuriant bowers,
 Where bloom fruits unknown on Earth be-
 neath;

And to thee, my sister, will I come
 On thy bridal-day, and with a wreath
 Of celestial flowers adorn thy brow,
 And will bless thy nuptials, so that thou
 Shalt have children good and innocent even
 As my Father's angels are in Heaven."

And the mother woke, and pray'd with tears,
 "Oh, my God! my Saviour! spare my son!
 Spare him to console my waning years,
 If thou canst! If not, thy will be done!"

And the will of God was done. The boy
 Sicken'd soon and died. But, ere he died
 Those about him saw his countenance
 Lighted up with gloriousness and joy
 Inexpressible; for by his side

He beheld (rapt all the while in trance,
 As his mother noticed) a young Child
 Brighter than the sun and beauteous as
 God Himself!

Year after year did pass,
And at length her twentieth Summer smiled
On the maiden with her wedding-day ;
But behold !—as she knelt down to pray
At the altar, heavenly radiance beam'd
Round her, and she saw, as though she
dream'd,

HIM, her childhood's Infant-Saviour, reaching
Her a wreath of brilliant flowers, with some
Dark ones intermix'd : a symbol, teaching
Her what hue the years that were to come
Should assume for her. And truly, she
Spent a life of peace and blessedness,
Mingled with such mild adversity
That she rather wish'd it more than less.

Tiedge.

THE FIELD OF KUNNERSDORF.*

DAY is exiled from the Land of Twilight ;
Leaf and flower are drooping in the wood,
And the stars, as on a dark-stain'd skylight,
Glass their ancient glory in the flood.
Let me here, where night-winds through the
yew sing,

Where the moon is chary of her beams,
Consecrate an hour to mournful musing
Over Man and Man's delirious dreams.
Pines and yews ! envelop me in deeper,
Dunner shadow, sombre as the grave,
While with moans, as of a troubled sleeper,
Gloomily above my head ye wave ;
Let mine eye look down from hence on yonder
Battle-plain, which Night in pity dulls ;
Let my sad imagination ponder
Over Kunnersdorf, that Place of Skulls !

Dost thou reillumine those wastes, O Summer ?
Hast thou raised anew thy trampled bow-
ers ?

Will the wild bee come again a hummer
Here, within the houses of thy flowers ?

Can thy sunbeams light, thy mild rains water
This Aceldema, this *human* soil,
Since that dark day of redundant slaughter
When the blood of men flow'd here like
oil ?

Ah, yes !—Nature, and thou, God of Nature,
Ye are ever bounteous ! Man alone,
Man it is whose frenzies desolate your
World, and make it in sad truth his own.

Here saw Frederick fall his bravest warriors
Master of *thy* World, thou wert too great !
Heaven had need to establish curbing-bar-
riers

'Gainst thine inroads on the World of Fate.
Oh, could all thy coronals of splendor
Dupe thy memory of that ghastly day ?
Could the Graces, could the Muses[†] render
Smooth and bright a corse-o'ercover'd
way ?

No ! the accusing blood-beads ever trickle
Down each red leaf of thy chaplet-crown :
Men fell here as corn before the sickle,
Fell to aggrandize thy false renown !
Here the veteran dropp'd beside the spring
ald ;

Here sank Strength and Symmetry in line :
Here crush'd Hope and gasping Valor ming-
led ;

And, Destroyer, the wild work was thine !
Whence is then this destiny funereal ?
What this tide of Being's flow and ebb ?
Why rends Death at will the fine material
Of Existence's divinest web ?

Vainly ask we ! Dim age calls to dim age ;
Answer, save an echo, cometh none :
Here stands Man, of Life-in-Death an image,
There, invisibly, the LIVING ONE !

Storm-clouds lower and muster in the Dis-
tance ;

Girt with wrecks by sea and wrecks by
land,

Time, upon the far Shore of Existence,
Counts each wave-drop swallow'd by the
sand.

Generation chases generation,
Down-bow'd by the all-worn, *unworn*
yoke :[‡]

* *Kunnersdorf*, a village near Frankfort on the Oder, where Frederick was defeated by the Russians, on the 12th of August, 1759, in one of the bloodiest battles of modern times.

* An allusion to Frederick's literary pursuits.

† The yoke which all wear, but none wear out.

No cessation and no explication!—

Birth—*Life*—Death!—the Silence, *Flash*,
and Smoke.

Here, then, Frederick, formidable sovereign!

Here, in presence of these whiten'd bones,
Swear at length to cherish Peace, and govern
So that men may learn to reverence
thrones!

Oh, repudiate blood-bought fame, and
hearken

To the myriad witness-voicèd Dead,
Ere the Sternness shall lay down, to darken
In the Silentness, thy crownless head!'

Shudder at the dire phantasmagory
Of the slain, who perish'd here through
thee;

And abhor all future wreaths of glory
Gather'd from the baleful cypress-tree!

Lofty souls disdain or dread the laurel:

Hero is a mad exchange for *Man*:

Adders lurk in green spots: such the moral
Taught by History since her schools began.

Cæsar slain, the victim of his trophies,

Bajazet expiring in his cage,
All the Cæsars, all the sabre-Sophies,*
Preach the self-same homily each age.

One drugg'd wine-cup dealt with Alexander,
And his satraps scarce had shared afresh
Half the empires of the World-commander,
Ere the charnel-worms had shared his flesh.

Though the rill roll down from Life's green
Mountain,

Bright through festal dells of youthful
days,

Soon the water of that glancing fountain
In the vale of years must moult its rays.'

* Vor dem *Ernste*, der dein Haupt, entfürstet,
In die *Stille* niederlegen wird.

Before to the *Solemn* who thy head, unprincèd, in the *Stilly*
beneath lay shall, viz., Before the [coming of the] solemn
[hour] which shall lay thy head, stripped of its royalty, in the
still [ness of the grave.] I have adhered to the metonymy,
save that I have chosen to make *der Ernste* represent Death
himself rather than the time of death; the Sternness, there-
fore, is Death, and the Silentness the grave.

* *Sophi*, a title of the Khan of Persia.

By this scymitar

That slew the *Sophy* and a Persian prince,
And won three fields of Sultan Solymán.

Merch. of Ven. Act. II. sc.

There the pilgrim on the bridge that, bound-
ing

Life's domain, frontiers the wold of Death,
Startled, for the first time hears resounding
From Eternity, a voice that saith,—

ALL WHICH IS NOT PURE SHALL MELT AND
WITHER.

Lo! THE DESOLATOR'S ARM IS BARE,
AND WHERE MAN IS, TRUTH SHALL TRACE
HIM THITHER,

BE HE CURTAIN'D ROUND WITH GLOOM OR
GLARE.'

Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Heeltj.

THE AGED LANDMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Oh! cherish Faith and Truth, til' Death

Shall claim thy forfeit clay,
And wander not one finger's breadth
From God's appointed way;

So shall thy pilgrim pathway be
O'er flowers that brightly bloom;

So shalt thou, rich in hope and free

From terror face the tomb;
Then wilt thou handle spade and scythe,

With joyous heart and soul;
Thy water-jug shall make thee blithe
As brimming purple bowl.

All things but work the sinner woe,

For, do his worst or best,
The devil drives him to and fro,

And never lets him rest.
Him glads no Spring, no sky outroll'd,
No mellow, yellow field;

His one sole good and god is gold;
His heart is warp'd and steel'd;

The winds that blow, the streams that flow
Affright the craven slave;

Peace flies him, and he does not know
Rest even in his grave!

* WAS NICHT REIN IST, WIRD IN NACHT VERSCHWINDEN;
DES VERURTHEILTEN HAND IST AUSGESTRECKT;
UND DIE WAHRHEIT WIRD DEN MENSCHEN FINDEN,
OB IHN DUNKEL ODER GLANZ VERSTECKT!

For he when spectral midnight reigns,
 Must burst each coffin-band,
 And as a pitch-black dog in chains
 Before his house-door stand.
 The spinners, who with wheel on arm
 Belated home repair,
 Will quake, and cross themselves from harm
 To see the monster there ;
 And every spinning crone of this
 Terrific sight will tell,
 And wish the villain in the abyss
 And fire of hottest hell.

Old Grimes was all his life a hound,
 A genuine devil's brand ;
 He counter-plough'd his neighbors' ground ;
 And robb'd them of their land :
 Now, fire-clad, see him plough with toil
 The same land everywhere,
 Upturning all night long the soil,
 With white-hot burning share :
 Himself like blazing straw-sheaf burns
 Behind the glowing plough ;
 And so he burns and so upturns,
 Till Morning bares her brow.

The bailie who, without remorse,
 Shot stags and fleeced the poor,
 With one grim dog, on fiery horse,
 Hunts nightly o'er the moor ;
 Oft, as a rugged-coated bear,
 He climbs a gnarled pole ;
 Oft, as a goat, must leave his lair,
 And through the hamlet stroll.

The riot-loving priest who cramm'd
 His chests with ill-got gold,
 Still haunts the chancel, black and damn'd,
 Each night when twelve has toll'd ;
 He howls aloud with dismal yells,
 That startle aisle and fanes,
 Or in the vestry darkly tells
 His church-accurs'd gains.

The squire who drank and gamed pell-mell
 The helpless widow's all,
 Now driven along by blasts from Hell,
 Goes coach'd to Satan's ball ;
 His blue frock, dipp'd in Hell's foul font,
 With sulphur-flames is lined ;
 One devil holds the reins in front,
 Two devils ride behind.

Then, Son ! be just and true till Death
 Shall claim thy forfeit clay ;
 And wander not one finger's breadth
 From God's reveal'd way.
 So shall warm tears bedew in showers
 The grass above thy head,
 And lilies and all odorous flowers
 O'erarch thy last low bed.

Rueckert.

AND THEN NO MORE.

I SAW her once, one little while, and then no more :

'Twas Eden's light on Earth awhile, and then no more.

Amid the throng she pass'd along the meadow-floor :

Spring seem'd to smile on Earth awhile, and then no more.

But whence she came, which way she went, what garb she wore,

I noted not ; I gazed awhile, and then no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more :

'Twas Paradise on Earth awhile, and then no more :

Ah ! what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore ?

She shone before mine eyes awhile, and then no more.

The shallop of my peace is wreck'd on Beauty's shore ;

Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more !

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more :

Earth look'd like Heaven a little while, and then no more.

Her presence thrill'd and lighted to its inner core

My desert breast a little while, and then no more.

So may, perchance, a meteor glance at mid-
night o'er
Some ruin'd pile a little while, and then no
more !

I saw her once, one little while, and then no
more,
The earth was Peri-land awhile, and then no
more.
Oh, might I see but once again, as once be-
fore,
Through chance or wile, that shape awhile,
and then no more !
Death soon would heal my griefs ! This
heart, now sad and sore,
Would beat anew a little while, and then no
more !

THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne !
Antique, unique, sublime—
Rare monument from the elder time,
Begun so long ago,
Yet never finish'd, though wrought at
oft—
Yonder it soars alone,
Alone, aloft,
Blending the weird, and stern, and soft,
The Cathedral-dome of Cologne !

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne !
Whence came its Meister's plan ?
Before or since to the eye of man
Was never aught like it shown !
Alas ! the matchless Meister died !
Alas ! he died !—and none
Thereafter tried
To fathom the mystery typified
By the marvellous Dome of Cologne !

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne !
In the troublesome times of old
The soldier alone won fame and gold—
The artist pass'd for a drone !
War's hurricanes rock'd and wasted
earth ;
Men battled for shrine or throne ;
None sat by his hearth
To ponder the means of a second birth
For the holy Dome of Cologne !

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne !
To God be immortal praise
That now at length, in our own bright
days,

THE MEISTER'S PLAN IS KNOWN !
Research hath brought the relic to light
From its mausoleum of stone—
We hail with delight
A treasure so long conceal'd from sight,
THE ORIGINAL DOME OF COLOGNE !

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne !
Its hour of glory is nigh !
Build ye it high as the sapphire sky !
As the moonlight never hath shone
On Temple of such a magnificent
Ideal from zone to zone,
So, aid its ascent
To the sapphire blue of the firmament,
The Cathedral-dome of Cologne !

Friedrick Baron De la Motte Fouque.

DALE AND HIGH-WAY.

In a shady dell a Shepherd sate,
And by his side was the fairest mate !
The hearts of both the youth and maiden
With love were laden and overladen.

And, as they spake with tongue and eye,
A weary wandering man rode by ;
A swarthy wayfarer, worn with travel,
Rode wearily over the burning gravel.

"Down hither, and rest thee, thou Weary
One !
Why ride at noon in the scorching sun ?
Rest here in this dell, so cool and darkling
That even the rivulets run unsparkling.

"And I and the maiden thou seest with me
Will gather the palest flowers for thee,
And weave them into as pale a garland
As wreathes the brow of a fay from Star-
land."

So spake the Shepherd, all cool in the shade,
And thus the Wanderer answer made:
‘Though the way be long and the noon be
burning,
I ride unresting and unreturning:

“For I was false to my vows, and sold
The early love of my heart for gold;
So dare I seek Rest and Happiness never,
But only Gold for ever and ever!

“No flowers for me, until Pity’s tears
Bedew the few that in after-years
May droop where the winds shall be nightly
telling
How low I lie in my last dark dwelling!”

A SIGH.

FARE-THEE-SWEETLY, Youthhood’s time,
Golden time of Love and Singing!
Hope and Joy were in their prime
Only when thy flowers were springing.

All thy voiceful soul is mute,
Thou hast dream’d thy dream of glory:
Scarcely now can lyre or lute
Wake one echo of thy story!

Ah! the heart is but a grave,
Late or soon, for young Affection.
There the Love that Nature gave
Sleeps, to know no resurrection.

This our sons will echo long;
This our sires have sung before us;
Join, then, we the shadowy throng!
Swell, then, we the spectral chorus!

Ferdinand Freiligrath.

THE SHEIK OF MOUNT SINAI.

A NARRATIVE OF OCTOBER, 1830.

“How sayest thou? Came to-day the Car-
avân
From Africa? And is it here!—’Tis well!
bear me beyond the tent, me and mine otto-
mân!

I would myself behold it. I feel eager
To learn the youngest news. As the Ga-
zelle
Rushes to drink will I to hear, and
gather thence fresh vigor.”

So spake the Sheik. They bore him forth;
and thus began the Moor—
“Old man! Upon Algeria’s towers the
Tricouleur is flying!
Bright silks of Lyons rustle at each balcony
and door;
In the streets the loud Reveil resounds
at break of day:
Steeds prance to the Marseillaise o’er
heaps of Dead and Dying.
The Franks came from Toulon, men say.

“Southward their legions march’d through
burning lands;
The Barbary sun flash’d on their arms—
about
Their chargers’ manes were blown clouds of
Tunisian sands.
Knowest where the Giant Atlas rises
dim in
The hot sky? Thither, in disastrous rout,
The wild Kabyles fled with their herds
and women.

“The Franks pursued. Hu Allah!—each
defile
Grew a very hell-gulf, then, with smoke,
and fire, and bomb!
The Lion left the Deer’s half-cranch’d re-
mains the while;
He snuff’d upon the winds a daintier
prey!
Hark! the shout, *En avant!* To the top-
most peak upelomb
The conquerors in that bloody fray!

“Circles of glittering bayonets crown’d the
mountain’s height.
The hundred Cities of the Plain, from At-
las to the sea afar,
From Tunis forth to Fez, shone in the noon-
day light.

The spearmen rested by their steeds, or
slaked their thirst at rivulets:
And round them through dark myrtles
burn'd,—each like a star,—
The slender golden minarets.

“But in the valley blooms the odorous Al-
mond-tree,
And the Aloe blossoms on the rock, defy-
ing storms and suns.
Here was their conquest seal'd. Look!—
yonder heaves the sea,
And far to the left lies Franquistán.
The banners flouted the blue skies.
The artillerymen came up. Mashallah!
how the guns
Did roar to sanctify their prize!”

“’Tis they!” the Sheik exclaim'd: “I fought
among them, I,
At the Battle of the Pyramids! Red all
the long day ran,
Red as thy turban-folds, the Nile's high bil-
lows by!
But their Sultaun?—Speak!—He was
once my guest.
His lineaments,—gait,—garb? Sawest
thou the Man?”—
The Moor's hand slowly felt its way in-
to his breast.

“No,” he replied: “he bode in his warm
palace-halls.
A Pasha led his warriors through the fire
of hostile ranks;
An Aga thunder'd for him before Atlas'
iron walls!
His lineaments, thou sayest? On gold,
at least, they lack
The kingly stamp. See here! A Spahi'
of the Franks
Gave me this coin in chaffering some
days back.”

The Kashef¹ took the gold: he gazed upon
the head and face.
Was this the great Sultaun he had known
long years ago?
It seem'd not; for he sigh'd as all in vain
he strove to trace

¹ Horse-soldier.² Governor.

The still-remember'd features. “Ah,
no!—this,” he said, “is
Not *his* broad brow and piercing eye:
who *this* man is I do not know.
How very like a Pear his head is!”

GRABBE.

THERE stood I in the Camp. 'Twas when
the setting sun
Was crimsoning the tents of the Hussars.
The booming of the Evening-gun
Broke on mine ear. A few stray stars
Shone out, like silver-blank medallions
Paving a sapphire floor. Then flow'd in
unison the tones
Of many hantboys, bugies, drums, trom-
bones
And fifes, from twenty-two battalions.

They play'd, “Give glory unto God our
Lord!”
A solemn strain of music and sublime,
That bade Imagination hail a coming time
When universal Mind shall break the slaying
sword,
And Sin, and Wrong, and Suffering shall
depart
An Earth which Christian love shall turn to
Heaven.
A dream!—yet still I listen'd, and my
heart
Grew tranquil as that Summer-even.

But soon uprose pale Hecate—she who
trances
The skies with deathly light. Her beams
fell wan, but mild,
On the long lines of tents, on swords and
lances,
And on the pyramids of musquets piled
Around. Then sped from rank to rank
The signal order, “*Tzako ab!*” The
music ceased to play.
The stillness of the grave ensued. I turned
away.
Again my memory's tablets show'd a sad
dening blank!

Meanwhile another sort of scene
 Was acted at the Outposts. Carelessly I
 stroll'd,
 In quest of certain faces, into the Canteen.
 Here wine and brandy, hot or cold,
 Pass'd round. At one long table Freder-
 icks-d'or
 Glitter'd *à qui mieux mieux* with epau-
 lettes,
 And, heedless of the constant call, "*Who
 sets?*"
 Harpwomen play'd and sang old ballads by
 the score.

I sought an inner chamber. Here sat some
 Dragoons and Yagers, who conversed, or
 gambled,
 Or drank. The dice-box rattled on a drum.
 I chose a seat apart. My speculations
 rambled.
 Scarce even a passive listener or beholder,
 I mused: "Give glory——" "*Qui en
 veut?*"—the sound
 Came from the drum-head. I had half
 turn'd round
 When some one touch'd me on the shoulder.

"Ha!—is it you?" "None other." "Well
 —what news?
 How goes it in Mulhausen?" Queries
 without end
 Succeed, and I reply as briefly as I choose.
 An hour flies by. "Now then, adieu, my
 friend!"—
 "Stay!—tell me——" "Quick! I am off
 to *Rouge et Noir*."—
 "Well—one short word, and then Good-
 Night!—
Grabbe?"—"Grabbe? He is dead. Wait:
 let me see. Ay, right!
 We buried him on Friday last. *Bon soir!*"

An icy thrill ran through my veins.
 Dead! Buried! Friday last!—and here!
 —*His* grave
 Profaned by vulgar feet! Oh, Noble,
 Gifted, Brave!

Bard of *The Hundred Days*!¹—was this to
 be thy fate indeed?
 I wept; yet not because Life's galling chains
 No longer bound thy spirit to this barren
 earth;
 I wept to think of thy transcendent worth
 And genius—and of what had been their
 meed.

I wander'd forth into the spacious Night,
 Till the first feelings of my heart had spent
 Their bitterness. Hours pass'd. There
 was an Uhlan tent
 At hand. I enter'd. By the moon's blue
 light
 I saw some arms and baggage and a heap
 Of straw. Upon this last I threw
 My weary limbs. In vain! The moanful
 night-winds blew
 About my head and face, and Memory
 banish'd Sleep.

All night *he* stood, as I had seen him last,
 Beside my couch. Had he indeed forsaken
 The tomb? Or, did I dream, and should
 I waken?
 My thoughts flow'd like a river, dark and fast.
 Again I gazed on that columnar brow:
 "Deserted House! of late so bright with
 vividest flashes
 Of Intellect and Passion, can it be that
 thou
 Art now a mass of sparkless ashes?"

"Those ashes once were watch-fires, by
 whose gleams
 The glories of the Hohenstauffen race,²
 And Italy's shrines, and Greece's hallow'd
 streams
 Stood variously reveal'd—now, softly, as
 the face
 Of Night illumined by her silver Lamp—
 Now, burning with a deep and living
 lustre,
 Like the high beacon-lights that stud this
 Camp,
 Here, far apart—there, in a circular cluster.

¹ A poem by Grabbe thus entitled.

² The allusions are to Grabbe's historical and illustrative
 works.

"This Camp! Ah, yes! methinks it images
well

What thou hast been, thou lonely Tower!
Moonbeams and lamplight mingled—the
deep choral swell

Of Music in her peals of proudest power,
And then—the tavern dice-box rattle!

The Grand and the Familiar fought
Within thee for the mastery; and thy
depth of thought
And play of wit made every conflict a drawn
battle!

"And, oh! that such a mind, so rich, so
overflowing

With ancient lore and modern phantasy,
And prodigal of its treasures as a tree
Of golden leaves when Autumn-winds are
blowing,

That such a mind, made to illume and glad
All minds, all hearts, should have itself be-
come

Affliction's chosen Sanctuary and Home!—
This is in truth most marvellous and sad!

"Alone the Poet lives—alone he dies.

Cain-like, he bears the isolating brand
Upon his brow of sorrow. True, his hand
Is pure from blood-guilt, but in human eyes
His is a darker crime than that of Cain,—
Rebellion against Social Wrong and Law!"
Groaning, at length I slept, and in my
dreams I saw

The ruins of a Temple on a desolate plain.

FREEDOM AND RIGHT.

OH! think not the Twain have gone down to
their graves!

Oh! say not that Mankind should basely
despair,
Because Earth is yet trodden by tyrants and
slaves,

And the sighs of the Noble are spent on
the air!

Oh, no! though the Pole, from the swamps
of the North,

Sees trampled in shreds the bright banner
he bore;

Though Italy's heroes in frenzy pour forth
The rich blood of their hearts on the dark
dungeon-floor,

Still live—

Ever live in their might

Both Freedom and Right!

Who fight in the van of the battle must fall;
All honor be theirs!—'tis for Us to press on!

They have struck the first links from the
gyves that enthrall

Men's minds; and the half of our triumph
is won—

The swift-coming triumph of Freedom and
Right!

Yes! tremble, ye Despots! the hour will
have birth

When, as vampires and bats, by the arrows
of Light,

Your nature, your names, will be blasted
from Earth!

For still—

Still live in their might

Fair Freedom and Right!

Gone down to the grave? No! if ever their
breath

Gave life to the paralyzed nations, 'tis now,
When the serf at length wakes, as from tor-
por or death,

And the sunshine of Hope gleams anew
on his brow!

They traverse the globe in a whirlwind of
fire—

They sound their deep trumpet o'er Ocean
and Land,

Enkindling in myriads the quenchless desire
To arm as one man for the Conflict at hand!

Oh! still—

Still live in their might

Both Freedom and Right!

They rouse even dastards to combat and dare,
Till the last of oppression's bastiles be
o'erthrown;

When they conquer not here, they are con-
quering elsewhere,

And ere long they will conquer all Earth
for their own.

Then first will be born the Millennium of
Peace—

And, O God! what a garland will bloom
in the sun,

When the oak-leaf of Deutschland, the olive
of Greece,

And the trefoil of Ireland are blended in
one!

As they will;
For still in their might
Live Freedom and Right!

And what, though before that Millennium
can dawn,

The bones of our Bravest must bleach on
the plain?

Thank Heaven! they will feel that the swords
they have drawn

Will be sheath'd by the victors, undimm'd
by a stain!

And their names through all time will be
shrined in each heart

As the moral Columbuses—they who un-
furl'd

That sunbeamy standard that shone as a
chart

To illumine our way to the better New
World!

Matthisson.

TO THE BELOVED ONE.

THROUGH pine-grove and greenwood, o'er
hills and by hollows,

Thine image my footsteps incessantly follows,
And sweetly thou smilest, or veilest thine
eye,

While floats the white moon up the wastes
of the sky.

In the sheen of the fire and the purple of
dawn

I see thy light figure in bower and on lawn.

O, Gott, welch ein Kranz wird sie glorreich dann Ziern!
Die Olive des Griechen, das Kleeblatt des IREN,
Und vor Allem germanisches Eichengeflecht,
—Die Freiheit! das Recht!

By mountain and woodland it dazes my
vision

Like some brilliant shadow from regions
Elysian.

Oft has it, in dreamings, been mine to behold
Thee, fairy-like, seated on throne of red gold;
Oft have I, upborne through Olympus's por-
tals,

Beheld thee as Hebe among the Immortals.

A tone from the valley, a voice from the
height,

Re-echoes thy name like the Spirit of Night;
The zephyrs that woo the wild flowers on
the heath

Are warm with the odorous life of thy breath.

And oft when in stillest 'midnight my soul
Is borne through the stars to its infinite goal,
I long to meet thee, my Beloved, on that
shore

Where hearts reunite to be sunder'd no more.

Joy swiftly departeth; soon vanisheth Sor-
row;

Time wheels in a circle of morrow and
morrow;

The sun shall be ashes, the earth waste away,
But Love shall reign king in his glory for aye.

Johann Gaudenz Baron U. Salis
Seewis.

CHEERFULNESS.

SEE how the day beameth brightly before us!

Blue is the firmament—green is the earth;
Grief hath no voice in the Universe-chorus—

Nature is ringing with music and mirth.
Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness.

Gaze! and if Beauty can capture thy soul,
Virtue herself will allure thee to gladness—

Gladness, Philosophy's guerdon and goal.

Enter the treasures Pleasure uncloses—

List! how she thrills in the nightingale's lay!
Breathe! she is wafting thee sweets from the roses;

Feel! she is cool in the rivulet's play;
Taste! from the grape and the nectarine gushing

Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun;
Green in the hills, in the flower-groves blushing,

Look! she is always and everywhere one.

Banish, then, mourner, the tears that are trickling

Over the cheeks that should rosily bloom;
Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,
Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb?
Still may we battle for Goodness and Beauty;
Still hath Philanthropy much to essay:
Glory rewards the fulfilment of Duty;
Rest will pavilion the end of our way.

What, though corroding and multiplied sorrows,

Legion-like, darken this planet of ours,
Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows,
Ever when Anguish hath palsied its powers;

Wherefore, though Fate play the part of a traitor,

Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of Hope,
Fearlessly certain that sooner or later
Over the stars thy desires shall have scope.

Look round about on the face of Creation!

Still is God's Earth undistorted and bright;
Comfort the captives to long tribulation,
Thus shalt thou reap the more perfect delight.

Love!—but if Love be a hallow'd emotion,
Purity only its rapture should share;
Love, then, with willing and deathless emotion,

All that is just and exalted and fair.

Act!—for in Action are Wisdom and Glory;
Fame, Immortality—these are its crown;
Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of Story,
Build on **ACHIEVEMENTS** thy Dome of **Renown**.

Honor and Feeling were given thee to cherish,—

Cherish them, then, though all else should decay:

Landmarks be these that are never to perish,
Stars that will shine on thy duskiest day.

Courage!—Disaster and Peril, once over,
Freshen the spirit, as showers the grove:
O'er the dim graves that the cypresses cover
Soon the Forget-Me-Not rises in love.

Courage, then, friends! Though the universe crumble,

Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,
Patient and trustful and joyous and humble,
Smiles through the ruin on Darkness and Death.

August Adolph Ludwig Hollen.

F R E E D O M.

Ring, ring, blithe Freedom's Song!
Roll forth as water strong

Down rocks in sheets!
Pale stands the Gallic swarm—
Our hearts beat high and warm—
Youth nerves the Teuton's arm
For glorious feats!

God! Father! to thy praise
The spirit of old days

In Deutschland's Youth
Spreads as a burning brand!
We hail the fourfold band!
God, Freedom, Fatherland,
Old German Truth!

Pure-tongued and pious be,
Manful and chaste and free,
Great Hermann's race!

And, while God's judgments light
On Tyranny's brute might,
Build We the People's Right
On Freedom's base!

For now in German breasts
 Fair Freedom manifests
 Her power at length ;
 Her worth is understood ;
 We vow to her our blood ;
 We feel that Brotherhood
 Alone is Strength !

Ring, then, glad Song of Zeal,
 Loud as the thunder-peal
 That rocks the sphere !
 Our hearts, hopes, objects, One,
 Stand we, One Starry Zone,
 And round One Sun, the Throne,
 Be our career !

Friederich Leopold Count Stolberg.

THE GRAVE.

LIFE'S Day is dark'd with Storm and Ill ;
 The Night of Death is mild and still ;
 The consecrated Grave receives
 Our frames as Earth doth wither'd leaves.

There sunbeams shine, there dewy showers
 Fall bright as on the garden-bowers ;
 And Friendship's tear-drops, in the ray
 Of Hope, are brighter still than they.

The Mother¹ from her lampless dome
 Calls out to all, "Come home! Come
 home!"

Oh! could we once behold her face,
 We ne'er would shun her dark embrace.

Ernst Moritz Arndt.

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND

WHERE is the German's Fatherland ?
 Is't Prussia? Swabia? Is't the strand
 Where grows the vine, where flows the
 Rhine ?
 Is't where the gull skims Baltic's brine ?

¹ Earth.

—No!—yet more great and far more grand
 Must be the German's Fatherland.

How call they then the German's land ?
 Bavaria? Brunswick? Hast thou scann'd
 It where the Zuyder Zee extends?
 Where Styrian toil the iron bends ?
 —No, brother, no!—thou hast not spann'd
 The German's genuine Fatherland !

Is then the German's Fatherland
 Westphalia? Pomerania? Stand
 Where Zurich's waveless water sleeps ;
 Where Weser winds, where Danube sweeps
 Hast found it now?—Not yet! Demand
 Elsewhere the German's Fatherland !

Then say, Where lies the German's land ?
 How call they that unconquer'd land ?
 Is't where Tyrol's green mountains rise ?
 The Switzer's land I dearly prize,
 By Freedom's purest breezes fann'd - -
 But no! 'tis not the German's land !

Where, therefore, lies the German's land ?
 Baptize that great, that ancient land !
 'Tis surely Austria, proud and bold,
 In wealth unmatch'd, in glory old ?
 Oh! none shall write her name on sand ;
 But she is not the German's land ?

Say then, Where lies the German's land ?
 Baptize that great, that ancient land !
 Is't Alsace? Or Lorraine—that gem
 Wrench'd from the Imperial Diadem
 By wiles which princely treachery plann'd ?
 No! these are not the German's land !

Where, therefore, lies the German's land ?
 Name now at last that mighty land !
 Where'er resounds the German tongue—
 Where German hymns to God are sung—
 There, gallant brother, take thy stand !
 That is the German's Fatherland !

That is his land, the land of lands,
 Where vows bind less than clasp'd hands,
 Where Valor lights the flashing eye,
 Where Love and Truth in deep hearts lie,
 And Zeal enkindles Freedom's brand,--
 That is the German's Fatherland !

That is the German's Fatherland
 Where Hate pursues each foreign band—
 Where German is the name for friend,
 Where Frenchman is the name for fiend,
 And France's yoke is spurn'd and bann'd—
 That is the German's Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland!
 Great God! look down and bless that land!
 And give her noble children souls
 To cherish while Existence rolls,
 And love with heart, and aid with hand,
 Their Universal Fatherland!

August Von Kotzebue.

BE MERRY AND WISE.

No beauty, no glory, remaineth
 Below the unbribable skies:
 All Beauty but winneth and waneth—
 All Glory but dazzles and dies.

Since multitudes cast in a gay mould
 Before us have lived and have laugh'd,
 To the slumberers under the clay-mould
 Let goblet on goblet be quaff'd!

For millions in centuries after
 Decay shall have crumbled our bones,
 As lightly with revel and laughter
 Will fill their progenitors' thrones.

Here banded together in union
 Our bosoms are joyous and gay.
 How blest, could our festive communion
 Remain to enchant us for aye!

But Change is omnipotent ever;
 Thus knitted we cannot remain;
 Wide waves and high hills will soon sever
 The links of our brotherly chain.

Yet, even though far disunited,
 Our hearts are in fellowship still,
 And all, if but one be delighted,
 Will hear it with Sympathy's thrill.

And if, after years have gone o'er us,
 Fate bring us together once more,
 Who knows but the mirth of our chorus
 May yet be as loud as before!

Earl Egon Ebert.

THE REVENGE OF DUKE SWERTING.

[“Swerting, Duke of the Saxons, was conquered in 435 by Frotho IV., King of the Danes, who imposed upon the Saxons a heavy yearly poll-tax. The Saxons in vain attempted to recover their independence; and Frotho humbled them still more by making them pay a tax for every one of their limbs that was two feet long. To keep the Saxons better in subjection, Frotho had thought it prudent to make his son Ingel marry the daughter of Swerting, in the hope of binding the latter to his interests by this alliance. But Swerting did not desert his own nation—he planned the destruction of the conqueror and oppressor of his country, and accomplished it nearly in the manner related in Ebert's ballad.”—M. KLAUER-KLATTOWSKI, *German Ballads and Romances*, p. 303.]

OH, a warrior's feast was Swerting's in his
 Burg beside the Rhine;
 There from gloomy iron bell-cups they drank
 the Saxon wine,
 And the viands were served in iron up, in
 coldest iron all,
 And the sullen clash of iron arms resounded
 through the hall.

Uneasily sat Frotho there, the Tyrant of the
 Danes;
 With lowering brow he quaff'd his cup, then
 eyed the iron chains
 That hung and clank'd like manacles at
 Swerting's arms and breast,
 And the iron studs and linkèd rings that
 boss'd his ducal vest.

“What may this bode, this chilling gloom,
 Sir Duke and Brother Knights?
 Why meet I here such wintry cheer, such
 sorry sounds and sighs?
 Out on your shirts of iron! Will ye bear to
 have it told
 That I found ye thus when Danish knights
 go clad in silks and gold?”—

*King! Gold befits the freeman, the Iron
marks the slave;
So thought and spake our fathers, and their
sons are just and brave:

Thyself hast bound the iron round thy proud
but conquer'd foe;
If thy chains had been but golden we had
burst them long ago.

"But I came not here to hold a parle, or tell
a tristful tale,
But to bid the dastard tremble and to make
the tyrant quail.

Oh, strong, Sir King, is iron, but the heart
is stronger still,
Nor Earth nor Hell can cast in thrall a
People's mighty Will!"

While his words yet rang like cymbals, there
strode into the hall

Twelve swarthy Saxon Rittersmen, with
flaming torches tall;

They stood to catch a signal-glance from
Swerting's eagle eye,

Then again they rush'd out, waving their
pitchy brands on high.

The Danish King grows paler, yet he brims
his goblet higher;

But the sultry hall is dark with smoke; he
hears the hiss of fire!

Yes! the Red Avenger marches on his fierce
and swift career,

And from man to man goes round the whisper,
"Brother, it is near!"

Up starts the King; he turns to fly; Duke
Swerting holds him fast.

"Nay, Golden King, the dice are down, and
thou must bide the cast.

If thy chains can fetter this fell foe, the
glory be thine own,

Thine be the Saxon Land for aye, and thine
the Saxon throne!"

But hotter, hotter burns the air all through
that lurid hall,

And louder groan the blacken'd beams; the
crackling rafters fall,

And ampler waxes momentarily the glare, the
volumed flash,
Till at last the roof-tree topples down with
stunning thunder-crash.

Then in solemn prayer that gallant band of
Self-devoted kneel—

"Just God! assail our souls, thus driven to
Freedom's last appeal!"

And Frotho writhes and rages, fire stifling
his quick gasp,

But, strong and terrible as Death, his foe
maintains his grasp.

"Behold, thou haughty tyrant, behold what
MEN can dare!

So triumph such,—so perish, too, enslavers
everywhere!"

And the billowy flames, while yet he speaks,
come roaring down the hall,

And the Fatherland is loosed for aye from
Denmark's iron thrall!

Carl Immermann.

THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE.¹

WHAT riotous din is ringing?

What wassailers through the house?

The student of Prague is singing

The praise of his wild carouse.

With bloodshot eyes and glowing,

He shouts like one possess'd,

His goblet overflowing,

His head on his leman's breast.

¹ This ballad is founded on fact. In a note at the end of M. Klauer's volume we have the genuine history of the hero, given in a narrative transcribed from Feszler and Fischer's *Euromia*, for July, 1805. The student was the son of a Pomeranian country clergyman, and was sent to Prague for the completion of his education. There his youth, temperament, and freedom from restraint, soon led him into excesses, which increased until he became a confirmed libertine. He ceased to correspond with his kindred; and his father, preyed on by anxiety and grief, at length fell mortally ill. His mother now wrote to him, adjuring him to return and receive the dying benediction of the parent who had reared him in the love and fear of God; but in vain. The student, considering her story an invention to wile him home, refused to attach credit to it, and pursued his career of dissipation at Prague. Time wheel'd on; at last, one night, as the student lay in bed.

As pallid as alabaster,
 The servant ventures in:
 " 'Tis midnight, O my master!
 Cease now, at least, from sin!"—
 "Avant, thou croaking booby!
 I brook no babble from thee;
 As long as the wine looks ruby
 Right jovial I swear to be!"

He drinks from his goblet faster;
 Within lies a coiled worm:
 "God gives thee a sign, my master!
 It saith, Repent! Reform!"
 "Truce, dolt, to thy coffin-faces!
 Go, preach to the fools that will hear;
 Thus lock'd in my leman's embraces,
 What accident have I to fear?"

He plays with her night-black tresses;
 She breaks from his arms by force;
 Her hand on her heart she presses;
 She shrieks, and drops down a corse!
 Then steps the servant past her,
 And falls upon his knee:
 "God shows thee a sign, O master,
 A fearful sign to thee!"—

He was startled by a rustling sound nigh him, and in the same moment a gentle current of air passed over his face. Turning round with an involuntary shudder, he beheld a phantom leaning over the bedside, and contemplating him with looks of the tenderest pity. It was the apparition of his dying father! Terror mastered him at the sight; he seized a sword that hung against the wall, and made a thrust at the spectre, which immediately disappeared. The student was now seriously alarmed, as all his dependence was upon his father, and next day he set out for Pomerania. But before he had accomplished more than half his journey homeward, a black letter met him, and, opening it, he found that it announced the death of his father. After a number of preliminary details, the following account was given of the last moments of the deceased: "The desire of the sick man to see his child once more, the father's anguish at the thought of his son's depravity and obduracy, augmented hourly. On the last evening of his life, never a minute elapsed that he did not inquire, on the occasion of the slightest noise or movement near him, 'Has he come yet? Is he there?' And when answered, 'Alas, no!' he would break forth into piteous lamentations over the wretched state of his lost son. Midnight came, passed; he grew fainter and fainter. At one o'clock he had sunk into a state of strange calmness. It was thought that he slept. His family surrounded his bed. On a sudden a trembling came over him; he turned himself round, and lifting his eyes to his daughter, who was affectionately watching by him, he exclaimed, in a hollow voice, 'All is over! My reprobate son has just struck at me with his sword!' Speech and consciousness then deserted him. Toward the dawning of day he gave up the ghost." M. Klauer's narrative, of which this is an abstract, closes here: the ballad, it will be perceived, carries the story further, but whether according to the strict truth or not, we cannot pretend to say.

"Away, thou hound, to the devil!
 Red gold have I still in store
 To win me wherewith to revel,
 And fairer lemans a score.
 So long as my dotard father
 Takes care of this purse of mine,
 So long, by hell, will I gather
 The roses of Love and wine."

The servant, shuddering, fetches
 Away the accusing Dead;
 And the wild young Student stretches
 His wasted limbs in bed.
 The lurid lamp is shooting
 A bluer glare anon;
 The owls without are hooting;
 The hollow bell tolls "One!"

When lo! a charnel vapor
 Pervades the Student's room;
 Then dies the darkening taper;
 And, shimmering through the gloom,
 A shadow with look of sorrow
 Bends over the reckless boy,
 Who dreams of new pleasures to-morrow,
 And laughs his libertine joy.

The Pitying Phantom raises
 Its warning hand on high;
 The Student starts; he gazes;
 He grasps his bed-sword nigh;
 He strikes at what resembles
 His father's features pale!
 And the stricken Phantom trembles,
 And vanishes with a wail.

The wintry morn is dawning
 In ashy-gray and red;
 The servant undraws the awning
 That screens his master's bed;
 And a black-edged letter, weeping,
 He gives the startled youth;
 And the Student's flesh is creeping,
 For he fears the dreadful truth.

"From thy mother, broken-hearted,
 And widow'd now by thee—
 Thy father has departed
 This life in agony.

¹ The rapid conveyance of this letter is of course a poetical license.

Whole nights I saw him languish;
And still he call'd in wild
And ceaseless tones of anguish
For thee, his ruin'd child.

"At last he lay as trancèd;
His struggles appear'd to cease,
And I fondly hoped and fancied
His spirit was now at peace;
But soon I heard him crying,
'He strikes me with his sword!'
And his bitter curse in dying
On his harden'd son was pour'd."

The parricide Student ponders,
But word he utters not;
He leaves the house and wanders
To a lone and desolate spot.
With scissors he there divests his
Proud head of its clustering hair,
And low on his hands he rests his
Shorn skull and temples bare.¹

And now what chant funereal,
What feasters fill the house?
Their chant is a dirge of burial,
Their feast a death-carouse.
They drain the funeral-bowl off,
And chorus in accents vague
A hymn to the rest of the soul of
The penitent Student of Prague.

Ferdinand Gottfried Max V. Shen-
kendorf.

ANDREAS HOFER.

"VICTORY! Victory! Inspruck's taken
By the Vintner of Passayer!"²
What wild joy the sounds awaken?
Hearts grow bolder, faces gayer;

¹ Und nimmt in beide Hände
Den kalldgeschornen Kopf,

"and takes the bald-shorn head in both hands." This passage appears to us *inconsequent*.

² Hofer kept an inn at Passeier, his birth-place; and even after he had taken up arms, he always went among the peasantry by the title of *der Sanzwirth*, the Publican.

Maidens, leaving duller labors,
Weave the wreaths they mean to proffer;
All the students, all the neighbors,
March with music out to Hofer.

Till the Chief, commanding silence,
Speaks, with tone and aspect sternest—
"Men! lay down your trumpery vi'lins!
Death and God are both in earnest!
*Not for Music, not for Glory,
Leave I wives and orphans weeping;*
Perish Hofer's name in story!
He but seeks *one* goal unsleeping.

"Kneel in prayer, and chant your ros'ries.
Theirs is music meet to cheer ye.
When your hearts in speech that glows rise,
GOD the LORD may deign to hear ye.
Pray for me a sinner, lowly,
Pray for our great Kaiser loudly;
God keep Prince and People holy!
May both guard the sceptre proudly!

Me, my time is short for suing;
Shew God what and how the case is;
Count Him up what Dead are strewing
Level plains and lofty places;
State what hosts yet shield the Wronger,³
And what clans of Austrian bowmen
Speed the shout and shaft no longer:—
God alone can crush our foemen."

Julius Mosén.

THE DEATH OF HOFER.

At Mantua long had lain in chains
The gallant Hofer bound;
But now his day of doom was come—
At morn the deep roll of the drum

³ Betet *leise* für mich Armen,
Betet *laut* für unsern Kaiser.
Viz:—Pray *softly* for me [a] poor [sinner]
Pray *aloud* for our Emperor.

I quote these lines because, upon casting my eye over the translation, "a sinner lowly" strikes me as somewhat of an ambiguity.

⁴ Bonaparte.

Resounded o'er the soldier'd plains.

O Heaven! with what a deed of dole
The hundred thousand wrongs were
crown'd
Of trodden-down Tyról!

With iron-fetter'd arms and hands

The hero moved along.
His heart was calm, his eye was clear,
Death was for traitor slaves to fear!

He oft amid his mountain bands,
Where Inn's dark wintry waters roll,
Had faced it with his battle-song,
The Sandwirth of Tyról.

Anon he pass'd the fortress-wall,

And heard the wail that broke
From many a brother thrall within.
"Farewell!" he cried. "Soon may
you win

Your liberty! God shield you all!
Lament not me! I see my goal.
Lament the land that wears the yoke,
Your land and mine, Tyról!"

So through the files of musqueteers

Undauntedly he pass'd,
And stood within the hollow square.
Well might he glance around him
there,

And proudly think on by-gone years!
Amid such serfs *his* bannerol,
Thank God! had never braved the blast
On thy green hills, Tyról!

They bade him kneel; but he with all

A patriot's truth replied—
"I kneel alone to God on high—
As thus I stand so dare I die,

As oft I fought so let me fall!
Farewell"—his breast a moment swoll
With agony he strove to hide—
"My Kaiser and Tyról!"

No more emotion he betray'd.

Again he bade farewell
To Francis and the faithful men
Who girt his throne. His hands were
then

Unbound for prayer, and thus he pray'd:—
"God of the Free, receive my soul!
And you, slaves, Fire!" So bravely fell
Thy foremost man, Tyról!

August Buhu.

THE BEREAVED ONE.

THERE comes a Wanderer, worn and weary,
To a cottage on the wold—
"Mother dear!—the night is dreary,
And I am wet and cold,
For I have been through rain and mire;
Mother dear, it blows a storm!
Let me in, I pray, to warm
My fingers by the fire!"

The door is open'd—not by *her*—
A little boy, well-nigh a child,
Looks up into the Wanderer's face
With a look so soft and mild!—
He was like a messenger
Sent from some pure sphere above,
Unto Man's unhappy race,
On an embassy of love!

"Come in, good man," he said; "what dost
Thou out on such a night as this?
Oh, I was dreaming wondrous things!
Me dreamt that I had left and lost
My happy home and all my bliss;
So I wept and could not rest,—
Then came one with golden wings,
And took me to my father's breast."

The Wanderer's tears are flowing fast;
He doth not speak, he clasps his hands,
But grief breaks forth in speech at last—

* I suppose I need scarcely remark that this word is properly accented on the second syllable.

"And, dearest child, where is thy father?"

"Amid a shadowy group he stands,
And a moony light reposes
On his face, but I would rather
Be with him than pulling roses!"

"And thy mother,—what of her?"

"Oh! often when the night is falling,
When the wind moans through the fir,
I can hear her dear voice calling
From her far-off home to me:
I think this cottage was too small
For father, sister, her and all,
And so they left it, all the three."

"Ha! what!—thy sister also?—Speak!"—

"Good man, I see thou knewest her, then.
The bloom soon faded from her cheek,
But now she dwells beyond the moon;
She could not stay, she told me, when
Our mother and our father went;
Down in the vale, to-morrow noon,
They'll point thee out her monument."

"And, tell me, darling child! who sleeps
Within the grave beside the stream,
Where the sun can seldom beam,
And the willow ever weeps?
The burial-stone rose blank and bare."
Here wept the child, and then he said,
"They say my brother's wife is dead,
Because she slumbers there."

"My brother Walter went abroad,
And never more came back,
And then his wife grew pale and wan,
She said her heart was on the rack,
And Life was now a weary load;
And so she linger'd, linger'd on,
Until a year or two ago,
When Death released her from her woe."

Thus far will Walter hear—no more:
He presses once his brother's hand,
Then, wandering forth amid the roar
Of wind and rain he seeks the river,
And, having one brief minute scann'd,
Silently, and calm of eye,
The broad black mass of cloud on high,
He plunges in the waves forever!

Conrad Dietzel.

SONG.

WHEN the roses blow
Man looks out for brighter hours;
When the roses glow
Hope relights her lampless bowers.
Much that seem'd in Winter's gloom
Dark with heavy woe,
Wears a gladsome hue and bloom
When the roses blow—
When the roses blow—
Wears a gladsome hue and bloom
When the roses blow.

When the roses blow,
Love, that slept, shall wake anew:
Merrier blood shall flow
Through the springald's veins of blue;
And if Sorrow wrung the heart,
Even that shall go;—
Pain and Mourning must depart
When the roses blow—
When the roses blow—
Pain and Mourning must depart
When the roses blow.

When the roses blow
Look to heaven, my fainting soul!
There, in stainless show,
Spreads the veil that hides thy goal.
Not while Winter breathes his blight
Burst thy bonds below!
Let the Earth look proud and bright,
Let the roses blow!
Let the roses blow!
Oh, let Earth look proud and bright!
Let the roses blow!

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, Good-night, my Lyre!
A long, a last Good-night!
In ashes lies the fire
That lent me Warmth and Light.

With Love, Life too is fled ;
 My bosom's blood is cold ;
 My mind is all but dead ;
 My heart is growing old.

Soon will my sad eyes close,
 O Lyre, on Earth and Thee !
 I go to woo Repose
 In God's Eternity.

Baron von Zedlitz.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

I.

WHEN midnight hour is come,
 The drummer forsakes his tomb,
 And marches, beating his phantom-drum
 To and fro through the ghastly gloom.

He plies the drumsticks twain
 With fleshless fingers pale,
 And beats, and beats again and again,
 A long and dreary reveil !

Like the voice of abysmal waves
 Resounds its unearthly tone,
 Till the dead old soldiers, long in their
 graves,
 Awaken through every zone.

And the slain in the land of the Hun,
 And the frozen in the icy North,
 And those who under the burning sun
 Of Italy sleep, come forth.

And they whose bones long while
 Lie bleaching in Syrian sands,
 And the slumberers under the reeds of the
 Nile,
 Arise, with arms in their hands.

II.

And at midnight, in his shroud,
 The trumpeter leaves his tomb,
 And blows a blast long, deep, and loud,
 As he rides through the ghastly gloom.

And the yellow moonlight shines
 On the old Imperial Dragoons ;
 And the Cuirassiers they form in lines
 And the Carabineers in platoons.

At a signal the ranks unsheathe
 Their weapons in rear and van ;
 But they scarcely appear to speak or
 breathe,
 And their features are sad and wan.

III.

And when midnight robes the sky,
 The Emperor leaves his tomb,
 And rides along, surrounded by
 His shadowy staff, through the gloom.

A silver star so bright
 Is glittering on his breast ;
 In a uniform of blue and white
 And a gray camp-frock he is dress'd.

The moonbeams shine afar
 On the various marshall'd groups,
 As the Man with the glittering silver star
 Proceeds to review his troops.

And the dead battalions all
 Go again through their exercise,
 Till the moon withdraws, and a gloomier
 pall
 Of blackness wraps the skies.

Then around their chief once more
 The Generals and Marshals throng ;
 And he whispers a word oft heard before
 In the ear of his aide-de-camp.

In files the troops advance,
 And then are no longer seen.
 The challenging watchword given is
 "France !"
 The answer is "St. Helene !"

And this is the Grand Review,
 Which at midnight on the wolds,
 If popular tales may pass for true,
 The buried Emperor holds.

IRISH ANTHOLOGY.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

DARK ROSALEEN.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.)

[This impassioned song, entitled, in the original, *Roisín Dubh*, or The Black Little Rose, was written in the reign of Elizabeth by one of the poets of the celebrated Tírconnellian chieftain, Hugh the Red O'Donnell. It purports to be an allegorical address from Hugh to Ireland on the subject of his love and struggles for her, and his resolve to raise her again to the glorious position she held as a nation before the irruption of the Saxon and Norman spoilers. The true character and meaning of the figurative allusions with which it abounds, and to two only of which I need refer here—viz., the “Roman wine” and “Spanish ale” mentioned in the first stanza—the intelligent reader will, of course, find no difficulty in understanding.]

Oh, my Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep !
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the Deep.
There's wine . . . from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green ;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roam'd for your sake ;
All yesterday I sail'd with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, . . . at its highest flood,
I dash'd across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !

Oh ! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lighten'd through my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen !

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love !
The heart . . . in my bosom faints
To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
To hear your sweet and sad complaints
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet . . . will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen ;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly, for your weal :
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home . . . in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers
My Dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !

You'll think of me through Daylight's
hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one . . . beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Oh! the Erne shall run red
With redundancy of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal, and slogan cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

SHANE BWEE; OR, THE CAPTIVITY OF THE GAELS.

A Translation of the Jacobite Song, called "Geibionn na-n-Gaoidell," written by OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN, a Kerry poet, who flourished about the middle of the last century.

"Ag taisdiol na sléibte dam sealad am aonar."

"TWAS by sunset . . . I walk'd and wander'd
Over hill-sides . . . and over moors,
With a many sighs and tears.
Sunk in sadness, . . . I darkly ponder'd
All the wrongs our . . . lost land endures
In these latter night-black years.
"How," I mused, "has her worth departed!
What a ruin . . . her fame is now!
We, once freest of the Free,

We are trampled . . . and broken-hearted;
Yea, even our Princes . . . themselves must
bow
Low before the vile Shane Bwee!"

Nigh a stream, in . . . a grassy hollow,
Tired, at length, I . . . lay down to rest—
There the birds and balmy air
Bade new reveries . . . and cheerier follow,
Waking newly . . . within my breast
Thoughts that cheated my despair.
Was I waking . . . or was I dreaming?
I glanced up, and . . . behold! there shone
Such a vision over me!
A young girl, bright . . . as Erin's beaming
Guardian spirit—now sad and lone,
Through the Spoiling of Shane Bwee!

Oh for pencil . . . to paint the golden
Locks that waved in . . . luxuriant sheen
To her feet of stilly light!
(Not the Fleece that . . . in ages olden
Jason bore o'er . . . the ocean green
Into Hellas, gleam'd so bright.)
And the eyebrows . . . thin-arch'd over
Her mild eyes, and . . . more, even more
Beautiful, methought, to see
Than those rainbows . . . that wont to hover
O'er our blue island-lakes of yore
Ere the Spoiling by Shane Bwee!

"Bard!" she spake, "deem . . . not this unreal
I was niece of . . . a Pair whose peers
None shall see on earth agen—
ÆONGUS CON, and . . . the Dark O'NIALl,*
Rulers over . . . Iern in years
When her sons as yet were Men.
Times have darken'd; . . . and now our holy
Altars crumble, . . . and castles fall;
Our groans ring through Christendee.
Still, despond not! HE comes, though slowly,
He, the Man, who shall disenthral
The PROUD CAPTIVE of Shane
Bwee!"

* *Seagan Buidhe*, Yellow John, a name applied first to the Prince of Orange, and afterward to his adherents generally.

* Niall Dubh.

Here she vanish'd; . . . and I, in sorrow,
 Blent with joy, rose . . . and went my way
 Homeward over moor and hill.
 O Great God! Thou . . . from whom we
 borrow
 Life and strength, unto Thee I pray!
 Thou, who swayest at Thy will
 Hearts and councils, . . . thralls, tyrants, free-
 men,
 Wake through Europe . . . the ancient soul,
 And on every shore and sea,
 From the Blackwater to the Dniemen,
 Freedom's Bell will . . . ere long time toll
 The deep death-knell of Shane Bwee!

A LAMENTATION

FOR

THE DEATH OF SIR MAURICE FITZGERALD,
 KNIGHT OF KERRY.¹

[An Abridged Translation from the Irish of Pierce Ferriter.]

THERE was lifted up one voice of woe,
 One lament of more than mortal grief,
 Through the wide South to and fro,
 For a fallen Chief.
 In the dead of night that cry thrill'd through
 me,
 I look'd out upon the midnight air;
 Mine own soul was all as gloomy,
 And I knelt in prayer.

O'er Loch Gur, that night, once—twice—
 yea, thrice—
 Pass'd a wail of anguish for the Brave
 That half curdled into ice
 Its moon-mirroring wave.
 Then uprose a many-toned wild hymn in
 Choral swell from Ogra's dark ravine,
 And Mogeely's Phantom Women²
 Mourn'd the Geraldine!

Far on Carah Mona's emerald plains
 Shrieks and sighs were blended many
 hours,
 And Fernoy in fitful strains
 Answer'd from her towers.

¹ Who was killed in Flanders in 1642.

² Banshees.

Youghal, Keenalmeaky, Eemokilly,
 Mourn'd in concert, and their piercing *keen*
 Woke to wondering life the stilly
 Glens of Inchiqueen.

From Loughmoe to yellow Dunanore
 There was fear; the traders of Tralee
 Gather'd up their golden store,
 And prepared to flee;
 For, in ship and hall, from night till morning
 Show'd the first faint beamings of the sun,
 All the foreigners heard the warning
 Of the dreaded One!

"This," they spake, "portendeth death to us,
 If we fly not swiftly from our fate!"
 Self-conceited idiots! thus
 Ravingly to prate!
 Not for base-born higgling Saxon trucksters
 Ring laments like those by shore and sea;
 Not for churls with souls of hucksters
 Waileth our Banshee!

For the high Milesian race alone
 Ever flows the music of her woe;
 For slain heir to bygone throne,
 And for Chief laid low!
 Hark! . . . Again, methinks, I hear her weep-
 ing
 Yonder! Is she near me now, as then?
 Or was but the night-wind sweeping
 Down the hollow glen?

SARSFIELD.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

"A Phadruig Sairsealt slán go dtí tu!"

PART I.

The bard apostrophizes Sarsfield.

FAREWELL, O Patrick Sarsfield! May luck
 be on your path!
 Your camp is broken up—your work is
 marred for years—
 But you go to kindle into flame the King of
 France's wrath,
 Though you leave sick Erin in tears.
 Ohone! Ullagone!

¹ This word is a corruption of the phrase *Ole-gheoin*, literally an *evil noise*, viz., a cry raised on the perpetration of some bad action.

And invokes blessings on him.

May the white sun and moon . . . rain glory
on your head,

All hero as you are, and holy Man of God!
To you the Saxons owe . . . a many an hour
of dread

In the land you have often trod.
Ohone! Ullagone!

And yet more blessings.

The Son of Mary guard you, and bless you
to the end!

'Tis alter'd is the time since your legions
were astrir,

When at Cullen you were hail'd as the Con-
queror and Friend,

And you cross'd the river near Birr.
Ohone! Ullagone!

*He announces his design of revisiting the
North.*

I'll journey to the North, over mount, moor,
and wave.

'Twas there I first beheld, drawn up in file
and line,

The brilliant Irish hosts—they were bravest
of the Brave,

But, alas! they scorn'd to combine!
Ohone! Ullagone!

He recounts his reminiscences of the war.

I saw the royal Boyne, when its billows
flash'd with blood.

I fought at Grána Oge, where a thousand
*marcach*s' fell.

On the dark empurpled field of Aughrim,
too, I stood,

On the plain by Shanbally's Well.
Ohone! Ullagone!

He gives his benison to Limerick.

To the heroes of Limerick, the City of the
Fights,

Be my best blessing borne on the wings
of the air!

*We had card-playing there o'er our camp
fires at night,
And the Word of Life, too, and prayer.**

And bestows his malison on Londonderry.

But, for you, Londonderry, may Plague
smite and slay

Your people! May Ruin . . . desolate you
stone by stone!

Through you a many a gallant youth lies
coffinless to-day,

With the winds for mourners alone!

Ohone! Ullagone!

*He indulges in a burst of sorrow for a lost
opportunity.*

I clomb the high hill on a fair summer noon,
And saw the Saxon Muster, clad in armor
blinding bright,

Oh, Rage withheld my hand, or gunsman
and dragon

Should have supp'd with Satan that night!
Ohone! Ullagone!

PART II.

The bard mourns for the valiant Dead.

How many a noble soldier, how many a cav-
alier,

Career'd along this road . . . seven fleeting
weeks ago,

With silver-hilted sword, with matchlock
and with spear,

Who now, *movrone*, lieth low!

Ohone! Ullagone!

*And pays a tribute to the valor of one of
the Living.*

All hail to thee, Ben Hedir—But ah, on thy
brow

I see a limping soldier, who battled and
who bled

Last year in the cause of the Stuart, though
now

The worthy is begging his bread!

Ohone! Ullagone!

* Cavaliers, or horsemen: the *marcach* of the middle ages, however, held the rank of a knight.

* I italicise those lines to invite attention to their peculiarly Irish character.

He deplores the loss of a friend.

And Jerome, oh Jerome! ' he perish'd in the strife—

His head it was spiked on a halbert so high;
His colors they were trampled. *He had no chance of life,*
If the Lord God himself stood by.¹

And of others, dear friends also.

But most, oh, my woe! I lament and lament
For the ten valiant heroes who dwelt nigh
the Nore,
And my three blessed brothers! They left
me, and they went
To the wars—and return'd no more!
Ohone! Ullagone!

He reverts to the calamities of the Irish.

On the Bridge of the Boyne was our first
overthrow—

By Slaney the next, for we battled with-
out rest:

The third was at Aughrim. Oh, Erin, thy
woe

Is a sword in my bleeding breast!
Ohone! Ullagone!

*He describes in vivid terms the conflagration
of the house at Ballytemple.*

Oh! the roof above our heads it was barba-
rously fired,

While the black Orange guns . . . blazed
and bellow'd around,—

And as volley follow'd volley, Colonel
Mitchell inquired

Whether Lucan² still stood his ground.
Ohone! Ullagone!

*Finally, however, he takes a more hopeful
view of the prospects of his country.*

Bat O'Kelly still remains, to defy and to
toil;

*He has memories that Hell won't permit
him to forget,*

And a sword that will make the blue blood
flow like oil

Upon many an Aughrim yet!
Ohone! Ullagone!

And concludes most cheeringly.

And I never shall believe that my Father-
land can fall

With the Burkes and the Decies, and the
son of Royal James,

And Talbot the Captain, and Sarsfield
above all,

The belovèd of damsels and dames.⁴

LAMENT

OVER THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY OF TEACH MOLAGA.⁵

[Translated from the original Irish of John O'Cullen, a native
of Cork, who died in the year 1816.]

"Oldhche dhámh go doilg, dúbhach."

I WANDER'D forth at night alone,
Along the dreary, shingly, billow-beaten
shore;

Sadness that night was in my bosom's core
My soul and strength lay prone.

The thin wan moon, half overveil'd
By clouds, shed her funereal beams upon the
scene;

While in low tones, with many a pause be-
tween,

The mournful night-wind wail'd.

Musing of Life, and Death, and Fate,
I slowly paced along, heedless of aught
around,

Till on the hill, now, alas! ruin-crown'd,
Lo! the old Abbey-gate!

¹ One of King James's generals.

² "Agus ní riabh faghail cleasla aige da bhfadcleach se Dia nan."—This is one of those peculiarly powerful forms of expression, to which I find no parallel except in the Arabic language.

³ Lord Lucan, i. e. General Sarsfield.

⁴ "Agus Padraig Sárseal, gradh ban Eirionn!"—For a vivid account of these battles of the Williamite wars, see Haverly's History of Ireland, Farrell's Illustrated Edition, pp. 569-621.

⁵ Literally "The House of [St.] Molaga," and now called Timoleague.

Dim in the pallid moonlight stood,
 Crumbling to slow decay, the remnant of
 that pile
 Within which dwelt so many saints erewhile
 In loving brotherhood !

The memory of the men who slept
 Under those desolate walls—the solitude—
 the hour—
 Mine own lorn mood of mind—all join'd to
 o'erpower
 My spirit—and I wept !

In yonder Goshen once—I thought—
 Reign'd Piety and Peace : Virtue and Truth
 were there ;
 With Charity and the blessèd spirit of Prayer
 Was each fleet moment fraught !

There, unity of Walk and Will
 Blent hundreds into one : no jealousies or
 jars
 Troubled their placid lives ; their fortunate
 stars
 Had triumph'd o'er all Ill !

There, knoll'd each morn and even
 The bell for Matin and Vesper : Mass was
 said or sung.—
 From the bright silver censer as it swung,
 Rose balsamy clouds to heaven.

Through the round-cloister'd cor-
 ridors
 A many a midnight hour, bareheaded and
 unshod,
 Walk'd the Gray Friars, beseeching from
 their God
 Peace for these western shores !

The weary pilgrim, bow'd by Age,
 Oft found asylum there—found welcome, and
 found wine.
 Oft rested in its halls the Paladine,
 The Poet and the Sage !

Alas ! alas ! how dark the change !
 Now round its mouldering walls, over its
 pillars low,
 The grass grows rank, the yellow gowans
 blow,
 Looking so sad and strange !

Unsightly stones choke up its wells ;
 The owl hoots all night long under the altar-
 stairs ;
 The fox and badger make their darksome
 lair
 In its deserted cells !

Tempest and Time—the drifting
 sands—
 The lightnings and the rains—the seas that
 sweep around
 These hills in winter-nights, have awfully
 crown'd
 The work of impious hands !

The sheltering, smooth-stoned, mas-
 sive wall—
 The noble figured roof—the glossy marble
 piers—
 The monumental shapes of elder years—
 Where are they ? Vanish'd all !

Rite, incense, chant, prayer, mass,
 have ceased—
 All, all have ceased ! Only the whitening
 bones half sunk
 In the earth now tell that ever here dwelt
 monk,
 Friar, acolyte, or priest.

Oh ! woe, that Wrong should triumph
 thus !
 Woe that the olden right, the rule and the
 renown
 Of the Pure-soul'd and Meek should thus
 go down
 Before the Tyrannous !
 Where wert thou, Justice, in that
 hour ?

Where was thy smiting sword? What had
those good men done,
That thou shouldst tamely see them trampled
on
By brutal England's Power?

Alas, I rave! . . . If Change is here,
Is it not o'er the land? Is it not too in me?
Yes! I am changed even more than what I
see.
Now is my last goal near!

My worn limbs fail—my blood moves
cold—
Dimness is on mine eyes—I have seen my
children die;
They lie where I too in brief space shall lie—
Under the grassy mould!

* * * * *

I turn'd away, as toward my grave,
And, all my dark way homeward by the At-
lantic's verge,
Resounded in mine ears like to a dirge
The roaring of the wave.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

[The following song, translated from the Irish of O'Doran, refers to a singular atmospherical phenomenon said to be sometimes observed at Blackrock, near Dundalk, at daybreak, by the fishermen of that locality. Many similar narratives are to be met with in the poetry of almost all countries; but O'Doran has endeavored to give the legend a political coloring, of which, I apprehend, readers in general will hardly deem it susceptible.]

"Maidin chluin dham chois bruach na tragha."

'Twas a balmy summer morning,
Warm and early,
Such as only June bestows;
Everywhere the earth adorning,
Dews lay pearly
In the lily-bell and rose.
Up from each green-leafy bosk and hollow
Rose the blackbird's pleasant lay,
And the soft cuckoo was sure to follow.
'Twas the Dawning of the Day!

Through the perfumed air the golden
Bees flew round me;
Bright fish dazzled from the sea,
'Till medreamt some fairy olden-

World spell bound me
In a trance of witcherie
Steeds pranced round anon with stateliest
housings
Bearing riders pranked in rich array,
Like flush'd revellers after wine-carousings.
'Twas the Dawning of the Day!

Then a strain of song was chanted,
And the lightly-
Floating sea-nymphs drew anear.
Then again the shore seem'd haunted
By hosts brightly
Clad, and wielding shield and spear!
Then came battle shouts—an onward
rushing—
Swords, and chariots, and a phantom
fray.
Then all vanish'd; the warm skies were
blushing
In the Dawning of the Day!

Cities girt with glorious gardens,
Whose immortal
Habitants in robes of light
Stood, methought, as angel-wardens
Nigh each portal,
Now arose to daze my sight.
Eden spread around, revived and bloom-
ing;
When . . . lo! as I gazed, all pass'd away
... I saw but black rocks and billows loom-
ing
In the dim chill Dawn of Day!

THE DREAM OF JOHN MACDONNELL.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.)

[John MacDonnell, usually called MacDonnell *Claragh*, from his family residence, was a native of the county of Cork, and may be classed among the first of the purely Irish poets of the last century. He was born in 1691, and died in 1754. His poems are remarkable for their energy, their piety of tone, and the patriotic spirit they everywhere manifest. The following is one of them, and deserves to be regarded as a very curious topographical "Jacobite relic."]

I LAY in unrest—old thoughts of pain,
That I struggled in vain to smother,
Like midnight spectres haunted my brain;
Dark fantasies chased each other;

When, lo! a Figure—who might it be?—
 A tall fair figure stood near me!
 Who might it be? An unreal Banshee?
 Or an angel sent to cheer me?

Though years have roll'd since then, yet
 now

My memory thrillingly lingers
 On her awful charms, her waxen brow,
 Her pale translucent fingers,
 Her eyes that mirror'd a wonder-world,
 Her mien of unearthly mildness,
 And her waving raven tresses that curl'd
 To the ground in beautiful wildness.

"Whence comest thou, Spirit?" I ask'd,
 methought,

"Thou art not one of the Banish'd?"
 Alas, for me! she answer'd nought,
 But rose aloft and vanish'd;
 And a radiance, like to a glory, beam'd
 In the light she left behind her.
 Long time I wept, and at last medream'd
 I left my shieling to find her.

And first I turn'd to the thunderous
 North,

To Gruagach's mansion kingly;
 Untouching the earth, I then sped forth
 To Inver-lough, and the shingly
 And shining strand of the fishful Erne,
 And thence to Cruachan the golden,
 Of whose resplendent palace ye learn
 So many a marvel olden!

I saw the Mourna's billows flow—
 I pass'd the walls of Shenady,
 And stood in the hero-throng'd Ardroe,
 Embosk'd amid greenwoods shady;
 And visited that proud pile that stands
 Above the Boyne's broad waters,
 Where Ængus dwells with his warrior-
 bands
 And the fairest of Ulster's daughters.

To the halls of MacLir, to Creevroe's
 height,
 To Tara, the glory of Erin,

To the fairy palace that glances bright
 On the peak of the blue Cnocfeerin,
 I vainly hied. I went west and east—
 I travell'd seaward and shoreward—
 But thus was I greeted at field and at
 feast—

"Thy way lies onward and forward!"

At last I reach'd, I wist not how,
 The royal towers of Ival,
 Which under the cliff's gigantic brow,
 Still rise without a rival;
 And here were Thomond's chieftains all,
 With armor, and swords, and lances,
 And here sweet music fill'd the hall,
 And damsels charm'd with dances.

And here, at length, on a silvery throne,
 Half seated, half reclining,
 With forehead white as the marble stone,
 And garments so starrily shining,
 And features beyond the poet's pen—
 The sweetest, saddest features—
 Appear'd before me once agen,
 That fairest of Living Creatures!

"Draw near, O mortal!" she said with a
 sigh,

"And hear my mournful story!
 The Guardian-Spirit of ERIN am I,
 But dimm'd is mine ancient glory
 My priests are banish'd, my warriors wear
 No longer Victory's garland;
 And my Child,¹ my Son, my beloved Heir,
 Is an exile in a far land!"

I heard no more—I saw no more—
 The bans of slumber were broken;
 And palace and hero, and river and shore,
 Had vanish'd, and left no token.
 Dissolved was the spell that had bound
 my will

And my fancy thus for a season;
 But a sorrow therefore hangs o'er me still,
 Despite of the teachings of Reason!

THE SORROWS OF INNISFAIL.

(FROM THE IRISH OF GEOFFREY KEATING.)

"Om'geal air ard-mhagh Fail ni chodlann oidhche."

THROUGH the long drear night I lie awake,
for the sorrows of Innisfail.

My bleeding heart is ready to break ; I cannot but weep and wail.

Oh, shame and grief and wonder ! her sons
crouch lowly under

The footstool of the paltriest foe
That ever yet hath wrought them woe !

How long, O Mother of Light and Song, how
long will they fail to see

That men must be *bold*, no less than *strong*,
if they truly will to be free ?

They sit but in silent sadness, while wrongs
that should rouse them to madness,

Wrongs that might wake the very Dead,
Are piled on thy devoted head !

Thy castles, thy towers, thy palaces proud,
thy stately mansions all,

Are held by the knaves who cross'd the waves
to lord it in Brian's hall.

Britannia, alas ! is portress in Cobhthach's
Golden Fortress,

And Ulster's and Momonia's lands
Are in the Robber-stranger's hands.

The tribe of Eogan is worn with woe ; the
O'Donnel reigns no more ;

O'Neill's remains lie mouldering low, on
Italy's far-off shore ;

And the youths of the Pleasant Valley are
scatter'd and cannot rally,

While foreign Despotism unfurls

Its flag 'mid hordes of base-born churls.

The chieftains of Naas were valorous lords,
but their valor was crush'd by Craft—

They fell beneath Envy's butcherly dagger,
and Calumny's poison'd shaft.

A few of their mighty legions yet languish
in alien regions,

But most of them, the Frank, the Free,
Were slain through Saxon perfidie !

Oh ! lived the Princes of Ainy's plains, and
the heroes of green Domgole,
And the chiefs of the Mauige, we still might
hope to baffle our doom and dole.

Well then might the dastards shiver who
herd by the blue Bride river,

But ah ! those great and glorious men
Shall draw no glaive on Earth agen !

All-powerful God ! look down on the tribes
who mourn throughout the land,

And raise them some deliverer up, of a strong
and smiting hand !

Oh ! suffer them not to perish, the race Thow
wert wont to cherish,

But soon avenge their fathers' graves,
And burst the bonds that keep them slaves.

THE TESTAMENT OF CATHAEIR MOR.

[One of the most interesting archæological relics connected with Irish literature is unquestionably the Testament of Cathaeir Mor, King of Ireland in the second century. (Flaherty's History of Ireland, Farrell's Illustrated Edition, p. 37-9.) It is a document whose general authenticity is established beyond question, though some doubt exists as to whether it was originally penned in the precise form in which it has come down to modern times. Mention of it is made by many writers on Irish history, and among others, by O'Flaherty in his *Ogygia*—(Part III., c. 59). But in the *LEABHAR NA G-CEART*, or, The Book of Rights, now for the first time edited, with Translation and notes, by Mr. O'Donovan, for the CELTIC SOCIETY, we have it entire. The learned editor is of opinion that "it was drawn up in its present form some centuries after the death of Cathaeir Mor, when the race of his more illustrious sons had definite territories in Leinster." Be the fact as it may, the document is certainly one of those characteristic remains of an earlier age which most markedly bear the stamp of the peculiarities that distinguish native Irish literary productions.]

Introduction.

HERE IS THE WILL OF CATHAEIR MÓR.

GOD REST HIM.

AMONG his heirs he divided his store,

His treasures and lands,

And, first, laying hands

On his son Ross Faly, he bless'd him.

"My Sovereign Power, my nobleness,
My wealth, my strength to curse and bless,
My royal privilege of protection,
I leave to the son of my best affection,
ROSS FALY, Ross of the Rings,
Worthy descendant of Ireland's Kings—
To serve as memorials of succession

For all who yet shall claim their possession
 In after ages.
 Clement and noble and bold
 Is Ross, my son.

Then, let him not hoard up silver and gold,
 But give unto all fair measure of wages.
 Victorious in battle he ever hath been;
 He therefore shall yield the green
 And glorious plains of Tara to none,
 No, not to his brothers!
 Yet these shall he aid
 When attack'd or betray'd.

This blessing of mine shall outlast the tomb,
 And live till the Day of Doom,
 Telling and telling daily,
 And a prosperous man beyond all others
 Shall prove Ross Faly!"

Then he gave him ten shields, and ten rings,
 and ten swords,
 And ten drinking-horns; and he spake him
 those words.

"Brightly shall shine the glory,
 O Ross, of thy sons and heirs,
 Never shall flourish in story
 Such heroes as they and theirs!"

Then, laying his royal hand on the head
 Of his good son, DARRY,¹ he bless'd him
 and said:—

"My Valor, my daring, my martial courage,

My skill in the field, I leave to DARRY,
 That he be a guiding Torch and starry
 Light and Lamp to the hosts of *our* age.
 A hero to sway, to lead and command,
 Shall be every son of his tribes in the
 land!

O, DARRY, with boldness and power
 Sit thou on the frontier of Tuath Lann,²
 And ravage the lands of Deas Ghower.³

Accept no gifts for thy protection
 From woman or man.
 So shall heaven assuredly bless
 Thy many daughters with fruitfulness,

And none shall stand above thee,—
 For I, thy sire, who love thee
 With deep and warm affection,
 I prophesy unto thee all success
 Over the green battalions
 Of the redoubtable Galions."⁴

And he gave him, thereon, as memorials and
 meeds,
 Eight bondsmen, eight handmaids, eight
 cups, and eight steeds.

THE noble Monarch of Erin's men
 Spake thus to the young Prince Brassal,
 then:—

"My Sea, with all its wealth of
 streams,

I leave to my sweetly-speaking BRASSAL,
 To serve and to succor him as a vassal—
 And the lands whereon the bright sun
 beams

Around the waves of Amergin's Bay*
 As parcell'd out in the ancient day:
 By free men through a long, long time
 Shall this thy heritage be enjoy'd—
 But the chieftaincy shall at last be
 destroy'd,

Because of a Prince's crime.
 And though others again shall regain it,
 Yet Heaven shall not bless it,
 For power shall oppress it,
 And Weakness and Baseness shall stain
 it!"

And he gave him six ships, and six steeds,
 and six shields,

Six mantles and six coats of steel—
 And the six royal oxen that wrought in his
 fields,

These gave he to Brassal the Prince for
 his weal.

THEN to Catach he spake:—

"My border lands
 Thou, CATACH, shalt take,
 But ere long they shall pass from thy hands,
 And by thee shall none
 Be ever begotten, daughter or son!"

¹ *Laure Barrach*. Haverly's Ireland (Farrell's edition),
 p. 87.

² *Tuath Laighean*, viz. North Leinster.

³ *Deas Ghabhair*, viz. South Leinster.

⁴ *Gallians*, an ancient designation, according to O'Donovan, of the Leighnigh or Leinstermen.

⁵ *Inbhear Aimherghin*, originally the estuary of the Black water, and so called from Aimherghin, one of the sons of Mílesius, to whom it was apportioned by lot.

To Fearghus Luascan spake he thus:—

“Thou FEARGHUS, also, art one of us,
But over-simple in all thy ways,
And babblest much of thy childish days.
For thee have I nought, but if lands may be
bought
Or won hereafter by sword or lance,
Of those, perchance,
I may leave thee a part,
All simple babbler and boy as thou art!”

YOUNG Fearghus, therefore, was left be-
reaven,

And thus the Monarch spake to CREEVEN—

“To my boyish hero, my gentle CREEVEN,
Who loveth in Summer, at morn and even,
To snare the songful birds of the field,
But shunneth to look on spear and shield,
I have little to give of all that I share.
His fame shall fail, his battles be rare.
And of all the Kings that shall wear his
crown
But one alone shall win renown.”¹

And he gave him six cloaks, and six cups,
and seven steeds,
And six harness'd oxen, all fresh from the
meads.

BUT on Aenghus Nic, a younger child,
Begotten in crime and born in woe,
The father frown'd, as on one defiled,
And with louring brow he spake him so:—

“To Nic, my son, that base-born youth,
Shall nought be given of land or gold;
He may be great, and good, and bold,
But his birth is an agony all untold,
Which gnaweth him like a serpent's tooth.
I am no donor
To him or his race—
His birth was dishonor;
His life is disgrace!”

AND thus he spake to ECHY TIMIN,
Deeming him fit but to herd with women:—

“Weak son of mine, thou shalt not gain
Waste or water, valley or plain.

From thee shall none descend save cravens,
Sons of sluggish sires and mothers,
Who shall live and die,
But give no corpses to the ravens!
Mine ill thought and mine evil eye²
On thee beyond thy brothers
Shall ever, ever lie!”

AND to Oilioll Cadach his words were these:

“O Oilioll, great in coming years
Shall be thy fame among friends and foes.
As the first of *Brughaidhs*³ and Hosi-
liers!

But neither noble nor warlike
Shall show thy renownless dwelling
Nevertheless
Thou shalt dazzle at chess,
Therein supremely excelling
And shining like somewhat starlike!

And his chess-board, therefore, and chea-
men eke,
He gave to Oilioll Cadach the Meek.

Now Fiacha,—youngest son was he,—
Stood up by the bed....of his father
who said,
The while, caressing
Him tenderly:—

“My son! I have only for thee my blessing,
And nought beside—
Hadst best abide
With thy brothers a time, as thine years are
green.”

Then Fiacha wept, with a sorrowful mien;
So, Cathaeir spake, to encourage him
gaily,
With cheerful speech—

“Abide one month with thy brethren each,
And seven years long with my son, Ross Faly:
Do this, and thy sire, in sincerity,
Prophecies unto thee fame and pros-
perity.”

AND further he spake, as one inspired:—
“A Chieftain flourishing, feared and admired,
Shall Fiacha prove!

¹ The text adds: *i. e.* *Colam mac Orlomhthainn*; but O'Don-
ovan conjectures that this is a mere *scholium* of some scribe.

² In the original—“*Mo saindís mo eascainn*,” literally, “My
weakness, my curse.”

³ Public victuallers.

The gifted Man from the boiling Berve.¹
 Him shall his brothers' clansmen serve.
 His forts shall be Aillin and proud Almain,
 He shall reign in Carman and Allen;²
 The highest renown shall his palaces gain
 When others have crumbled and fallen.
 His power shall broaden and lengthen,
 And never know damage or loss;
 The impregnable Naas he shall strengthen,
 And govern in Ailbhe and Arriged Ross.
 Yes! O Fiacha, Foe of strangers,
 This shall be *thy* lot!
 And thou shalt pilot
 Ladrhann and Leeven³ with steady and even
 Heart and arm through storm and dangers!
 Overthrown by thy mighty hand
 Shall the Lords of Tara lie.
 And Taillte's⁴ fair, the first in the land,
 Thou, son, shalt magnify;
 And many a country thou yet shalt bring
 So own thy rule as Ceann and King.
 The blessing I give thee shall rest
 On thee and thy seed
 While Time shall endure,
 Thou grandson of Fiacha the Blest!
 It is barely thy meed,
 For thy soul is childlike and pure!"

Here ends the Will of Cathair Mor, who was
 King of Ireland.

RURY AND DARVORGILLA.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

[Ruaghri, Prince of Oriel, after an absence of two days and nights from his own territories on a hunting expedition, suddenly recollects that he has forgotten his wedding-day. He despairs of forgiveness from the bride whom he appears to have slighted. Dearbhorgilla, daughter of Prince Cairtre, but would scorn her too much to wed her if she *could* forgive him. He accordingly prepares for battle with her and her father, but unfortunately intrusts the command of his forces to one of his most aged *Ceanns* or Captains. He is probably incited to the selection of this chieftain by a wish to avoid provoking hostilities, which, however, if they occur, he will meet by defiance and conflict; but his choice proves to have been a fatal one. His *Ceann* is seized with a strange feeling of fear in the midst of the fray; and this, being communicated to his troops, enlarges into a panic, and Ruaghri's followers are slaughtered. Ruaghri himself arrives next day on the battle-plain, and, perceiving the result of the contest, stabs himself to the heart. Dearbhorgilla witnesses this sad catastrophe from a distance,

and, rushing toward the scene of it, clasps her lover in her arms; but her stern father, following, tears her away from the bleeding corpse, and has her cast in his wrath, it is supposed, into one of the dungeons of his castle. But of her fate nothing certain is known afterward; though, from subsequent circumstances, it is conjectured that she perished, the victim of her lover's thoughtlessness and her father's tyranny.]

Know ye the tale of the Prince of Oriel,
 Of Rury, last of his line of kings?
 I pen it here as a sad memorial
 Of how much woe reckless folly brings.

Of a time that Rury rode woodwards, clothed
 In silk and gold on a hunting chase,
 He thought like thunder⁵ on his betroth'd,
 And with clinch'd hand he smote his face.

"*Foreer!*⁶ *Mobhron!*" Princess Darvorgilla!
 Forgive she will not a slight like this;
 But could she, dared she, I should be still a
 Base wretch to wed her for heaven's best
 bliss!

"*Foreer! Foreer!* Princess Darvorgilla!
 She has four hundred young bowmen bold!
 But I—I love her, and would not spill a
 Drop of their blood for ten torques⁷ of gold.

"Still, woe to all who provoke to slaughter!
 I count as nought, weigh'd with fame like
 mine,
 The birth and beauty of Cairtre's daughter;
 So, judge the sword between line and line!

"Thou, therefore, Calbhach,⁸ go call a mus-
 ter,
 And wind the bugle by fort and dun!
 When stain shall tarnish our house's lustre,
 Then sets in darkness the noon-day sun!"

But Calbhach answer'd, "Light need to do
 so!

Behold the noblest of hero's here!
 What foe confronts us, I reck not whoso,
 Shall fly before us like hunted deer!"

⁵ *H-saoil se mar teoirneach*; he thought like thunder; i. e. the thought came on him like a thunderbolt.

⁶ *Alas!*

⁷ Pronounced *Mo vrone*, and means *My grief!*

⁸ Royal neck-ornaments.

⁸ Calbhach,—proper name of a man.—derived from *Calb*, bald-pated.

¹ *Bearbha*, viz., the river Barrow.

² The localities mentioned here were chiefly residences of the ancient kings of Leinster.

³ *Forts* upon the eastern coasts of Ireland.

⁴ *Taillte*, now Teltown, a village between Kells and Navan, in Meath.

Spake Rury then: "Calbhach, as thou
willest!

But see, old man, there be brief delay—
For this chill parle is of all things chilliest,
And my fleet courser must now away!

"Yet, though thou march with thy legions
townwards,

Well arm'd for ambush or treacherous
fray,

Still show they point their bare weapons
downwards,

As those of warriors averse to slay!"

Now, when the clansmen were arm'd and
mounted,

The agèd Calbhach gave way to fears;

For, foot and horseman, they barely counted
A hundred cross-bows and forty spears.

And thus exclaim'd he: "My soul is shaken!

We die the death, not of men but slaves;

We sleep the sleep from which none awaken,

And scorn shall point at our tombless
graves!"

Then out spake Fergal: "A charge so
weighty

As this, O Rury, thou shouldst not throw
On a drivelling dotard of eight-and-eighty,

Whose arm is nerveless for spear or
bow!"

But Rury answer'd: "Away! To-morrow

Myself will stand in Traghvally' town;

But, come what may come, this day I bor-
row

To hunt through Glafna the brown deer
down!"

So, through the night, unto gray Traghvally,

The feeble *Ceann* led his hosts along;

But, faint and heart-sore, they could not rally,

So deeply Rury had wrought them wrong.

Now, when the Princess beheld advancing

Her lover's troops with their arms re-
versed,

In lieu of broadswords and chargers prancing,

She felt her heart's hopes were dead and
hearsed.

And on her knees to her ireful father

She pray'd: "O father, let this pass by;

War not against the brave Rury! Rather

Pierce this fond bosom and let me die!"

But Cairtre rose in volcanic fury,

And so he spake: "By the might of God,

I hold no terms with this craven Rury

Till he or I lie below the sod!

"Thou shameless child! Thou, alike un-
worthy

Of him, thy father, who speaks thee thus,
And her, my Mhearb,² who in sorrow bore
thee;

Wilt thou dishonor thyself and us?

"Behold! I march with my serried bowmen

—Four hundred thine and a thousand
mine;

I march to crush these degraded foemen

Who gorge the ravens ere day decline!"

Meet now both armies in mortal struggle,

The spears are shiver'd, the javelins fly

But, what strange terror, what mental juggle,

Be those that speak out of Calbhach's eye?

It is—it must be, some spell Satanic,

That masters him and his gallant host.

Woe, woe the day! An inglorious panic

O'erpowers the legions—and all is lost!

Woe, woe that day, and that hour of car-
nage!

Too well they witness to Fergal's truth!

Too well in bloodiest appeal they warn Age

Not lightly thus to match swords with
Youth!

When Rury reach'd, in the red of morning,

The battle-ground, it was he who felt

The dreadful weight of this ghastly warning,

And what a blow had o'ernight been dealt!

So, glancing round him, and sadly groaning,

He pierced his breast with his noble blade;

Thus all too mournfully mis-atoning

For that black ruin his word had made.

¹ Dundalk.

² Martha.

But hear ye further ! When Cairtre's daughter
 ter

Saw what a fate had o'erta'en her Brave,
 Her eyes became as twin founts of water,
 Her heart again as a darker grave.

Clasp now thy lover, unhappy maiden .

But, see ! thy sire tears thine arms away !
 And in a dungeon, all anguish laden,
 Shalt thou be cast ere the shut of day.

But what shall be in the sad years coming
 Thy doom ? I know not, but guess too well
 That sunlight never shall trace thee roaming
 Ayond the gloom of thy sunken cell !

This is the tale of the Prince of Oriel
 And Darvorgilla, both sprung of Kings !
 I trace it here as a dark memorial
 Of how much woe thoughtless folly brings.

THE EXPEDITION AND DEATH OF KING DATHY.¹

(FROM THE IRISH.)

KING DATHY assembled his Druids and Sages,
 And thus he spake them : " Druids and Sages !

What of king Dathy ?
 What is reveal'd in Destiny's pages
 Of him or his ? Hath he
 Aught for the Future to dread or to dree ?
 Good to rejoice in, or Evil to flee ?
 Is he a foe of the Gall—
 Fitted to conquer or fated to fall ?"

And Beirdra, the Druid, made answer as thus :

• A priest of a hundred years was he—
 " Dathy ! thy fate is not hidden from us !
 Hear it through me !

Thou shalt work thine own will !
 Thou shalt slay—thou shalt prey—
 And be conqueror still !

Thee the Earth shall not harm !
 Thee we charter and charm
 From all evil and ill ;
 Thee the laurel shall crown !
 Thee the wave shall not drown !

Thee the chain shall not bind !
 Thee the spear shall not find !
 Thee the sword shall not slay !
 Thee the shaft shall not pierce
 Thou, therefore, be fearless and fierce,
 And sail with thy warriors away
 To the lands of the Gall,
 There to slaughter and sway,
 And be Victor o'er all !"

So Dathy he sail'd away, away,
 Over the deep resounding sea ;
 Sail'd with his hosts in armor gray
 Over the deep resounding sea,
 Many a night and many a day ;
 And many an islet conquer'd he—
 He and his hosts in armor gray.
 And the billow drown'd him not,
 And a fetter bound him not,
 And the blue spear found him not,
 And the red sword slew him not,
 And the swift shaft knew him not,
 And the foe o'erthrew him not.
 Till one bright morn, at the base
 Of the Alps, in rich Ausonia's regions,
 His men stood marshall'd face to face
 With the mighty Roman legions.
 Noble foes !

Christian and Heathen stood there among
 those,
 Resolute all to overcome,
 Or die for the Eagles of Ancient Rome !

When behold from a temple anear
 Came forth an aged priest-like man,
 Of a countenance meek and clear,
 Who, turning to Eire's Ceann,²
 Spake him as thus : " King Dathy, hear !
 Thee would I warn !

Retreat ! retire ! Repent in time
 The invader's crime.
 Or better for thee thou hadst never been
 born !"

But Dathy replied : " False Nazarene !
 Dost thou, then, menace Dathy, thou ?
 And dreamest thou that he will bow
 To one unknown, to one so mean,
 So powerless as a priest must be ?
 He scorns alike thy threats and thee !
 On ! on, my men, to victory !"

¹ As to this expedition of Dathy, see Haverty's *History of Ireland*, Farrell's Edition, p. 45.

² Ceann—Head, King.

And with loud shouts for Eire's King,
The Irish rush to meet the foe,
And fencions clash and bucklers ring—
When, lo !

Lo ! a mighty earthquake's shock !
And the cleft plains reel and rock ;
Clouds of darkness pall the skies ;
Thunder crashes,
Lightning flashes,
And in an instant Dathy lies
On the earth a mass of blacken'd ashes !
Then mournfully and dolefully,
The Irish warriors sail'd away
Over the deep resounding sea,
Till, wearily and mournfully,
They anchor'd in Eblana's Bay.
Thus the Seanachies¹ and Sages,
Tell this tale of long-gone ages.

PRINCE ALDFRID'S ITINERARY THROUGH IRELAND.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

[Amongst the Anglo-Saxon students resorting to Ireland, was Prince Aldfrid, afterward King of the Northumbrian Saxons. His having been educated there about the year 684, is corroborated by venerable Bede in his "Life of St. Cuthbert." The original poem, of which this is a translation, attributed to Aldfrid, is still extant in the Irish language.]

I FOUND in Innisfail the fair,
In Ireland, while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,
Many clerics and many laymen.

I travell'd its fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five² I found,
Alike in church and in palace hall,
Abundant apparel, and food for all.

Gold and silver I found, and money,
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey ;
I found God's people rich in pity,
Found many a feast and many a city.

I also found in Armagh, the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, and prudence blended,
Fasting, as Christ hath recommended,
And noble councillors untranscended.

I found in each great church moreo'er,
Whether on island or on shore,
Piety, learning, fond affection,
Holy welcome and kind protection.

I found the good lay monks and brothers
Ever beseeching help for others,
And in their keeping the holy word
Pure as it came from Jesus the Lord.

I found in Munster unfetter'd of any,
Kings and queens, and poets a many—
Poets well skill'd in music and measure,
Prosperous doings, mirth and pleasure.

I found in Connaught the just, redundancy
Of riches, milk in lavish abundance ;
Hospitality, vigor, fame,
In Cruachan's³ land of heroic name.

I found in the country of Connall⁴ the glorious
Bravest heroes, ever victorious ;
Fair-complexion'd men and warlike,
Ireland's lights, the high, the starlike !

I found in Ulster, from hill to glen,
Hardy warriors, resolute men ;
Beauty that bloom'd when youth was gone,
And strength transmitted from sire to son.

I found in the noble district of Boyle
(*MS. here illegible.*)
Brehon's,⁵ Erenachs, weapons bright,
And horsemen bold and sudden in fight.

I found in Leinster the smooth and sleek,
From Dublin to Slewmargy's⁶ peak ;
Flourishing pastures, valor, health,
Long-living worthies, commerce, wealth.

I found besides, from Ara to Glea,
In the broad rich country of Ossorie,
Sweet fruits, good laws for all and each,
Great chess-players, men of truthful speech.

³ Cruachan, or Croghan, was the name of the royal palace of Connaught.

⁴ Tyrconnell, the present Donegal.

⁵ Brehon—a law judge ; Erenach—a ruler, an archdeacon.

⁶ Slewmargy, a mountain in the Queen's county, near the river Barrow.

¹ Seanachies—historians.

² The two Meaths then formed a distinct province.

I found in Meath's fair principality,
Virtue, vigor, and hospitality;
Candor, joyfulness, bravery, purity,
Ireland's bulwark and security.

I found strict morals in age and youth,
I found historians recording truth;
The things I sing of in verse unsmooth,
I found them all—I have written sooth.¹

KINKORA.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

[This poem is ascribed to the celebrated poet MacLiag, the secretary of the renowned monarch Brian Boru, who, as is well known, fell at the battle of Clontarf, in 1014, and the subject of it is a lamentation for the fallen condition of Kinkora, the palace of that monarch, consequent on his death. The decease of MacLiag is recorded in the "Annals of the Four Masters," as having taken place in 1015. A great number of his poems are still in existence, but none of them have obtained a popularity so widely extended as his "Lament." Kinkora (Ceann Coradh, i. e., Head of the Weir) was situated on the bank of the Shannon: its site is occupied by the present town of Killaloe, but no vestiges remain of the fortress and palace of Brian. (See Haverty's History of Ireland, Farrell's Edition, p. 132.)

Oh, where, Kinkora! is Brian the Great?
And where is the beauty that once was
thine?

Oh, where are the princes and nobles that sate
At the feast in thy halls, and drank the
red wine!

Where, O Kinkora?

Oh, where, Kinkora! are thy valorous lords?
Oh, whither, thou Hospitable! are they
gone?

Oh, where are the Dalcassians of the golden
swords?²

And where are the warriors Brian led on?
Where, O Kinkora?

And where is Morrogh, the descendant of
kings;
The defeater of a hundred—the daringly
brave—

¹ "Bede assures us that the Irish were a harmless and friendly people. To them many of the Angles had been accustomed to resort in search of knowledge, and on all occasions had been received kindly and supported gratuitously. Aldfrid lived in spontaneous exile among the Scots (Irish) through his desire of knowledge, and was called to the throne of Northumbria, after the decease of his brother Egfrid, in 685." *Lin-gard's England*, vol. 1, chap. iii.

² *Colg n-or*, or the swords of Gold—i. e. of the Gold-hilted swords.

Who set but slight store by jewels and rings—
Who swam down the torrent and laugh'd
at its wave?

Where, O Kinkora?

And where is Donogh, King Brian's worthy
son?

And where is Conaing, the beautiful chief?
And Kian and Core? Alas! they are gone;
They have left me this night alone with
my grief!

Left me, Kinkora!

And where are the chiefs with whom Brian
went forth,

The never-vanquish'd sons of Erin the
brave,
The great King of Onaght, renown'd for his
worth,

And the hosts of Baskinn from the western
wave?

Where, O Kinkora?

Oh, where is Duvlann of the Swift-footed
Steeds?

And where is Kian, who was son of Molloy?
And where is King Lonergan, the fame of
whose deeds

In the red battle-field no time can destroy?
Where, O Kinkora?

And where is that youth of majestic height,
The faith-keeping Prince of the Scots?
Even he,

As wide as his fame was, as great as was his
might,

Was tributary, O Kinkora, to thee!
Thee, O Kinkora!

They are gone, those heroes of royal birth,
Who plunder'd no churches, and broke
no trust;

'Tis weary for me to be living on earth,
When they, O Kinkora, lie low in the dust!
Low, O Kinkora!

Oh, never again will Princes appear,
To rival the Dalcassians³ of the Cleaving
Swords;

³ The Dalcassians were Brian's body-guard.



KING BRIAN BEFORE THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF



I can never dream of meeting afar or anear,
In the east or the west, such heroes and
lords!

Never, Kinkora!

Oh, dear are the images my memory calls up
Of Brian Boru!—how he never would miss
To give me, at the banquet, the first bright
cup!

Ah! why did he heap on me honor like
this?

Why, O Kinkora?

I am MacLiag, and my home is on the Lake:
Thither often, to that palace whose beauty
is fled,

Came Brian, to ask me, and I went for his
sake:

Oh, my grief! that I should live, and Brian
be dead!

Dead, O Kinkora!

LAMENT FOR THE PRINCES OF TYRONE AND TYRCONNELL.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

[This is an Elegy on the death of the princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who having fled with others from Ireland in the year 1607, and afterward dying at Rome (O'Donnell in 1608, O'Neill in 1616.—Haverty's Ireland, Farrell's Edition, p. 459), were interred on St. Peter's Hill, in one grave. The poem is the production of O'Donnell's bard, Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Ward, who accompanied the family in their exile, and is addressed to Nuala, O'Donnell's sister, who was also one of the fugitives. As the circumstances connected with the flight of the Northern Earls, which led to the subsequent confiscation of the six Ulster Counties by James I., may not be immediately in the recollection of many of our readers, it may be proper briefly to state, that it was caused by the discovery of a letter directed to Sir William Ussher, Clerk of the Council, dropped in the Council-chamber on the 7th of May, and which accused the Northern chieftains generally of a conspiracy to overthrow the government. The charge is now totally disbelieved. As an illustration of the poem, and as an interesting piece of hitherto unpublished literature in itself, we extract the account of the flight as recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters, and translated by Mr. O'Donovan: "Maguire (Cuconnaught) and Donogh, son of Mahon, who was son of the Bishop O'Brien, sailed in a ship to Ireland, and put in at the harbor of Swilly. They then took with them from Ireland the Earl O'Neill (Hugh, son of Fedoragh) and the Earl O'Donnell (Rory, son of Hugh, who was son of Magnus) and many others of the nobles of the province of Ulster. These are the persons who went with O'Neill, namely, his Countess, Catherine, daughter of Magennis, and her three sons; Hugh, the Baron, John, and

Brian; Art Oge, son of Cormac, who was son of the Baron; Ferdoragh, son of Con, who was son of O'Neill; Hugh Oge, son of Brian, who was son of Art O'Neill; and many others of his most intimate friends. These were they who went with the Earl O'Donnell, namely, Caffar, his brother, with his sister Nua'a; Hugh, the Earl's child, wanting three weeks of being one year old; Rose, daughter of O'Doherty and wife of Caffar, with her son Hugh, aged two years and three months; his (Rory's) brother's son Donnell Oge, son of Donnell, Naghtan, son of Calvach, who was son of Donogh Cairbreach O'Donnell, and many others of his intimate friends. They embarked on the festival of the Holy Cross in autumn. This was a distinguished company; and it is certain that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted in modern times a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious, or noble in point of genealogy, heroic deeds, valor, feats of arms, and brave achievements than they. Would that God had but permitted them to remain in their patrimonial inheritances until the children should arrive at the age of manhood! Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that recommended the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should, to the end of their lives, be able to return to their native principalities or patrimonies." The Earl of Tyrone was the illustrious Hugh O'Neill, the Irish leader in the wars against Elizabeth.]

O WOMAN of the Piercing Wail,
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael!
Thou wouldst not then from day to day
Weep thus alone.

'Twere long before, around a grave
In green Tirconnell, one could find
This loneliness;
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Companionless.

Beside the wave, in Donegal,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killillee,
Or where the sunny waters fall,
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
This could not be.
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumcliffe—
Throughout Armagh the Great, renown'd
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears!

Oh, no!—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle-walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor.
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill;
And some would come from Barrow-side,

And many a maid would leave her home
 On Leitrim's plains,
 And by melodious Banna's tide,
 And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
 And swell thy strains!

Oh, horses' hoofs would trample down
 The Mount whereon the martyr-saint¹
 Was crucified.

From glen and hill, from plain and town,
 One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
 Would echo wide.

There would not soon be found, I ween,
 One foot of ground among those bands,
 For museful thought,
 So many shriekers of the *keen*²
 Would cry aloud, and clap their hands,
 All woe-distraught!

Two princes of the line of Conn
 Sleep in their cells of clay beside
 O'Donnell Roe:

Three royal youths, alas! are gone,
 Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
 For Erin's woe!

Ah! could the men of Ireland read
 The names these noteless burial-stones
 Display to view,
 Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
 Their tears gush forth again, their groans
 Resound anew!

The youths whose relics moulder here
 Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince
 and Lord

Of Aileach's lands;
 Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
 Thy nephew, long to be deplored
 By Ulster's bands.

Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time
 Could domicile Decay or house
 Decrepitude!

They pass'd from Earth ere Manhood's prime,
 Ere years had power to dim their brows
 Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
 Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
 That knows their source?

O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
 Cut off amid his vernal years,
 Lies here a corse

Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
 Tiroconnell of the Helmets mourns
 In deep despair—

For valor, truth, and comely bloom,
 For all that greatens and adorns,
 A peerless pair.

Oh, had these twain, and he, the third,
 The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
 Their mate in death—

A prince in look, in deed and word—
 Had these three heroes yielded on
 The field their breath,

Oh, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
 There would not be a town or clan
 From shore to sea,

But would with shrieks bewail the Slain,
 Or chant aloud the exulting *rann*³
 Of jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,
 On fields where Freedom's torch still
 burn'd

Through Erin's gloom,
 If one, if barely one of those
 Were slain, all Ulster would have mourn'd
 The hero's doom!

If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
 Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
 The shock of spears,

Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
 Long must the north have wept his death
 With heart-wrung tears!

If on the day of Ballachmyre
 The Lord of Mourne had met, thus young,
 A warrior's fate,

In vain would such as thou desire
 To mourn, alone, the champion sprung
 From Niall the Great!

No marvel this—for all the Dead,
 Heap'd on the field, pile over pile,
 At Mullach-brack,

¹ St. Peter. This passage is not exactly a blunder, though at first it may seem one; the poet supposes the grave itself transferred to Ireland, and he naturally includes in the transference the whole of the immediate locality around the grave.

—*Tr.*

² *Keen* or *Caoine*, the funeral-wall.

³ Song.

Were scarce an *eric*¹ for his head,
If Death had stay'd his footsteps while
On victory's track !

If on the Day of Hostages
The fruit had from the parent bough
Been rudely torn
In sight of Munster's bands—MacNee's—
Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,
Could ill have borne.

If on the day of Balloch-boy,
Some arm had lain, by foul surprise,
The chieftain low,
Even our victorious shout of joy
Would soon give place to rueful cries
And groans of woe !

If on the day the Saxon host
Were forced to fly—a day so great
For Ashanee²
The Chief had been untimely lost,
Our conquering troops should moderate
Their mirthful glee.
There would not lack on Lifford's day,
From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
From Limerick's towers,
A marshall'd file, a long array,
Of mourners to bedew the soil
With tears in showers !

If on the day a sterner fate
Compell'd his flight from Athenree,
His blood had flow'd,
What numbers all disconsolate
Would come unask'd, and share with thee
Affliction's load !
If Derry's crimson field had seen
His life-blood offer'd up, though 'twere
On Victory's shrine,
A thousand cries would swell the *keen*,
A thousand voices of despair
Would echo thine !

Oh, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm
That bloody night on Fergus' banks
But slain our Chief,
When rose his camp in wild alarm—
How would the triumph of his ranks
Be dash'd with grief !
How would the troops of Murbach mourn

If on the Curlew Mountains' day,
Which England rued,
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
By shedding there, amid the fray,
Their prince's blood !

Red would have been our warriors' eyes
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
A gory grave,
No Northern Chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe ;
But, had our Roderick fallen too,
All Erin must, alas ! have felt
The deadly blow !

What do I say ? Ah, woe is me !
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall !
And Erin, once the Great and Free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain
And iron thrall !
Then, daughter of O'Donnell, dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside,
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride !

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay,
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As He decrees.
Embrace the faithful Crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod ;
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to God !

And Thou, O mighty Lord ! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land !

¹ A compensation or fine.² Ballyshannon.

Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch Thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of Conn!

The Saturday before the flight, the Earl of Tyrone was with the lord-deputy at Slane, where he had spoken with his lordship of his journey into England, and told him he would be there about the beginning of Michaelmas term, according to his majesty's directions. He took leave of the lord-deputy in a more sad and passionate manner than was usual with him. From thence he went to Mellifont and Garret Moore's house, where he wept abundantly when he took his leave, giving a solemn farewell to every child and every servant in the house, which made them all marvel, because in general it was not his manner to use such compliments. On Monday he went to Dungarvan, where he rested two whole days, and on Wednesday night, they say he travelled all night. It is likewise reported that the countess, his wife, being exceedingly weary, slipped down from her horse, and weeping, said, 'She could go no further.' Whereupon the earl drew his sword, and swore a great oath that 'he would kill her on the spot if she would not pass on with him, and put on a more cheerful countenance.' When the party, which consisted (men, women, and children) of fifty or sixty persons, arrived at Loch Foyle, it was found that their journey had not been so secret but that the governor there had notice of it, and sent to invite Tyrone and his son to dinner. Their haste, however, was such that they accepted not his courtesy, but hastened on to Rathmulla, a town on the west side of Lough Swilly, where the Earl Tyrconnell and his company met with them. From thence the whole party embarked, and, landing on the coast of Normandy, proceeded through France to Brussels. Davies concludes his curious narrative with a few pregnant words, in which the difficulties that England had to contend with in conquering Tyrone are thus acknowledged with all the frankness of a generous foe:—'As for us that are here,' he says, 'we are glad to see the day wherein the countenance and majesty of the law and civil government hath banished Tyrone out of Ireland, which the best army in Europe, and the expense of two millions of sterling pounds had not been able to bring to pass.'—*Moore's Ireland*.

O'HUSSEY'S ODE TO THE MAGUIRE.*

[O'Hussey, the last hereditary bard of the great sept of Maguire, of Fermanagh, who flourished about 1630, possessed a fine genius. He commenced his vocation when quite a youth, by a poem celebrating the escape of the famous Hugh Roe O'Donnell from Dublin Castle, in 1591, into which he had been treacherously betrayed. (Haverty's History of Ireland, Farrell's Edition, p. 408.) The noble ode which O'Hussey addressed to Hugh Maguire, when that chief had gone on a dangerous expedition, in the depth of an unusually severe winter, is as interesting an example of the devoted affection of the bard to his chief, and as vivid a picture of intense desolation, as could be well conceived.]

WHERE is my Chief, my Master, this bleak
night, *mavrone!*
Oh, cold, cold, miserably cold is this bleak
night for Hugh,

Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet pierceth
one through and through
Pierceth one to the very bone!
Rolls real thunder? Or was that red, livid
light
Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through
the midnight dim
The pitiless ice-wind streams. Except the
hate that persecutes *him*
Nothing hath crueller venomous might.

An awful, a tremendous night is this, me-
seems!
The floodgates of the rivers of heaven, I think,
have been burst wide—
Down from the overcharged clouds, like un-
to headlong ocean's tide,
Descends gray rain in roaring streams.
Though he were even a wolf ranging the round
green woods,
Though he were even a pleasant salmon in
the unchainable sea,
Though he were a wild mountain-eagle, he
could scarce bear, he,
This sharp, sore sleet, these howling floods.

Oh, mournful is my soul this night for Hugh
Maguire!
Darkly, as in a dream he strays! Before
him and behind
Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wound-
ing wind,
The wounding wind, that burns as fire!

It is my bitter grief—it cuts me to the heart—
That in the country of Clan Darry this should
be his fate!
Oh, woe is me, where is he? Wandering,
houseless, desolate,
Alone, without or guide or chart!

graphic, yet more diversified, than his images of unmitigated horror—nothing more grandly startling than his heroic conception of the glow of glory triumphant over frozen toil. We have never read this poem without recurring, and that by no unworthy association, to Napoleon in his Russian campaign. Yet, perhaps O'Hussey has conjured up a picture of more inclement desolation, in his rude idea of northern horrors, than could be legitimately employed by a poet of the present day, when the romance of geographical obscurity no longer permits us to imagine the Phlegrean regions of endless storm, where the snows of Hæmus fall mingled with the lightnings of Etna, amid Bistonian wilds or Hyrcanian forests."—*Dublin University Magazine*, vol. iv.

* Mr. Ferguson, in a fine piece of criticism on this poem, remarks: "There is a vivid vigor in these descriptions, and a savage power in the antithetical climax, which claim a character almost approaching to sublimity. Nothing can be more

Medreams I see just now his face, the straw-
berry-bright,

Uplifted to the blacken'd heavens, while the
tempestuous winds

Blow fiercely over and round him, and the
smiting sleet-shower blinds

The hero of Galang to-night!

Large, large affliction unto me and mine it is,
That one of his majestic bearing, his fair,
stately form,

Should thus be tortured and o'erborne—that
this unsparing storm

Should wreak its wrath on head like his!

That his great hand, so oft the avenger of
the oppress'd,

Should this chill, churlish night, perchance,
be paralyzed by frost—

While through some icicle-hung thicket—as
one lorn and lost—

He walks and wanders without rest.

The tempest-driven torrent deluges the
mead,

It overflows the low banks of the rivulets
and ponds—

The lawns and pasture-grounds lie lock'd in
icy bonds,

So that the cattle cannot feed.

The pale bright margins of the streams are
seen by none.

Rushes and sweeps along the untamable
flood on every side—

It penetrates and fills the cottagers' dwell-
ings far and wide—

Water and land are blent in one.

Through some dark woods, 'mid bones of
monsters, Hugh now strays,

As he confronts the storm with anguish'd
heart, but manly brow—

Oh! what a sword-wound to that tender heart
of his were now

A backward glance at peaceful days!

But other thoughts are his—thoughts that
can still inspire

With joy and an onward-bounding hope the
bosom of MacNee—

Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright
billows of the sea,

Borne on the wind's wings, flashing fire!

And though frost glaze to-night the clear
dew of his eyes,

And white ice-gauntlets glove his noble fine
fair fingers o'er,

A warm dress is to him that lightning-garb
he ever wore,

The lightning of the soul, not skies.

AVRAN.¹

Hugh march'd forth to the fight—I grieved
to see him so depart;

And lo! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-
drench'd, sad, betray'd—

*But the memory of the lime-white mansions
his right hand hath laid*

In ashes, warms the hero's heart!

KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN.*

(A JACOBITE RELIC—FROM THE IRISH.)

Long they pine in weary woe, the nobles of
our land,

Long they wander to and fro, proscribed,
alas! and bann'd;

Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the
exile's brand;

But their hope is in the coming-to of
Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

Think her not a ghastly hag, too hideous to
be seen,

Call her not unseemly names, our matchless
Kathaleen;

Young she is, and fair she is, and would be
crown'd a queen,

Were the king's son at home here with
Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

Sweet and mild would look her face, oh none
so sweet and mild,

¹ A concluding stanza, generally intended as a recapitulation of the entire poem.

* *Anglice*, Catherine Holohan, a name by which Ireland was allegorically known.

Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty
is reviled;

Woollen plaids would grace herself and
robes of silk her child,

If the king's son were living here with
Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

Sore disgrace it is to see the Arbitress of
thrones,

Vassal to a *Saxoneen* of cold and sapless
bones!

Bitter anguish wrings our souls—with heavy
sighs and groans

We wait the Young Deliverer of Katha-
leen Ny-Houlahan!

Let us pray to Him who holds Life's issues
in his hands—

Him who form'd the mighty globe, with all
its thousand lands;

Girding them with seas and mountains, rivers
deep, and strands,

To cast a look of pity upon Kathaleen
Ny-Houlahan!

He, who over sands and waves led Israel
along—

He, who fed, with heavenly bread, that
chosen tribe and throng—

He, who stood by Moses, when his foes were
fierce and strong—

May He show forth His might in saving
Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

WELCOME TO THE PRINCE.

(A JACOBITE RELIC—FROM THE IRISH.)

[This was written about the period of the battle of Culloden
(27th April, 1746), by William Heffernan, surnamed Dall, or
the Blind, of Shronehill, county Tipperary.]

LIFT up the drooping head,
Meehal Dubh MacGiolla-Kierin!

Her blood yet boundeth red
Through the myriad veins of Erin.

No! no! she is not dead
Meehal Dubh MacGiolla-Kierin!

¹ Dark Michael M'Gilla Kerin, prince of Ossory.

Lo! she redeems.

The lost years of bygone ages—

New glory beams

Henceforth on her History's pages!

Her long penitential Night of Sorrow

Yields at length before the reddening mor-
row!

You heard the thunder-shout,

Meehal Dubh MacGiolla-Kierin!

Saw the lightning streaming out

O'er the purple hills of Erin!

And, bide you yet in doubt,

Meehal Dubh MacGiolla-Kierin?

Oh! doubt no more!

Through Ulidia's voiceful valleys,

On Shannon's shore,

Freedom's burning spirit rallies.

Earth and Heaven unite in sign and omen

Bodeful of the downfall of our foemen.

Thurot commands the North,

Meehal Dubh MacGiolla-Kierin!

Louth sends her heroes forth,

To hew down the foes of Erin!

Swords gleam in field and *gorth*,²

Meehal Dubh MacGiolla-Kierin!

Up! up! my friend!

There's a glorious goal before us;

Here will we blend

Speech and soul in this grand chorus:

"By the Heaven that gives us one more
token,

We will die, or see our shackles broken!"

Charles leaves the Grampian hills,

Meehal Dubh MacGiolla-Kierin!

Charles, whose appeal yet thrills,

Like a clarion-blast, through Erin.

Charles, he whose image fills

Thy soul, too, MacGiolla-Kierin!

Ten thousand strong,

His clans move in brilliant order,

Sure that ere long

He will march them o'er the Border,

² This is an allusion to that well-known atmospheric phe-
nomenon of the "cloud armies," which is said to have been
so common about this period in Scotland.

³ *Gorth* literally means Garden.

While the dark-hair'd daughters of the
Highlands
Crown with wreaths the Monarch of three
islands!

Fill, then, the ale-cup high,
Meehal Dubh MacGiolla-Kierin!
Fill! the bright hour is nigh
That shall give her own to Erin!
Those who so sadly sigh,
Even as you, MacGiolla-Kierin,
Henceforth shall sing.
Hark!—O'er heathery hill and dell come
Shouts for the King!
Welcome, our Deliverer! Welcome!
Thousands this glad night, ere turning bed-
ward,
Will with us drink, "Victory to Charles
Edward!"

LAMENT FOR BANBA.¹

(FROM THE IRISH.)

Oh, my land! Oh, my love!
What a woe, and how deep,
Is thy death to my long mourning soul!
God alone, God above,
Can awake thee from sleep,
Can release thee from bondage and dole!
Alas, alas, and alas,
For the once proud people of Banba!

As a tree in its prime,
Which the axe layeth low,
Didst thou fall, oh unfortunate land!
Not by Time, nor thy crime,
Came the shock and the blow.
They were given by a false felon hand!
Alas, alas, and alas,
For the once proud people of Banba!

Oh, my grief of all griefs
Is to see how thy throne
Is usurp'd, whilst thyself art in thrall!
Other lands have their chiefs,
Have their kings, thou alone
Art a wife, yet a widow withal!
Alas, alas, and alas,
For the once proud people of Banba!

¹ Banba (*Banra*) was one of the most ancient names given by the Bards to Ireland.

The high house of O'Neill
Is gone down to the dust,
The O'Brien is clanless and bann'd;
And the steel, the red steel,
May no more be the trust
Of the Faithful and Brave in the land!
Alas, alas, and alas,
For the once proud people of Banba!

True, alas! Wrong and Wrath
Were of old all too rife.
Deeds were done which no good man admires;
And perchance Heaven hath
Chasten'd us for the strife
And the blood-shedding ways of our sires!
Alas, alas, and alas,
For the once proud people of Banba!

But, no more! This our doom,
While our hearts yet are warm,
Let us not over-weakly deplore!
For the hour soon may loom
When the Lord's mighty hand
Shall be raised for our rescue once more!
And our grief shall be turn'd into joy
For the still proud people of Banba!

ELLEN BAWN.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

ELLEN BAWN, oh, Ellen Bawn, you darling,
darling dear, you
Sit awhile beside me here, I'll die unless I'm
near you!
'Tis for you I'd swim the Suir and breast the
Shannon's waters;
For, Ellen dear, you've not your peer in Gal-
way's blooming daughters!

Had I Limerick's gems and gold at will to
mete and measure,
Were Loughrea's abundance mine, and all
Portumna's treasure,
These might lure me, might insure me many
and many a new love,
But oh! no bribe could pay your tribe for
one like you, my true love!

Blessings be on Connaught ! that's the place
for sport and raking !

Blessings, too, my love, on you, a-sleeping
and a-waking !

I'd have met you, dearest Ellen, when the
sun went under,

But, woe ! the flooding Shannon broke across
my path in thunder !

Ellen ! I'd give all the deer in Limerick's
parks and arbors,

Ay, and all the ships that rode last year in
Munster's harbors,

Could I blot from Time the hour I first be-
came your lover,

For, oh ! you've given my heart a wound it
never can recover !

Would to God that in the sod my corpse to-
night were lying,

And the wild-birds wheeling o'er it, and the
winds a-sighing,

Since your cruel mother and your kindred
choose to sever

Two hearts that Love would blend in one
forever and forever.

LOVE BALLAD.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

LONELY from my home I come,
To cast myself upon your tomb,

And to weep.

Lonely from my lonesome home,
My lonesome house of grief and gloom,

While I keep

Vigil often all night long,

For your dear, dear sake,

Praying many a prayer so wrong

That my heart would break !

Gladly, oh my blighted flower,
Sweet Apple of my bosom's Tree,

Would I now

Stretch me in your dark death-bower

Beside your corpse, and lovingly

Kiss your brow.

But we'll meet ere many a day,
Never more to part,
For even now I feel the clay
Gathering round my heart.

In my soul doth darkness dwell,
And through its dreary winding caves
Ever flows,

Ever flows with moaning swell,
One ebbless flood of many Waves,
Which are Woes.

Death, love, has me in his lures,
But that grieves not me,
So my ghost may meet with yours
On yon moon-loved lea.

When the neighbors near my cot
Believe me sunk in slumber deep,
I arise—

For, oh ! 'tis a weary lot,
This watching eye, and wooing sleep
With hot eyes—

I arise, and seek your grave,
And pour forth my tears ;
While the winds that nightly rave,
Whistle in mine ears.

Often turns my memory back
To that dear evening in the dell,
When we twain,
Shelter'd by the sloe-bush black,
Sat, laugh'd, and talk'd, while thick sleet
fell,

And cold rain.

Thanks to God ! no guilty leaven
Dash'd our childish mirth.

You rejoice for this in heaven,
I not less on earth !

Love ! the priests feel wroth with me,
To find I shrine your image still
In my breast.

Since you are gone eternally,
And your fair frame lies in the chill
Grave at rest ;

But true Love outlives the shroud,
Knows nor check nor change,
And beyond Time's world of Cloud
Still must reign and range.

Well may now your kindred mourn
 The threats, the wiles, the cruel arts,
 They long tried
 On the child they left forlorn !
 They broke the tenderest heart of hearts,
 And she died.
 Curse upon the love of show !
 Curse on Pride and Greed !
 They would wed you "high"—and woe !
 Here behold their meed !

THE VISION OF CONOR O'SULLIVAN.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

LAST night amid dreams without number,
 I beheld a bright vision in slumber :
 A maiden with rose-red and lily-white fea-
 tures,
 Disrobed of all earthly cumber.

Her hair o'er her shoulder was flowing,
 In clusters all golden and glowing,
 Luxuriant and thick as in meads are the
 grass-blades
 That the scythe of the mower is mowing.

With her brilliant eyes, glancing so keenly,
 Her lips smiling sweet and serenely,
 Her pearly-white teeth and her high-archèd
 eyebrows,
 She look'd most commanding and queenly.

Her long taper fingers might dally
 With the harp in some grove or green alley ;
 And her ivory neck and her beautiful bosom
 Were white as the snows of the valley.

Bowing down now, before her so lowly,
 With words that came trembling and
 slowly,
 I ask'd what her name was, and where I
 might worship
 At the shrine of a being so holy !

"This nation is thy land and my land,"
 She answer'd me with a sad smile, and
 The sweetest of tones—"I, alas ! am the
 spouse of
 The long-banish'd chiefs of our island !"

"Ah ! dimm'd is that island's fair glory,
 And through sorrow her children grow
 hoary ;
 Yet, seat thee beside me, O Nurse of the
 Heroes,
 And tell me thy tragical story !"

"The Druids and Sages unfold it—
 The Prophets and Saints have foretold it,
 That the Stuart would come o'er the sea
 with his legions,
 And that all Eire's tribes should behold it !

"Away, then, with sighing and mourning,
 The hearts in men's bosoms are burning
 To free this green land—oh ! be sure you
 will soon see
 The days of her greatness returning !

"Up, heroes, ye valiant and peerless !
 Up, raise the loud war-shout so fearless !
 While bonfires shall blaze, and the bagpipe
 and trumpet
 Make joyous a land now so cheerless !

"For the troops of King Louis shall aid
 us ;—
 The chains that now bind us
 Shall crumble to dust, and our bright swords
 shall slaughter
 The wretches whose wiles have betray'd
 us !"

PATRICK CONDON'S VISION.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

[PATRICK CONDON, the author of this song, was a native of the barony of Imokilly, county of Cork, and resided about four miles from the town of Youghal. About thirty years ago he emigrated to North America, and located himself some distance from Quebec. The Englishman, who has ever in the course of his travels, chanced to come into proximity with an Irish "hedge school," will be at no loss to conjecture the origin of the frequent allusions to heathen mythology in these songs. They are to be traced, we may say, exclusively to that intimate acquaintance with the classics which the Munster peasant never failed to acquire from the instructions of the road-side pedagogue. The Kerry rustic, it is known, speaks Latin like a citizen of old Rome, and has frequently, though ignorant of a syllable of English, conversed in the language of Cicero and Virgil with some of the most learned and intellectual of English tourists. Alas ! that the acuteness of intellect for which the Irish peasant is remarkable should not have afforded a hint to our rulers, amid their many and fruitless attempts at what is called conciliation ! Would it not be a policy equally worthy of their judgment, and deserving of

praise in itself, to establish schools for the Irish in which they might be taught, at least the elementary principles of education through the medium of their native tongue? This course, long advocated by the most enlightened of every class and creed, has been lately brought forward in an able manner by Mr. Christopher Anderson.—See his *Sketches of Native Irish*.]

THE evening was waning : long, long I stood
pondering

Nigh a green wood on my desolate lot.
The setting sun's glory then set me a-wondering,

And the deep tone of the stream in the
grot.

The birds on the boughs were melodiously
singing, too,

Even though the night was advancing
apace ;

Voices of fox-hunters,—voices were ringing
too,

And deep-mouth'd hounds follow'd up the
long chase.

Nut-trees around me grew beauteous and
flourishing—

Of the ripe fruit I partook without fear—
Sweet was their flavor,—sweet, healthful, and
nourishing ;

Honey I too found—the best of good cheer !
When, lo ! I beheld a fair maiden draw near
to me ;

The noblest of maidens in figure and mind—
One who hath been, and will ever be dear to
me—

Lovely and mild above all of her kind !

Long were her locks, hanging down in rich
tresses all—

Golden and plaited, luxuriant and curl'd ;
Her eyes shone like stars of that Heaven
which blesses all :

Swan-white was her bosom, the pride of
the world.

Her marvellous face like the rose and the lily
shone ;

Pearl-like her teeth were as ever were seen ;
In her calm beauty she proudly, yet stilly
shone—

Meek as a vestal, yet grand as a Queen.

Long-time I gazed on her, keenly and si-
lently—

Who might she be, this young damsel
sublime ?

Had she been chased from a foreign land
violently ?

Had she come hither to wile away time ?
Was she Calypso ? I question'd her pleas-
antly—

Ceres, or Hecate the bright undefiled ?
Thetis, who sank the stout vessels inces-
santly ?

Batea the tender, or Hebe the mild ?

"None of all those whom you name," she
replied to me :

"One broken-hearted by strangers am I ;
But the day draweth near when the rights
now denied to me

All shall flame forth like the stars in the
sky.

Yet twenty-five years and you'll witness my
gloriousness :

Doubt me not, friend, for in God is my
trust ;

And they who exult in their, barren victori-
ousness

Suddenly, soon, shall go down to the dust !"

SIGHILE NI GARA.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

[The first peculiarity likely to strike the reader is the remarkable sameness pervading those Irish pieces which assume a narrative form. The poet usually wanders forth of a summer evening over moor and mountain, mournfully meditating on the wrongs and sufferings of his native land, until at length, sad and weary, he lies down to repose in some flowery vale, or on the slope of some green and lonely hill-side. He sleeps, and in a dream beholds a young female of more than mortal beauty, who approaches and accosts him. She is always represented as appearing in naked loveliness. Her person is described with a minuteness of detail bordering upon tediousness—her hands, for instance, are said to be such as would execute the most complicated and delicate embroidery. The enraptured poet inquires whether she be one of the heroines of ancient story—Semiramis, Helen, or Medea—or one of the illustrious women of his own country—Deirdre, Blathnaid, or Cearnuir, or some Banshee, like Aoibhíll, Cliona, or Aine, and the answer he receives is, that she is none of those eminent personages, but EIRE, once a queen, and now a slave—of old in the enjoyment of all honor and dignity, but to-day in thrall to the foe and the stranger. Yet wretched as is her condition, she does not despair, and encourages her afflicted child to hope, prophesying that speedy relief will reach him from abroad. The song then concludes, though in some instances the poet appends a few consolatory reflections of his own, by way of finale.

The present song is one of the class which we have described, and *Sighile Ní Ghadharadh* (Celia O'Gara), in the language of allegory, means Ireland.]

ALONE as I wander'd in sad meditation,
And ponder'd my sorrows and soul's desolation,

A beautiful vision—a maiden drew near me,
An angel she seem'd sent from Heaven to cheer me.

Let none dare to tell me I acted amiss
Because on her lips I imprinted a kiss—
Oh! that was a moment of exquisite bliss!
For sweetness, for grace, and for brightness of feature,
Earth holds not the match of this loveliest creature!

Her eyes, like twin stars, shone and sparkled
with lustre;

Her tresses hung waving in many a cluster,
And swept the long grass all around and beneath her;

She moved like a being who trod upon ether,
And seem'd to disdain the dominions of space—

Such beauty and majesty, glory and grace,
So faultless a form, and so dazzling a face,
And ringlets so shining, so many and golden,
Were never beheld since the storied years olden.

Alas, that this damsel, so noble and queenly,
Who spake, and who look'd, and who moved
so serenely,

Should languish in woe, that her throne
should have crumbled;

Her haughty oppressors abiding unhumbled.
Oh! woe that she cannot with horsemen and
swords,

With fleets and with armies, with chieftains
and lords,

Chase forth from the isle the vile Sassenach
hordes,

Who too long in their hatred have trodden
us under,

And wasted green Eire with slaughter and
plunder!

She hath studied God's Gospels, and Truth's
divine pages—

The tales of the Druids, and lays of old sages;
She hath quaff'd the pure wave of the fountain Pierian,

And is versed in the wars of the Trojan and
Tyrian;

So gentle, so modest, so artless and mild,
The wisest of women, yet meek as a child;
She pours forth her spirit in speech undefiled;
But her bosom is pierced, and her soul hath
been shaken,
To see herself left so forlorn and forsaken!

"Oh, maiden!" so spake I, "thou best and
divinest,

Thou, who as a sun in thy loveliness shinest,
Who art thou and whence?—and what land
dost thou dwell in?

Say, art thou fair Deirdre, or canst thou be
Helen?"

And thus she made answer—"What! dost
thou not see

The nurse of the Chieftains of Eire in me—
The heroes of Banba, the valiant and free?

I was great in my time, ere the Gall¹ became
stronger

Than the Gael, and my sceptre pass'd o'er to
the Wronger!"

Thereafter she told me, with bitter lamenting,
A story of sorrow beyond all inventing—

Her name was Fair Eire, the mother of true
hearts,

The daughter of Conn, and the spouse of the
Stewarts.

She had suffer'd all woes, had been tortured
and flay'd,

Had been trodden and spoil'd, been deceived
and betray'd;

But her champion, she hoped, would soon
come to her aid,

And the insolent Tyrant who now was her
master

Would then be o'erwhelm'd by defeat and
disaster!

Oh, fear not, fair mourner!—thy lord and
thy lover,

Prince Charles, with his armies, will cross
the seas over.

Once more, lo! the Spirit of Liberty rallies
Aloft on thy mountains, and calls from thy
valleys.

Thy children will rise and will take, one
and all,

Revenge on the murderous tribes of the Gall,

¹ *Gall*, the stranger; *Gaels*, the native Irish.

And to thee shall return each renown'd castle
hall;
And again thou shalt revel in plenty and
treasure,
And the wealth of the land shall be thine
without measure.

ST. PATRICK'S HYMN BEFORE TARAH.

[The original Irish of this hymn was published by Dr. Petrie, in vol. xviii., "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy." It is in the *Bearla Feine*, the most ancient dialect of the Irish, the same in which the Breton laws were written. It was printed from the "Liber Hymnorum," preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, a manuscript which, as Dr. Petrie proves by the authority of Usher and others, must be nearly 1250 years old.]

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father, and Son,
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the
One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

AT TARAH TO-DAY I call on the Lord,
On Christ, the Omnipotent Word,
Who came to redeem from Death and Sin
Our fallen race;
And I put and I place
The virtue that lieth and liveth in
His Incarnation lowly,
His Baptism pure and holy,
His life of toil, and tears, and affliction,
His dolorous Death—his Crucifixion,
His Burial, sacred and sad and lone,
His Resurrection to life again,
His glorious Ascension to Heaven's high
Throne,
And, lastly, his future dread
And terrible coming to judge all men—
Both the Living and Dead.....

AT TARAH TO-DAY I put and I place
The virtue that dwells in the Seraphim's
love,
And the virtue and grace
That are in the obedience
And unshaken allegiance
Of all the Archangels and angels above,
And in the hope of the Resurrection

To everlasting reward and election,
And in the prayers of the Fathers of old,
And in the truths the Prophets foretold,
And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
And in the Confessors' faith and teachings,
And in the purity ever dwelling
Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,
And in the actions bright and excelling
Of all good men, the just and the blest...

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this fateful hour,
I place all Heaven with its power,
And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And the fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along
their path,
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness,¹
All these I place,
By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the Powers of Darkness.

AT TARAH TO-DAY
May God be my stay!
May the strength of God now nerve me!
May the power of God preserve me!
May God the Almighty be near me!
May God the Almighty espy me!
May God the Almighty hear me!
May God give me eloquent speech!
May the arm of God protect me!
May the wisdom of God direct me!
May God give me power to teach and to
preach!
May the shield of God defend me!
May the host of God attend me,
And ward me,
And guard me,
Against the wiles of demons and devils,
Against the temptations of vices and evils,
Against the bad passions and wrathful will
Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,
Against every man who designs me ill,
Whether leagued with others or plotting
apart!

¹ Properly, "strength," "firmness," from the Anglo-Saxon *stark*, "strong," "stiff."

IN THIS HOUR OF HOURS,
 I place all those powers
 Between myself and every foe,
 Who threaten my body and soul
 With danger or dole,
 To protect me against the evils that flow
 From lying soothsayers' incantations,
 From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
 From Heresy's hateful innovations,
 From Idolatry's rites and invocations,
 Be those my defenders,
 My guards against every ban—
 And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;
 In fine, against every knowledge that renders
 The light Heaven sends us dim in
 The spirit and soul of Man!

MAY CHRIST, I PRAY,
 Protect me to-day
 Against poison and fire,
 Against drowning and wounding,
 That so, in His grace abounding,
 I may earn the Preacher's hire!

CHRIST, as a light,
 Illumine and guide me!

CHRIST, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me!
 CHRIST be under me! CHRIST be over me!
 CHRIST be beside me
 On left hand and right!
 CHRIST be before me, behind me, about me.
 CHRIST this day be within and without me!

CHRIST, the lowly and meek,
 CHRIST, the All-Powerful, be
 In the heart of each to whom I speak,
 In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
 In all who draw near me,
 Or see me or hear me!

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this awful hour,
 I call on the Holy Trinity!
 Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
 The God of the Elements, Father, and Son,
 And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One
 The ever-existing Divinity!

Salvation dwells with the Lord,
 With CHRIST, the Omnipotent Word.
 From generation to generation
 Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation!

APOCRYPHA.

THE KARAMANIAN EXILE.

(FROM THE OTTOMAN.)

I SEE thee ever in my dreams,
 Karaman!
 Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
 Karaman! O Karaman!
 As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
 As when the deepening sunset seams,
 With lines of light thy hills and streams,
 Karaman!
 So thou loomest on my dreams,
 Karaman! O Karaman!

The hot, bright plains, the sun, the skies,
 Karaman!
 Seem death-black marble to mine eyes,
 Karaman! O Karaman!
 I turn from summer's blooms and dyes;
 Yet in my dreams thou dost arise
 In welcome glory to my eyes,
 Karaman!
 In thee my life of life yet lies,
 Karaman!
 Thou still art holy in mine eyes,
 Karaman! O Karaman.
 Ere my fighting years were come,
 Karaman!

Troops were few in Erzerome,
 Karaman! O Karaman!
 Their fiercest came from Erzerome,
 They came from Ukhbar's palace dome,
 They dragg'd me forth from thee, my home,
 Karaman!
 Thee, my own, my mountain home,
 Karaman!
 In life and death, my spirit's home,
 Karaman! O Karaman!

 Oh, none of all my sisters ten,
 Karaman!
 Loved like me my fellow-men,
 Karaman! O Karaman!
 I was mild as milk till then,
 I was soft as silk till then;
Now my breast is as a den,
 Karaman!
 Foul with blood and bones of men,
 Karaman!
 With blood and bones of slaughter'd men,
 Karaman! O Karaman!

 My boyhood's feelings newly born,
 Karaman!
 Wither'd like young flowers uptorn,
 Karaman! O Karaman!
 And in their stead sprang weed and thorn;
 What once I loved now moves my scorn;
 My burning eyes are dried to horn,
 Karaman!
 I hate the blessèd light of morn
 Karaman!
 It maddens me, the face of morn,
 Karaman! O Karaman!

 The Spahi wears a tyrant's chains,
 Karaman!
 But bondage worse than this remains,
 Karaman! O Karaman!
 His heart is black with million stains:
 Thereon, as on Kaf's blasted plains,
 Shall never more fall dews and rains,
 Karaman!
 Save poison-dews and bloody rains,
 Karaman!
 Hell's poison-dews and bloody rains,
 Karaman! O Karaman!

 But life at worst must end ere long,
 Karaman!

Azreel' avengeth every wrong,
 Karaman! O Karaman!
 Of late my thoughts rove more among
 Thy fields; o'ershadowing fancies throng
 My mind, and texts of bodeful song,
 Karaman!
 Azreel is terrible and strong,
 Karaman!
 His lightning sword smites all ere long,
 Karaman! O Karaman!
 There's care to-night in Ukhbar's halls,
 Karaman!
 There's hope too, for his trodden thralls,
 Karaman! O Karaman!
 What lights flash red along yon walls?
 Hark! hark!—the muster-trumpet calls!—
 I see the sheen of spears and shawls,
 Karaman!
 The foe! the foe!—they scale the walls,
 Karaman!
 To-night Murâd or Ukhbar falls,
 Karaman! O Karaman!

THE WAIL AND WARNING OF THE THREE KHALENDEERS.

(FROM THE OTTOMAN.)

LA' LAHA, il Allah!²
 Here we meet, we three, at length,
 Amrah, Osman, Perizad:
 Shorn of all our grace and strength,
 Poor, and old, and very sad!
 We have lived, but live no more;
 Life has lost its gloss for us,
 Since the days we spent of yore,
 Boating down the Bosphorus!
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 Old Time brought home no loss for us.
 We felt full of health and heart
 Upon the foamy Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
 Days indeed! A shepherd's tent
 Served us then for house and fold;
 All to whom we gave or lent,

¹ The angel of death. ² God alone is all-merciful.

Paid us back a thousand fold.
 Troublous years by myriads wail'd,
 Rarely had a cross for us,
 Never when we gayly sail'd,
 Singing down the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 There never came a cross for us,
 While we daily, gayly sail'd
 Adown the meadowy Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah!
 Blithe as birds we flew along,
 Laugh'd and quaff'd and stared about;
 Wine and roses, mirth and song,
 Were what most we cared about.
 Fame we left for quacks to seek,
 Gold was dust and dross for us,
 While we lived from week to week,
 Boating down the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 And gold was dust and dross for us,
 While we lived from week to week,
 Abating down the Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah!
 Friends we were, and would have shared
 Purses, had we twenty full.
 If we spent, or if we spared,
 Still our funds were plentiful.
 Save the hours we pass'd apart
 Time brought home no loss for us;
 We felt full of hope and heart
 While we clove the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 For life has lost its gloss for us,
 Since the days we spent of yore
 Upon the pleasant Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
 Ah! for youth's delirious hours,
 Man pays well in after days,
 When quench'd hopes and palsied powers
 Mock his love-and-laughter days.
 Thorns and thistles on our path,
 Took the place of moss for us,
 Till false fortune's tempest wrath
 Drove us from the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!

When thorns took place of moss for us,
 Gone was all! Our hearts were graves
 Deep, deeper than the Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
 Gone is all! In one abyss
 Lie Health, Youth, and Merriment!
 All we've learn'd amounts to this—
Life's a sad experiment.
 What it is we trebly feel
 Pondering what it was for us,
 When our shallop's bounding keel
 Clove the joyous Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 We wail for what life was for us,
 When our shallop's bounding keel
 Clove the joyous Bosphorus!

THE WARNING.

La' laha, il Allah!
 Pleasure tempts, yet man has none
 Save himself t' accuse, if her
 Temptings prove, when all is done,
 Lures hung out by Lucifer.
 Guard your fire in youth, O Friends!
 Manhood's is but Phosphorus,
 And bad luck attends and ends
 Boatings down the Bosphorus!
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 Youth's fire soon wanes to Phosphorus,
 And slight luck or grace attends
 Your boaters down the Bosphorus!

THE TIME OF THE BARMECIDES.

(FROM THE ARABIC.)

My eyes are film'd, my beard is gray,
 I am bow'd with the weight of years;
 I would I were stretch'd in my bed of clay,
 With my long-lost youth's compeers!
 For back to the Past, though the thought
 brings woe,
 My memory ever glides—
 To the old, old time, long, long ago,
 The time of the Barmecides!
 To the old, old time, long, long ago,
 The time of the Barmecides.

Then Youth was mine, and a fierce wild will,
 And an iron arm in war,
 And a fleet-foot high upon Ishkar's hill,
 When the watch-lights glimmer'd afar,
 And a barb as fiery as any I know
 That Khoord or Beddaween rides,
 Ere my friends lay low—long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides.
 Ere my friends lay low—long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides.

One golden goblet illumed my board,
 One silver dish was there;
 At hand my tried Karamanian sword
 Lay always bright and bare,
 For those were the days when the angry blow
 Supplanted the word that chides—
 When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides;
 When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I
 Were free to rove and roam,
 Our diaper'd canopy the deep of the sky,
 Or the roof of the palace dome—
 Oh! ours was that vivid life to and fro
 Which only sloth derides—
 Men spent Life so, long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides,
 Men spent Life so, long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once again,
 With its turrets of Moorish mould,
 And the Khalif's twice five hundred men
 Whose binishes flamed with gold;
 I call up many a gorgeous show
 Which the pall of Oblivion hides—
 All pass'd like snow, long, long ago,
 With the time of the Barmecides;
 All pass'd like snow, long, long ago,
 With the time of the Barmecides!

But mine eye is dim, and my beard is gray,
 And I bend with the weight of years—
 May I soon go down to the House of Clay
 Where slumber my Youth's compeers!
 For with them and the Past, though the
 thought wakes woe,
 My memory ever abides;

And I mourn for the Times gone long ago,
 For the Times of the Barmecides!
 I mourn for the Times gone long ago,
 For the Times of the Barmecides!

THE MARINER'S BRIDE.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

Look, mother! the mariner's rowing
 His galley adown the tide;
 I'll go where the mariner's going,
 And be the mariner's bride!

I saw him one day through the wicket,
 I open'd the gate and we met—
 As a bird in the fowler's net,
 Was I caught in my own green thicket.
 O mother, my tears are flowing,
 I've lost my maidenly pride—
 I'll go if the mariner's going,
 And be the mariner's bride!

This Love the tyrant evinces,
 Alas! an omnipotent might,
 He darkens the mind like Night.
 He treads on the necks of Princes!
 O mother, my bosom is glowing,
 I'll go whatever betide,
 I'll go where the mariner's going,
 And be the mariner's bride!

Yes, mother! the spoiler has reft me
 Of reason and self-control;
 Gone, gone is my wretched soul,
 And only my body is left me!
 The winds, O mother, are blowing,
 The ocean is bright and wide;
 I'll go where the mariner's going,
 And be the mariner's bride.

TO THE INGLEEZEE KHAFIR, CALLING HIMSELF DJAUN BOOL DJENKINZUN.

(FROM THE PERSIAN.)

Thus writeth Meer Djafrit—
 I hate thee, Djaun Bool,
 Worse than Mârid or Afrit,
 Or corpse-eating Ghool.

I hate thee like Sin,
 For thy mop-head of hair,
 Thy snub nose and bald chin,
 And thy turkeycock air.
 Thou vile Ferindjee!
 That thou thus shouldst disturb an
 Old Moslim like me,
 With my Khizzilbash turban!
 Old foggy like me,
 With my Khizzilbash turban!
 I spit on thy clothing,
 That garb for baboons!

I eye with deep loathing
 Thy tight pantaloons!
 I curse the cravat
 That encircles thy throat,
 And thy cooking-pot hat,
 And thy swallow-tail'd coat!
 Go, hide thy thick scone
 In some hovel suburban;
 Or else don at once
 The red Moosleman turban.
 Thou dog, don at once
 The grand Khizzilbash turban!

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOUL AND COUNTRY.

ARISE! my slumbering soul, arise!
 And learn what yet remains for thee
 To dree or do!
 The signs are flaming in the skies;
 A struggling world would yet be free,
 And live anew.
 The earthquake hath not yet been born,
 That soon shall rock the lands around,
 Beneath their base.
 Immortal freedom's thunder horn,
 As yet, yields but a doleful sound
 To Europe's race.
 Look round, my soul, and see and say
 If those about thee understand
 Their mission here;
 The will to smite—the power to slay—
 Abound in every heart—and hand
 Afar, anear.
 But, God! must yet the conqueror's sword
 Pierce *mind*, as heart, in this proud year?
 Oh, dream it not!
 It sounds a false, blaspheming word,

Begot and born of moral fear—
 And ill-begot!

To leave the world a name is nought,
 To leave a name for glorious deeds
 And works of love—
 A name to waken lightning thought,
 And fire the soul of him who reads,
This tells above.

Napoleon sinks to-day before
 The ungilded shrine, the *single* soul
 Of Washington;
 TRUTH's name, alone, shall man adore,
 Long as the waves of time shall roll
 Henceforward on!

My countrymen! my words are weak,
 My health is gone, my soul is dark,
 My heart is chill—
 Yet would I fain and fondly seek
 To see you borne in freedom's bark
 O'er ocean still.

Beseech your God, and bide your hour—
 He cannot, will not, long be dumb;
 Even now his tread
 Is heard o'er earth with coming power;
 And coming, trust me, it will come,
 Else were he dead!

SIBERIA.

In Siberia's wastes
 The Ice-wind's breath
 Woundeth like the toothèd steel.
 Lost Siberia doth reveal
 Only blight and death.

Blight and death alone.
 No Summer shines.
 Night is interblent with Day.
 In Siberia's wastes alway
 The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes
 No tears are shed,
 For they freeze within the brain.
 Nought is felt but dullest pain,
 Pain acute, yet dead;

Pain as in a dream,
 When years go by
 Funeral-paced, yet fugitive,
 When man lives, and doth not live,
 Doth not live—nor die.

In Siberia's wastes
 Are sands and rocks.
 Nothing blooms of green or soft,
 But the snow-peaks rise aloft
 And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there
 Is one with those;
 They are part, and he is part,
 For the sands are in his heart,
 And the killing snows.

Therefore, in those wastes
 None curse the Czar.
 Each man's tongue is cloven by
 The North Blast, who heweth nigh
 With sharp scymitar.

And such doom each drees,
 Till, hunger-guawn,
 And cold-slain, he at length sinks there,
 Yet scarce more a corpse than ere
 His last breath was drawn.

A VISION OF CONNAUGHT IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

"Et moi, j'ai été aussi en Arcadie."—And I, I, too, have been a dreamer.—*Inscription on a Painting by Poussin.*

I WALK'D entranced
 Through a land of Morn;
 The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
 Shone down and glanced
 Over seas of corn
 And lustrous gardens aleft and right.
 Even in the clime
 Of resplendent Spain,
 Beams no such sun upon such a land;
 But it was the time,
 'Twas in the reign,
 Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand

Anon stood nigh
 By my side a man
 Of princely aspect and port sublime.
 Him queried I,
 "Oh, my Lord and Khan,
 What clime is this, and what golden time?"
 When he—"The clime
 Is a clime to praise,
 The clime is Erin's, the green and bland;
 And it is the time,
 These be the days,
 Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!"

Then saw I thrones,
 And circling fires,
 And a Dome rose near me, as by a spell,
 Whence flow'd the tones
 Of silver lyres,
 And many voices in wreathèd swell;
 And their thrilling chime
 Fell on mine ears
 As the heavenly hymn of an angel-band—
 "It is now the time,
 These be the years,
 Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!"

I sought the hall,
 And, behold! . . . a change
 From light to darkness, from joy to woe!
 King, nobles, all,
 Look'd aghast and strange;

¹ *Ceann*, the Gaelic title for a chief.

The minstrel-group sate in dumbest show!
 Had some great crime
 Wrought this dread amaze,
 This terror? None seem'd to understand!
 'Twas then the time,
 We were in the days,
 Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

I again walk'd forth;
 But lo! the sky
 Show'd fleckt with blood, and an alien sun
 Glared from the north,
 And there stood on high,
 Amid his shorn beams, A SKELETON!
 It was by the stream
 Of the castled Maine,
 One Autumn eve, in the Teuton's land,
 That I dream'd this dream
 Of the time and reign
 Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!

AN INVITATION.

FRIENDS to Freedom! is't not time
 That your course were shaped at length?
 Wherefore stand ye loitering here?
 Seek some healthier, holier clime,
 Where your souls may grow in strength,
 And whence Love hath exiled Fear!

Europe,—Southron, Saxon, Celt,—
 Sits alone, in tatter'd robe.
 In our days she burns with none
 Of the lightning-life she felt,
 When Rome shook the troubled globe,
 Twenty centuries ago.

Deutschland sleeps: her star hath waned.
 France, the Thundress whilome, now
 Singeth small, with bated breath.
 Spain is bleeding, Poland chain'd;
 Italy can but groan and vow.
 England lieth sick to death.¹

Cross with me the Atlantic's foam,
 And your genuine goal is won.

Purely Freedom's breezes blow,
 Merrily Freedom's children roam,
 By the dædal Amazon,
 And the glorious Ohio!

Thither take not gems and gold.
 Nought from Europe's robber-hoards
 Must profane the Western Zones.
 Thither take ye spirits bold,
 Thither take ye ploughs and swords,
 And your fathers' buried bones!

Come!—if Liberty's true fires
 Burn within your bosoms, come!
 If ye would that in your graves
 Your free sons should bless their sires,
 Make the Far Green West your home,
 Cross with me the Atlantic's waves!

THE WARNING VOICE.*

"Il me semble que nous sommes à la veille d'une grande bataille humaine. Les forces sont là; mais je n'y vois pas de général."—BALZAC: *Livre Myrrique*.

YE Faithful!—ye Noble!
 A day is at hand
 Of trial and trouble,
 And woe in the land!
 O'er a once greenest path,
 Now blasted and sterile,
 Its dusk shadows loom—
 It cometh with Wrath,
 With Conflict and Peril,
 With Judgment and Doom!

False bands shall be broken,
 Dead systems shall crumble,
 And the Haughty shall hear
 Truths yet never spoken,
 Though smouldering like flame
 Through many a lost year
 In the hearts of the Humble;
 For, Hope will expire
 As the Terror draws nigher,
 And, with it, the Shame
 Which so long overawed
 Men's minds by its might—

¹ "England leidet von einer tödtlichen Krankheit, ohne Hoffnung wie ohne Heilung." England labors under a deadly sickness, without hope and without remedy.—NIEBUHR.

* Written in the year 1847, when the British Famine was wasting Ireland, and when the Irish Confederation was formed.

And the Powers abroad
 Will be Panic and Blight,
 And phrenetic Sorrow—
 Black Pest all the night,
 And Death on the morrow !

Now, therefore, ye True,
 Gird your loins up anew !
 By the good you have wrought !
 By all you have thought,
 And suffer'd, and done !

By your souls ! I implore you,
 Be leal to your mission—
 Remembering that *one*
 Of the *two* paths before you
 Slopes down to Perdition !

To you have been given,
 Not granaries and gold,
 But the Love that lives long,
 And waxes not cold ;
 And the Zeal that hath striven
 Against Error and Wrong,
 And in fragments hath riven
 The chains of the Strong !
 Bide now, by your sternest
 Conceptions of earnest
 Endurance for others,
 Your weaker-soul'd brothers !
 Your true faith and worth
 Will be History soon,
 And their stature stand forth
 In the unsparing Noon !

You have dream'd of an era
 Of Knowledge, and Truth,
 And Peace—the *true* glory !
 Was this a chimera ?

Not so !—but the childhood and
 youth
 Of our days will grow hoary,
 Before such a marvel shall burst on their
 sight !

On *you* its beams glow not—
 For *you* its flowers blow not !
 You cannot rejoice in its light,
 But in darkness and suffering instead,
 You go down to the place of the Dead !
 To *this* generation
 The sore tribulation,

The stormy commotion,
 And foam of the Popular Ocean,
 The struggle of class against class ;
 The Dearth and the Sadness,
 The Sword and the War-vest ;
 To the *next*, the Repose and the Glad
 ness,
 “The sea of clear glass,”
 And the rich Golden Harvest !

Know, then, your true lot,
 Ye Faithful, though few !
 Understand your position,
 Remember your mission,
 And vacillate not,
 Whatsoever ensue !
 Alter not ! Falter not !
 Palter not now with your own living
 souls,

When each moment that rolls
 May see Death lay his hand
 On some new victim's brow !
 Oh ! let not your vow
 Have been written in sand !
 Leave cold calculations
 Of Danger and Plague,
 To the slaves and the traitors
 Who cannot dissemble

The dastard sensations
 That now make them tremble
 With phantasies vague !—
 The men without ruth—
 The hypocrite haters
 Of Goodness and Truth,
 Who at heart curse the race
 Of the sun through the skies ;
 And would look in God's face
 With a lie in their eyes !

To the last do your duty,
 Still mindful of this—
 That Virtue is Beauty,
 And Wisdom, and Bliss ;
 So, howe'er, as frail men, you have err'd on
 Your way along Life's throngèd road,
 Shall your consciences prove a sure guerdon
 And tower of defence,
 Until Destiny summon you hence
 To the Better Abode !

THE LOVELY LAND.

(ON A LANDSCAPE, PAINTED BY M*****.)

GLORIOUS birth of Mind and Color,
Gazing on thy radiant face,
The most lorn of Adam's race
Might forget all dolor!

What divinest light is beaming
Over mountain, mead, and grove!
That blue noontide sky above,
Seems asleep and dreaming.

Rich Italia's wild-birds warble
In the foliage of those trees.
I can trace thee, Veronese,
In these rocks of marble!

Yet no! Mark I not where quiver
The sun's rays on yonder stream?
Only a Poussin could dream
Such a sun and river!

What bold imaging! Stony valley,
And fair bower of eglantine!
Here I see the black ravine,
There the liliated alley!

This is some rare clime so olden,
Peopled, not by men, but fays;
Some lone land of genii days,
Storyful and golden!

Oh for magic power to wander
One bright year through such a land!
Might I even one hour stand
On the blest hills yonder!

But—what spy I? . . . O, by noonlight!
'Tis the same!—the pillar-tower
I have oft pass'd thrice an hour,
Twilight, sunlight, moonlight!

Shame to me, my own, my sire-land,
Not to know thy soil and skies!
Shame, that through Machise's eyes
I first see thee, IRELAND!

No! no land doth rank above thee
Or for loveliness or worth!
So shall I, from this day forth,
Ever sing and love thee!

THE SAW-MILL.

My path lay toward the Mourne agen,
But I stopp'd to rest by the hill-side
That glanced adown o'er the sunken glen,
Which the Saw- and Water-mills hide,
Which now, as then,
The Saw- and Water-mills hide.

And there, as I lay reclined on the hill,
Like a man made by sudden *qualm* ill,
I heard the water in the Water-mill,
And I saw the saw in the Saw-mill!
As I thus lay still,
I saw the saw in the Saw-mill!

The saw, the breeze, and the humming bees
Lull'd me into a dreamy reverie,
Till the objects round me, hills, mills, trees
Seem'd grown alive all and every,
By slow degrees
Took life as it were, all and every!

Anon the sound of the waters grew
To a Mourne-ful ditty,
And the song of the tree that the saw
saw'd through,
Disturb'd my spirit with pity,
Began to subdue
My spirit with tenderest pity!

"Oh, wanderer! the hour that brings thee
back
Is of all meet hours the meetest.
Thou now, in sooth, art on the Track,
Art nigher to Home than thou weetest;
Thou hast thought Time slack,
But his flight has been of the fleetest!

"For thee it is that I dree such pain
As, when wounded, even a plank will;
My bosom is pierced, is rent in twain,

That thine may ever bide tranquil,
 May ever remain
 Henceforward untroubled and tranquil.

"In a few days more, most Lonely One!
 Shall I, as a narrow ark, veil
 Thine eyes from the glare of the world and
 sun
 'Mong the urns in yonder dark vale,
 In the cold and dun
 Recesses of yonder dark vale!

"For this grieve not! Thou knowest what
 thanks
 The Weary-soul'd and Meek owe
 To Death!"—I awoke, and heard four planks
 Fall down with a saddening echo.
*I heard four planks
 Fall down with a hollow echo.*

CEAN-SALLA.

THE LAST WORDS OF RED HUGH O'DONNELL ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM IRELAND FOR SPAIN.

["After this defeat at Cean-Salla (Kinsale), it was remarked
 that the Irish became a totally changed people, for they now
 exchanged their valour for timidity, their energy and vigour for
 indolence, and their hopes for bitter despondency."—*Annals
 of the Four Masters*, A. D. 1602.]

WEEP not the brave Dead!
 Weep rather the Living—
 On them lies the curse
 Of a Doom unforgiving!
 Each dark hour that rolls,
 Shall the memories they nurse,
 Like molten hot lead,
 Burn into their souls
 A remorse long and sore!
 They have help'd to enthrall a
 Great land evermore,
 They who fled from Cean-Salla!

Alas, for thee, slayer
 Of the kings of the Norsemen!
 Thou land of sharp swords,
 And strong kerns and swift horsemen!
 Land ringing with song!
 Land, whose abbots and lords,

Whose Heroic and Fair,
 Through centuries long,
 Made each palace of thine
 A new western Walhalla—
 Thus to die without sign
 On the field of Cean-Salla;

My ship cleaves the wave—
 I depart for Iberia—
 But, oh! with what grief,
 With how heavy and dreary a
 Sensation of ill!
 I could welcome a grave:
 My career has been brief,
 But I bow to God's will!
 Not if now all forlorn,
 In my green years, I fall, a
 Lone exile, I mourn—
 But I mourn for Cean-Salla!

IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.

O IRELAND! Ancient Ireland!
 Ancient! yet forever young!
 Thou our mother, home, and sire-land—
 Thou at length hast found a tongue—
 Proudly thou, at length,
 Resistest in triumphant strength.
 Thy flag of freedom floats unfurl'd!
 And as that mighty God existeth,
 Who giveth victory when and where He
 listeth,
 Thou yet shalt wake and shake the nations
 of the world.

For this dull world still slumbers,
 Weetless of its wants or loves,
 Though, like Galileo, numbers
 Cry aloud, "It moves! it moves!"
 In a midnight dream,
 Drifts it down Time's wreckful stream.
 All march, but few descry the goal.
 O Ireland! be it thy high duty
 To teach the world the might of Moral
 Beauty,
 And stamp God's image truly on the strug-
 gling soul.

Strong in thy self-reliance,
 Not in idle threat or boast,
 Hast thou hurl'd thy fierce defiance
 At the haughty Saxon host—
 Thou hast claim'd, in sight
 Of high Heaven, thy long-lost right.
 Upon thy hills—along thy plains—
 In the green bosom of thy valleys,
 The new-born soul of holy freedom rallies,
 And calls on thee to trample down in dust
 thy chains!

Deep, saith the Eastern story,
 Burns in Iran's mines a gem,
 For its dazzling hues and glory
 Worth a Sultan's diadem.
 But from human eyes
 Hidden there it ever lies!
 The aye-travailing Gnomes alone,
 Who toil to form the mountain's treasure
 May gaze and gloat with pleasure without
 measure,
 Upon the lustrous beauty of that wonder-
 stone.

So is it with a nation
 Which would win for its rich dower
 That bright pearl, Self-Liberation—
 It must labor hour by hour.
 Strangers, who travail
 To lay bare the gem, shall fail;
 Within itself, must grow, must glow—
 Within the depths of its own bosom
 Must flower in living might, must broadly
 blossom,
 The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's
 Tree can blow.

Go on, then, all-rejoiceful!
 March on thy career unbow'd!
 IRELAND! let thy noble, voiceful
 Spirit cry to God aloud!
 Man will bid thee speed—
 God will aid thee in thy need—
 The Time, the hour, the power are near—
 Be sure thou soon shalt form the vanguard
 Of that illustrious band, whom Heaven
 and Man guard.
 And these words come from *one whom some*
have call'd a Seer.

BROKEN-HEARTED LAYS.

BALLAD.

WEEP for one blank, one desert epoch in
 The history of the heart; it is the time
 When all which dazzled us no more can win;
 When all that beam'd of starlike and
 sublime
 Wanes, and we stand lone mourners o'er the
 burial
 Of perish'd pleasure, and a pall funereal,
 Stretching afar across the hueless heaven,
 Curtains the kingly glory of the sun,
 And robes the melancholy earth in one
 Wide gloom; when friends for whom we
 could have striven
 With pain, and peril, and the sword, and
 given
 Myriads of lives, had such been merged
 in ours,
 Requite us with falseheartedness and
 wrong;
 When sorrows haunt our path like evil
 powers,
 Sweeping and countless as the legion
 throng.

Then, when the upbroken dreams of boy-
 hood's span,
 And when the inanity of all things human,
 And when the dark ingratitude of man,
 And when the hollow perfidy of woman,
 Come down like night upon the feelings,
 turning
 This rich, bright world, so redolent of
 bloom,
 Into a lazar-house of tears and mourning—
 Into the semblance of a living tomb!

When, yielding to the might she cannot
 master,
 The soul forsakes her palace halls of youth,
 And (touch'd by the Ithuriel wand of
 truth,
 Which oft in one brief hour works wonders
 vaster
 Than those of Egypt's old magician host),
 Sees at a single glance that all is lost!
 And brooding in her cold and desolate lair

Over the phantom-wrecks of things that
 were,
 And asking destiny if nought remain ?
 Is answer'd—bitterness and lifelong pain,
 Remembrance, and reflection, and despair,
 And torturing thoughts that will not be for-
 bidden,
 And agonies that cannot all be hidden !

Oh ! in an hour like this, when thousands fix,
 In headlong desperation, on self-slaughter,
 Sit down, you droning, groaning bore ! and
 mix

A glorious beaker of red rum-and-water !
 And finally give Care his flooring blow,
 By one large roar of laughter, or guffaw,
 As in the Freischutz chorus, "Haw ! haw !
 haw !"

L'affaire est faite—you've bamm'd and both-
 er'd woe.

THE ONE MYSTERY.

BALLAD.

'Tis idle ! we exhaust and squander
 The glittering mine of thought in vain ;
 All-baffled reason cannot wander
 Beyond her chain.
 The flood of life runs dark—dark clouds
 Make lampless night around its shore :
 The dead, where are they ? In their
 shrouds—
 Man knows no more.

Evoke the ancient and the past,
 Will one illumining star arise ?
 Or must the film, from first to last,
 O'erspread thine eyes ?
 When life, love, glory, beauty, wither,
 Will wisdom's page or science' chart
 Map out for thee the region whither
 Their shades depart ?

Supposest thou the wondrous powers,
 To high imagination given,
 Pale types of what shall yet be ours,
 When earth is heaven ?

When this decaying shell is cold,
 Oh ! sayest thou the soul shall climb
 That magic mount she trod of old,
 Ere childhood's time ?

And shall the sacred pulse that thrill'd,
 Thrill once again to glory's name ?
 And shall the conquering love that fill'd
 All earth with flame,
 Reborn, revived, renew'd, immortal,
 Resume his reign in prouder might,
 A sun beyond the ebon portal
 Of death and night ?

No more, no more—with aching brow,
 And restless heart, and burning brain,
 We ask the When, the Where, the How,
 And ask in vain.
 And all philosophy, all faith,
 All earthly—all celestial lore,
 Have but one voice, which only saith—
 Endure—adore !

THE NAMELESS ONE.

BALLAD.

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river,
 That sweeps along to the mighty sea ;
 God will inspire me while I deliver
 My soul of thee !

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie
 whitening
 Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
 That there was once one whose veins ran
 lightning
 No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-
 hour,
 How shone for *him*, through his griefs and
 gloom,
 No star of all heaven sends to light our
 Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
 Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,

He would have taught men, from wisdom's
pages,
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flow'd like a rill in the morning-beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemn'd for years
long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and
tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betray'd in friendship, befool'd in love,
With spirit shipwreck'd, and young hopes
blasted,
He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have
wrought for *him*,
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawn'd his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeem'd it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless
nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and
hoary

At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him
dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.

THE DYING ENTHUSIAST.

BALLAD.

SPEAK no more of life,
What can life bestow,
In this amphitheatre of strife,
All times dark with tragedy and woe?
Knowest thou not how care and pain
Build their lampless dwelling in the brain,
Ever, as the stern intrusion
Of our teachers, time and truth,
Turn to gloom the bright illusion,
Rainbow'd on the soul of youth?
Could I live to find that this is so?
Oh! no! no!

As the stream of time
Sluggishly doth flow,
Look how all of beaming and sublime,
Sinks into the black abysm below.
Yea, the loftiest intellect,
Earliest on the strand of life is wreck'd.
Nought of lovely, nothing glorious,
Lives to triumph o'er decay;
Desolation reigns victorious—
Mind is dungeon wall'd by clay:
Could I bear to feel mine own laid low?
Oh! no! no!

Restless o'er the earth,
Thronging millions go:
But behold how genius, love, and worth
Move like lonely phantoms to and fro.
Suns are quench'd, and kingdoms fall,
But the doom of these outdarkens all!
Die they then? Yes, love's devotion,
Stricken, withers in its bloom;

Fond affections, deep as ocean,
 In their cradle find their tomb :
 Shall I linger, then, to count each throe ?
 Oh ! no ! no !

Prison-bursting death !

Welcome be thy blow !

Thine is but the forfeit of my breath,
 Not the spirit ! nor the spirit's glow.
 Spheres of beauty—hallow'd spheres,
 Undefaced by time, undimm'd by tears,
 Henceforth hail ! oh, who would grovel
 In a world impure as this ?
 Who would weep, in cell or hovel,
 When a palace might be his ?
 Wouldst thou have me the bright lot forego ?
 Oh ! no ! no !

TO JOSEPH BRENNAN.

BALLAD.

FRIEND and brother, and yet more than
 brother,
 Thou endow'd with all of Shelley's soul !
 Thou whose heart so burneth for thy mother,¹
 That, like *his*, it may defy all other
 Flames, while time shall roll !

Thou of language bland, and manner meekest,
 Gentle bearing, yet unswerving will—
 Gladly, gladly, list I when thou speakest,
 Honor'd highly is the man thou seekest
 To redeem from ill !

Truly snowest thou me the one thing needful !
 Thou art not, nor is the world yet blind.
 Truly have I been long years unheedful
 Of the thorns and tares, that choked the
 weedful
 Garden of my mind !

Thorns and tares, which rose in rank pro-
 fusion,
 Round my scanty fruitage and my flowers,
 Till I almost deem'd it self-delusion,
 Any attempt or glance at their extrusion
 From their midnight bowers.

Dream and waking life have now been
 blended

Long time in the caverns of my soul—
 Oft in daylight have my steps descended
 Down to that dusk realm where all is ended,
 Save remeadless dole !

Oft, with tears, I have groan'd to God for
 pity—

Oft gone wandering till my way grew dim—
 Oft sung unto Him a prayerful ditty—
 Oft, all lonely in this throngful city,
 Raised my soul to Him !

And from path to path His mercy track'd me—
 From a many a peril snatch'd He me ;
 When false friends pursued, betray'd, at
 tack'd me,
 When gloom overdark'd, and sickness rack'd
 me,
 He was by to save and free !

Friend ! thou warnest me in truly noble
 Thoughts and phrases ! I will heed thee
 well—

Well will I obey thy mystic double
 Counsel, through all scenes of woe and
 trouble,
 As a magic spell !

Yes ! to live a bard, in thought and feeling !
 Yes ! to act my rhyme, by self-restraint,
 This is truth's, is reason's deep revealing,
 Unto me from thee, as God's to a kneeling
 And entrancèd saint !

Fare thee well ! we now know each the other,
 Each has struck the other's inmost chords—
 Fare thee well, my friend and more than
 brother,
 And may scorn pursue me if I smother
 In my soul thy words !

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO.

Oh, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
 How it splashes on the window-sill !
 Night, I guess too, must be on the wane,
 Strass and Gass' around are grown so still.

¹ Earth.

¹ Street and lane.

Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—
 Ah! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow
 In the tavern where I loved to sup
 Twenty golden years ago!

Twenty years ago, alas!—but stay—
 On my life, 'tis half-past twelve o'clock!
 After all, the hours *do* slip away—
 Come, here goes to burn another block!
 For the night, or morn, is wet and cold;
 And my fire is dwindling rather low:—
 I had fire enough, when young and bold,
 Twenty golden years ago.

Dear! I don't feel well at all, somehow:
 Few in Weimar dream how bad I am;
 Floods of tears grow common with me now,
 High-Dutch floods, that reason cannot dam.
 Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive
 If I mope at home so;—I don't know—
Am I living now? I was alive
 Twenty golden years ago.

Wifeless, friendless, flagonless, alone,
 Not quite bookless, though, unless I choose,
 Left with nought to do, except to groan,
 Not a soul to woo, except the muse—
 Oh! this is hard for *me* to bear,
 Me, who whilome lived so much *en haut*,
 Me, who broke all hearts like china-ware,
 Twenty golden years ago!

Perhaps 'tis better;—time's defacing waves,
 Long have quench'd the radiance of my
 brow—

They who curse me nightly from their graves,
 Scarce could love me were they living now;
 But my loneliness hath darker ill—
 Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought
 and Co.,
 Awful Gorgons! worse than tailors' bills
 Twenty golden years ago!

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
 Oh, how plaintive you would ween I *was*!
 But I won't, albeit I have a deal
 More to wail about than Kerner has!
 Kerner's tears are wept for wither'd flowers,
 Mine for wither'd hopes; my scroll of woe
 Dates, alas! from youth's deserted bowers,
 Twenty golden years ago!

Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish
 long;
 Me, I tweak no beak among them;—hawks
 Must not pounce on hawks: besides, in song
 I could once beat all of them by chalks.
 Though you find me as I near my goal,
 Sentimentalizing like Rousseau,
 Oh! I had a grand Byronian soul
 Twenty golden years ago!

Tick-tick, tick-tick!—not a sound save Time's.
 And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—
 Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
 Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain!
 Sleep!—no more the dupe of hopes or
 schemes;
 Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
 Curious anticlimax to thy dreams
 Twenty golden years ago!

POEMS BY RICHARD B. SHERIDAN.

AH! CRUEL MAID.

[Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, says, this song, "for deep, impassioned feeling and natural eloquence, has not, perhaps, its rival through the whole range of lyric poetry."]]

AH, cruel maid, how hast thou changed
The temper of my mind!
My heart, by thee from love estranged,
Becomes, like thee, unkind.

By fortune favor'd, clear in fame,
I once ambitious was;
And friends I had, who fann'd the flame,
And gave my youth applause.

But now, my weakness all accuse:
Yet vain their taunts on me;
Friends, fortune, fame itself, I'd lose,
To gain one smile from thee.

And only thou should not despise
My weakness, or my woe;
If I am mad in others' eyes,
'Tis thou hast made me so.

But days, like this, with doubting curst,
I will not long endure:
Am I disdain'd—I know the worst,
And likewise know my cure.

If false, her vows she dare renounce,
That instant ends my pain;
For, oh! the heart must break at once,
That cannot hate again.

HOW OFT, LOUISA.

FROM "THE DUENNA."

How oft, Louisa, hast thou said—
Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown—
Thou wouldst not lose Antonio's love
To reign the partner of a throne!

And by those lips that spoke so kind,
And by this hand I press'd to mine,
To gain a subject nation's love
I swear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy?
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
And, serving thee—a monarch I.
And thus controll'd in mutual bliss,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine—
Do thou snatch treasures from my lip,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

(AIR—"MOLLY ASTORE.")

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you,
For, tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true;
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they find that you have bless'd
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

In speaking of the lyrics in the Opera of "The Duenna," Moore says: "By far the greater number of the songs are full of beauty, and some of them may rank among the best models of lyric writing. The verses 'Had I a heart for falsehood framed,' notwithstanding the stiffness of this word 'framed,' and one or two slight blemishes, are not unworthy of living in recollection with the matchless air to which they are adapted."

OH YIELD, FAIR LIDS.

(FROM AN UNFINISHED MS. DRAMA.)

Oh yield, fair lids, the treasures of my heart,
Release those beams, that make this man-
sion bright;
From her sweet sense, Slumber! though
sweet thou art,
Begone, and give the air she breathes in
light.

Or while, O Sleep, thou dost those glances
hide,
Let rosy Slumbers still around her play,
Sweet as the cherub Innocence enjoy'd,
When thy lap, new-born, in smiles he lay.

And thou, O Dream, that com'st her sleep
to cheer,
Oh take my shape, and play a lover's part;
Kiss her from me, and whisper in her ear,
Till her eyes shine, 'tis night within my
heart.

It may be inferred from a passage in Moore's "Life of Sheridan," that he intended the unfinished drama, whence these lines are taken, to be called "The Foresters;" and that he was very hopeful of it, for he was wont to exclaim occasionally, to confidential friends, "Ah, wait till my *Foresters* comes out!"

A BUMPER OF GOOD LIQUOR.

(FROM "THE DUENNA.")

A BUMPER of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar;
So fill a cheerful glass,
And let good humor pass:
But if more deep the quarrel,
Why, sooner drain the barrel
Than be the hateful fellow
That's crabbèd when he's mellow.

A bumper, &c.

WE TWO.

[This is also from the same MS. drama noticed in the foregoing song of "Oh yield, fair lids."]

"We two, each other's only pride,
Each other's bliss, each other's guide,
Far from the world's unhallow'd noise,
Its coarse delights and tainted joys,

Through wilds will roam and deserts
rude—

For, Love, thy home is solitude."

"There shall no vain pretender be,
To court thy smile and torture me,
No proud superior there be seen,
But nature's voice shall hail thee, queen."

"With fond respect and tender awe,
I will obey thy gentle law,
Obey thy looks, and serve thee still,
Prevent thy wish, foresee thy will,
And added to a lover's care,
Be all that friends and parents are."

COULD I HER FAULTS REMEMBER

COULD I her faults remember,
Forgetting every charm,
Soon would impartial Reason
The tyrant Love disarm.

But when, enraged, I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love, still, suggests each beauty,
And sees, while Reason's blind

BY CÆLIA'S ARBOR.

By Cælia's arbor, all the night,
Hang, humid wreath—the lover's vow;
And haply, at the morning's light,
My love will twine thee round her brow.

And if upon her bosom bright
Some drops of dew should fall from thee;
Tell her they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me.

In these charming lines Sheridan has wrought to a higher degree of finish an idea to be found in an early poem of his addressed to Miss Linley, beginning "Unconth is this moss-covered grotto of stone." The poem is too long for quotation at length, and, in truth, not worth it, the choice bit Sheridan remembered, however, and reconstructed as above. The original idea stood thus:

"And thou, stony grot, in thy arch mayst preserve
Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve
As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you.

"Or, lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her bosom of snow; and I swear
The next time I visit thy moss-cover'd seat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear."

LET THE TOAST PASS.

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
 Here's to the widow of fifty;
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty:

Chorus. Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the
 glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
 Now to the maid who has none, sir,
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to the nymph with but one, sir:

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 And to her that's as brown as a berry;
 Here's to the wife, with a face full of woe,
 And now to the girl that is merry:

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim.
 Young, or ancient, I care not a feather;
 So fill the pint bumper* quite up to the brim,
 And let e'en us toast them together:

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

O, THE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG!

(FROM "THE DUENNA.")

O, the days when I was young!
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spite,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night:

* Those were the days of hard drinking (let us be thankful they are passed away), when they not only filled a "pint bumper," but swallowed it at a draught, if they meant to be thought "protty fellows." I remember of hearing a witty reply which was made (as it was reported) by Sir Hercules, an Irish *bon vivant* of the last century, to his doctor, who had cut him down to a pint of wine daily, when he was on the sick-list. Now the convivial baronet was what was called, in those days, a "six-bottle man,"—and, we may suppose, felt very miserable on a pint of wine *per diem*. The doctor called the day after he had issued his merciless decree, and hoped his patient was better. "I hope you only took a pint of wine yesterday," said he. The baronet nodded a melancholy assent. "Now, don't think so badly of this injunction of mine, my dear friend," continued the doctor, "you may rely upon it, it will lengthen your days." "That I believe," returned Sir Hercules, "for yesterday seemed to me the longest day I ever spent in my life."

Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth they say lies in a well;
 Why, I vow I ne'er could see,
 Let the water-drinkers tell—
 There it always lay for me!
 For when sparkling wine went round
 Never saw I falsehood's mask:
 But still honest Truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask.

True, at length my vigor's flown,
 I have years to bring decay:
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are gray;
 Yet, old Jerome, thou mayst boast
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

DRY BE THAT TEAR.

DRY be that tear, my gentlest love,
 Be hush'd that struggling sigh;
 Nor seasons, day, nor fate shall prove,
 More fix'd, more true, than I:
 Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
 Cease boding doubt, cease anxious fear—
 Dry be that tear.

Ask'st thou how long my love shall stay
 When all that's new is past?
 How long, ah! Delia, can I say,
 How long my life shall last?
 Dry be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,
 At least I'll love thee till I die—
 Hush'd be that sigh.

And does that thought affect thee, too,
 The thought of Sylvio's death,
 That he, who only breathed for you,
 Must yield that faithful breath?
 Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
 Nor let us lose our heaven here—
 Dry be that tear.

WHAT BARD, O TIME, DISCOVER.

WHAT bard, O Time, discover,
With wings first made thee move!
Ah! sure he was some lover
Who ne'er had left his love!
For who that once did prove
The pangs which absence brings,
Though but one day
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings?

These sweet and ingenious lines are from "The Duenna." The song does not appear in the late editions of the opera. I obtained it from an old Dublin edition, dated 1786—where the piece is entitled, "The Duenna, or double elopement; a comic opera, as it is enacted at the Theatre, *Smoke Alley*, Dublin." (Properly called *Smock Alley*.) In this edition most outrageous liberties have been taken with the original text.

ALAS! THOU HAST NO WINGS, OH! TIME.

[In the lines that follow will be found the original form of the idea which the author so much improved in the foregoing. Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, gives numerous instances of the extreme care with which he filed and polished up his shafts of wit to bring them to the finest point. In this practice no one could better sympathize than Moore.]

ALAS! thou hast no wings oh! time,
It was some thoughtless lover's rhyme,
Who, writing in his Chloe's view,
Paid her the compliment through you.

For had he, if he truly loved,
But once the pangs of absence proved,
He'd cropt thy wings, and, in their stead,
Have painted thee with heels of lead.

I NE'ER COULD ANY LUSTRE SEE.

I NE'ER could any lustre see,
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.

Has the maid, who seeks my heart,
Cheeks of rose, untouch'd by art?
I will own the color true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
'Till it grateful press again.

Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

WHEN SABLE NIGHT.

WHEN sable night, each drooping plant restoring,
Wept o'er her flowers, her breath did cheer,
As some sad widow o'er her baby deploring,
Wakes its beauty with a tear—
When all did sleep whose weary hearts
could borrow
One hour of love from care to rest;
Lo! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow
My lover caught me to his breast.

He vow'd he came to save me
From those that would enslave me.
Then kneeling,
Kisses stealing,
Endless faith he swore!
But soon I chid him thence,
For had his fond pretence
Obtain'd one favor then,
And he had press'd again,
I fear'd my treach'rous heart might grant
him more.

Burns, in his correspondence with Mr. George Thomson the publisher, writes thus: "There is a pretty English song by Sheridan, in 'The Duenna,' to this air, which is out of sight superior to D'Urfey's. It begins—

'When sable night, each drooping plant restoring,'

"The air, if I understand the expression of it properly, is the very native language of simplicity, tenderness, and love. I have again gone over my song to the tune, as follows:

'Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters with the tears of joy.'"

The idea conveyed in the words I have given in *italics*, is but the repetition of Sheridan's idea of Sable Night weeping over her flowers.

THE MID-WATCH.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd
main,

Then sailors think of their far-distant home,
And of those friends they ne'er may see
again ;

But when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er your
mind ;

Think, only, should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts to hear
That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
Have left on shore, some pretty girl and
true,

Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs to think how it may fare with
you :

Oh, when the fight's begun,
You serving at your gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your
mind.

Think, only, should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Her heart to hear

That her own true sailor he was one.

MARKED YOU HER CHEEK?

MARK'd you her cheek of rosy hue ?
Mark'd you her eye of sparkling blue ?
That eye, in liquid circles moving ;
That cheek, abash'd at Man's approving ;
The *one*, Love's arrows darting round ;
The *other*, blushing at the wound :
Did she not speak, did she not move,
Now *Pallas*—now the queen of love !

These lines are generally supposed to have been written upon Miss Linley ; but Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, tells us Lady Margaret Fordyce was the object of this sparkling eulogy. They are part of a long poem in which, to use Moore's words, "they shine out so conspicuously, that we cannot wonder at their having been so soon detached, like ill-set gems, from the loose and clumsy workmanship around them." In the same poem, says Moore, we find "one of those familiar lines which so many quote without knowing whence they come ; one of those stray fragments whose parentage is doubtful, but to which (as the law says of illegitimate children), '*pater est populus*.'"

"You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's surest hard reading"

THE POEMS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labor-
ing swain,

Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms
delay'd;

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could
please—

How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring
hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the
shade,

For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading
tree;

While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength
went round,

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the
place;

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks
reprove!

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports
like these,

With sweet succession, taught even toil to
please;

These round thy bowers their cheerful influ-
ence shed;

These were thy charms—but all these charms
are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
drawn;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weary
way;

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering
wall;

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's
hand,

Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has
made;

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew—
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes; my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,

And keep the flame from wasting, by repose
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill—

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,—
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits the world where strong temptations try—
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend—
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way—
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant
mind—

These all in sweet confusion sought the
shade,

And fill'd each pause the nightingale had
made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway
tread,

For all the blooming flush of life is fled—
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron—forced in age, for
bread,

To strip the brook with mantling cresses
spread,

To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till
morn—

She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain !

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
smiled,

And still where many a garden flower grows
wild—

There, where a few torn shrubs the place
disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change,
his place ;

Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to
prize—

More bent to raise the wretched than to
rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant
train ;

He chid their wanderings, but relieved their
pain :

The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged
breast ;

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims
allow'd ;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,

Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away—
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow
done,

Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields
were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd
to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side—
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for
all ;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the
skies,

He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was
laid,

And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dis-
may'd,

The reverend champion stood. At his con-
trol

Despair and anguish fled the struggling
soul ;

Comfort came down the trembling wretch
to raise,

And his last faltering accents whisper'd
praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected
grace,

His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double
sway,

And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to
pray.

The service pass'd, around the pious man

With ready zeal each honest rustic ran ;

Even children follow'd, with endearing wile

And pluck'd his gown, to share the good
man's smile :

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares
distress'd.

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
given,

But all his serious thoughts had rest in
 heaven :
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
 storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds
 are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts
 the way
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay—
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew :
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to
 trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited
 glee
 At all his jokes—for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he
 frown'd.

Yet he was kind ; or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declared how much he knew—
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides
 presage,
 And even the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For even though vanquish'd, he could argue
 still ;
 While words of learned length and thunder-
 ing sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around—
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder
 grew
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But pass'd is all his fame ; the very spot
 Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on
 high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the pass-
 ing eye,
 Low lies that house where nutbrown draughts
 inspired,
 Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil
 retired,

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks
 profound,
 And news much older than their ale went
 round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlor splendors of that festive place ;
 The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded
 floor,
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the
 door ;
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of
 goose ;
 The hearth, except when Winter chill'd the
 day,
 With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel
 gay ;
 While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendors ! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its
 fall ?
 Obscure it sinks ; nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's
 heart :
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's
 tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall
 clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength and lean to
 hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud dis-
 dain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train—
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm than all the gloss of art.
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born
 sway ;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined :

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain—
 And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay—
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around;
 Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied—
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth;
 His seat, where solitary spots are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies:
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure, all
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slight every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,

Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes—
 But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail—
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd:
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd—
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah, where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
 He drives his flocks to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe:
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train—
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy;
 Sure these denote one universal joy?
 Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.

She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
thorn;

Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head—
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from
the shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country
brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn! thine, the love-
liest train—

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary
scene,

Where half the convex world intrudes be-
tween,

Through torrid tracks with fainting steps
they go,

Where wild Altama¹ murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd be-
fore,

The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward
ray,

And fiercely shed intolerable day—

Those matted woods where birds forget to
sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling—
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance
crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death
around—

Where at each step the stranger fears to
wake

The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake—
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless
prey,

And savage men more murderous still than
they—

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,

Mingling the ravaged landscape with the
skies.

Far different these from every former scene;
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd
that parting day,

That call'd them from their native walks
away;

When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd
their last—

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western
main—

And, shuddering still to face the distant
deep,

Return'd and wept, and still return'd to
wept.

The good old sire, the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others'
woe—

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her
woes,

And bless'd the cot where every pleasure
rose,

And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many
a tear,

And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly
dear—

Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for
thee!

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own:
At every draught more large and large they
grow,

¹ The river Altamaha, in Georgia, North America.

A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part
 unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin
 round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done,
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I
 stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads
 the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the
 strand :
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there,
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest
 maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame :
Dear charming nymph, neglected and de-
 cried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st
 me so ;
Thou guide, by which the noble arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well !
Farewell ; and, oh, where'er thy voice be
 tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime ;
Ad slighted truth with thy persuasive strain ;
Teach erring-man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him, that states of native strength
 possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd ;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift
 decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the
 door,
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies—
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening
 chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints
 attend :
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests
 retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening
 fire ;
Blest that abode, where want and pain re-
 pair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty
 crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and
 care—
Inpell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the
 view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and
 skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies—
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And placed on high, above the storm's
 career,
Look downward where a hundred realms
 appear—

Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler
pride.

When thus creation's charms around com-
bine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride re-
pine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom
vain?

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glittering towns with wealth and splen-
dor crown'd;

Ye fields where Summer spreads profusion
round;

Ye lakes whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains that dress the flowery
vale;—

For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is
mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it
o'er;

Hoard after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting
still:

Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man
supplies,

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope
at rest,

May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot be-
low,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,

Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they
gave.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we
roam,

His first best country ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom
find

An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings
even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call:
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits
frown,

These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of
down.

From art more various are the blessings
sent—

Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content;
Yet these each other's power so strong con-
test,

That either seems destructive of the rest:
Where wealth and freedom reign, content-
ment fails,

And honor sinks where commerce long pre-
vails.

Hence every state, to one loved blessing
prone,

Conforms and models life to that alone;
Each to the favorite happiness attends;
And spurns the plan that aims at other
ends—

Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer
eyes,

And trace them through the prospect as it
lies:

Here, for awhile my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every
blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the Summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mouldering tops
 between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the
 ground—
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied
 year—
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die—
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings ex-
 pand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling
 land.

But small the bliss that sense alone be-
 stows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows;
In florid beauty groves and fields appear—
Man seems the only growth that dwindles
 here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners
 reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive,
 vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet
 untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs—nor far removed the
 date
When commerce proudly flourish'd through
 the state.
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the
 skies,
The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human
 form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail,

While naught remain'd, of all that riches
 gave,
But towns unmann'd and lords without a
 slave—
And late the nation found, with fruitless
 skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here sup-
 plied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride:
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen
 mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love—
A mistress or a saint in every grove:
By sports like these are all their cares be-
 guiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child,
Each nobler aim repress by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore
 sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger
 pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race dis-
 play—
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy man-
 sions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his
 sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But Winter lingering chills the lap of May,
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms
 invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a
 charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts
 though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short re-
 pose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep;
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the
 steep;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark
 the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, every labor sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round sur-
 veys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the
 blaze;
 While his loved partner, boastful of her
 hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
 And haply too some pilgrim thither led
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
 And e'en those hills, that round his mansion
 rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
 Dear is that shed to which his soul con-
 forms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the
 storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's
 breast—
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states as-
 sign'd—
 Their wants but few, their wishes all con-
 fined—
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but
 few;

For every want that stimulates the breast
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
 Whence from such lands each pleasing
 science flies,
 That first excites desire, and then supplies.
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures
 cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul
 to flame,
 Catch every nerve and vibrate through the
 frame:
 Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong
 desire;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely
 flow,
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
 Unalter'd, unimproved, the manners run;
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed
 dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's
 breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Through life's more cultured walks, and
 charm the way—
 These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners
 reign,
 I turn; and France displays her bright do-
 main.
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world
 can please—
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring
 Loire!
 Where shading elms along the margin grew
 And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr
 flew!
 And haply, though my harsh touch, falter-
 ing still,

But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill—

Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,

And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days

Have led their children through the mirthful maze;

And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display;

Thus idly busy rolls their world away.

Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,

For honor forms the social temper here:

Honor, that praise which real merit gains,

Or even imaginary worth obtains,

Here passes current—paid from hand to hand,

It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;

From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,

And all are taught an avarice of praise—

They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,

Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;

For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,

Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;

And the weak soul, within itself unblest,

Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.

Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,

Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;

Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,

And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,

To boast one splendid banquet once a year:

The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,

Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,

Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.

Methinks her patient sons before me stand,

Where the broad ocean leans against the land;

And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,

Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.

Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,

The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,

Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,

Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore—

While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,

Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile

The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,

The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,

The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—

A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,

Industrious habits in each bosom reign,

And industry begets a love of gain.

Hence all the good from opulence that springs,

With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,

Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth imparts

Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;

But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,

Even liberty itself is barter'd here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;

The needy sell it, and the rich man buys:

A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,

Here wretches seek dishonorable graves;

And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,

Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens, how unlike their Belgic sires of old—

Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,

War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;

How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,

And flies where Britain courts the western Spring;

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,

And brighter streams than famed Hydaspis glide.

There, all around, the gentlest breezes stray;
 There gentle music melts on every spray;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combined :

Extremes are only in the master's mind.
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great.
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by,
 Intent on high designs—a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagined right, above control;
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here;
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
 But, foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
 That independence Britons prize too high
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie :

The self-dependent lordlings stand alone—
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;
 Till, overwrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stopp'd, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
 'Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms—
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame.

Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote
 for fame—
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great.
 Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
 And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel—
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favor's fostering sun—
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
 I only would repress them to secure;
 For just experience tells in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil;
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warns;
 But, when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own—
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free—
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law—
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home—
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful
 hour
 When first ambition struck at regal power;
 And thus, polluting honor in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double
 force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled
 shore,
 Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they
 waste?
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets
 rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose?
 Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron and the blushing maid,
 Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western
 main—
 Where wild Oswego¹ spreads her swamps
 around,
 And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim
 strays
 Through tangled forests and through dan-
 gerous ways,
 Where beasts with man divided empire
 claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murder-
 ous aim—
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise—
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's glories
 shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind.
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and re-
 pose,
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In every government, though terrors reign,

Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or
 cure!
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find.
 With secret course, which no loud storms
 annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy;
 The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
 Zeck's iron crown, and Damiens'¹ bed of
 steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely
 known—
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our
 own.

THE HERMIT.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
 And guide my lonely way
 To where yon taper cheers the vale
 With hospitable ray.

For here, forlorn and lost, I tread,
 With fainting steps and slow,
 Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
 Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
 "To tempt the dangerous gloom;
 For yonder faithless phantom flies
 To lure thee to thy doom.

Here, to the houseless child of want
 My door is open still;
 And, though my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good will.

Then turn to-night, and freely share
 Whate'er my cell bestows—
 My rushy couch and frugal fare,
 My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free,
 To slaughter I condemn—

¹ Oswego, a river of N. America running into Lake Ontario.

¹ George and Luke Zeck headed an insurrection in Hungary, 1514; George usurped the sovereignty, and was punished by a red-hot iron crown. Damiens, who attempted the assassination of Louis XV. of France, in 1757, was tortured to death.

Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego,—
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far, in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay,—
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly press'd and smiled;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,—
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies.

But, nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe—
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied—
With answering care oppress'd;
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?"

From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

Alas, the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep—
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

And love is still an emptier sound—
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said;
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd:

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view—
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest,
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried—
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray—
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

My father lived beside the Tyne—
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine:
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came;

Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd—
But never talk'd of love.

In humble simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

And when beside me in the dale
He caroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could naught of purity display
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine:
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret, where he died.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there, forforn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, heaven!" the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear—
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

No; never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true—
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Bookworm led a college life;
A fellowship, at twenty-five,
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arrived at thirty-six?
Oh, had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
Oh, had her eyes forgot to blaze,
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!
Oh!—But let exclamation cease;
Her presence banish'd all his peace:
So with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd and blush'd, and then ~~was~~—
married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains closed around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms:
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;

And though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honeymoon like lightning flew;
The second brought its transports too;
A third, a fourth, were not amiss;
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss;
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind—
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humor rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle.
'Tis true, she dress'd with modern grace—
Half-naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain-lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short—by night 'twas fits or fretting,
By day 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee;
The squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations.
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus, as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shows
Or thins her lip or points her nose;
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues—
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promised to hold them on for life—

That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower—
Lo, the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair,
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright.
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes;
In vain she tries her paste and creams
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams:
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens;
The squire himself was seen to yield,
And even the captain quit the field.

Poor madam, now condemn'd to back
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old.
With modesty her cheeks are dyed;
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean;
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day:
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

STANZAS ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamor of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot
heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures start.

Oh, Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing, we pay, and think e'en conquest
dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung
tear.

Alive the foe thy dreadful vigor fled,
 And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing
 eyes :
 Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though
 dead !

Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes
 rise.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.

[This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot-soldier; growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's *Henriade*.]

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery
 freed,

Who long was a bookseller's hack;
 He led such a damnable life in this world,
 I don't think he'll wish to come back.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom, is—to die.

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word—
 From those who spoke her praise

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind;
 She freely lent to all the poor—
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
 With manners wondrous winning;
 And never follow'd wicked ways—
 Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size,
 She never slumber'd in her pew—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more;
 The king himself has follow'd her—
 When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all;
 The doctors found, when she was dead—
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
 For Kent-street well may say,
 That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
 She had not died to-day.

EPITAPH ON DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb, inscribed to gentle Parnell's
 name,

May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
 What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
 That leads to truth through pleasure's flow-
 ery way ?

Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
 And heaven, that lent him genius, was re-
 paid.

Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
 The transitory breath of fame below :
 More lasting rapture from his work shall
 rise,

While converts thank their poet in the skies

A PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE POET LARE-
RIUS, A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR
FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

(PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS.)

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious
stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age?
Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a
year,
What, in the name of dotage, drives me
here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps
aside;
Unawed by power, and unappall'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honor dear:
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honor is no more;
For, ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
Him I obey, whom heaven itself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclined to please.
Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well:
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honor ends.

EPILOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF
"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

WELL, having *Stooped to Conquer* with suc-
cess,
And gain'd a husband without aid from
dress,
Still, as a bar-maid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him, to conquer you:

And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, composed to please,
"We have our exits and our entrances."
The first act shows the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of every thing afraid;
Blushes when hired, and with unmeaning
action,
"I hope as how to give you satisfaction."
Her second act displays a livelier scene—
Th' unblushing bar-maid of a country inn,
Who whisks about the house, at market
caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds
the waiters.
Next the scene shifts to town, and there she
soars,
The chophouse toasts of ogling connoisseurs.
On squares and cits she there displays her
arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts.
And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
Even common-councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shows her wedded to the
squire,
And madam now begins to hold it higher:
Dotes upon dancing, and in all her pride
Swims round the room the Heinelle of
Cheapside;
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
Till having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at
Spadille.
Such, through our lives, the eventful history:
The fifth and last act still remains for me.
The bar-maid now for your protection prays,
Turns female barrister, and pleads for bays.

E M M A.

IN all my Emma's beauties blest,
Amidst profusion still I pine;
For though she gives me up her breast,
Its panting tenant is not mine.

THE POEMS OF AUBREY DE VERE.

SONG.

Love laid down his golden head
On his mother's knee;—
“The world runs round so fast,” he said,
“None has time for me.”

Thought, a sage unhonor'd, turn'd
From the on-rushing crew;
Song her starry legend spurn'd;
Art her glass down threw.

Roll on, blind world, upon thy track
Until thy wheels catch fire!
For that is gone which comes not back
To seller nor to buyer!

CREEP SLOWLY UP THE WILLOW-WAND.

CREEP slowly up the willow-wand,
Young leaves; and in your lightness
Teach us that spirits which despond
May wear their own pure brightness!

Into new sweetness slowly dip,
O May! advance, yet linger;
Nor let the ring too swiftly slip
Down that new-plighted finger!

Thy bursting blooms, O Spring, retard:—
While thus thy raptures press on,
How many a joy is lost or marr'd,
How many a lovely lesson!

For each new grace conceded, those
The earlier-loved are taken;
In death their eyes must violets close
Before the rose can waken.

Ye woods with ice-threads tingling late,
Where late we heard the robin,
Your chants that hour but antedate
When autumn winds are sobbing.

Ye gummy buds in silken sheath,
Hang back content to glisten!
Hold in, O Earth, thy charmed breath;
Thou air, be still, and listen!

SPENSER.

ONE peaceful spot in a storm-vex'd isle
Shall wear forever the past's calm smile:—
Kilcoleman Castle! There Spenser sate;
There sang, unweeting of coming fate.

The song he sang was a life-romance
Woven by Virtues in mystic dance,
Where the gods and the heroes of Grecian
story
Themselves were virtues in allegory.

True love was in it, but love sublimed,
Occult, high-reason'd, bewitch'd, be-rhymed!
The knight was the servant of ends trans-
human,
The women were seraphs, the bard half
woman.

Time and its tumults, stern shocks, hearts
 wrung,
 To him were mad words to sweet music sung,
 History to him an old missal quaint
 Border'd round with gold angel and azure
 saint.

Creative indeed was that eye, sad Mary,
 That hail'd in thy rival a queen of faery
 And in Raleigh, half statesman, half pirate,
 could see
 But the shepherd of ocean's green Arcady.

Under groves of Penshurst his first notes
 rang:
 As Sidney lived so his Spenser sang.
 From the well-head of Chaucer one stream
 found birth,
 Like an Arethusa, on Irish earth.

From the court he had fled, and the courtly
 lure:—

One virgin muse in an age not pure
 Wore Florimel's girdle, and mourn'd in song
 'Disguised as Irena's) Ierne's wrong.'

Roll onward, thou western llyssus, roll,
 "Mulla," far kenn'd by "old mountain
 Mole!"

With thy Shepherds a Calidore loved to
 dwell;
 And beside him an Irish Pastorel.

Dead are the wild-flowers she flung on thy
 tide,
 Bending over thee, giftless—that well-sung
 bride:²

The flowers have pass'd by, but abideth the
 river;
 And the genius that hallow'd it haunts it
 forever.

HOLY CROSS ABBEY.

Nor dead, but living still and militant,
 With things dead-doom'd wrestling in con-
 quering war,

More free for chains, more fair for every scar,
 How well, huge pile, that forehead gray and
 gaunt

Thou lift'st our world of fleeting shapes to
 daunt!

The past in thee surviveth petrified:
 Like some dead tongue art thou, some
 tongue that died

To live;—for prayer reserved, of flatteries
 scant.

The age of Sophists takes on thee no hold:
 From thine ascetic breast the hollow jibe
 Falls flat, and cavil of the blustering scribe
 Thine endless iron winter mocks the gold
 Of our brief autumns. God hath press'd on
 thee

The impress of His own eternity.

SELF-DECEPTION

LIKE mist it tracks us wheresoe'er we go,
 Like air bends with us ever as we bend;
 And, as the shades at noontide darkest grow,
 With grace ascending it too can ascend:
 Weakness with virtue skill'd it is to blend,
 Breed baser life from buried sins laid low,
 Empty our world of God and good, yet lend
 The spirit's waste a paradisal glow.

O happy children simple even in wiles!
 And ye of single eye thrice happy poor!
 Practised self-love, the cheat which slays
 with smiles,

Weaves not for you the inevitable lure.
 Men live a lie:—specious their latest
 breath:—

Welcome, delusion-slayer, truthful Death!

OUR KINGS SAT OF OLD IN EMANIA AND TARA.

I.

OUR kings sat of old in Emania and Tara:—
 Those new kings whence are they? Their
 names are unknown!

Our saints lie entomb'd in Ardماغ and
 Cilldara;

Their relics are healing; their graves are
 grass-grown.

¹ Fairy Queen, Book V. Canto 1.

² "Song made in lieu of many ornaments."—SPENSER'S
Epithalamion.

Our princes of old, when their warfare was
over,
As pilgrims forth wander'd, as hermits
found rest:—
Shall the hand of the stranger their ashes
uncover
In Bennchor the holy, in Aran the blest?!

II.

Not so, by the race our Dalriada planted!—
In Alba were children; we sent her a
man.

There is no other example of a nation devoting itself to spiritual things with an ardor and a success comparable to that which distinguished Ireland. During the first three centuries after her conversion to Christianity she resembled one vast monastery. Statements so extraordinary that if they came from Irish sources they might be supposed to have originated in national vanity, have reached us in such numbers from the records of those foreign nations under whose altars the relics of Irish saints and founders repose, that upon this point there remains no difference of opinion among the learned. For ordinary readers the subject is sufficiently illustrated in the more recent Irish histories. Mr. Moore remarks (Hist. of Ireland, vol. i. p. 276): "In order to convey to the reader any adequate notion of the apostolic labors of that great crowd of learned missionaries whom Ireland sent forth, in the course of this century, to all parts of Europe, it would be necessary to transport him to the scenes of their respective missions; to point out the difficulties they had to encounter, and the admirable patience and courage with which they surmounted them; to show how inestimable was the service they rendered, during that dark period, by keeping the dying embers of learning awake, and how gratefully their names are enshrined in the records of foreign lands, though but faintly, if at all, remembered in their own, winning for her that noble title of the 'island of the holy and the learned,' which throughout the night that overhung the rest of Europe she so long and so proudly wore. Thus the labors of the great missionary, St. Columbanus, were after his death still vigorously carried on, both in France and Italy, by those disciples who had accompanied or joined him from Ireland; and his favorite Gallus, to whom in dying he bequeathed his pastoral staff, became the founder of an abbey in Switzerland, which was in the thirteenth century erected into a principedom, while the territory belonging to it, through all changes, bore the name of St. Gall. * * * This pious Irishman has been called by a foreign martyrologist, the apostle of the Allemanian nation. Another disciple and countryman of St. Columbanus, named Deicola, or in Irish Dichnill, enjoyed like his master the patronage and friendship of the monarch Clotaire II., who endowed the monastic establishment formed by him at Luthra with considerable grants of land."

He proceeds to enumerate many other monuments of early Irish devotion, as the tomb of the Irish priest Caidoc, in the monastery of Centula in Ponthieu, and the hermitage of St. Fiacre, to which Anne of Austria, in the year 1641, made her pilgrimage on foot. He records the labors of St. Fursa among the East Angles, and afterward in France, and of his brothers Ultan and Foillan in Brabant; of St. Livin in Ghent; of St. Fridolin beside the Rhine. He refers to the two Irishmen successively bishops of Strasburg, St. Arbogast, and St. Florentinus; to the two brothers Erard and Albert, whose tombs were long shown at Ratibon; to St. Wiro, to whom Pepin used to confess, barefooted; to St. Killan, the great apostle of Franconia, who consummated his labors by martyrdom, and who is still honored at Wurtzburg as its patron saint. He proceeds to commemorate Cataldus, patron of Tarentum, and at one period an ornament of the celebrated

Battles won in Argyle in Dunedin they
chanted:
King Kenneth completed what Fergus
began.
Our name is her name: she is Alba no
longer:
Her kings are our blood, and she crowns
them at Scone:
Strong-hearted they are; and strong-handed;
but stronger
When throned on our Lia Fail, Destiny's
stone!

school of Lismore, and Virgilinus, or Feargal, denounced to the Pope by Boniface as a heretic for having anticipated at that early period the discovery of the "antipodes," and maintained "that there was another world, and other men under the earth." This great man propagated the Gospel among the Carinthians. He then records the selection by Charlemagne of two Irishmen, Clement and Albinus, one of whom he placed at the head of a seminary founded by him in France, while the other presided over a similar institution at Pavia; a third Irishman, Dungal, being especially consulted by the same prince on account of his astronomical knowledge. This celebrated teacher carried on a controversy with Claudius Bishop of Turin, who had revived the heterodox opinions of Vigilantius against the veneration of the saints. He bequeathed to the monastery of Bobio his library, the greater part of which is still preserved at Milan.

Mr. Moore next illustrates the remarkable knowledge of Greek possessed by the early Irish ecclesiastics, a circumstance accounted for by the fact that the fame of the Irish churches and schools had attracted many Greeks to Ireland. Advancing to the ninth century he records Sedulius and Donatus, the former of whom had become so celebrated from his writings that the Pope created him Bishop of Oretto, and despatched him to Spain in order that he might compose the differences which had arisen among the clergy there, while the latter was made Bishop of Fiesole. Of his writings nothing remains except the Latin verses in which he celebrates his native land under its early name of Scotia.

"Finibus occiduis describitur optima tellus

Nomine et antiquis Scotia dicta libris.

Insula dives opum, gemmarum, vestis et auri:

Commoda corporibus, aere, sole, solo," &c.

He next gives an account of the far-famed John Scotus Erigena, and remarks upon the influence of the early Irish writers on the scholastic philosophy.—(Moore's History, vol. i. pp. 276-307.) From the latter part of the fifth century to the latter part of the eighth was Ireland's golden age. The Danish invasions reduced her to the comparatively low condition in which she was found by the Normans in the twelfth.

The progress of Ireland's Christianity is briefly but comprehensively narrated also in Mr. Haverty's recent History of Ireland, Farrell & Son:—"Among the great ecclesiastical schools or monasteries founded in Ireland about this time (the fifth century), were those of St. Ailbe of Emly, of St. Benignus of Armagh, of St. Fiech of Sletty, of St. Mel of Ardagh, of St. Mochay of Antrim, of St. Mochens of Louth, of St. Ibar of Beg-Erin, of St. Asicus of Elphin, and of St. Glcan of Derkan."—P. 75. " * * * The most celebrated of them, founded early in the sixth century, were Clonard in Meath founded by St. Finan or Finian; Clonmacnoise, on the banks of the Shannon, in the King's county, founded in the same century by St. Kieran, called the Carpenter's Son; Bennchor, or Bangor, in the Ards of Ulster, founded by St. Comgall in the year 558, and Lismore in Waterford, founded by St. Carthach, or Mochuda, about the year 633. The seat of

THE MALISON.

I.

THE Curse of that land which in ban and in blessing

Hath puissance, through prayer and through penance alight

On the False One who whisper'd, the traitor's hand pressing,

"I ride without guards in the morning,—good-night!"

O beautiful serpent! O woman fiend-hearted!

Wife false to O'Ruark! queen base to thy trust!

The glory of ages forever departed

That hour from the isle of the saintly and just.

II.

The Curse of that land on the monarchs disloyal,

Who welcomed the invader, and knelt at his knee!

False Dermot, false Donald—the chieftains once royal

Of the Deasies and Ossory, cursed let them be!

Their name and their shame make eternal.

Engrave them

On the cliffs which the great billows buffet and stain:

Like billows the nations, when tyrants enslave them,

Swell up in their fury—not always in vain!

many other Irish schools attracted a vast concourse of students, the pupils of a single school often numbering from one to three thousand, several of whom came from Britain, Gaul, and other countries, drawn thither by the reputation for sanctity and learning which Ireland enjoyed throughout Europe."—P. 87. " * * * Scarcely an island round the coast, or in the lakes of the interior, or a valley, or any solitary spot, could be found which, like the deserts of Egypt and Palestine, was not inhabited by fervent cenobites and anchorites."—P. 88. After various quotations from eminent foreign authorities, as Eriæ of Auxerre, and Thierry, Mr. Haverly proceeds:—"Stephen White (Apologia, p. 24) thus sums up the labors of the Irish saints on the continent:—'Among the names of saints whom Ireland formerly sent forth there were, as I have learned from the trustworthy writings of the ancients, 150 now honored as patrons of places in Germany, of whom 36 were martyrs; 45 Irish patrons in the Gauls, of whom 6 were martyrs; at least 30 in Belgium; 44 in England; 13 in Italy; and in Norway and Iceland 8 martyrs, besides many others.' It has been calculated that the ancient Irish monks had 13 monastic foundations in Scotland, 12 in England, 7 in France, 12 in Armoric Gaul, 7 in Lotharingia, 11 in Burgundy, 9 in Belgium, 10 in Alsatia, 16 in Bavaria, 6 in Italy, and 15 in Rhetia, Helvetia, and Suavia, be-

III.

But praise in the churches, and worship and honor

To him who, betray'd and deserted, fought on!

All praise to King Roderick, the prince of Clan Connor,

The king of all Erin, and Cathall his son! May the million-voiced chant that in endless expansion

Sweeps onward through heaven his praises prolong;

May the heaven of heavens this night be the mansion

Of the good king who died in the cloisters of Cong!

HYMN,

ON THE FOUNDING OF THE ABBEY OF ST.

THOMAS THE MARTYR (À BECKER),

IN DUBLIN, A. D. 1177.

"The celebrated Abbey of St. Thomas the Martyr was founded in Dublin by Fitz-Adelm, by order of Henry Second. The site was the place now called Thomas' Court. In the presence of Cardinal Vivian and St. Laurence O'Toole the deputy endowed it with a carucate of land called Donore."

HAVERTY'S *Hist. of Ireland*, Farrell & Son's edition, 205.

I.

Rejoice, thou race of man, rejoice!

To-day the Church renews her boast

Of England's Thomas; and her voice

Is echo'd by the heavenly host.

sides many in Thuringia, and on the left margin of the Rhine between Gueldres and Alsatia."—Note, p. 103. "Even after the Danish invasion Ireland continued to found her religious establishments in foreign countries:—"A few Irish monks settled at Glastonbury, and for their support began to teach the rudiments of sacred and secular knowledge. One of the earliest and most illustrious of their pupils was the great St. Dunstan, who, under the tuition of these Irishmen became skilful in philosophy, music, and other accomplishments. * * * St. Cadroc, the son of a king of the Albanian Scotti, was at the same time in Ireland, studying in the schools of Armagh."—P. 144. Mr. Haverly gives also an interesting account of the Culdees of Ireland, "religious persons resembling very much members of the tertiary orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis in the Catholic Church at the present day, or one of the great religious confraternities of modern times."—P. 105. He also explains those abuses, the cause of so much misconception, by which the great chiefs occasionally usurped and transmitted, though not in holy orders, the titles and estates of the richer bishoprics, the spiritual duties of which were vicariously discharged by churchmen, as has happened more frequently at a later time in the case of parishes appropriated by lay rectors.

Rejoice, whoever loves the right ;
 Rejoice, ye faithful men and true :
 The Prince of Peace o'errules the fight ;
 The many fall before the few.

II.

Behold a great high priest with rays
 Of martyrdom's red sunset crown'd !
 No other like him in the days
 Wherein he trod the earth was found.
 The swords of men unholy met
 Above him clashing, and he bled :
 But God, the God he served, hath set
 A wreath unfading on his head.

III.

Great is the priestly charge, and great
 The line to whom that charge is given !
 It comes not, that pontificate,
 Save from the great High Priest in
 heaven !
 A frowning king no equal brook'd :—
 "Obey," he cried, "my will, or die."
 Thomas, like Stephen, heavenward look'd
 And saw the Son of Man on high.

IV.

Blest is the People, blest and strong,
 That 'mid its pontiffs counts a saint !
 His virtuous memory lasting long
 Shall keep its altars pure from taint.
 The heathen plot, the tyrants rage ;
 But in their Saint the poor shall find
 A shield, or after many an age
 A light restored to guide the blind.

Thus with expiatory rite
 The Roman priest and Laurence sang,
 And loud the regal towers that night
 With music and with feasting rang.

DEAD IS THE PRINCE OF THE SILVER HAND.¹

I.

DEAD is the Prince of the Silver Hand,
 And dead Eochy the son of Erc !
 Ere lived Milesius they ruled the land
 Thou hast ruled and lost in turn, O'Ruark !

¹ Nuad "of the Silver Hand" was the leader of the Tuatha de Danann who are said by the bards to have landed in Ireland A. M. 3303, i. e. according to the chronology of the Septuagint, adopted by the Four Masters. Eochy, the last of the Firbolg kings, was slain by them; and a cairn still shown on the seacoast near Sligo is said to be his grave. The first proceeding of the invaders was to burn their fleet, so as to render retreat impossible. "According to the superstitious ideas of the bards these Tuatha de Danann were profoundly skilled in magic, and rendered themselves invisible to the inhabitants until they had penetrated into the heart of the country. In other words, they landed under the cover of a fog or mist; and the Firbolgs, at first taken by surprise, made no regular stand, until the new-comers had marched almost across Ireland, when the two armies met face to face on the plain of Moytura, near the shore of Lough Corrib, in part of the ancient territory of Partry. Here a battle was fought, in which the Firbolgs were overthrown, 'with the greatest slaughter,' says an old writer, 'that was ever heard of in Ireland at one meeting.' * * * The scattered fragments of his (Eochy's) army took refuge in the northern isle of Aran, Rathlin Island, the Hebrides, the Isle of Man, and Britain."—Farrell & Son's *Haverly's Ireland*, p. 12. "The victorious Nuad lost his hand in this battle, and a silver hand was made for him by Credne Cerd, the artificer, and fitted on him by the Physician Diencecht, whose son, Miach, improved the work, according to the legend, by infusing feeling and motion into every joint of the artificial hand, as if it had been a natural one."—Farrell & Son's *Haverly's Hist. of Ireland*, p. 13. Twenty-seven years later Nuad was killed in battle by Balor, "of the mighty blows," a Fomorian. The sway of the Tuatha de Danann is said to have lasted for 197 years, when it was terminated by the immigration of the Milesian race. Farrell & Son's *Haverly's Ireland*, p. 13. Dr. O'Donovan says (*Four Masters*, vol. i. p. 24):—"From the many monuments ascribed to this colony by tradition, and in ancient Irish historical tales, it is quite evident that they were a real people; and from their having been considered gods and ma-

gicians by the Gaedhil, or Scotti, who subdued them, it may be inferred that they were skilled in arts which the latter did not understand. * * * It appears from a very curious and ancient Irish tract, written in the shape of a dialogue between St. Patrick and Caoilte MacRonnain, that there were very many places in Ireland where the Tuatha de Danann were then supposed to live as sprites or fairies, with corporeal and material forms, but endowed with immortality. The inference naturally to be drawn from these stories is that the Tuatha de Danann lingered in the country for many centuries after their subjection by the Gaedhil, and that they lived in retired situations, where they practised abstruse arts, which induced the others to regard them as magicians."

The Tuatha de Danann are chiefly remembered in connection with two circumstances. They are asserted to have carried into Ireland the far-famed "Lia Fail," or "Stone of Destiny," on which the kings of Ireland were crowned for ages, and which was afterward said to have been removed to Scone in Scotland; and they gave Ireland her name. The three names by which Ireland was called in early years, Eire, Banba, and Fodhla, were assigned to her in consequence of their belonging to the wives of the three last kings of the Tuatha de Danann race, each of whom reigned successively during a single year. These three queens were slain in the battle fought by the Milesians against the Tuatha de Danann at Tailtiu, or Teltown, in Meath; the Irish queens being accustomed in the Pagan times to lead their armies to battle. The Tuatha de Dananns seem to have easily kept the Firbolgs, a pastoral people, in subjection, being, though inferior to them in numbers, far superior in civilization. "It is probable," says Mr. Haverly, "that by the Tuatha de Dananns mines were first worked in Ireland; and it is generally believed that they were the artificers of those beautifully-shaped bronzed swords and spear-heads that have been found in Ireland, and of which so many fine specimens may be seen in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. * * * There is evidence to show that the vast mounds or artificial hills of Drogheda, Knowth, Dowth, and New Grange, along the banks of

Two thousand years have pass'd since then,
 And clans and kingdoms in blind com-
 motion
 Have butted at heaven and sunk again
 As the great waves sink in the depths of
 ocean.

II.

Last King of the Gaels of Eire, be still!
 What God decrees must come to pass:
 There is none that soundeth His Way or
 Will:
 His hand is iron, and earth is glass.
 Where built the Firbolgs there shrieks the
 owl;
 The Tuatha bequeath'd but the name of
 Eire:—
 Roderick, our last of kings, thy cowl
 Outweighs the crown of thy kingly sire!

THE FAITHFUL NORMAN.

I.

PRaise to the valiant and faithful foe!
 Give us noble foes, not the friend who
 lies!
 We dread the drugg'd cup, not the open
 blow;—
 We dread the old hate in the new dis-
 guise.
 To Ossory's King they had pledged their
 word:
 He stood in their camp, and their pledge
 they broke;
 Then Maurice the Norman upraised his
 sword;
 The cross on its hilt he kiss'd, and spoke:—

II.

"So long as this sword or this arm hath
 might
 I swear by the cross which is lord of all,
 By the faith and honor of noble and knight
 Who touches yon Prince by this hand
 shall fall!"

So side by side through the throng they
 pass'd;
 And Eire gave praise to the just and
 true.
 Brave foe! Wrongs past truth heals at
 last;—
 There is room in the great heart of Eire
 for you!

ST. PATRICK AND THE BARD.

THE land is sad, and dark our days:
 Sing us a song of the days that were!—
 Then sang the bard in his Order's praise
 This song of the chief bard of king Laeg
 haire.

I.

The King is wroth with a greater wrath
 Than the wrath of Nial or the wrath of
 Conn!
 From his heart to his brow the blood makes
 path,
 And hangs there, a red cloud, beneath his
 crown.

II.

Is there any who knows not, from south to
 north,
 That Laeghaire to-morrow his birthday
 keeps?
 No fire may be lit upon hill or hearth
 Till the King's strong fire in its kingly
 mirth
 Leaps upward from Tara's palace steep!

III.

Yet Patrick has lighted his paschal fire
 At Slane,—it is holy Saturday,—
 And bless'd his font 'mid the chanting
 choir!
 From hill to hill the flame makes way:
 While the King looks on it, his eyes with
 ire
 Flash red, like Mars, under tresses gray.

the Boyne, with several minor tumuli in the same neighbor-
 hood, were erected as the tombs of Tuatha de Danann kings
 and chieftains; and as such they only rank after the pyramids
 of Egypt for the stupendous efforts which were required to
 raise them. As to the Firbolgs, it is doubtful whether there

are any monuments remaining of their first sway in Ireland;
 but the famous Dun Angus, and other great stone forts in the
 islands of Aran, are well authenticated remnants of their mili-
 tary structures of the period of the Christian era, or there-
 abouts."—P. 20.

IV.

The great King's captains with drawn swords
 rose;
 To avenge their Lord and the State they
 swore;
 The Druids rose and their garments tore;
 "The strangers to us and our gods are foes!"
 Then the King to Patrick a herald sent,
 Who said, "Come up at noon, and show
 Who lit thy fire, and with what intent?—
 These things the great King Laeghaire
 would know."

V.

But Laeghaire conceal'd twelve men in the
 way,
 Who swore by the sun the saint to slay.

VI.

When the waters of Boyne began to bask,
 And the fields to flash, in the rising sun,
 The Apostle Evangelist kept his Pasch,
 And Erin her grace baptismal won:
 Her birthday it was;—his font the rock,
 He bless'd the land, and he bless'd his flock.

VII.

Then forth to Tara he fared full lowly:
 The Staff of Jesus was in his hand;
 Eight priests paced after him chanting
 slowly,
 Printing their steps on the dewy land.
 It was the Resurrection morn;
 The lark sang loud o'er the springing corn;
 The dove was heard, and the hunter's horn.

VIII.

The murderers stood close by on the way;
 Yet they saw naught save the lambs at play.

IX.

A trouble lurk'd in the King's strong eye
 When the guests that he counted for dead
 drew nigh.
 He sat in state at his palace gate;
 His chiefs and his nobles were ranged
 around;
 The Druids like ravens smelt some far fate;
 Their eyes were gloomily bent on the
 ground.
 Then spake Laeghaire: "He comes—beware!
 Let none salute him, or rise from his chair!"

X.

Like some still vision men see by night,
 Mitred, with eyes of serene command,
 Saint Patrick moved onward in ghostly
 white:
 The Staff of Jesus was in his hand.
 His priests paced after him unafraid,
 And the boy, Benignus, more like a maid,
 Like a maid just wedded he walk'd and
 smiled,
 To Christ new-plighted, that priestly child.

XI.

They enter'd the circle; their hymn they
 ceased;
 The Druids their eyes bent earthward
 still:
 On Patrick's brow the glory increased,
 As a sunrise brightening some breathless
 hill.
 The warriors sat silent: strange awe they
 felt;—
 The chief bard, Dubtach, rose up, and knelt!

XII.

Then Patrick discoursed of the things to be
 When time gives way to eternity,
 Of kingdoms that cease, which are dreams
 not things,
 And the Kingdom built by the King of
 kings.
 Of Him he spake who reigns from the Cross;
 Of the death which is life, and the life which
 is loss;
 And how all things were made by the Infant
 Lord,
 And the small hand the Magian kings
 adored.
 His voice sounded on like a throbbing flood
 That swells all night from some far-off wood,
 And when it was ended—that wondrous
 strain—
 Invisible myriads breathed low, "Amen!"

XIII.

While he spake, men say that the refluxent
 tide
 On the shore beside Colpa ceased to sink;
 And they say the white deer by Mulla's
 side
 O'er the green marge bending forebore to
 drink:

That the Brandon eagle forgot to soar;
That no leaf stirr'd in the wood by Lee.—
Such stupor hung the island o'er,
For none might guess what the end would
be.

XIV.

Then whisper'd the King to a chief close by,
"It were better for me to believe than die!"

XV.

Yet the King believed not; but ordinance
gave

That whoso would might believe that
word:

So the meek believed, and the wise, and
brave,

And Mary's Son as their God adored.

Ethnea and Fethlimea, his daughters twain,

That day were in baptism born again;
And the Druids, because they could answer
naught,

Bow'd down to the faith the stranger brought.

That day upon Erin God pour'd His Spirit,—

Yet none like the chief of the bards had
merit,

Dubtach!—He rose and believed the first,

Ere the great light yet on the rest had
burst.

It was thus that Erin, then blind but strong,

To Christ through her chief bard paid
homage due:

And this was a sign that in Erin song

Should from first to last to the cross be
true!

'Twas A HOLY TIME WHEN THE KING'S LONG FOEMEN.¹

I.

'Twas a holy time when the king's long foe-
men

Fought, side by side, to uplift the serf;

Never triumph'd in old time Greek or Roman

As Brian and Malachi at Clontarf.

¹ Malachi, who fought under the great Brian Borumha at Clontarf, where the Danish power in Ireland was overthrown forever, had himself been King of all Ireland, but allowed himself to be deposed, A. D. 1003, and his rival to be elevated

There was peace in Eire for long years after;
Canute in England reign'd and Sweyn;
But Eire found rest, and the freeman's
laughter
Rang out the knell of the vanquish'd Dane.

II.

Praise to the king of ninety years

Who rode round the battle-field, cross in
hand!

But the blessing of Eire and grateful tears

To him who fought under Brian's com-
mand!

A crown in heaven for the king who brake,

To stanch old discords, his royal wand;

Who spurn'd his throne for his people's sake,

Who served a rival and saved the land!

KING LAEGHAIRE AND SAINT PATRICK.

Thus sang to the princess the bard Maelmire;
But the princess received not the words he
said:

There was ever great feud and great hate in
Eire:

Yet O'Donnell wept when O'Neill was dead.

I.

"Thou son of Calphurn, in peace go forth!"

This hand shall slay them whoe'er shall
slay thee!

The carles shall stand to their necks in
earth

Till they die of thirst who mock or stay
thee!

in his place. Mr. Moore remarks on this subject (History of Ireland, vol. ii. p. 101):—"The ready acquiescence with which, in general, so violent a change in the polity of the country was submitted to, may be in a great degree attributed to the example of patience and disinterestedness exhibited by the immediate victim of this revolution, the deposed Malachi himself. Nor, in forming our estimate of this Prince's character, from a general view of his whole career, can we well hesitate in coming to the conclusion that not to any backwardness in the field, or want of vigor in council, is his tranquil submission to the violent encroachments of his rival to be attributed; but to a regard, rare at such an unripe period of civilization, for the real interests of the public weal."

² The following statement is extracted by Dr. Petrie, in his History and Antiquities of Tara Hill, from the Annotations of the Life of St. Patrick, by Tirechan:—"And Patrick repaired again to the City of Tara to Laeghaire the son of Nial, because he (the King) had ratified a league with him that he should

II.

"But my father, Nial, who is dead long since,
Permits not me to believe thy word;
For the servants of Jesus, thy heavenly
Prince,
Once dead, lie flat as in sleep, interr'd;
But we are as men through dark floods
that wade;—
We stand in our black graves undismay'd;
Our faces are turn'd to the race abhorr'd,
And ready beside us stand spear and sword,
Ready to strike at the last great day,
Ready to trample them back into clay.

III.

"This is my realm and men call it Eire,
Wherein I have lived and live in hate
(Like Nial before me and Erc his sire)
Of the race Lagenian, ill-named the
Great!"

IV.

Thus spoke Laeghaire, and his host rush'd on,
A river of blood as yet unshed:—
At noon they fought; and at set of sun
That king lay captive, that host lay dead!

V.

The brave foe loosed him, but bade him
swear,
He would never demand of them Tribute
more.
So Laeghaire by the dread God-elements
swore,
By the moon divine and the earth and air;
He swore by the wind and the broad sunshine
That circle forever both land and sea,
By the long-back'd rivers, and mighty wine,
By the cloud far-seeing, by herb and tree,
By the boon spring shower, and by autumn's
fan,
By woman's breast, and the head of man,
By night and the noonday Demon he swore
He would claim the Boarian Tribute no more.

VI.

But with years wrath wax'd; and he brake
his faith;—
Then the dread God-elements wrought his
death;
For the wind and sunshine by Cassi's side
Came down and smote on his head that he
died.
Death-sick three days on his throne he
sate:
Then he died, as his father died, great in
hate.

VII.

They buried the king upon Tara's hill,
In his grave upright;—there stands he still.
Upright there stands he as men that wade
By night through a castle-moat, undis-
may'd;
On his head is the gold crown, the spear in
his hand,
And he looks to the hated Lagenian land.

VIII.

Patrick the Apostle, the son of Calphurn,
These pagan interments endured no
longer;
And Eire he commanded this song to learn,
"Though hate is strong yet love is
stronger!"
To the Gaels of Eire he gave a Creed:
He bade them to fear not Fate, Demon, or
Faery;
But to fast in Lent, and by no black deed
To insult God's Son, and His mother
Mary.
Thus sang to the princes the bard
Maelmire:—
Oh! when will it leave me, that widow's
wail?
My heart is stone and my brain is fire
For the men that died in thy woods,
Imayle!

not be slain in his kingdom;—but he could not believe, saying, 'Nial, my father, did not permit me to believe, but that I should be interred in the top of Tara, like men standing up in war. For the Pagans are accustomed to be buried armed, with their weapons ready, face to face, to the Day of Erdathe, among the Magi, *i. e.* the Day of Judgment of the Lord.'" Dr. Petrie in the same work quotes the following passage from the *Leabhar Huidhre*, an Irish manuscript of the 12th century:—"Laeghaire was

taken in the battle, and he gave the Lagenians guarantees, that is, the Sun and Moon, the Water and the Air, Day and Night, Sea and Land, that he would never during his life demand the Boru Tribute. But Laeghaire went again with a great army to the Lagenians to demand tribute of them; for he did not pay any regard to his oaths. But, by the side of Cassi, he was killed by the Sun and the Wind, and by the other Guarantees; for no one dared to dishonour them at that time."

THE BIER THAT CONQUERED; OR, O'DONNELL'S ANSWER.

A. D. 1257.

LAND which the Norman would make his
own!¹

(Thus sang the Bard 'mid a host o'erthrown,
While their white cheeks some on the
clench'd hand propp'd,
And from some the life-blood scarce heeded
dropp'd)

There are men in thee that refuse to die,
And that scorn to live, while a foe stands
nigh!

I.

O'Donnell lay sick with a grievous wound:
The leech had left him; the priest had
come;
The clan sat weeping upon the ground,
Their banners furled and their minstrels
dumb.

II.

Then spake O'Donnell, the king: "Although
My hour draws nigh, and my dolours grow;
And although my sins I have now confess'd,
And desire in the land, my charge, to rest,
Yet leave this realm, nor will I nor can,
While a stranger treads on her, child or
man.

III.

"I will languish no longer a sick man here:
My bed is grievous; build up my Bier.
The white robe a king wears over me throw;
Bear me forth to the field where he camps—
your foe,
With the yellow torches and dirges low.
The heralds his challenge have brought and
fled:

The answer they bore not I bear instead.
My people shall fight my pain in sight,
And I shall sleep well when their wrong
stands right."

IV.

Then the clan to the words of their Chief
gave ear,
And they fell'd great oak-trees and built a
bier;
Its plumes from the eagle's wing were shed,
And the wine-black samite above it they
spread
Inwoven with sad emblems and texts divine,
And the braided bud of Tirconnell's pine,
And all that is meet for the great and brave
When past are the measured years God gave,
And a voice cries "Come" from the waiting
grave.

V.

When the Bier was ready they laid him
thereon;
And the army forth bare him with wail and
moan:
With wail by the sea-lakes and rock abysses;
With moan through the vapor-trail'd wil-
dernesses;
And men sore wounded themselves drew
nigh
And said, "We will go with our king and
die;"
And women wept as the pomp pass'd by.
The sad yellow torches far off were seen;
No war-note peal'd through the gorges
green;
But the black pines echo'd the mourners'
keen.

VI.

What said the Invader, that pomp in sight?
"They sue for the pity they shall not win."
But the sick king sat on the Bier upright,
And said, "So well! I shall sleep to-night:—
Rest here my couch, and my peace begin."

VII.

Then the war-cry sounded—"Bataillah
Aboo!"
And the whole clan rush'd to the battle
plain:

¹ Maurice Fitz Gerald, Lord Justice, marched to the north-west, and a furious battle was fought between him and Godfrey O'Donnell, Prince of Tirconnell, at Creadran-Killa, north of Sligo, A. D. 1257. The two leaders met in single combat and severely wounded each other. It was of the wound he then received that O'Donnell died soon after, after triumphantly defeating his great rival potentate in Ulster. O'Neill.

The latter, hearing that O'Donnell was dying, demanded hostages from the Kinel Connell. The messengers who brought this insolent message fled in terror the moment they had delivered it;—and the answer to it was brought by O'Donnell on his bier. Maurice Fitz Gerald finally retired to the Franciscan monastery which he had founded at Youghal and died peacefully in the habit of that order.

They were thrice driven back, but they
form'd anew
That an end might come to their king's
great pain.
'Twas a people not army that onward rush'd;
'Twas a nation's blood from their wounds
that gush'd:
Bare-bosom'd they fought, and with joy
were slain;
Till evening their blood fell fast like rain;
But a shout swell'd up o'er the setting sun,
And O'Donnell died for the field was won.

So they buried their king upon Aileach's
shore;
And in peace he slept;—O'Donnell More.

PECCATUM PECCAVIT.

I.

WHERE is thy brother? Heremon, speak!
Heber, the son of Milesius, where?
The orphans' wail and their mother's shriek
Forever they ring upon Banba's air!
And whose, oh whose was the sword, Here-
mon,
That smote Amergin, thy brother and
bard?

'Twas the Fate of thy house or a mocking
Demon
That raised thy hand o'er his forehead
scarr'd!

II.

Woe, woe to Banba! That blood of brothers
Wells up from her bosom renew'd each
year;

'Twas hers the shriek—that desolate moth-
er's:—

'Twas Banba wept o'er that first red bier!

¹ Between the brothers who founded the great Milesian or Gaelic dynasty in Ireland there was strife, as between the brothers who founded Rome. Heremon and Heber divided Ireland between them. A dispute having arisen between them, a battle was fought at Geashill, in the present King's County, in which Heber fell by his brother's hand. In the second year of his reign Heremon also slew his brother Amergin, in battle. To Amergin no territory was assigned. He is said to have constructed the causeway or *tochar* of Inver Mor, or the mouth of the Ovoca in Wicklow.

There are some excellent remarks in Mr. Haverty's History on the absurdity of disparaging the authentic part of Irish history on account of other portions having been but Bardic

The priest has warn'd, and the bard lament-
ed:

But warning and wailing her sons despoised;
The head was sage, and the heart half-
sainted;

But the sword-hand was evermore unbap-
tized!

THE DIRGE OF ATHUNREE.

A. D. 1316.

[This great battle marked an epoch in Irish history. In it the Norman power at last triumphed over that of the Gael, which had long been enfeebled by the divisions in the royal house of O'Connor. From this period also the Norman Barons more rapidly than before became Irish Chiefs. As such they were accepted by Ireland. The power of the English Crown on the other hand gradually declined till it became unknown beyond the narrow limits of a part of the Pale. It rose again after the accession of Henry VII.]

I.

ATHUNREE! Athunree!
Erin's heart, is broke on thee!
Ne'er till then in all its woe
Did that heart its hope forego.
Save a little child—but one—
The latest regal race is gone.
Roderick died again on thee,
Athunree!

II.

Athunree! Athunree!
A hundred years and forty-three
Winter-wing'd and black as night
O'er the land had track'd their flight.
In Clonmacnoise from earthy bed
Roderick raised once more his head:—
Fedlim floodlike rush'd to thee,
Athunree!

III.

Athunree! Athunree!
The light that struggled sank on thee!

Legends:—"The ancient Irish attributed the utmost importance to their historical compositions for social reasons—every question as to the rights of property turned upon the descent of families, and the principle of clanship. * * * Again, when we arrive at the period of Christianity in Ireland, we find that our ancient annals stand the test of verification by science, with a success which not only establishes their character for truthfulness at that period, but vindicates the records of preceding dates." He refers especially to the eclipses recorded. " * * * Shortly after the establishment of Christianity in Ireland the Chronicles of the Bards were replaced by regular Annals, kept in several of the monasteries."—Farrel & Son's edition, p. 23.

Ne'er since Cathall the red-handed
 Such a host till then was banded.
 Long-hair'd Kerne and Galloglass
 Met the Norman face to face;
 The saffron standard floated far
 O'er the on-rolling wave of war;
 Bards the onset sang o'er thee,
 Athunree!

IV.

Athunree! Athunree!
 The poison tree took root in thee!
 What might naked breasts avail
 'Gainst sharp spear and steel-ribb'd mail?
 Of our Princes twenty-nine,
 Bulwarks fair of Connor's line,
 Of our clansmen thousands ten
 Slept on thy red ridges. Then—
 Then the night came down on thee,
 Athunree!

V.

Athunree! Athunree!
 Strangely shone that moon on thee!
 Like the lamp of them that tread
 Staggering o'er the heaps of dead,
 Seeking that they fear to see.
 Oh, that widow's wailing sore!
 On it rang to Oranmore;
 Died, they say, among the piles
 That make holy Aran's isles;—
 It was Erin wept on thee,
 Athunree!

VI.

Athunree! Athunree!
 The heart of Erin burst on thee!
 Since that hour some unseen hand
 On her forehead stamps the brand.
 Her children ate that hour the fruit
 That slays manhood at the root;
 Our warriors are not what they were;
 Our maids no more are blithe and fair;
 Truth and honor died with thee,
 Athunree!

VII.

Athunree! Athunree!
 Never harvest wave o'er thee!
 Never sweetly-breathing kine
 Pant o'er golden meads of thine!

Barren be thou as the tomb;
 May the night-bird haunt thy gloom,
 And the wailer from the sea,
 Athunree!

VIII.

Athunree! Athunree!
 All my heart is sore for thee,
 It was Erin died on thee,
 Athunree!

BETWEEN TWO MOUNTAINS.

I.

BETWEEN two mountains' granite walls one
 star
 Shines in this sea-lake quiet as the grave;
 The ocean moans against its rocky bar;
 That star no reflex finds in foam or wave.

II.

Saints of our country! if, no more a nation,
 Vain are henceforth her struggles, from on
 high
 Fix in the bosom of her desolation
 So much the more that hope which cannot
 die!

ODE.

I.

THE unvanquish'd land puts forth each year
 New growth of man and forest;
 Her children vanish; but on her,
 Stranger, in vain thou warrest!
 She wrestles, strong through hope sublime
 (Thick darkness round her pressing),
 Wrestles with God's great Angel, Time—
 And wins, though maim'd, the blessing.

II.

As night draws in what day sent forth,
 As Spring is born of Winter,
 As flowers that hide in parent earth
 Reissue from the centre,

Our land takes back her wasted brood,
 Our land, in respiration,
 Breathes from her deep heart unsubdued
 A renovated nation !

III.

Man's mortal frame, for heaven design'd,
 In caves of earth must wither;
 Of all its myriad atoms join'd
 No twain may cleave together.
 Our land is dead. Upon the blast
 Far forth her dust is driven;
 But the glorified shape shall be hers at last,
 And the crown that descends from heaven !

IV.

Her children die ; the nation lives :—
 Through signs celestial ranging
 The nation's Destiny still survives
 Unchanged, yet ever changing.
 The many-centuried Wrath goes by ;
 But while earth's tumult rages
 "In Cœlo quies." Burst and die,
 Thou storm of temporal ages !

V.

Burst, and thine utmost fury wreak
 On things that are but seeming !
 First kill ; then die ; that God may speak,
 And man surcease from dreaming !
 That Love and Justice strong as love
 May be the poles unshaken
 Round which a world new-born may move ;
 And Truth that slept may waken !

THE STATUE OF KILKENNY.¹

A. D. 1367.

Of old ye warr'd on men : to day
 On women and on babes ye war ;
 The Noble's child his head must lay
 Beneath the peasant's roof no more !

¹ A striking, and, in its admissions, a very touching picture of the condition of things in Ireland in the fourteenth century is presented by the following extracts from the remonstrance despatched to Pope John XXII. by O'Neill, King of Ulster, and the other princes of that province. It is given in Plowden's History of Ireland with the following remarks :—"The disastrous prospect of affairs in Ireland drove the English government to the unchristian and scandalous shift of prostituting the spiritual powers of the Church to the profane use of state policy. * * * So powerfully therefore did

I saw in sleep the Infant's hand
 His foster-brother's fiercely grasp ;
 His warm arm, lithe as willow wand,
 Twines me each day with closer clasp !

O infant smiler ! grief beguiler !
 Between the oppressor and the oppress'd,
 O soft, unconscious reconciler,
 Smile on ! through thee the land is bless'd

Through thee the puissant love the poor ;
 His conqueror's hope the vanquish'd shares ;
 For thy sake by a lowly door
 The clan made vassal stops and stares.

Our vales are healthy. On thy cheek
 There dawns, each day, a livelier red :
 Smile on ! Before another week
 Thy feet our earthen floor will tread !

Thy foster-brothers twain for thee
 Would face the wolves on snowy fell :
 Smile on ! the Irish Enemy
 Will fence their Norman nursling well.

The nursling as the child is dear ;—
 Thy mother loves not like thy nurse !
 That babbling Mandate steps not near
 Thy cot, but o'er her bleeding corse !

THE TRUE KING.

A. D. 1399.

I.

He came in the night on a false pretence ;
 As a friend he came—as a lord remains :
 His coming we noted not—when or whence ;
 We slept : we woke in chains.

the English agents press the mutual interests of both courts to resist the erection of a new Scotch dynasty in Ireland, that a solemn sentence of excommunication was published from the Papal chair against all the enemies of Edward II., and nomially against Robert and Edward Bruce, who were then invading Ireland for the purpose of securing to the latter the throne, to which the generality of that nation had called him."—Vol. i. p. 131. He proceeds—"This remonstrance" (sent to neutralize the effect of Edward's appeal to Rome) "produced so strong an effect upon Pope John XXII., that his Holiness immediately transmitted a copy of it to the King, earnestly exhorting him to redress the grievances complained of, as the only sure expedient to bring back the Irish to their allegiance."—P. 133.

Ere a year they had chased us to dens and caves;
 Our streets and our churches lay drown'd
 in blood;
 The race that had sold us their sons as slaves
 In our land our conquerors stood!

II.

Who were they, those princes that gave
 away

What was theirs to keep, not theirs to
 give?

A king holds sway for a passing day;

The kingdoms forever live!

The tanist succeeds when the king is dust:!

The king rules all; yet the king hath
 naught.

They were traitors not kings who sold their
 trust;

They were traitors not kings who bought!

III.

Brave Art MacMurrough!—Arise, 'tis morn!

For a true king the nation waited long.

He is strong as the horn of the unicorn,

This true king who rights our wrong!

He rules in the fight by an inward right;

From the heart of the nation her king is
 grown;

He rules by right; he is might of her might;

Her flesh, and bone of her bone!

QUEEN MARGARET'S FEASTING.

A. D. 1451.

I.

FAIR she stood—God's queenly creature!*

Wondrous joy was in her face

Of her ladies none in stature

Like to her, and none in grace

On the church-roof stood they round her,
 Cloth of gold was her attire;
 They in jewell'd circle wound her;—
 Beside her Ely's king, her sire.

II.

Far and near the green fields glitter'd

Like to poppy-beds in Spring,

Gay with companies loose-scatter'd

Seated each in seemly ring

Under banners red or yellow:

There all day the feast they kept

From chill dawn and noontide mellow,

Till the hill-shades eastward crept.

III.

On a white steed at the gateway

Margaret's husband, Calwagh sate;

Guest on guest, approaching, straightway

Welcomed he with love and state.

Each pass'd on with largess laden,

Chosen gifts of thought and work,

Now the red cloak of the maiden,

Now the minstrel's golden torque.

IV.

On the wind the tapestries shifted;

From the blue hills rang the horn;

Slowly toward the sunset drifted

Choral song and shout breeze-borne.

Like a sea the crowds unresting

Murmur'd round the gray church-tower;

Many a prayer, amid the feasting,

For Margaret's mother rose that hour!

V.

On the church-roof kerne and noble

At her bright face look'd half dazed;

Naught was hers of shame or trouble;—

On the crowds far off she gazed:

were concealed from the Irish, and the elections to the monarchy went on as before, until some occasion rose supposed to be favorable for the assertion of the new claim.

* A singularly picturesque narrative of this event is given in an old Irish Chronicle translated by Duaid MacFerbis, one of Ireland's "chief bards," for Sir James Ware, in the year 1666, and republished in the *Miscellany of the Irish Archaeological Society*, vol. i. 1846. The chronicler thus concludes: "God's blessing, the blessing of all the saints, and every one, blessing from Jerusalem to Inis Glaaire, be on her going to heaven; and blessed be he who will read and hear this for blessing her soul; and cursed be that sore in her breast that killed Margaret." See Farrell & Son's edition of HAVERTY'S *History of Ireland*.

* According to the Irish law the king, far from being able to alienate his kingdom, had but a life-interest in the sovereignty. His son did not by necessity succeed to the crown. The sovereignty was vested in a particular family as representing the clan or race. Within certain limits of kindred in that family the king was chosen by election; and at the same period his Tanist, or successor, was chosen also. Such was the immemorial usage; and the transactions by which Irish princes occasionally pretended to transfer their rights to a foreign power were traitorous proceedings on the part of both the sides concerned in them. These frauds



QUEEN MARGARET'S FEASTING.



Once, on heaven her dark eyes bending,
 Her hands in prayer she flung apart;
 Unconsciously her arms extending,
 She bless'd her people in her heart.

VI.

Thus a Gaelic queen and nation
 At Imayn till set of sun
 Kept with feast the Annunciation,
 Fourteen hundred fifty-one.
 Time it was of solace tender;—
 'Twas a brave time strong yet fair!
 Blessing, O ye angels, send her
 From Salem's towers and Inisglair!

PLORANS PLORAVIT.

A. D. 1583.

SHE SITS alone on the cold grave-stone
 And only the dead are nigh her;
 In the tongue of the Gael she makes her wail:
 The night wind rushes by her.

"Few, oh few are leal and true,
 And fewer shall be, and fewer;
 The land is a corse;—no life, no force—
 O wind, with sere leaves strew her!

"Men ask what scope is left for hope
 To one who has known her story:—
 I trust her dead! Their graves are red;
 But their souls are with God in glory."

WAR-SONG OF MACCARTHY.

1.

Two lives of an eagle, the old song saith,
 Make the life of a black yew-tree;
 For two lives of a yew-tree the furrrough's
 path
 Men trace, grass-grown on the lea;
 Two furrroughs they last till the time is past
 God willeth the world to be;
 For a furrrough's life has MacCarthy stood
 fast,
 MacCarthy in Carbery.

II.

Up with the banner whose green shall live
 While lives the green on the oak!
 And down with the axes that grind and rive
 Keen-edged as the thunder-stroke!
 And on with the battle-cry known of old,
 And the clan-rush like wind and wave;—
 On, on! the Invader is bought and sold;
 His own hand has dug his grave!

FLORENCE MACCARTHY'S FARE-
WELL TO HIS ENGLISH LOVE.¹

I.

My pensive-brow'd Evangeline!
 What says to thee old Windsor's pine
 Whose shadow o'er the pleasance sways?
 It says, "Ere long the evening star
 Will pierce my darkness from afar:—
 I grieve as one with grief who plays."

II.

Evangeline! Evangeline!
 In that far distant land of mine
 There stands a yew-tree among tombs!
 For ages there that tree has stood,
 A black pall dash'd with drops of blood—
 O'er all my world it breathes its glooms.

III.

England's fair child, Evangeline!
 Because my yew-tree is not thine,
 Because thy Gods on mine wage war,
 Farewell! Back fall the gates of brass;
 The exile to his own must pass;—
 I seek the land of tombs once more.

¹ There is a striking description of Florence MacCarthy in the *Pacata Hibernia*. He "was contented (*tandem aliquando*) to repair to the president, lying at Moyallo, bringing some forty horse in his company; and himself in the midst of his troupe (like the great Turke among his janissaries) drew toward the house, the nine-and-twentieth of October, like Saul higher by the head and shoulders than any of his followers."—P. 170. The moral indignation constantly expressed by the author of the *Pacata Hibernia* at Florence MacCarthy's method of countermining the far darker intrigues of the Lord President, recorded in that work, with intrigues of his own, is curious. Before the period he describes, Florence had been for eleven years detained a prisoner in England. In 1601 he was again arrested at a time when he possessed the "Queen's protection," and sent to the Tower—where he passed the rest of his life.

WAR-SONG OF TIRCONNELL'S BARD AT THE BATTLE OF BLACKWATER,

A. D. 1597.

[At this battle the Irish of Ulster were commanded by "Red Hugh" O'Neill, Prince of Tirone, and by Hugh O'Donnell (called also "Red Hugh"), Prince of Tirconnell. Queen Elizabeth's army was led by Marshal Bagnal, who fell in the rout with 2,500 of the invading force. Twelve thousand gold pieces, thirty-four standards, and all the artillery of the vanquished army were taken.]

I.

GLORY to God, and to the powers that fight
For Freedom and the Right!

We have them then, the Invaders! There
they stand

Once more on Oriel's land!

They have pass'd the gorge stream-cloven,

And the mountain's purple bound;

Now the toils are round them woven,

Now the nets are spread around!

Give them time: their steeds are blown;—

Let them stand and round them stare

Breathing blasts of Irish air.

Our clouds are o'er them sailing;

Our woods are round them wailing;

Our eagles know their own!

II.

Thrice we've met them—race and brood!

First at Clontibret they stood:—

How soon the giant son of Meath¹

Roll'd from his horse upon the heath!

Again we met them—once again;

Portmore and Banburb's plain know where;²

There fell de Burgh; there fell Kildare:

(His valiant foster-brothers twain

Died at his feet, but died in vain;)

There Waller, Turner, Vaughan fell,

Vanquish'd, though deem'd invincible!

We raised that hour a battle-axe
That dinn'd the iron on your backs!
Vengeance, that hour, a wide-wing'd Fury,
On drove you to the gates of Newry:
There rest ye found; by rest restored,
Sang there your song of Battleford!

III.

Thou rising sun, fair fall

Thy greeting on Armagh's time-honor'd
wall,

And on the willows hoar

That fringe thy silver waters, Avonmore!

See! on that hill of drifted sand

The far-famed Marshal holds command,

Bagnal, their bravest:—to the right

That recreant neither chief nor knight

"The Queen's O'Reilly," he that sold

His country, clan, and Church for gold!

"Saint George for England!"—Rebel crew!

What are the Saints ye spurn to you?

They charge; they pass yon grassy swell;

They reach our pitfall's hidden well.

On, warriors native to the sod,

Be on them in the power of God!

IV.

Twin stars! Twin regents of our righteous
war!

This day remember whose, and who ye are—

Thou that o'er green Tir-owen's tribes hast
sway!

Thou whom Tirconnell's vales obey!

The line of Nial, the line of Conn,

So oft at strife, to-day are one!

Both Chiefs are dear to Eire; to me

Dearest he is and needs must be,

My Prince, my Chief, my child, on whom

So early fell the dungeon's doom.

O'Donnell! hear this day thy Bard!

¹ This battle was fought in 1595. Sir John Norreys commanded the invading force. The O'Neill led the Irish.

² Segrave.

³ This battle was fought in 1597. Lord de Burgh commanded the English.

⁴ Red Hugh O'Donnell, when but a boy of fifteen, was already celebrated for his beauty, his courage, and his skill in warlike accomplishments. To prevent him from assuming the headship of Tirconnell the following device was resorted to by Sir John Perrot, Lord President of Munster. During the summer of 1587 Red Hugh with MacSwayne of the battle-axes, O'Gallagher of Ballyshannon, and some other Irish chiefs, and gone to a monastery of Carmelites situated on the western shore of Lough Swilly, and facing the mountains of Inishowen, the church of which had long been a famous place of pilgrimage. One day a ship, in appearance a merchant vessel,

sailed up the bay, cast anchor opposite Rathmullan, and offered for sale her cargo of Spanish wine. Young Red Hugh was among those who went on board during the night. The next morning he and his companions found themselves secured under hatches. He was thrown into prison in Dublin, where he languished for three years and three months. At the end of that time he made his escape, and flying to the south took refuge with Felim O'Toole, who surrendered him to the English. "He remained again in irons," says the Chronicle, "until the Feast of Christmas, 1592, when it seemed to the Son of the Virgin time for him to escape." Once more he fled, accompanied by two sons of Shane O'Neill, to the mountains of Wicklow, then covered with snow. After wandering about for three days and nights O'Donnell and one of his companions (the other had perished) were found by some of O'Byrne's clansmen beneath the shelter of a cliff, benumbed and almost

By those young feet so maim'd and
 scarr'd,
 Bit by the winter's fangs when lost
 Thou wander'dst on through snows and
 frost,
 Remember thou those years in chains thou
 worst,
 Snatch'd in false peace from unsuspecting
 halls,
 And that one thought, of all thy pangs the
 sorest,
 Thy subjects groan'd the upstart alien's
 thralls!
 That thought on waft thee through the fight:
 On, on, for Erin's right!

v.

Seest thou yon stream whose tawny waters
 glide
 Through weeds and yellow marsh lingeringly
 and slowly?
 Blest is that spot and holy!
 There, ages past, Saint Bercan stood and
 cried,
 "This spot shall quell one day the Invaders'
 pride!"
 He saw in mystic trance
 The blood-stain flush yon rill:—
 On, hosts of God, advance;
 Your country's fates fulfil!
 On, clansmen, leal and true,
 Lambdearg! Bataillah-aboo!
 Be Truth this day your might!
 Truth lords it in the fight!

vi.

O'Neill! That day be with thee now
 When, throned on Ulster's regal seat of
 stone,
 Thou satt'st, and thou alone;
 While flock'd from far the Tribes, and to thy
 hand
 Was given the snow-white wand,
 Erin's authentic sceptre of command!
 Kingless a People stood around thee! Thou
 Didst dash the British bauble from thy brow,
 And for a coronet laid down

deed from hunger; for during those three days their food had consisted of grass and forest leaves. On the restoration of his strength O'Donnell succeeded, with the assistance of O'Neill, in making his way to his native mountains. From that moment the two great Northern Princes of Tirconnell and Tirone, renouncing the ancient rivalries of their several Houses,

That People's love became once more thy
 crown!
 True King alone is he
 In whom summ'd up his People share the
 throne:—
 Fair from the soil he rises like a tree:
 Rock-like the stranger presses on it, prone!
 Strike for that People's cause!
 For Tanistry; for Brehon laws:
 The sage traditions of civility;
 Pure hearths, and faith set free!

vii.

Hark! the thunder of their meeting!
 Hand meets hand, and rough the greeting!
 Hark! the crash of shield and brand;
 They mix, they mingle, band with band,
 Intertwisted, intertangled,
 Mangled forehead meeting mangled,
 Like two horn-commingling stags
 Wrestling on the mountain crags!
 Lo! the wavering darkness through
 I see the banner of Red Hugh;
 Close beside is thine, O'Neill!
 Now they stoop and now they reel,
 Rise once more and onward sail,
 Like two falcons on one gale!—
 O ye clansmen past me rushing
 Like mountain torrents seaward gushing,
 Tell the Chiefs that from this height
 Their Chief of bards beholds the fight;
 That on theirs he pours his spirit;
 Marks their deeds and chants their merit;
 While the Priesthood evermore,
 Like him that ruled God's host of yore,
 With arms outstretch'd that God implore!

viii.

Mightiest of the line of Conn,
 On to victory! On, on, on!
 It is Erin that in thee
 Lives and works right wondrously!
 Eva from the heavenly bourne
 Upon thee her eyes doth turn,
 She whose marriage couch was spread¹
 'Twixt the dying and the dead!
 Parcell'd kingdoms one by one

entered into that common alliance against the invader, the effects of which were irresistible until that reverse at Kinsale of which the cause has never been explained.

¹ The celebrated picture of an Irish artist, Mr. MacLise, has rendered well known this incident, one of the most touching in history. After the capture of Waterford the King of

For a prey to traitors thrown;
 Pledges forfeit, broken vows,
 Hoofless fane, and blazing house;
 All the dreadful deeds of old
 Rise resurgent from the mould,
 For their judgment peal is toll'd!
 All our Future takes her stand
 Hawk-like on thy lifted hand.
 States that live not, vigil keeping
 In the limbo of long weeping;
 Palace-courts and minster-towers
 That shall make this isle of ours
 Fairer than the star of morn,
 Wait thy mandate to be born!
 Chief elect 'mid desolation,
 Wield thou well the inspiration
 Thou drawest from a new-born nation!

IX.

Sleep no longer Bards that hold
 Ranged beneath me harps of gold!
 Smite them with a heavier hand
 Than vengeance lays on axe or brand:
 Pour upon the blast a song
 Linking litanies of wrong,
 Till, like poison-dews, the strain
 Eat into the Invader's brain.
 On the retributive harp
 Catch that death-shriek shrill and sharp
 Which she utter'd, she whose lord

Perish'd, Essex, at thy board!
 Peerless chieftain! peerless wife!
 From his throat, and hers, the knife
 Drain'd the mingled tide of life!
 Sing the base assassin's steel
 By Sussex hired to slay O'Neill!
 Sing, fierce Bards, the plains sword-wasted,
 Sing the cornfields burnt and blasted,
 That when raged the war no longer
 Kernes dog-chased might pine with hunger!
 Pour around their ears the groans
 Of half-human skeletons
 From wet cave or forest-cover
 Foodless deserts peering over:
 Or upon the roadside lying,
 Infant dead and mother dying,
 On their mouths the grassy stain
 Of the wild weed gnaw'd in vain;—
 Look upon them, hoary Head
 Of the last of Desmonds dead;
 His that drew—too late—his sword
 Religion and his right to guard;
 Head that evermore dost frown
 From the tower of London down!
 She that slew him from her barge
 Makes that Head this hour the target
 Of her insults cold and keen,
 England's caliph, not her queen!
 —Portent terrible and dire
 Whom thy country and thy sire!

Leinster led forth his daughter and married her to the Norman, Strongbow. This was on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1170. "The marriage ceremony was hastily performed, and the wedding cortège passed through streets reeking with the still warm blood of the brave and unhappy citizens."—*Haverly's Hist.*, p. 177, Farrell & Son's edition.

¹ "Another and equally unsuccessful attempt to plant Ulster was made in 1573 by a more distinguished minion of the Queen, Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex. Elizabeth embarked with that noble Earl in his project of colonizing Clandeboy in Ulster. * * * Lingard says that the agreement was that the Queen and the Earl should furnish each half the expense, and should divide the colony when it should be peopled with two thousand settlers. This bargain of fraud and crime was sealed by Essex with a desperate act of villainy. On his arrival in Ulster he met a most formidable opposition from Phelim O'Neill, which resulted, after a great deal of hard fighting, in a solemn peace between them. 'However,' says the manuscript Irish Annals of Queen Elizabeth's reign, 'at a feast wherein the Earl entertained that chieftain, and at the end of their good cheer, O'Neill with his wife were seized; the friends who attended were put to the sword before their faces; Phelim, with his wife and brother, were conveyed to Dublin, where they were cut up in quarters.'"—(*The Confiscation of Ulster*. By THOMAS MACNEVIN, p. 53; James Duffy.)

² The intended victim was Shane O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone, against whom the Queen supported the pretensions of his illegitimate brother Matthew, Baron of Dungannon, and of his sons. Sussex "was concerting at that time, A. D. 1561, a plan for the secret murder of O'Neill. * * * This chosen tool of the Queen's representative was named Nele Gray; and

after first swearing him upon the Bible to keep all secret, it was proposed that he should receive for this murder of Shane one hundred marks of land a year to him and his heirs forever."—*Moore's Hist.*, vol. iv. p. 32.

"With regard to the odious transaction now under consideration there needs no more than the letter addressed by Sussex himself to his royal mistress on that occasion, to prove the frightful familiarity with deeds of blood which then prevailed in the highest stations."—*Ibid.* The letter, which is preserved in the State-paper Office, thus concludes:—"If fine, I brake with him to kill Shane, and bound myself by my oath to see him have a hundred marks of land. He seemed desirous to serve your Highness and to have the land; but fearful to do it, doubting his escape after. I told him the ways he might do it, and how to escape after with safety, which he offered and promised to do."

³ The illegitimacy of Elizabeth rests upon authority not particularly favorable to the opposite side, viz., Archbishop Cranmer, and an Act of Parliament never repealed even in her own reign:—"Cranmer, 'having previously invoked the name of Christ, and having God alone before his eyes,' pronounced definitively that the marriage formerly contracted, solemnized and consummated between Henry and Anne Boleyn was, and always had been, null and void. The whole process was afterward laid before the members of the Convocation, and the Houses of Parliament. The former presumed not to dissent from the decision of the metropolitan; the latter were willing, that in such a case their ignorance should be guided by the learning of the clergy. By both the divorce was approved and confirmed."—*LINGARD'S Hist.*, vol. v. p. 36. What was the origin of the Parliament which Elizabeth induced to recognize her

Branded with a bastard's name,
Thy birth was but thy lightest shame!
To honor recreant and thine oath;—
Trampling that Faith whose borrow'd garb'
First gave thee sceptre, crown, and orb,
Thy flatterers scorn, thy lovers loathe
That idol with the blood-stain'd feet
Ill-throned on murder'd Mary's seat!

x.

Glory be to God on high!
That shout rang up into the sky!
The plain lies bare; the smoke drifts by;
Again that cry: they fly! they fly!
O'er them standards thirty-four
Waved at morn; they wave no more.
Glory be to Him alone who holds the nations
in His hand,
And to them the heavenly guardians of our
Church and native land!
Sing, ye priests, your deep Te Deums; bards,
make answer loud and long,
In your rapture flinging heavenward censers
of triumphant song.
Isle for centuries blind in bondage, make
once more thine ancient boast,
From the cliffs of Inishowen southward on
to Carbery's coast!
We have seen the right made perfect, seen
the Hand that rules the spheres
Glance like lightning through the clouds,
and backward roll the wrongful years.

Glory fade, but this triumph is no barren
mundane glory;
Rays of healing it shall scatter on the eyes
that read our story:
Upon nations bound and torpid, as they
waken it shall shine
As on Peter in his chains the angel shone
with light divine.
From the unheeding, from the unholy it
may hide, like Truth, its ray;
But when Truth and Justice conquer on
their crowns its beam shall play.
O'er the ken of troubled tyrants it shall trail
a meteor's glare;
For the blameless it shall glitter as the star
of morning fair:
Whosoever Erin triumphs then its dawn it
shall renew,—
Then O'Neill shall be remember'd, and
Tircconnell's chief, Red Hugh!

THE MARCH TO KINSALE.

DECEMBER, A. D. 1601.

I.

O'ER many a river bridged with ice,
Through many a vale with snow-drift
dumb,
Past quaking fen and precipice
The Princes of the North are come!

title? "In the Lower House a majority had been secured by the expedient of sending to the sheriffs a list of court candidates, out of whom the members were to be chosen."—LINGARD, vol. vi. p. 5. The court named five candidates for the shires, and three for the boroughs!

Not only had Elizabeth repeatedly asserted herself to be a Catholic in her sister's reign, but for some time after her own accession she wore the same mask. "She continued to assist and occasionally to communicate at mass; she buried her sister with all the solemnities of the Catholic ritual; and she ordered a solemn dirge, and a mass of requiem for the 'soul of the Emperor Charles V.'"—LINGARD. Her coronation was conducted with all the ceremonial of the Catholic Pontifical, and at it she received the Sacrament under one kind.

The following contemporaneous sketch of Elizabeth's last year is not commonly known:—"Sir John Harrington, her godson, who visited the court about seven months after the death of Essex, has described in a private letter the state in which he found the Queen. She was altered in her features and reduced to a skeleton. Her food was nothing but manchet bread, and succory pottage. * * * For her protection she had ordered a sword to be placed by her table, which she often took in her hand, and thrust with violence into the tapestry of her chamber. About a year later he returned to her presence. 'I found her,' he says, 'in a most pitiable state. She bade the archbishop ask me if I had seen Tirone. I replied with reverence that I had seen him with the Lord Deputy. She looked

up with much choler and grief in her countenance, and said, 'O now it mindeth me that you was one who saw this man elsewhere,' and hereat she dropped a tear and smote her bosom. She held in her hand a golden cup which she often put to her lips; but in truth her heart seemed too full to need any more filling.' * * * At length she obstinately refused to return to her bed: and sat both day and night on a stool bolstered up with cushions, having her finger in her mouth, and her eyes fixed on the floor, seldom condescending to speak, and rejecting every offer of nourishment. The bishops and the lords of the council advised and entreated in vain. For them all, with the exception of the Lord Admiral, she expressed the most profound contempt. He was of her own blood; from him she consented to accept a basin of broth; but when he urged her to return to her bed, she replied that if he had seen what she saw there he would never make the request. To Cecil, who asked if she had seen spirits, she answered that it was an idle question beneath her notice. He insisted that she must go to bed, if only to satisfy her people. 'Must!' she exclaimed; 'is *must* a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man, thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word; but thou art grown presumptuous because thou knowest that I shall die.' Ordering the others to depart, she called the Lord Admiral to her, saying in a piteous tone, 'My lord, I am tied with an iron collar about my neck.' He sought to console her, but she replied 'No, I am tied, and the case is altered with me.'"—LINGARD. vol. vi. p. 315. 16. Edit. 1854.

Lo, these are they that year by year
 Roll'd back the tide of England's war;—
 Rejoice, Kinsale! thy hope is near!
 That wondrous winter-march is o'er.
 And thus they sang, "To-morrow morn
 Our eyes shall rest upon the foe:
 Roll on, swift night, in silence borne,
 And blow, thou breeze of sunrise,
 blow!"

II.

Blithe as a boy, on march'd the host
 With droning pipe and clear-voiced harp:
 At last above that southern coast
 Rang out their war-steed's whinny sharp;
 And up the sea-salt slopes they wound,
 And airs once more of ocean quaff'd;—
 Those frosty woods the rocks that crown'd,
 As though May touch'd them waved and
 laugh'd.
 And thus they sang, "To-morrow morn
 Our eyes shall rest upon our foe:
 Roll on, swift night, in silence borne,
 And blow, thou breeze of sunrise,
 blow!"

III.

Beside their watch-fires couch'd all night,
 Some slept, some laugh'd, at cards some
 play'd,
 While, chanting on a central height
 Of moonlit crag, the priesthood pray'd.
 And some to sweetheart, some to wife
 Sent message kind; while others told
 Triumphant tales of recent fight,
 Or legends of their sires of old.
 And thus they sang, "To-morrow morn
 Our eyes at last shall see the foe:
 Roll on, swift night, in silence borne,
 And blow, thou breeze of sunrise,
 blow!"

A. D. 1602.

WHAT man can stand amid a place of tombs
 Nor yearn to that poor vanquish'd dust
 beneath?—
 Above a nation's grave no violet blooms;
 A vanquish'd nation lies in endless death.

'Tis past!—the dark is dense with ghost and
 vision!

All lost!—the air is throng'd with moan
 and wail;

But one day more, and hope had been fru-
 tion;—

O Athunree, thy fate o'erhung Kinsale!

What Name is that which lays on every
 head

A hand like fire, striking the strong locks
 gray?

What Name is named not save with shame
 and dread?

Once let us name it,—then no more for
 aye!

Kinsale! accursed be he the first who
 bragg'd

"A city stands where roam'd but late the
 flock;"

Accursed the day, when, from the mountain
 dragg'd,

Thy corner-stone forsook the mother-rock!

DIRGE OF RORY O'MORE

A. D. 1642.

Up the sea-sadden'd valley at evening's de-
 cline

A heifer walks lowing—"the silk of the
 kine;"

From the deep to the mountains she roams,
 and again

From the mountains' green urn to the purple-
 rimm'd main.

Whom seek'st thou, sad Mother! Thine
 own is not thine!

He dropp'd from the headland; he sank in
 the brine!

¹ The wholly inexplicable disaster at Kinsale, when, after their marvellous winter-march, the two great northern chiefs of Tirconnell and Tirone had succeeded in relieving their Spanish allies there, and when the victory seemed almost wholly in the hands of warriors who till then had never met with a reverse, was one of those critical events upon which the history of a nation turns. But for it, Ireland would at the death of Elizabeth have been in such a position that Ulster would have had nothing to fear from James I.

* One of the mystical names for Ireland used by the bards.

'Twas a dream!—but in dream at thy foot
did he follow
Through the meadow-sweet on by the marish
and mallow!

Was he thine? Have they slain him? Thou
seek'st him not knowing
Thyself too art theirs, thy sweet breath and
sad lowing!
Thy gold horn is theirs; thy dark eye, and
thy silk!
And that which torments thee, thy milk, is
their milk!

'Twas no dream, Mother Land! 'Twas no
dream, Inisfail!
Hope dreams, but grief dreams not—the
grief of the Gael!
From Leix and Ikerren to Donegal's shore
Rolls the dirge of thy last and thy bravest—
O'More!

THE BISHOP OF ROSS.

A. D. 1650.

THEY led him to the peopled wall:—
"Thy sons!" they said, "are those within!
If at thy word their standards fall,
Thy life and freedom thou shalt win!"

Then spake that warrior Bishop old:
"Remove these chains, that I may bear
My crosier staff and stole of gold:
My judgment then will I declare."

They robed him in his robes of state:
They set the mitre on his head:
On tower and gate was silence great:
The hearts that loved him froze with dread.

He spake: "Right holy is your strife!
Fight for your country, king, and faith:
I taught you to be true in life:
I teach you to be true in death.

¹ Charles the First.

"A priest apart by God is set
To offer prayer and sacrifice:
And he is sacrificial yet,
The pontiff for his flock who dies."

Ere yet he fell, his hand on high
He raised, and benediction gave;
Then sank in death, content to die:—
Thy great heart, Erin, was his grave.

ARCHBISHOP PLUNKET.

A. D. 1681.

(THE LAST VICTIM OF THE "POPISH PLOT.")

[¹"The Earl of Essex went to the King (Charles II.) to apply for a pardon, and told his Majesty 'the witnesses must needs be perjured, as what they swore could not possibly be true.' but his Majesty answered in a passion, 'Why did you not declare this then at the trial? I dare pardon nobody—his blood be upon your head, and not mine!'"—HAVERTT's *Hist.*]

WHY crowd ye windows thus, and doors?
Why climb ye tower and steeple?
What lures you forth, O senators?
What brings you here, O people?

Here there is nothing worth your note—
'Tis but an old man dying:
The noblest stag this season caught,
And in the old nets lying!

Sirs, there are marvels, but not here:—
Here's but the thread-bare fable
Whose sense nor sage discerns nor seer;—
Unwilling is unable!

That prince who lurk'd in bush and brake
While bloodhounds bay'd behind him,
Now, to his father's throne brought back,
In pleasure's wreaths doth wind him.

The primate of that race, whose sword
Stream'd last to save that father,
To-day is reaping such reward
As Irish virtues gather.

Back to your councils, courts, and feasts!
'Tis but a new "Intruder"
Conjoin'd with those incivile priests
That dyed the blocks of Tudor!

A SONG OF THE BRIGADE.

RIVER that through this purple plain
Toilest (once redder) to the main,
Go, kiss for me the banks of Seine!

Tell him I loved, and love for aye,
That his I am though far away,—
More his than on the marriage-day.

Tell him thy flowers for him I twine
When first the slow sad mornings shine
In thy dim glass—for he is mine.

Tell him when evening's tearful light
Bathes those dark towers on Aughrim's
height,
There where he fought in heart I fight.

A freeman's banner o'er him waves!
So be it! I but kiss the graves
Where freemen sleep whose sons are slaves.

Tell him I nurse his noble race,
Nor weep save o'er one sleeping face
Wherein those looks of his I trace.

For him my beads I count when falls
Moonbeam or shower at intervals
Upon our burn'd and blacken'd walls:

And bless him! bless the bold Brigade,—
May God go with them, horse and blade,
For Faith's defence, and Ireland's aid!

A BALLAD OF SARSFIELD; OR, THE
BURSTING OF THE GUNS.

A. D. 1690.

SARSFIELD went out the Dutch to rout,
And to take and break their cannon;
To mass went he at half-past three,
And at four he cross'd the Shannon.

Tirconnel slept. In dream his thoughts
Old fields of victory ran on;

And the chieftains of Thomond in Limerick's
towers
Slept well by the banks of Shannon.

He rode ten miles and he cross'd the ford,
And couch'd in the wood and waited;
Till, left and right, on march'd in sight
That host which the true men hated.

"Charge!" Sarsfield cried; and the green
hill-side
As they charged replied in thunder;
They rode o'er the plain and they rode o'er
the slain,
And the rebel rout lay under!

He burn'd the gear the knaves held dear,—
For his king he fought, not plunder;
With powder he cramm'd the guns, and
ramm'd
Their mouths the red soil under.

The spark flash'd out—like a nation's shout
The sound into heaven ascended;
The hosts of the sky made to earth reply,
And the thunders twain were blended!

Sarsfield went out the Dutch to rout,
And to take and break their cannon;—
A century after, Sarsfield's laughter
Was echo'd from Dungannon.¹

OH THAT THE PINES WHICH
CROWN YON STEEP.

Oh that the pines which crown yon steep
Their fires might ne'er surrender!
Oh that yon fervid knoll might keep,
While lasts the world, its splendor!

Pale poplars on the breeze that lean,
And in the sunset shiver,
Oh that your golden stems might screen
For aye yon glassy river!

¹ It was in the parish church of Dungannon that the voices of 1782 proclaimed the constitutional independence of the Irish Parliament.

That yon white bird on homeward wing
Soft-sliding without motion,
And now in blue air vanishing
Like snow-flake lost in ocean,

Beyond our sight might never flee,
Yet forward still be flying :
And all the dying day might be
Immortal in its dying.

Pellucid thus in saintly trance,
Thus mute in expectation,
What waits the earth ? Deliverance ?
Ah no ! Transfiguration !

She dreams of that new earth divine,
Conceived of seed immortal ;
She sings, " Not mine the holier shrine,
Yet mine the steps and portal !"

THE LAST MACCARTHYMORE.

[The last great chief of the MacCarthy family, which had reigned in South Desmond ever since the second century, went into exile with James II. He spent the last years of his life on a wild island strewn with wrecks in the mouth of the Elbe.]

On thy woody heaths, Muskerry—Carbery,
on thy fanish'd shore,
Hands hurl'd upward, wordless wailings,
clamor for MacCarthy more !

He is gone ; and never, never shall return to
wild or wood

Till the sun burns out in blackness and the
moon descends in blood.

He, of lineage older, nobler, at the latest
Stuart's side

Once again had drawn the sword for Charles,
in blood of traitors dyed ;

Once again the stranger fattens where Mac-
Carthys ruled of old,

For a later Cromwell triumphs in the Dutch-
man's muddier mould.

Broken boat and barge around him, sea-gulls
piping loud and shrill,

Sits the chief where bursts the breaker, and
laments the sea-wind chill ;

In a barren northern island dinn'd by ocean's
endless roar,
Where the Elbe with all his waters streams
between the willows hoar.

Earth is wide in hill and valley ;—palace
courts and convent piles
Centuries since received thine outcasts, Ire-
land, oft with tears and smiles ;

Wherefore builds this gray-hair'd exile on a
rock-isle's weedy neck ?—

Ocean unto ocean calleth ; inly yearneth
wreck to wreck !

He and his, his church and country, king
and kinsmen, house and home,

Wrecks they are like broken galleys
strangled by the yeasty foam ;

Nations past and nations present are or
shall be soon as these—

Words of peace to him come only from the
breast of roaring seas.

Clouds and sea-birds inland drifting o'er the
sea-bar and sand-plain ;

Belts of mists for weeks unshifting ; plunge
of devastating rain ;

Icebergs as they pass uplifting agueish
gleams through vapors frore,

These, long years, were thy companions, O
thou last MacCarthy more !

When a rising tide at midnight rush'd
against the downward stream,

Rush'd not then the clans embattled, meet-
ing in the chieftain's dream ?

When once more that tide exhausted died
in murmurs toward the main,

Died not then once more his slogan ebbing
far o'er hosts of slain ?

Pious river ! let us rather hope the low
monotonies

Of thy broad stream seaward toiling and
the willow-bending breeze

Charm'd at times a midday slumber, tran-
quillized tempestuous breath—

Music last when harp was broken, requiem
sad and sole in death.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF ST. STEPHEN.

I.

PRINCES sat and spake against me ;
Sinners held me in their net ;
Thou, O Lord, shalt save thy servant,
For on thee his heart is set.
Strong is he whose strength Thou art ;
Plain his speech and strong his heart.

II.

Blessed Stephen stood discoursing
In the bud of spotless youth
With his judges. Love, not malice,
Edged his words and arm'd with truth.
They that heard him gnash'd their teeth ;
Heard him speak, and vow'd his death.

III.

Gather'd on a thousand foreheads
Dark and darker grew the frown,
Broad'ning like the pinewood's shadow
While a wintry sun goes down.
On the Saint that darkness fell :—
At last they spake : it was his knell.

IV.

As a maid her face uplifteth
Brightening with an inward light,
When the voice of her beloved
Calls her from some neighboring height,
So his face he raised on high,
And saw his Saviour in the sky !

V.

Dimm'd a moment was that vision :—
O'er him burst the stony shower ;
Stephen with his arms extended
For his murderers pray'd that hour.
To his prayer Saint Paul was given :
Then he slept and woke in heaven.

VI.

Faithful deacon, still at Christmas
Decking tables for the poor !
Martyr, at the bridal banquet
Guest of God for evermore !
In the realms of endless day
For thine earthly clients pray !

GRATTAN.

I.

God works through man, not hills or snows !
In man, not men, is the God-like power ;
The man, God's potentate, God foreknows ;
He sends him strength at the destined
hour.
His Spirit He breathes into one deep heart ;
His cloud He bids from one mind depart,
A Saint !—and a race is to God re-born !
A Man ! One man makes a nation's morn !

II.

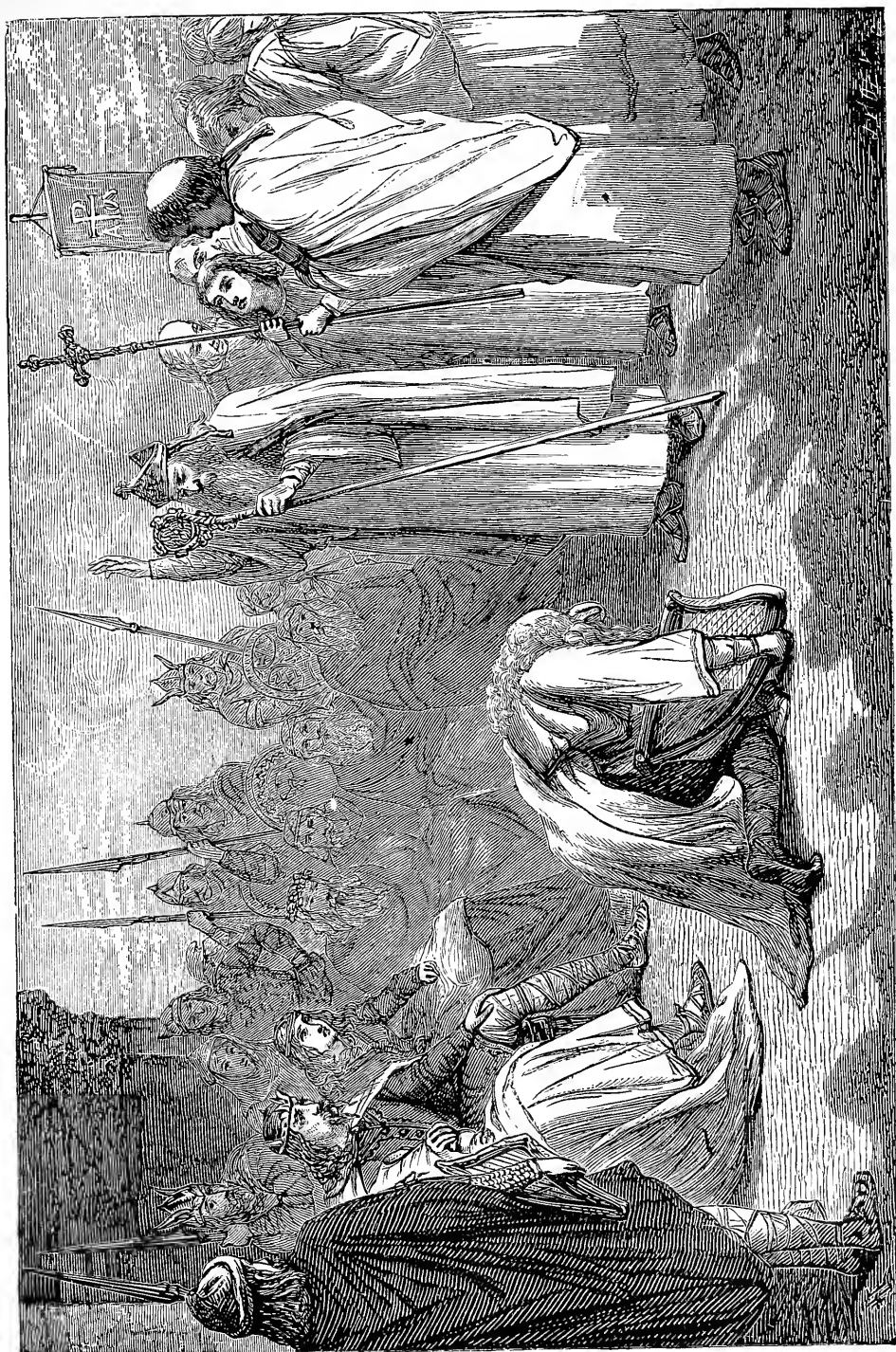
A man, and the blind land by slow degrees
Gains sight ! A man, and the deaf land
hears !
A man, and the dumb land, like wakening
seas,
Thunders low dirges in proud, dull ears !
One man, and the People a three days' corse,
Stands up, and the grave-bands fall off per-
force ;
One man, and the Nation in height a span
To the measure ascends of the perfect man.

III.

Thus wept unto God the land of Eire :
Yet there rose no man, and her hope was
dead :
In the ashes she sat of a burn'd-out fire ;
And sackcloth was over her queenly head.
But a man in her latter days arose ;
Her deliverer stepp'd from the camp of her
foes :
He spake ;—the great and the proud gave
way,
And the dawn began which shall end in day !

ADDUXIT IN TENEBRIS.

THEY wish thee strong: they wish thee
great !
Thy royalty is in thy heart !
Thy children mourn thy widow'd state
In funeral groves. Be what thou art !



ST. PATRICK AND THE BARD.

Across the world's vainglorious waste,
 As o'er Egyptian sands, in thee,
 God's hieroglyph, His shade is cast—
 A bar of black from Calvary.

Around thee many a land and race
 Have wealth or sway or name in story;
 But on that brow discrown'd we trace
 The crown expiatory.

THE CAUSE.

I.

THE kings are dead that raised their swords
 In Erin's right of old;
 The bards that dash'd from fearless chords
 Her name and praise lie cold:
 But fix'd as fate her altars stand;
 Unchanged, like God, her faith;
 Her Church still holds in equal hand
 The keys of life and death.

II.

As well call up the sunken reefs
 Atlantic waves rush o'er,
 As that old time of native chiefs
 And Gaelic kings restore!
 Things heavenly rise: things earthly sink:—
 God works through Nature's laws;
 Sad Isle, 'tis He that bids thee link
 Thine Action with thy Cause!

GRAY HARPER, REST!

GRAY Harper, rest!—O maid, the Fates
 On those sad lips have press'd their seal!
 Thy song's sweet rage but indicates
 That mystery it can ne'er reveal.

Take comfort! Vales and lakes and skies,
 Blue seas, and sunset-girdled shore,
 Love-beaming brows, love-lighted eyes,
 Contend like thee. What can they more?

SONNET.

SARSFIELD AND CLARE.

SILENT they slumber in the unwholesome
 shade:
 And why lament them? Virtue, too, can
 die:
 Old wisdom labors in extremity;
 And greatness stands aghast, and cries for
 aid
 Full often: Aye, and honor grows dis-
 may'd;
 And all those eagle hopes, so pure and high,
 Which soar aloft in youth's unclouded sky,
 Drop dustward, self-subverted, self-betray'd.
 Call it not joy to walk the immortal floor
 Of this exulting earth, nor peace to lie
 Where the throng'd marbles awe the passer
 by:
 True rest is this; the task, the mission o'er,
 To bide God's time, and man's neglect to
 bear—
 Hail, loyal Sarsfield! Hail, high-hearted
 Clare!

SONG.

I.

A BRIGHTEN'D Sorrow veils her face,
 Sweet thoughts with thoughts forlorn,
 And playful sadness, like the grace
 Of some autumnal morn;
 When birds new-waked, like sprightly elves,
 The languid echoes rouse,
 And infant Zephyrs make themselves
 Familiar with old boughs.

II.

All round our hearts the Maiden's hair
 Its own soft shade doth fling:
 Her sigh perfumes the forest air,
 Like eve—but eve in Spring!
 When Spring precipitates her flow;
 And Summer, swift to greet her,
 Breathes, every night, a warmer glow
 Half through the dusk to meet her.

ST. COLUMKILL'S FAREWELL TO
THE ISLE OF ARRAN,

ON SETTING SAIL FOR IONA.¹

(*From the 'Gaelic.'*)

FAREWELL to Arran Isle,² farewell!
I steer for Hy:³ my heart is sore:—
The breakers burst, the billows swell
'Twixt Arran Isle and Alba's⁴ shore.

Thus spake the Son of God, "Depart!"
O Arran Isle, God's will be done!
By Angels throng'd this hour thou art:
I sit within my bark alone.

O Modan, well for thee the while!
Fair falls thy lot, and well art thou!
Thy seat is set in Arran Isle:
Eastward to Alba turns my prow.

O Arran, Sun of all the West!
My heart is thine! As sweet to close
Our dying eyes in thee, as rest
Where Peter and where Paul repose!

O Arran, Sun of all the West!
My heart in thee its grave hath found:
He walks in regions of the blest
The man that hears thy church-bells'
sound!

O Arran blest, O Arran blest!
Accursed the man that loves not thee!
The dead man cradled in thy breast—
No demon scares him: well is he.

Each Sunday Gabriel from on high
(For so did Christ our Lord ordain)
Thy masses comes to sanctify,
With fifty Angels in his train.

Each Monday Michael issues forth
To bless anew each sacred fane:
Each Tuesday cometh Raphael
To bless pure hearth and golden grain.

Each Wednesday cometh Uriel,
Each Thursday Sarel, fresh from God;
Each Friday cometh Ramael
To bless thy stones and bless thy sod.

Each Saturday comes Mary,
Comes Babe on arm, 'mid heavenly hosts!
O Arran, near to heaven is he
That hears God's Angels bless thy coasts!

SONNET.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

WHAT man can check the aspiring life that
thrills
And glows through all this multitudinous
wood;
That throbs in each minutest leaf and bud,
And, like a mighty wave ascending, fills
More high each day with flowers the encir-
cling hills?—
From earth's maternal heart her ancient
blood
Mounts to her breast in milk! her breath
doth brood
O'er fields Spring-flush'd round unimpris-
on'd rills!
Such life is also in the breast of Man;
Such blood is at the heart of every Nation,
Not to be chain'd by Statesman's frown or
ban.
Hope and be strong: fear and be weak!
The seed
Is sown: be ours the prosperous growth to
feed
With food, not poison—Christian Education!

DEATH.

God's creature, Death! thou art not God's
compeer!
An Anarch sceptred in primordial night;
Immortal Life's eternal opposite:—
Nor art thou some new Portent sudden and
drear
Blotting, like sea-born cloud, a noontide
sphere:

¹ From the prose translation in vol. i. of the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society*, Dublin, 1808.

² In the Bay of Galway. It was one of the chief retreats of the Irish monks and missionaries, and still abounds in religious memorials.

³ Iona.

⁴ Scotland.

Thou art but Adam's forfeit by the might
 Of Calvary sunset-steep'd, and changed to
 light;
 To God man's access through the gates of
 Fear!
 Penance thou art for them that penance
 need;
 To souls detach'd a gentle ritual;
 Time's game reiterate, and with lightning
 speed
 Play'd o'er; through life a desert Baptist's
 call.
 Judgment and Death are woful things, we
 know:
 Yet Judgment without Death were tenfold
 woe!

THE GRAVES OF TYRCONNEL AND TYRONE,

ON SAN PIETRO, IN MONTORIO.

WITHIN Saint Peter's fane, that kindly
 hearth
 Where exiles crown'd their earthly loads
 down cast,
 The Scottish Kings repose, their wanderings
 past,
 in death more royal thrice than in their
 birth.

Near them, within a church of narrower girth
 But with dilated memories yet more vast,
 Sad Ulster's Princes find their rest at last,
 Their home the holiest spot, save one, on
 earth.

This is that Mount which saw Saint Peter
 die!

Where stands yon dome stood once the
 Cross reversed:

From this dread Hill, a Western Calvary,
 The Empire and that Synagogue accurst
 Clash'd two ensanguined hands—like Cain—
 in one.

Sleep where the Apostle slept, Tyrconnel
 and Tyrone!

WAYSIDE FOUNTAINS.

As o'er the marble brink you lean,
 This Well, glad guest, becomes your
 mirror:—

May every glass in which are seen
 Your spirit's face, your moral mien,
 Cause you as little terror.

In this cool shadow, grateful guest!
 Repose, and humbly drink;
 And muse on Him who found no rest:
 And now, and always think
 Of that, His last great thirst, which He
 Endured for those thou lov'st, and thee.

POEMS OF THOMAS PARNELL.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal
well:

Remote from men, with God he pass'd the
days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure
praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion
rose—

That Vice should triumph, Virtue, Vice
obey.

This sprung some doubt of Providence's
sway:

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending
grow,

And skies beneath with answering colors
glow:

But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken Sun;
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by
sight,

To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly
dew),

He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore.

And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the Sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless
grass,

And long and lonesome was the wild to
pass;

But when the southern Sun had warm'd the
day,

A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he
cried,

"And hail, my son," the reverend sire re-
plied;

Words follow'd words, from question answer
flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loth to
part,

While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the Sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the Moon through ranks of trees
they pass,

Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides
of grass.

It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stran-
ger's home.

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous
gate.

The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they
drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of
down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of
day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes
creep,
And shake the neighboring wood to banish
sleep.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to
taste.

Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch
they go:

And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering
prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks
with fear,

So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trem-
bling heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to
part:

Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it
hard

That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the Sun his glory
shrouds,

The changing skies hang out their sable
clouds;

A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair
retreat,

To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.

'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved
around;

Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they
drew,

Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers
began,

And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders
ran.

Here long they knock, but knock or call in
vain,

Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's
breast,

('Twas then his threshold first received a
guest);

Slow creaking turns the door with jealous
care,

And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervor through their limbs re-
calls:

Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted), served them both to
dine;

And when the tempest first appear'd to
cease,

A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit
view'd,

In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;

"And why should such," within himself he
cried,

"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want be-
side?"

But what new marks of wonder soon take
place

In every settling feature of his face;

When from his vest the young companion
bore

That cup, the generous landlord own'd be-
fore,

And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly!

The Sun emerging opes an azure sky;

A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the
day:

The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,

'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now Night's dim shades again involve the sky,

Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh,
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great :

It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :

Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,

The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,

To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,

Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,

Was strong for toil, the dappled Morn arose ;

Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck : the landlord's little pride,

O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd,
and died.

Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !

How look'd our hermit when the fact was done ;

Hell, though Hell's black jaws in sunder part,

And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,

He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.

His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay

Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way.

A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bonding glide.

The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,

He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch !" — But scarce his speech began,

When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air ;
And wings, whose colors glitter'd on the day,

Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.

The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,

Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
These charms, success in our bright region find,

And force an angel down, to calm thy mind :

For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky :

Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

“Then know the truth of government
divine,

And let these scruples be no longer thine.

“The Maker justly claims that world he
made,

In this the right of Providence is laid ;

Its sacred majesty through all depends

On using second means to work his ends :

'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human
eye,

The power exerts his attributes on high,

Your actions uses, nor controls your will,

And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

“What strange events can strike with
more surprise,

Than those which lately struck thy wonder-
ing eyes ?

Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty
just,

And where you can't unriddle, learn to
trust !

“The great, vain man, who fared on costly
food,

Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;

Who made his ivory stands with goblets
shine,

And forced his guests to morning draughts
of wine,

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,

And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“The mean, suspicious wretch, whose
bolted door

Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor ;

With him I left the cup, to teach his mind

That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be
kind.

Conscious of wanting worth, he views the
bowl,

And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,

With heaping coals of fire upon his head ;

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,

And loose from dross the silver runs below.

“Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart

from God ;

(Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,

And measured back his steps to Earth again.

To what excesses had his dotage run ?

But God, to save the father, took the son.

To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,

(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow :)

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,

Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

“But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,

Had that false servant sped in safety back ;

This night his treasured heaps he meant to
steal,

And what a fund of charity would fail !

Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial
o'er,

Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.”

On sounding pinions here the youth with-
drew :

The sage stood wondering as the seraph
flew.

Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,

His master took the chariot of the sky ;

The fiery pomp ascending left to view ;

The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,

*“Lord ! as in Heaven, on Earth thy will be
done.”*

Then gladly turning sought his ancient
place,

And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,

No more I waste the wakeful night,

Intent with endless view to pore

The schoolmen and the sages o'er :

Their books from wisdom widely stray,

Or point at best the longest way.

I'll seek a readier path, and go

Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky !

Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,

While through their ranks in silver pride

The nether crescent seems to glide.

The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,

The lake is smooth and clear beneath,

Where once again the spangled show

Descends to meet our eyes below.

The grounds, which on the right aspire,

In dimness from the view retire :

The left presents a place of graves,

Whose wall the silent water laves.

That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
 Among the livid gleams of night.
 There pass with melancholy state
 By all the solemn heaps of Fate,
 And think, as softly-sad you tread
 Above the venerable dead,
*Time was, like thee, thy life possesst,
 And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.*

Those with bending osier bound,
 That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
 Quick to the glancing thought disclose
 Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
 The chisel's slender help to fame,
 (Which ere our set of friends decay
 Their frequent steps may wear away),
 A middle race of mortals own,
 Men, half-ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
 Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
 Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
 These, all the poor remains of state,
 Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
 Who, while on Earth in fame they live,
 Are senseless of the fame they give.
 Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
 The bursting earth unveils the shades!
 All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
 They rise in visionary crowds,
 And all with sober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
 That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
 Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
 (Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
 Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
 O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
 It sends a peal of hollow groans,
 Thus speaking from among the bones:

"When men my scythe and darts supply,
 How great a king of fears am I!
 They view me like the last of things;
 They make, and then they draw, my strings.
 Fools! if you less provoked your fears,
 No more my spectre-form appears.
 Death's but a path that must be trod,
 If man would ever pass to God;
 A port of calms, a state to ease
 From the rough rage of swelling seas."

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
 Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,

Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
 Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
 And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
 Nod o'er the escutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
 Nor wants the soul these forms of woe;
 As men who long in prison dwell,
 With lamps that glimmer round the cell
 Whene'er their suffering years are run,
 Spring forth to greet the glittering Sun.
 Such joy, though far transcending sense.
 Have pious souls at parting hence.
 On Earth, and in the body placed,
 A few, and evil years, they waste:
 But when their chains are cast aside,
 See the glad scene unfolding wide,
 Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
 And mingle with the blaze of day.

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
 Our race of mortals call him Care,
 (Were Homer living, well he knew
 What name the gods have call'd him too),
 With fine mechanic genius wrought,
 And loved to work, though no one bought.
 This being, by a model bred
 In Jove's eternal sable head,
 Contrived a shape empower'd to breathe,
 And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose, staring like a stake;
 Wondering to see himself awake!
 Then look'd so wise, before he knew
 The business he was made to do—
 That, pleased to see with what a grace
 He gravely show'd his forward face,
 Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
 An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
 Which ever binds a poet's god,
 (For which his curls ambrosial shake,
 And mother Earth's obliged to quake),
 He saw old mother Earth arise,
 She stood confess'd before his eyes;
 But not with what we read she wore,
 A castle for a crown before,
 Nor with long streets and longer roads
 Dangling behind her, like commodes:

As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
And trail'd a landscape-painted vest.
Then thrice she raised, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head :

Her honors made, "Great Jove," she cried,
"This thing was fashion'd from my side:
His hands, his heart, his head are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?"

"Nay, rather ask," the monarch said,
"What boots his hand, his heart, his head?
Were what I gave removed away,
Thy part's an idle shape of clay."

"Halves, more than halves!" cried honest
Care,

"Your pleas would make your titles fair.
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I, who join'd them, claim the whole."

Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause as man.
And can celestial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young).
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honors on his head;
He just had got his pinions free
From his old sire, Eternity.

A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learn'd Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carried, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.

His vest, for day and night, was pied;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And Spring's new months his train adorn:
The other seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounced the words of Fate:

"Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove received a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But since their union makes the man,

Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care who join'd them, man is due."
He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year:
Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

"'Tis well," said Jove, and for consent
Thundering he shook the firmament.
"Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill,
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on, before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me."

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind,
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky
With more of happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, oh whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)

Amusing thought ; but learns to know
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.
 No real happiness is found
 In trailing purple o'er the ground :
 Or in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the sky,
 Converse with stars above, and know
 All nature in its forms below :
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
 And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear :
 This world itself, if thou art here,
 Is once again with Eden blest,
 And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood,
 And, lost in thought, no more perceived
 The branches whisper as they waved :
 It seem'd as all the quiet place
 Confess'd the presence of His grace.
 When thus she spoke: Go, rule thy will,
 Bid thy wild passions all be still,
 Know God—and bring thy heart to
 know
 The joys which from religion flow :
 Then every grace shall prove its guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
 In my hours of sweet retreat,

Might I thus my soul employ,
 With sense of gratitude and joy ;
 Raised as ancient prophets were,
 In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer,
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,
 Pleased and bless'd with God alone :
 Then while the gardens take my sight
 With all the colors of delight :
 While silver waters glide along,
 To please my ear and court my song :
 I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
 And thee, great Source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
 To light the world and give the day ;
 The moon that shines with borrow'd
 light ;
 The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain ;—
 All of these, and all I see,
 Should be sung, and sung by me :
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy or your vain extremes ;
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the next begun in this.

POEMS OF THOMAS DAVIS.

INTRODUCTION AND MEMOIR

BY JOHN MITCHEL.

AT Mallow, on the river Blackwater, in the county of Cork, and some time in the year 1814, THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS was born. His father was by birth a Welshman, but long settled in the south of Ireland, and Davis, ever proud of his Cymric blood, and of his kindred with the other Gaelic family of Milesians, named himself through life a Celt. "The Celt" was his *nom de plume*; and the Celtic music and literature, the Celtic language, and habits, and history, were always his fondest study. Partly from the profound sympathy of his nature with the fiery, vehement, affectionate, gentle, and bloody race that bred him,—his affinity with "the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael,"—partly from his hereditary aversion to the coarser and more energetic Anglo-Saxon,—and partly from the chivalry of his character, which drew him to the side of all oppressed nations everywhere over the earth,—he chose to write *Celt* upon his front; he would live and die a Celt.

The scenes of his birth and boyhood nursed and cherished this feeling. Amongst the hills of Munster—on the banks of Ireland's most beauteous river, the *Avonclough*, Spenser's "Auniduff,"—and amidst a simple people who yet retained most of the venerable usages of olden time, their wakes and funeral-*caoinés*, their wedding merrymakings, and simple hospitality with a hundred thousand welcomes, he imbibed that passionate and deep love, not for the people only, but for the very soil, rocks, woods, waters, and skies of his native land, which gives to his writings, both in prose and poetry, their chief value and charm.

He received a good education, and entered Trinity College, Dublin. During his university course his reading was discursive, omnivorous, by no means confined within the text-books and classic authors prescribed for study within the current terms of the college *curriculum*. Therefore he was not a dull, plodding, blockhead "premium-man." He came through the course creditably enough, but without distinction; and Wallis, an early friend and comrade of Davis, and the author of the first tribute to his memory and his genius, in the "Introduction" prefixed to this edition of his Poems, says that "during his college course, and for some years after, while he was very generally liked, he had, unless, perhaps, with some few who knew him intimately, but a moderate reputation for high ability of any kind." In short, his moral and intellectual growth was slow; he had no personal ambition for mere distinction, and never through all his life did anything for effect. Thus he spent his youth in storing his own mind and training his own heart; never wrote or spoke for the public till he approached his thirtieth year; exerted faculty after faculty (unsuspected by himself as well as by others) just as the occasion for their exertion arose, and nobody else was at hand able or willing to do the needful work; and when he died at the age of thirty-one, those only who knew him best felt that the world had been permitted to see but the infancy of a great genius.

His poetry is but a fragment of the man. He was no boy-rhymer; and brimful as his eye and soul were of the beauties and glories of Nature, he never felt a necessity to utter them in song. In truth he did not himself suspect that he could make verses until the establishment of the "Nation" newspaper, in which, from the first, he was the principal writer; and then, from a calm, deliberate conviction that amongst other agencies for arousing national spirit, fresh, manly, vigorous, national songs and ballads must by no means be neglected, he conscientiously set to work to manufacture the article wanted. The result was that torrent of impassioned poesy which flashed through the columns of the "Nation," week by week, and made many an eager boy, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, cut open the weekly sheet with a hand shaken by excitement,—to kindle his heart with the glowing thought of the nameless "Celt."

The defeat of Ireland and her cause, and the utter prostration into which she has fallen, may, in the minds of many, deprive the labors of Davis of some portion of their interest. If his aspirations had been made realities, and his lessons had ripened into action; if the British standard had gone down, torn and trampled before the green banner, in this our day, as it had done before on many a well-fought field,—then all men would have loved to trace the infancy and progress of the triumphant cause,—the lives and actions of those who had toiled in the sweat of their brows to make its triumph possible. It is the least, indeed, of the penalties, yet it is one of the surest penalties of defeat—that the world will neglect you and your claims; will not care to ask why you were defeated, nor care to inquire whether you deserved success.

Yet to some minds it will be always interesting to understand instead of misunderstanding even a baffled cause. And to such, the Poems of Davis are presented as the fullest and finest expression of the national sentiment that in 1843 shook the British empire to its base, and was buried ignominiously in the Famine-graves of '48—not without hope of a happy resurrection.

To characterize shortly the poetry of Davis—its main strength and beauty lies in its simple *passion*. Its execution is unequal; and in some of the finest of his pieces any magazine-critic can point out weak or unmusical verses. But all through these ringing lyrics there is a direct, manly, hearty, human feeling, with here and there a line or passage of such passing melody and beauty that once read it haunts the ear and heart forever.

"What thoughts were mine in early youth!

Like some old Irish song,

Brimful of love, and life, and truth,

My spirit gushed along."

And in that exquisite song, "The Rivers." Let any one who has an ear to hear, and a tongue to speak, read aloud the fifth stanza—

"But far kinder the woodlands of rich Convamore,
And more gorgeous the turrets of saintly Lismore;
There the stream, like a maiden
With love overladen,
Pants wild on each shore."

Who that has once seen will ever forget old Lord Clare rising at the head of his mess-table in the "Battle-eve of the Brigade"—

"The veteran arose, *like an uplifted lance,*
Saying, Comrades, a health to the monarch of France!"

His "Lament for the death of Owen Roe" is the very heart and soul of a musical, wild, and miserable Irish *caoine* (the *coronach*, or *nœniæ*)—

"Wail, wail him through the Island! Weep, weep for our pride!
Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!
Weep the victor of Benburb—weep him, young men and old;
Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies cold!

"We thought you would not die—we were sure you would not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky—
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?"

For his battle-ballads may be instanced "Fontenoy," and the "Sack of Baltimore." And his love-songs are the genuine pleadings of longing, yearning, devouring passion. Perhaps, however, the most characteristic, though far from the finest of all these songs, is that beginning "Oh! for a steed!" There he gives bold and broad expression to that feeling which we have already described as a leading constituent of his noble nature,—sympathy with conquered nations, assertion and espousal of their cause against force and fate,—and a mortal detestation and defiance of that conquering "energy" which impels the civilizing bullies of mankind to "bestride the narrow world like a Colossus." This sympathy it was, which so strongly attracted him to the books of Augustin Thierry, whose writings he often recommended as the most picturesquely faithful and heartily human of all historical works.

Space would fail us to give anything like an adequate narrative of Davis's political toils through the three last busy years of his life. It is not detracting from any man's just claims to assert, what all admit, that he, more than any one man, inspired, created, and moulded the strong national feeling that possessed the Irish people in '43, made O'Connell a true uncrowned king, and

"Placed the strength of all the land
Like a falchion in his hand."

The "government," at last, with fear and trembling, came to issue with the "Repeal Conspirators" in the law courts. Well they might fear and tremble. One movement of O'Connell's finger—for only he could give the signal—and within a month no vestige of British power could have remained in Ireland. For O'Connell's refusal to wield that power, then unquestionably in his hands, may God forgive him! He went into prison on the 30th of May, 1844, stayed there three months—came out in a triumph of perfect paroxysm of popular enthusiasm stronger than ever. Yet from that hour the cause declined; nothing answering expectation, or commensurate with the power at his command, was done or attempted. "Physical force" was made a bugbear to frighten women and children; priests were instructed to denounce "rash young men" from their altars; and "Law"—London law, was thrust down the national throat.

Davis saw this, vainly resisted it, and made head against it for awhile. He labored in the "Nation" more zealously than ever; but his intimate comrades perceived him changed; and after a short illness he died at his mother's house, Baggot-street, Dublin, on the 16th of September, 1845.

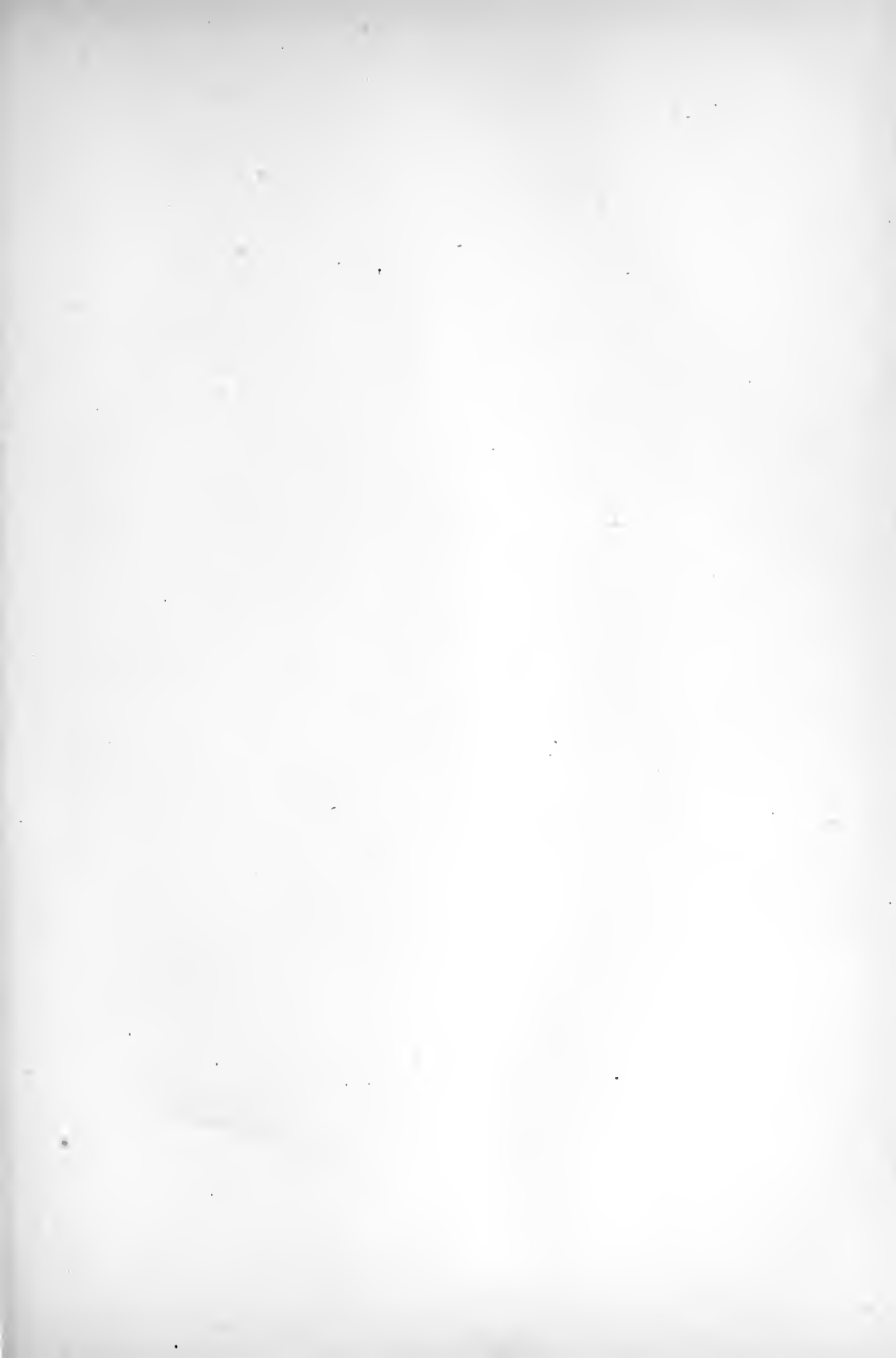
The "Nation" lost its strength and its inspiration. The circle of friends and comrades,—the "Young Ireland party," as they were called,—that revolved around this central figure,

that were kept in their spheres by the attraction of his strong nature, taking their literary tasks from his hands, drawing instruction from his varied accomplishments, and courage and zeal from his kindly and cheerful converse, soon fell into confusion, alienation, helplessness. Gloom gathered round the cause, and famine, wasting the bone and vigor of the nation, made all his friends feel, as the confederate Irish felt when Owen Roe died of poison, like

“Sheep without a shepherd, when snow shut out the sky.”

MacNevin, who idolized him, was cut suddenly from all his moorings, and like a rudderless ship drifted and whirled, until he died in a mad-house. Of others, it would be invidious to trace the career in this place. Enough to say, that the most dangerous foe English dominion in Ireland has had in our generation is buried in the cemetery of Mount Jerome, in the southern suburbs of Dublin.

Fragmentary and hasty as are the compositions in prose or verse which Davis left behind him, they are the best and most authentic exponent of the principles and aspirations of the remnant of his disciples.





THE PATRIOT BISHOP OF ROSS.

THE POEMS OF THOMAS DAVIS.

PART I.

National Ballads and Songs.

"NATIONAL POETRY is the very flowering of the soul, the greatest evidence of its health, the greatest excellence of its beauty. Its melody is balsam to the senses. It is the playfellow of Childhood, grows into the companion of Manhood, consoles Age. It presents the most dramatic events, the largest characters, the most impressive scenes, and the deepest passions, in the language most familiar to us. It magnifies and ennobles our hearts, our intellects, our country, and our countrymen; binds us to the land by its condensed and gem-like history—to the future by example and by aspiration. It solaces us in travel, fires us in action, prompts our invention, sheds a grace beyond the power of luxury round our homes, is the recognized envoy of our minds among all mankind, and to all time."—DAVIS'S ESSAYS.

THE MEN OF TIPPERARY.

Air—Original.¹

I.

LET Britain boast her British hosts,
About them all right little care we;
Not British seas nor British coasts
Can match the man of Tipperary!

II.

Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
His spirit light as any fairy;
His wrath is fearful as the storm
That sweeps The Hills of Tipperary!

III.

Lead him to fight for native land,
His is no courage cold and wary;
The troops live not on earth would stand
The headlong Charge of Tipperary!

IV.

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,
Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary
You'd swear they knew no other mood
But Mirth and Love in Tipperary!

V.

You're free to share his scanty meal,
His plighted word he'll never vary—
In vain they tried with gold and steel
To shake The Faith of Tipperary!

VI.

Soft is his *cailin's* sunny eye,
Her mien is mild, her step is airy,
Her heart is fond, her soul is high—
Oh! she's the pride of Tipperary!

VII.

Let Britain brag her motley rag;
We'll lift the Green more proud and *airy*;
Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
And head The Men of Tipperary!

¹ Vide "Spirit of the Nation," 4to, p. 64.

VIII.

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
About them all right little care we;
Give us, to guard our native coasts,
The Matchless Men of Tipperary!

THE RIVERS.

AIR—*Kathleen O' More.*

I.

THERE'S a far-famed Blackwater that runs to
Loch Neagh,
There's a fairer Blackwater that runs to the sea,
The glory of Ulster,
The beauty of Munster,
These twin rivers be.

II.

From the banks of that river Benburb's towers
arise;
This stream shines as bright as a tear from
sweet eyes;
This, fond as a young bride;
That, with foeman's blood dyed—
Both dearly we prize.

III.

Deep sunk in that bed is the sword of Monroe,
Since, 'twixt it and Donagh, he met Owen Roe,
And Charlemont's cannon
Slew many a man on
These meadows below.

IV.

The shrines of Armagh gleam far over yon lea,
Nor afar is Dungannon that nursed liberty,
And yonder Red Hugh
Marshal Bagenal o'erthrew
On Béal-an-atha-Buidhe.¹

V.

But far kinder the woodlands of rich Convamore,
And more gorgeous the turrets of saintly Lis-
more;
There the stream, like a maiden
With love overladen,
Pants wild on each shore.

VI.

Its rocks rise like statues, tall, stately, and fair,
And the trees, and the flowers, and the moun-
tains, and air,
With Wonder's soul near you,
To share with, and cheer you,
Make Paradise there.

VII.

I would rove by that stream, ere my flag I un-
rolled;
I would fly to these banks, my betrothed to en-
fold—
The pride of our sire-land,
The Eden of Ireland,
More precious than gold.

VIII.

May their borders be free from oppression and
blight;
May their daughters and sons ever fondly unite—
The glory of Ulster,
The beauty of Munster,
Our strength and delight.

GLENGARIFF.

AIR—*O'Sullivan's March.*

I.

I WANDERED at eve by Glengariff's sweet water,
Half in the shade, and half in the moon,
And thought of the time when the Sacsanach
slaughter
Reddened the night and darkened the noon;
*Mo nuar! mo nuar! mo nuar!*² I said—
When I think, in this valley and sky—
Where true lovers and poets should sigh—
Of the time when its chieftain O'Sullivan fled.³

II.

Then my mind went along with O'Sullivan
marching
Over Musk'ry's moors and Ormond's plain,
His *curachs* the waves of the Shannon o'erarch-
ing,
And his pathway mile-marked with the slain:

¹ *Vulgo*, Ballanabwoe—the mouth of the yellow ford.

² "Alas!"

³ *Vide post*, page 126.

Mo nuar! mo nuar! mo nuar! I said—
 Yet 'twas better far from you to go,
 And to battle with torrent and foe,
 Than linger as slaves where your sweet waters
 spread.

III.

But my fancy burst on, like a clan o'er the border,
 To times that seemed almost at hand,
 When facing her banner, old Erin's *Lamh*
Laidir

Alone shall rule over the rescued land;
*O baotho! O baotho! O baotho!*¹ I said—
 Be our marching as steady and strong,
 And freemen our valleys shall throng,
 When the last of our foemen is vanquished and
 fled.

THE WEST'S ASLEEP.

AIR—The Brink of the White Rocks.

I.

WHEN all besides a vigil keep,
 The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
 Alas! and well may Erin weep,
 When Connaught lies in slumber deep.
 There lake and plain smile fair and free,
 'Mid rocks—their guardian chivalry—
 Sing oh! let man learn liberty
 From crashing wind and lashing sea.

II.

That chainless wave and lovely land
 Freedom and Nationhood demand—
 Be sure, the great God never planned,
 For slumbering slaves, a home so grand.
 And, long, a brave and haughty race
 Honored and sentinelled the place—
 Sing oh! not even their sons' disgrace
 Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

III.

For often, in O'Connor's van,
 To triumph dashed each Connaught clan—
 And fleet as deer the Normans ran
 Through Corlieu's Pass and Ardahan.
 And later times saw deeds as brave;
 And glory guards Clanricard's grave—

Sing oh! they died their land to save,
 At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

IV.

And if, when all a vigil keep,
 The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
 Alas! and well may Erin weep,
 That Connaught lies in slumber deep.
 But—hark!—some voice like thunder spake,
 "*The West's awake, the West's awake*"—
 "Sing oh! hurra! let England quake,
 We'll watch till death for Erin's sake!"

OH! FOR A STEED.

AIR—Original.

I.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a blazing
 scimitar,
 To hunt from beauteous Italy the Austrian's red
 hussar.

To mock their boasts,
 And strew their hosts,
 And scatter their flags afar.

II.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and dear Po-
 land gathered around,
 To smite her circle of savage foes, and smash
 them upon the ground;

Nor hold my hand
 While on the land,
 A foreigner foe was found.

III.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a rifle that
 never failed,
 And a tribe of terrible prairie men, by desperate
 valor mailed,

'Till "stripes and stars,"
 And Russian czars,
 Before the Red Indian quailed.

IV.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the plains
 of Hindustan,
 And a hundred thousand cavaliers, to charge
 like a single man,

Till our shirts were red,
 And the English fled,
 Like a cowardly caravan.

¹ "Oh, fine."

v.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, with the Greeks
at Marathon,
Or a place in the Switzer phalanx, when the
Morat men swept on,
Like a pine-clad hill
By an earthquake's will
Hurled the valleys upon.

vi.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, when Brian
smote down the Dane,
Or a place beside great Aodh O'Neill, when
Bagenal the bold was slain,
Or a waving crest
And a lance in rest,
With Bruce upon Bannoch plain.

vii.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the Curragh
of Kildare,
And Irish squadrons ready to do, as they are
ready to dare—
A hundred yards,
And Holland's guards
Drawn up to engage me there.

viii.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and any good
cause at all,
Or else, if you will, a field on foot, or guarding
a leaguered wall
For freedom's right;
In flushing fight
To conquer if then to fall.

CYMRIC RULE AND CYMRIC RULERS.¹

AIR—*The March of the Men of Harlech.*²

I.

ONCE there was a Cymric nation:
Few its men, but high its station—
Freedom is the soul's creation,
Not the work of hands.
Coward hearts are self-subduing;
Fetters last by slaves' renewing—
Edward's castles are in ruin,
Still his empire stands.
Still the Saxon's malice
Blight's our beauteous valleys;

Ours the toil, but his the spoil, and his the laws
we writhe in;
Worked like beasts, that Saxon priests may riot
in our tithing;
Saxon speech and Saxon teachers
Crush our Cymric tongue!
Tolls our traffic binding,
Rents our vitals grinding—
Bleating sheep, we cower and weep, when, by
one bold endeavor,
We could drive from out our hive the Saxon
drones for ever.

"CYMRIC RULE AND CYMRIC RULERS"—
Pass along the word!

II.

We should blush at Arthur's glory—
Never sing the deeds of Rory—
Caratach's renowned story
Deepens our disgrace.
By the bloody day of Banchor!
By a thousand years of rancor!
By the wrongs that in us canker!
Up! ye Cymric race—
Think of Old Llewellyn,—
Owen's trumpets swelling:
Then send out a thunder shout, and every true
man summon,
Till the ground shall echo round from Severn to
Plinlimmon,
"Saxon foes, and Cymric brothers,
"Arthur's come again!"
Not his bone and sinew,
But his soul within you,
Prompt and true to plan and do, and firm as
Monmouth iron
For our cause though crafty laws and charging
troops environ—
"CYMRIC RULE AND CYMRIC RULERS"—
Pass along the word!

A BALLAD OF FREEDOM.

I.

THE Frenchman sailed in Freedom's name to
smite the Algerine,
The strife was short, the crescent sunk, and then
his guile was seen;
For, nestling in the pirate's hold—a fiercer pirate
far—

He bade the tribes yield up their flocks, the towns their gates unbar.
 Right on he pressed with freemen's hands to subjugate the free,
 The Berber in old Atlas glens, the Moor in Titteri;
 And wider have his *razzias* spread, his cruel conquests broader,
 But God sent down, to face his frown, the gallant Abdel-Kader—
 The faithful Abdel-Kader! unconquered Abdel-Kader!
 Like falling rock,
 Or fierce siroc—
 No savage or marauder—
 Son of a slave!
 First of the brave!
 Hurrah for Abdel-Kader!¹

II.

The Englishman, for long, long years, had ravaged Ganges' side—
 A dealer first, intriguer next, he conquered far and wide,
 Till, hurried on by avarice, and thirst of endless rule,
 His sepoy pierced to Candahar, his flag waved in Cabul;
 But still within the conquered land was one unconquered man,
 The fierce Pushtani² lion, the fiery Akhbar Khan—
 He slew the sepoy on the snow, till Scindh's³ full flood they swam it
 Right rapidly, content to flee the son of Dost Mohammed,
 The son of Dost Mohammed, and brave old Dost Mohammed—
 Oh! long may they
 Their mountains sway,
 Akhbar and Dost Mohammed!
 Long live the Dost!
 Who Britain crost,
 Hurrah for Dost Mohammed!

III.

The Russian, lord of million serfs, and nobles serflier still,

Indignant saw Circassia's sons bear up against his will;
 With fiery ships he lines their coast, his armies cross their streams—
 He builds a hundred fortresses—his conquests done, he deems.
 But steady rifles—rushing steeds—a crowd of nameless chiefs—
 The plough is o'er his arsenals!—his fleet is on the reefs!
 The maidens of Kabyntica are clad in Moscow dresses—
 His slavish herd, how dared they beard the mountain-bred Cherkesses!
 The lightening Cherkesses!—the thundering Cherkesses!
 May Elburz top
 In Azov drop,
 Ere Cossacks beat Cherkesses!
 The fountain head
 Whence Europe spread—
 Hurra! for the tall Cherkesses!⁴

IV.

But Russia preys on Poland's fields, where Sobieski reigned,
 And Austria on Italy—the Roman eagle chained—
 Bohemia, Servia, Hungary, within her clutches, gasp;
 And Ireland struggles gallantly in England's loosening grasp.
 O! would all these their strength unite, or battle on alone,
 Like Moor, Pushtani, and Cherkess, they soor would have their own.
 Hurrah! hurrah! it can't be far, when from the Scindh to Shannon
 Shall gleam a line of freemen's flags begirt by freemen's cannon!
 The coming day of Freedom—the flashing flags of Freedom!
 The victor glaive—
 The mottoes brave,
 May we be there to read them!
 That glorious noon,
 God send it soon—
 Hurrah for human Freedom!

¹ This name is pronounced Cawder. The French say that their great foe was a slave's son. Be it so—he has a hero's and freeman's heart. "Hurrah for Abdel-Kader!"—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

² This is the name by which the Affghans call themselves. Affghani is a Persian name.—*Id.*

³ The real name of the Indus, which is a Latinized word.—*Id.*

⁴ Cherkesses or Abdyes is the right name of the so-called Circassians. Kabyntica is a town in the heart of the Caucasus, of which Mount Elburz is the summit. Blumenbach, and other physiologists, assert that the finer European races descend from a Circassian stock.—*Id.*

THE IRISH HURRAH.

ATR—*Nach m-baineann sin do.*

I.

HAVE you hearkened the eagle scream over the sea?

HAVE you hearkened the breaker beat under your lee?

A something between the wild waves, in their play,

And the kingly bird's scream, is The Irish Hurrah!

II.

How it rings on the rampart when Saxons assail,
How it leaps on the level, and crosses the vale,
Till the talk of the cataract faints on its way,
And the echo's voice cracks with The Irish Hurrah!

III.

How it sweeps o'er the mountain when hounds are on scent,

How it presses the billows when rigging is rent,
Till the enemy's broadside sinks low in dismay,
As our boarders go in with The Irish Hurrah!

IV.

Oh! there's hope in the trumpet and glee in the fife,

But never such music broke into a strife,
As when at its bursting the war-clouds give way,
And there's cold steel along with The Irish Hurrah!

V.

What joy for a death-bed, your banner above,
And round you the pressure of patriot love,
As you're lifted to gaze on the breaking array
Of the Saxon reserve at The Irish Hurrah!

A SONG FOR THE IRISH MILITIA.

ATR—*The Peacock.*

I.

THE tribune's tongue and poet's pen
May sow the seeds in prostrate men;
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the crop so bravely sown!

No more I'll sing nor idly pine,
But train my soul to lead a line—
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

II.

No foe would fear your thunder words
If 'twere not for our lightning swords—
If tyrants yield when millions pray,
'Tis lest they link in war array;
Nor peace itself is safe, but when
The sword is sheathed by fighting men—
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

III.

The rifle brown and sabre bright
Can freely speak and nobly write—
What prophets preached the truth so well
As HOFER, BRIAN, BRUCE, and TELL!
God guard the creed these heroes taught,—
That blood-bought Freedom's cheaply bought
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

IV.

Then, welcome be the bivouac,
The hardy stand, and fierce attack,
Where pikes will tame their carbineers
And rifles thin their bay'netees,
And every field the island through
Will show "what Irishmen can do!"
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

V.

Yet, 'tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel;
But wisdom, working day by day,
Till comes the time for passion's sway—
The patient dint, and powder shock,
Can blast an empire like a rock.
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

VI.

The tribune's tongue and poet's pen
May sow the seed in slavish men;
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the harvest when 'tis grown.
No more I'll sing, no more I'll pine,
But train my soul to lead a line—
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

OUR OWN AGAIN.

AIR—*Original.*¹

I.

Let the coward shrink aside,
 We'll have our own again;
 Let the brawling slave deride,
 Here's for our own again—
 Let the tyrant bribe and lie,
 March, threaten, fortify,
 Loose his lawyer and his spy,
 Yet we'll have our own again.
 Let him soothe in silken tone,
 Scold from a foreign throne;
 Let him come with bugles blown,
 We shall have our own again.
 Let us to our purpose bide,
 We'll have our own again—
 Let the game be fairly tried,
 We'll have our own again.

II.

Send the cry throughout the land,
 "Who's for our own again?"
 Summon all men to our band,—
 Why not our own again?
 Rich, and poor, and old, and young,
 Sharp sword, and fiery tongue—
 Soul and sinew firmly strung,
 All to get our own again.
 Brothers thrive by brotherhood—
 Trees in a stormy wood—
 Riches come from Nationhood—
 Sha'n't we have our own again?
 Munster's woe is Ulster's bane!
 Join for our own again—
 Tyrants rob as well as reign,—
 We'll have our own again.

III.

Oft our fathers' hearts it stirred,
 "Rise for our own again!"
 Often passed the signal word,
 "Strike for our own again!"
 Rudely, rashly, and untaught,
 Uprose they, ere they ought,
 Failing, though they nobly fought,
 Dying for their own again.
 Mind will rule and muscle yield,
 In senate, ship, and field—
 When we've skill our strength to wield
 Let us take our own again.

By the slave his chain is wrought,—
 Strive for our own again.
 Thunder is less strong than thought,—
 We'll have our own again.

IV.

Calm as granite to our foes,
 Stand for our own again;
 Till his wrath to madness grows
 Firm for our own again.
 Bravely hope, and wisely wait,
 Toil, join, and educate;
 Man is master of his fate;
 We'll enjoy our own again.
 With a keen constrained thirst—
 Powder's calm ere it burst—
 Making ready for the worst,
 So we'll get our own again.
 Let us to our purpose bide,
 We'll have our own again.
 God is on the righteous side,
 We'll have our own again.

CELTS AND SAXONS.²

I.

We hate the Saxon and the Dane,
 We hate the Norman men—
 We cursed their greed for blood and gain,
 We curse them now again.
 Yet start not, Irish born man,
 If you're to Ireland true,
 We heed not blood, nor creed, nor clan—
 We have no curse for you.

II.

We have no curse for you or yours,
 But Friendship's ready grasp,
 And faith to stand by you and yours
 Unto our latest grasp—
 To stand by you against all foes,
 Howe'er or whence they come,
 With traitor arts, or bribes, or blows,
 From England, France, or Rome.

III.

What matter that at different shrines
 We pray unto one God—

¹ *Vide* "Spirit of the Nation," 4to, p. 303.² Written in reply to some very beautiful verses printed in the

"Evening Mail," deprecating and defying the assumed hostility of the Irish Celts to the Irish Saxons.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

- What matter that at different times
 Our fathers won this sod—
 In fortune and in name we're bound
 By stronger links than steel;
 And neither can be safe nor sound
 But in the other's weal.

IV.

As Nubian rocks, and Ethiop sand
 Long drifting down the Nile,
 Built up old Egypt's fertile land
 For many a hundred mile;
 So Pagan clans to Ireland came,
 And clans of Christendom,
 Yet joined their wisdom and their fame
 To build a nation from.

V.

Here came the brown Phœnician,
 The man of trade and toil—
 Here came the proud Milesian,
 Ahungering for spoil;
 And the Fírbolg and the Cymry,
 And the hard, enduring Dane,
 And the iron Lords of Normandy,
 With the Saxons in their train.

VI.

And oh! it were a gallant deed
 To show before mankind,
 How every race and every creed
 Might be by love combined—
 Might be combined, yet not forget
 The fountain whence they rose,
 As, filled by many a rivulet
 The stately Shannon flows.

VII.

Nor would we wreak our ancient feud
 On Belgian or on Dane,
 Nor visit in a hostile mood
 The hearths of Gaul or Spain;
 But long as on our country lies
 The Anglo-Norman yoke,
 Their tyranny we'll signalize,
 And God's revenge invoke.

VIII.

We do not hate, we never cursed,
 Nor spoke a foeman's word
 Against a man in Ireland nursed,
 Howe'er we thought he erred;

So start not, Irish born man,
 If you're to Ireland true,
 We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan,
 We've hearts and hands for you.

ORANGE AND GREEN WILL CARRY THE DAY.

AIR—*The Protestant Boys.*

I.

IRELAND! rejoice, and, England! deplore—
 Faction and feud are passing away.
 'Twas a low voice, but 'tis a loud roar,
 "Orange and green will carry the day."
 Orange! Orange!
 Green and Orange!
 Pitted together in many a fray—
 Lions in fight!
 And linked in their might,
 Orange and Green will carry the day.
 Orange! Orange!
 Green and Orange!
 Wave together o'e mountain and bay.
 Orange and Green!
 Our King and our Queen!
 "Orange and Green will carry the day!"

II.

Rusty the swords our fathers unsheathed—
 William and James are turned to clay—
 Long did we till the wrath they bequeathed;
 Red was the crop, and bitter the pay!
 Freedom fled us!
 Knaves misled us!
 Under the feet of the foemen we lay—
 Riches and strength
 We'll win them at length,
 For Orange and Green will carry the day!
 Landlords fooled us;
 England ruled us,
 Hounding our passions to make us their prey
 But, in their spite,
 The Irish UNITE,
 And Orange and Green will carry the day!

III.

Fruitful our soil where honest men starve;
 Empty the mart, and shipless the bay;
 Out of our want the Oligarchs carve;
 Foreigners fatten on our decay!
 Disunited,
 Therefore blighted,

Ruined and rent by the Englishman's sway,
 Party and creed
 For once have agreed—
Orange and Green will carry the day !
 Boyne's old water,
 Red with slaughter !
Now is as pure as an infant at play ;
 So, in our souls,
 Its history rolls,
 And Orange and Green will carry the day.

IV.

English deceit can rule us no more,
 Bigots and knaves are scattered like spray—

Deep was the oath the Orangeman swore,
 "Orange and Green must carry the day !"
 Orange ! Orange !
 Bless the Orange !
 Tories and Whigs grew pale with dismay
 When, from the North,
 Burst the cry forth,
 "Orange and Green will carry the day ;"
 No surrender !
 No Pretender
 Never to falter and never betray—
 With an Amen,
 We swear it again,
ORANGE AND GREEN SHALL CARRY THE DAY

PART II.

National Songs and Ballads.

"The greatest achievement of the Irish people is their music. It tells their history, climate, and character; but it too much loves to weep. Let us, when so many of our chains have been broken—while our strength is great, and our hopes high—cultivate its bolder strains—its raging and rejoicing; or if we weep, let it be like men whose eyes are lifted, though their tears fall.

"Music is the first faculty of the Irish; and scarcely any thing has such power for good over them. The use of this faculty and this power, publicly and constantly, to keep up their spirits, refine their tastes, warm their courage, increase their union, and renew their zeal—is the duty of every patriot."—DAVIS'S ESSAYS.

THE LOST PATH.

AIR—*Grádh mo Chroíde.*

I.

SWEET thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be
 All comfort else has flown :
 For every hope was false to me,
 And here I am, alone.
 What thoughts were mine in early youth !
 Like some old Irish song,

Brimful of love, and life, and truth,
 My spirit gushed along.

II.

I hoped to right my native isle,
 I hoped a soldier's fame,
 I hoped to rest in woman's smile,
 And win a minstrel's name.
 Oh ! little have I served my land,
 No laurels press my brow,
 I have no woman's heart or hand,
 Nor minstrel honors now

III.

But fancy has a magic power,
 It brings me wreath and crown,
 And woman's love, the self-same hour
 It smites oppression down.
 Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
 I have no joy beside ;
 Oh ! throng around, and be to me
 Power, country, fame, and bride.

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

I.

To the conqueror his crowning,
 First freedom to the slave,
 And air unto the drowning,
 Sunk in the ocean's wave—
 And succor to the faithful,
 Who fight their flag above,
 Are sweet, but far less grateful
 Than were my lady's love.

II.

I know I am not worthy
 Of one so young and bright;
 And yet I would do for thee
 Far more than others might;
 I cannot give you pomp or gold,
 If you should be my wife,
 But I can give you love untold,
 And true in death or life.

III.

Methinks that there are passions
 Within that heaving breast
 To scorn their heartless fashion,
 And wed whom you love best.
 Methinks you would be prouder
 As the struggling patriot's bride,
 Than if rank your home should crowd, or
 Cold riches round you glide.

IV.

Oh! the watcher longs for morning,
 And the infant cries for light,
 And the saint for heaven's warning,
 And the vanquished pray for might;
 But their prayer, when lowest kneeling,
 And their supplianee most true,
 Are cold to the appealing
 Of this longing heart to you.

HOPE DEFERRED.

AIR—*Oh! art thou gone, my Mary dear!*

I.

'Tis long since we were forced to part, at least it
 seems so to my grief,
 For sorrow wearies us like time, but ah it
 brings not time's relief;

As in our days of tenderness, before me still she
 seems to glide;
 And, though my arms are wide as then, yet she
 will not abide.
 The daylight and the starlight shine, as if her
 eyes were in their light,
 And, whispering in the panting breeze, her love-
 songs come at lonely night;
 While, far away with those less dear, she tries to
 hide her grief in vain,
 For, kind to all while true to me, it pains her to
 give pain.

II.

I know she never spoke her love, she never
 breathed a single vow,
 And yet I'm sure she loved me then, and still
 doats on me now;
 For when we met, her eyes grew glad, and heavy
 when I left her side,
 And oft she said she'd be most happy as a poor
 man's bride;
 I toiled to win a pleasant home, and make it
 ready by the spring;
 The spring is past—what season now my girl
 unto our home will bring?
 I'm sick and weary, very weary—watching,
 morning, night, and noon;
 How long you're coming—I am dying—will you
 not come soon?

EIBHLIN A RÚIN.

AIR—*Eibhlín a rúin.*

I.

WHEN I am far away,
Eibhlín a rúin,
 Be gayest of the gay,
Eibhlín a rúin,
 Too dear your happiness,
 For me to wish it less—
 Love has no selfishness,
Eibhlín a rúin.

II.

And it must be our pride,
Eibhlín a rúin,
 Our trusting hearts to hide,
Eibhlín a rúin,

They wish our love to blight,
We'll wait for Fortune's light,
The flowers close up at night,
Eibhlín a rúin.

III.

And when we meet alone,
Eibhlín a rúin,
Upon my bosom thrown,
Eibhlín a rúin ;
That hour, with light bedecked,
Shall cheer us and direct,
A beacon to the wrecked,
Eibhlín a rúin.

IV.

Fortune, thus sought, will come,
Eibhlín a rúin,
We'll win a happy home,
Eibhlín a rúin.
And, as it slowly rose,
'Twill tranquilly repose,
A rock 'mid melting snows,
Eibhlín a rúin.

THE BANKS OF THE LEE.

AIR—*A Trip to the Cottage.*

I.

Oh! the banks of the Lee, the banks of the Lee,
And love in a cottage for Mary and me ;
There's not in the land a lovelier tide,
And I'm sure that there's no one so fair as my
bride.

She's modest and meek,
There's a down on her cheek,
And her skin is as sleek
As a butterfly's wing—
Then her step would scarce show
On the fresh-fallen snow,
And her whisper is low,
But as clear as the spring.

Oh! the banks of the Lee, the banks of the Lee,
And love in a cottage for Mary and me,
I know not how love is happy elsewhere,
I know not how any but lovers are there !

II.

Oh! so green is the grass, so clear is the stream,
So mild is the mist, and so rich is the beam,

That beauty should ne'er to other lands roam,
But make on the banks of the river its home.

When dripping with dew,
The roses peep through,
'Tis to look in at you
They are growing so fast ;
While the scent of the flowers
Must be hoarded for hours,
'Tis poured in such showers
When my Mary goes past.

Oh! the banks of the Lee, the banks of the
Lee,
And love in a cottage for Mary and me—
Oh, Mary for me—oh, Mary for me !
And 'tis little I'd sigh for the banks of the
Lee!

THE GIRL OF DUNBWY

I.

'Tis pretty to see the girl of Dunbwy
Stepping the mountain stately—
Though ragged her gown, and naked her feet,
No lady in Ireland to match her is meet.

II.

Poor is her diet, and hardly she lies—
Yet a monarch might kneel for a glance of her
eyes ;
The child of a peasant—yet England's proud
Queen
Has less rank in her heart, and less grace in her
mien.

III.

Her brow 'neath her raven hair gleams, just as if
A breaker spread white 'neath a shadowy cliff—
And love, and devotion, and energy speak
From her beauty-proud eye, and her passion-
pale cheek.

IV.

But, pale as her cheek is, there's fruit on her
lip,
And her teeth flash as white as the crescent
moon's tip,
And her form and her step, like the red-deer's
go past—
As lightsome, as lovely, as haughty, as fast.

V.

I saw her but once, and I looked in her eye,
And she knew that I worshipped in passing her by,
The saint of the wayside—she granted my
prayer,
Though we spoke not a word, for her mother
was there.

VI.

I never can think upon Bantry's bright hills,
But her image starts up, and my longing eye fills;
And I whisper her softly, "Again, love, we'll
meet,
And I'll lie in your bosom, and live at your feet."

DUTY AND LOVE.

AIR—My lodging is on the cold ground.

I.

Oh! lady, think not that my heart has grown cold,
If I woo not as once I could woo;
Though sorrow has bruised it, and long years
have rolled,
It still doats on beauty and you;
And were I to yield to its inmost desire,
I would labor by night and by day,
Till I won you to flee from the home of your sire,
To live with your love far away.

II.

But it is that my country's in bondage, and I
Have sworn to shatter her chains!
By my duty and oath I must do it, or lie
A corse on her desolate plains:
Then, sure, dearest maiden, 'twere sinful to sue,
And crueller far to win,
But, should victory smile on my banner, to you
I shall fly without sorrow or sin

ANNIE, DEAR.

AIR—Maids in May.

I.

Our mountain brooks were rushing,
Annie, dear,
The Autumn eve was flushing,
Annie, dear;

But brighter was your blushing,
When first, your murmurs hushing,
I told my love outgushing,
Annie, dear.

II.

Ah! but our hopes were splendid,
Annie, dear;
How sadly they have ended,
Annie, dear!
The ring betwixt us broken,
When our vows of love were spoken,
Of your poor heart was a token,
Annie, dear.

III.

The primrose flowers were shining
Annie, dear,
When, on my breast reclining,
Annie, dear,
Began our *Mi-na-meala*;
And many a month did follow
Of joy—but life is hollow,
Annie, dear.

IV.

For once, when home returning,
Annie, dear,
I found our cottage burning,
Annie, dear;
Around it were the yeomen,
Of every ill an omen,
The country's bitter foemen,
Annie, dear.

V.

But why arose a morrow,
Annie, dear,
Upon that night of sorrow,
Annie, dear?
Far better, by thee lying,
Their bayonets defying,
Than live an exile sighing,
Annie, dear.

BLIND MARY.

AIR—Blind Mary.

I.

THERE flows from her spirit such love and delight,
That the face of Blind Mary is radiant with light—

As the gleam from a homestead through darkness will show,
Or the moon glimmer soft through the fast falling snow.

II.

Yet there's a keen sorrow comes o'er her at times,
As an Indian might feel in our northerly climes;
And she talks of the sunset, like parting of friends,
And the starlight, as love, that nor changes nor ends.

III.

Ah! grieve not, sweet maiden, for star or for sun,
For the mountains that tower, or the rivers that run—
For beauty and grandeur, and glory, and light,
Are seen by the spirit, and not by the sight.

IV.

In vain for the thoughtless are sunburst and shade,
In vain for the heartless flowers blossom and fade;
While the darkness that seems your sweet being to bound
Is one of the guardians, an Eden around!

THE BRIDE OF MALLOW.

I.

'Twas dying they thought her,
And kindly they brought her
To the banks of Blackwater,
Where her forefathers lie;
'Twas the place of her childhood,
And they hoped that its wild wood,
And air soft and mild would
Soothe her spirit to die.

II.

But she met on its border
A lad who adored her—
No rich man, nor lord, or
A coward, or slave;
But one who had worn
A green coat, and borne
A pike from Slieve Mourne,
With the patriots brave.

III.

Oh! the banks of the stream are
Than emeralds greener:
And how should they wean her
From loving the earth?
While the song-birds so sweet,
And the waves at their feet,
And each young pair they meet,
Are all flushing with mirth.

IV.

And she listed his talk,
And he shared in her walk—
And how could she baulk
One so gallant and true?
But why tell the rest?
Her love she confest,
And sunk on his breast,
Like the eventide dew.

V.

Ah! now her cheek glows
With the tint of the rose,
And her healthful blood flows,
Just as fresh as the stream;
And her eye flashes bright,
And her footstep is light,
And sickness and blight
Fled away like a dream.

VI.

And soon by his side
She kneels a sweet bride,
In maidenly pride
And maidenly fears;
And their children were fair,
And their home knew no care,
Save that all homesteads were
Not as happy as theirs.

THE WELCOME.

Am—An buachailín buidhe.

I.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when your looked for, or come without
warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll
adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were
 plighted,
 Red is my cheek that they told me was
 blighted;
 The green of the trees looks far greener than
 ever,
 And the linnets are singing, "True lovers!
 don't sever."

II.

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose
 them;
 Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my
 bosom.
 I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire
 you;
 I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire
 you.
 Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-
 vexed farmer,
 Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
 I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise
 above me,
 Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to
 love me

III.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff, and the
 eyrie,
 We'll tread round the rath on the track of the
 fairy,
 We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the
 river,
 Till you ask of your darling what gift you can
 give her.
 Oh! she'll whisper you: "Love as unchange-
 ably beaming,
 And trust, when in secret, most tunefully
 streaming,
 Till the starlight of heaven above us shall
 quiver,
 As our souls flow in one down eternity's
 river."

IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morn-
 ing,
 Come when you're looked for, or come without
 warning,
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before
 you,
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll
 adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were
 plighted,
 Red is my cheek that they told me was
 blighted;
 The green of the trees looks far greener than
 ever,
 And the linnets are singing, "True lovers!
 don't sever!"

THE MÍ-NA-MEALA.

I.

LIKE the rising of the sun,
 Herald of bright hours to follow,
 Lo! the marriage rites are done,
 And begun the *Mi-na-meala*.

II.

Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
 Vowed 'fore God to love and cherish,
 Each by each in grief to stand,
 Never more apart to flourish.

III.

Now their lips, low whispering, speak
 Thoughts their eyes have long been saying,
 Softly bright, and richly meek,
 As seraphs first their wings essaying.

IV.

Deeply, wildly, warmly love—
 'Tis a heaven-sent enjoyment,
 Lifting up our thoughts above
 Selfish aims and cold employment.

V.

Yet, remember, passion wanes,
 Romance is parent to dejection;
 Naught our happiness sustains
 But thoughtful care and firm affection.

VI.

When the *Mi-na-meala's* flown,
 Sterner duties surely need you;
 Do their bidding,—'tis love's own,—
 Faithful love will say God speed you.

VII.

Guard her comfort as 'tis worth,
 Pray to God to look down on her;
 And swift as cannon-shot go forth
 To strive for freedom, truth, and honor.

VIII.

Oft recall—and never swerve—
 Your children's love and hers will follow;
 Guard your home, and there preserve
 For you an endless *Mí-na-meala*.¹

MÁIRE BHÁN A STÓIR.

AIR—*Original*.

I.

In a valley, far away,
 With my *Máire bhán a stóir*,²
 Short would be the summer-day,
 Ever loving more and more;
 Winter-days would all grow long,
 With the light her heart would pour,
 With her kisses and her song,
 And her loving *maith go léor*.³
 Fond is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
 Fair is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
 Sweet as ripple on the shore,
 Sings my *Máire bhán a stóir*.

II.

Oh! her sire is very proud,
 And her mother cold as stone;
 But her brother bravely vowed
 She should be my bride alone;
 For he knew I loved her well,
 And he knew she loved me too,
 So he sought their pride to quell,
 But 'twas all in vain to sue.
 True is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
 Tried is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
 Had I wings I'd never soar
 From my *Máire bhán a stóir*.

III.

There are lands where manly toil
 Surely reaps the crop it sows,
 Glorious woods and teeming soil,
 Where the broad Missouri flows;
 Through the trees the smoke shall rise,
 From our hearth with *maith go léor*,
 There shall shine the happy eyes
 Of my *Máire bhán a stóir*.

Mild is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
 Mine is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
 Saints will watch about the door
 Of my *Máire bhán a stóir*.

OH! THE MARRIAGE.

AIR—*The Swaggering Jig*.

I.

Oh! the marriage, the marriage,
 With love and *mo bhuachaill* for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage
 Might envy my marriage to me;
 For Eoghan⁴ is straight as a tower,
 And tender and loving and true,
 He told me more love in an hour
 Than the 'Squires of the county could do.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

II.

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
 His eye is as clear as the day,
 His conscience and vote were unsold
 When others were carried away;
 His word is as good as an oath,
 And freely 'twas given to me:
 Oh! sure 'twill be happy for both
 The day of our marriage to see.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

III.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
 The neighbors think much of his skill,
 And Eoghan's the lad to my mind,
 Though he owns neither castle nor mill
 But he has a tilloch of land,
 A horse and a stocking of coin,
 A foot for the dance, and a hand
 In the cause of his country to join.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c

IV.

We meet in the market and fair—
 We meet in the morning and night—
 He sits on the half of my chair,
 And my people are wild with delight.

¹ Honeymoon.² Which means "fair Mary my treasure." If we are to write gibberish to enable some of our readers to pronounce this, we must do so thus, *Mour-ya vawn ashare*, and pretty looking stuff

it is. Really it is time for the inhabitants of Ireland to learn Irish.

³ Much plenty, or in abundance.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.⁴ *Wigo* Owen; but that is, properly, a name among the *Oymry* (Welsh).—*Id.*

Yet I long through the winter to skim,
 Though Eoghan longs more I can see,
 When I will be married to him,
 And he will be married to me.
 Then, Oh ! the marriage, the marriage,
 With love and *mo bhuachaill* for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage,
 Might envy my marriage to me.

A PLEA FOR LOVE.

I.

~~THE~~ summer brook flows in the bed
 The winter torrent tore asunder;
 The skylark's gentle wings are spread,
 Where walk the lightning and the thunder:
 And thus you'll find the sternest soul
 The greatest tenderness concealing,
 And minds, that seem to mock control,
 Are ordered by some fairy feeling.

II.

Then, maiden ! start not from the hand
 That's hardened by the swaying sabre—
 The pulse beneath may be as bland
 As evening after day of labor:
 And, maiden ! start not from the brow
 That thought has knit, and passion darkened ;
 In twilight hours, 'neath forest bough,
 The tenderest tales are often hearkened.

THE BISHOP'S DAUGHTER.

AIR—The Maid of Killala.

I.

KILLALA's halls are proud and fair ;
 Tyrawley's hills are cold and bare ;
 Yet, in the palace, you were sad,
 While, here, your heart is safe and glad.

II.

No satin couch, no maiden train,
 Are here to soothe each passing pain ;
 Yet lay your head my breast upon,—
 'Twill turn to down for you, sweet one !

III.

Your father's halls are rich and fair,
 And plain the home you've come to share—
 But happy love's a fairy king,
 And sheds a grace on every thing.

THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE.

AIR—An Cóta Caol.

I.

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,
 His love is rich to me ;
 I could not in a palace find
 A truer heart than he.
 The eagle shelters not his nest
 From hurricane and hail,
 More bravely than he guards my breast—
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

II.

The wind that round the Fastnet sweeps
 Is not a whit more pure—
 The goat that down Cnoc Sheehy leaps
 Has not a foot more sure.
 No firmer hand nor freer eye
 E'er faced an Autumn gale—
 De Courcy's heart is not so high—
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

III.

The brawling squires may heed him not,
 The dainty stranger sneer—
 But who will dare to hurt our cot,
 When Myles O'Hea is here !
 The scarlet soldiers pass along—
 They'd like, but fear to rail—
 His blood is hot, his blow is strong—
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

IV.

His hooker's in the Scilly van,
 When seines are in the foam :
 But money never made the man,
 Nor wealth a happy home.
 So, blest with love and liberty,
 While he can trim a sail,
 He'll trust in God, and cling to me—
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

DARLING NELL.

I.

WHY should not I take her unto my heart?
 She has not a morsel of guile or art;
 Why should not I make her my happy wife,
 And love her and cherish her all my life?
 I've met with a few of as shining eyes,
 I've met with a hundred of wilder sighs,
 I think I met some whom I loved as well—
 But none who loved me like my Darling Nell.

II.

She's ready to cry when I seem unkind,
 But she smothers her grief within her mind;
 And when my spirit is soft and fond,
 She sparkles the brightest of stars beyond.
 Oh! 'twould teach the thrushes to hear her sing,
 And her sorrow the heart of a rock would
 wring;
 There never was saint but would leave his cell,
 If he thought he could marry my Darling Nell!

LOVE CHANT.

I.

I THINK I've looked on eyes that shone
 With equal splendor,
 And some, but they are dimmed and gone,
 As wildly tender.
 I never looked on eyes that shed
 Such home-light mingled with such beauty—
 That 'mid all lights and shadows said,
 "I love and trust and will be true to ye."

II.

I've seen some lips almost as red,
 A form as stately;
 And some such beauty turned my head
 Not very lately.
 But not till now I've seen a girl
 With form so proud, lips so delicious,
 With hair like night, and teeth of pearl—
 Who was not haughty and capricious.

III.

Oh, fairer than the dawn of day
 On Erne's islands!

Oh, purer than the thorn spray
 In Bantry's highlands!
 In sleep such visions crossed my view,
 And when I woke the phantom faded;
 But now I find the fancy true,
 And fairer than the vision made it.

A CHRISTMAS SCENE;

OR, LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

I.

THE hill blast comes howling through leaf-
 rifted trees
 That late were as harp-strings to each gentle
 breeze;
 The strangers and cousins and every one flown,
 While we sit happy-hearted—together—alone.

II.

Some are off to the mountain, and some to the fair,
 The snow is on their cheek, on mine your black
 hair;
 Papa with his farming is busy to-day,
 And mamma's too good-natured to ramble this
 way.

III.

The girls are gone—are they not?—into town,
 To fetch bows and bonnets, perchance a *beau*,
 down;
 Ah! tell them, dear Kate, 'tis not fair to
 coquette—
 Though you, you bold lassie, are fond of it yet!

IV.

You're not—do you say?—just remember last
 night,
 You gave Harry a rose, and you dubbed him
 your knight;
 Poor lad! if he loved you—but no, darling! no,
 You're too thoughtful and good to fret any one so.

V.

The painters are raving of light and of shade,
 And Harry, the poet, of lake, hill, and glade;
 While the light of your eye and your soft
 wavy form
 Suit a proser like me, by the hearth bright
 and warm.

VI.

The snow on those hills is uncommonly grand,
But you know, Kate, it's not half so white as
your hand,
And say what you will of the gray Christmas sky,
Still I *slightly* prefer my dark girl's gray eye.

VII.

Be quiet, and sing me "The Bonny Cuckoo,"
For it bids us the summer and winter love
through ;
And then I'll read out an old ballad that shows
How Tyranny perished, and Liberty rose.

VIII.

My Kate ! I'm so happy, your voice whispers soft,
And your cheek flushes wilder from kissing so
oft,
For town or for country, for mountains or farms,
What care I ?—My darling's entwined in my
arms.

THE INVOCATION.

AIR—Fanny Power.

I.

BRIGHT fairies by Glengariff's bay,
Soft woods that o'er Killarney sway,
Bold echoes born in Céim-an-eich,
Your kinsman's greeting hear !
He asks you, by old friendship's name,
By all the rights that minstrels claim,
For Erin's joy and Desmond's fame,
Be kind to Fanny dear !

II.

Her eyes are darker than Dunloe,
Her soul is whiter than the snow,
Her tresses like arbutus flow,
Her step like frightened deer :
Then, still thy waves, capricious lake !
And ceaseless, soft winds, round her wake,
Yet never bring a cloud to break
The smile of Fanny dear !

III.

Oh ! let her see the trance-bound men,
And kiss the red deer in his den,
And spy from out a hazel glen
O'Donoghue appear ;—

Or, should she roam by wild Dunbwy,
Oh ! send the maiden to her knee,
I sung whilome,¹—but then, ah ! me,
I knew not Fanny dear !

IV.

Old Mangerton ! thine eagles plume—
Dear Innisfallen ! brighter bloom—
And Mucruss ! whisper through the gloom
Quaint legends to her ear ;
Till strong as ash-tree in its pride,
And gay as sunbeam on the tide,
We welcome back to Liffey's side
Our brightest, Fanny dear.

LOVE AND WAR.

I.

How soft is the moon on Glengariff !
The rocks seem to melt with the light .
Oh ! would I were there with dear Fanny,
To tell her that love is as bright ;
And nobly the sun of July
O'er the waters of Adraigoole shines—
Oh ! would that I saw the green banner
Blaze there over conquering lines.

II.

Oh ! love is more fair than the moonlight,
And glory more grand than the sun ;
And there is no rest for a brave heart,
Till its bride and its laurels are won ;
But next to the burst of our banner,
And the smile of dear Fanny, I crave
The moon on the rocks of Glengariff—
The sun upon Adraigoole's wave.

MY LAND.

I.

SHE is a rich and rare land ;
Oh ! she's a fresh and fair land—
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.

II.

No men than hers are braver—
Her women's hearts ne'er waver :
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

III.

She's not a dull or cold land;
 No! she's a warm and bold land;
 Oh! she's a true and old land—
 This native land of mine.

IV.

Could beauty ever guard her,
 And virtue still reward her,
 No foe would cross her border—
 No friend within it pine!

V.

Oh, she's a fresh and fair land;
 Oh, she's a true and rare land;
 Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
 This native land of mine.

THE RIGHT ROAD.

I.

LET the feeble-hearted pine
 Let the sickly spirit whine,
 But work and win be thine,
 While you've life.

God smiles upon the bold—
 So, when your flag's unrolled,
 Bear it bravely till you're cold
 In the strife.

II.

If to rank or fame you soar,
 Out your spirit frankly pour—
 Men will serve you and adore,
 Like a king.
 Woo your girl with honest pride,
 Till you've won her for your bride—
 Then to her, through time and tide,
 Ever cling

III.

Never under wrongs despair;
 Labor long, and everywhere,
 Link your countrymen, prepare,
 And strike home.
 Thus have great men ever wrought,
 Thus must greatness still be sought,
 Thus labored, loved and fought
 Greece and Rome.

PART III.

Ballads and Songs illustrative of Irish History.

THIS country of ours is no sand-bank, thrown up by some recent caprice of earth. It is an ancient land, honored in the archives of civilization, traceable into antiquity by its piety, its valor, and its sufferings. Every great European race has sent its stream to the river of Irish mind. Long wars, vast organizations, subtle codes, beacon crimes, leading virtues, and self-mighty men were here. If we lived influenced by wind, and sun, and tree, and not by the passions and deeds of the Past, we are a thriftless and hopeless people."—DAVIS'S ESSAYS.

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.^{1 2}

I.

WHEN boyhood's fire was in my blood,
 I read of ancient freemen,
 For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
 THREE HUNDRED MEN AND THREE MEN.³

And then I prayed I yet might see
 Our fetters rent in twain,
 And Ireland, long a province, be
 A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

II.

And, from that time, through wildest woe,
 That hope has shown, a far light;
 Nor could love's brightest summer glow
 Outshine that solemn starlight;
 It seemed to watch above my head
 In forum, field, and fane;
 Its angel voice sang round my bed,
 "A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

¹ This little poem, though not strictly belonging to the historical class, is placed first: as striking more distinctly than any other in the collection, the key-note of the author's theme.—ED.

² Set to original music in the "Spirit of the Nation," 4to, p. 272.

³ The Three Hundred Greeks who died at Thermopylae, and the Three Romans who kept the Sublician Bridge.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

III.

It whispered, too, that "freedom's ark
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark
And passions vain or lowly;
For freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

IV.

So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to that bidding—
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding;
For, thus I hoped same day to aid—
Oh! can *such* hope be vain?—
When my dear country shall be made
A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

LAMENT FOR THE MILESIAKS.

AIR—*An bruaich na carraige báine.*¹

I.

Oh! proud were the chieftains of green Inis-Fail!
*As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!*²
The stars of our sky, and the salt of our soil;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
Their hearts were as soft as a child in the lap,
Yet they were "the men in the gap"—
And now that the cold clay their limbs doth
enwrap;—
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

II.

'Gainst England long battling, at length they
went down;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
But they left their deep tracks on the road of
renown;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
We are heirs of their fame, if we're not of their
race,—
And deadly and deep our disgrace,
If we live o'er their sepulchres, abject and base;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

III.

Oh! sweet were the minstrels of kind Inis-Fail!
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
Whose music, nor ages nor sorrow can spoil;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
But their sad stifled tones are like streams
flowing hid,
Their *caoine*³ and their *piopracht*⁴ were chid,
And their language, "that melts in music,"
forbid;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

IV.

How fair were the maidens of fair Inis-Fail!
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
As fresh and as free as the sea-breeze from soil,
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
Oh! are not our maidens as fair and as pure?
Can our music no longer allure?
And can we but sob, as such wrongs we en-
dure?
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

V.

Their famous, their holy, their dear Inis-Fail!
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
Shall it still be a prey for the stranger to spoil?
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
Sure, brave men would labor by night and by
day
To banish that stranger away;
Or, dying for Ireland, the future would say
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

VI.

Oh! shame—for unchanged is the face of our
isle;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
That taught them to battle, to sing, and to
smile;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
We are heirs of their rivers, their sea, and their
land,—
Our sky and our mountains as grand—
We are heirs—oh! we're not—of their heart
and their hand;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

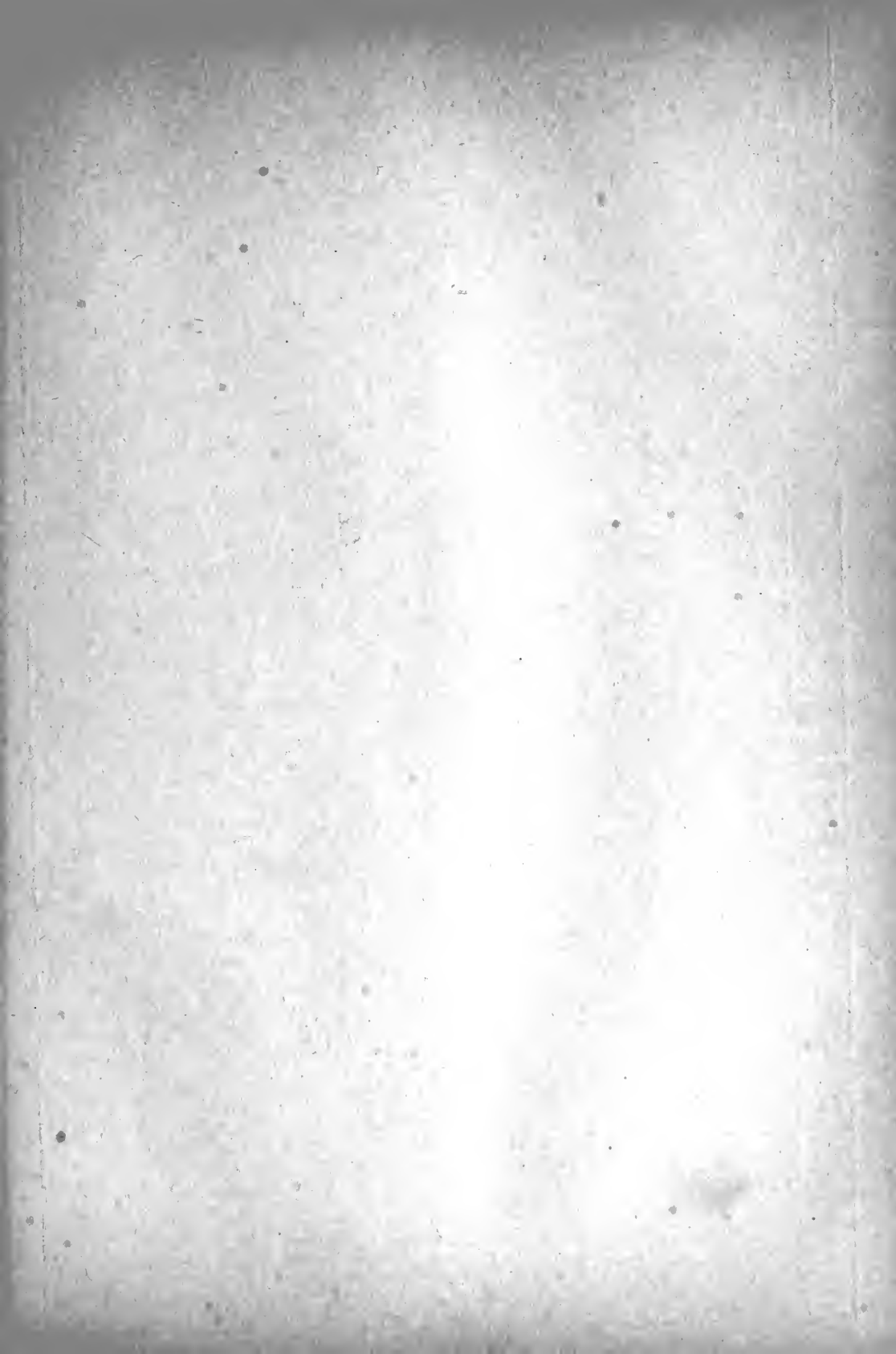
¹ Set to this beautiful Tipperary air in the "Spirit of the Nation," &c., p. 236.

² "That is pity, without heir in their company"—i. e., What a pity that there is no heir of their company. See the poem of *Giolla Iosa Mor Mac Fírbisigh* in *The Genealogies, Tribes,*

and Customs of the Uí Fiachra or O'Dubhda's Country, printed for the Irish Arch. Soc., p. 280, line 2, and note d. Also, *O'Reilly's Dict. voce—farradh.*—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

³ *Anglice*, keen.

⁴ *Anglice*, pibroch.





THE FATE OF KING DATHI.

THE FATE OF KING DATHI.¹(A. D. 428.)²

I.

DARKLY their glibs o'erhang,
 Sharp is their wolf-dog's fang,
 Bronze spear and falchion clang—
 Brave men might shun them
 Heavy the spoil they bear—
 Jewels and gold are there—
 Hostage and maiden fair—
 How have they won them?

II.

From the soft sons of Gaul,
 Roman, and Frank, and thrall,
 Borough, and hut, and hall,—
 These have been torn.
 Over Britannia wide,
 Over fair Gaul they hied,
 Often in battle tried,—
 Enemies mourn!

III.

Fiercely their harpers sing,—
 Led by their gallant king,
 They will to EIRÉ bring
 Beauty and treasure.
 Britain shall bend the knee—
 Rich shall their households be—
 When their long ships the sea
 Homeward shall measure.

IV.

Barrow and Rath shall rise,
 Towers, too, of wondrous size,
Táiltin they'll solemnize,
 Feis-Teamhrach assemble.
 Samhain and Béal shall smile
 On the rich holy isle—
 Nay! in a little while
 Ætius shall tremble!³

V.

Up on the glacier's snow,
 Down on the vales below,
 Monarch and clansmen go—
 Bright is the morning.

Never their march they slack,
 Jura is at their back,
 When falls the evening black,
 Hideous, and warning.

VI.

Eagles scream loud on high;
 Far off the chamois fly;
 Hoarse comes the torrent's cry,
 On the rocks whitening.
 Strong are the storm's wings;
 Down the tall pine it flings;
 Hailstone and sleet it brings—
 Thunder and lightning.

VII.

Little these veterans mind
 Thundering, hail, or wind;
 Closer their ranks they bind—
 Matching the storm.
 While, a spear-cast or more,
 On, the front ranks before,
 DATHI the sunburst bore—
 Haughty his form.

VIII.

Forth from the thunder-cloud
 Leaps out a foe as proud—
 Sudden the monarch bowed—
 On rush the vanguard;
 Wildly the king they raise—
 Struck by the lightning's blaze—
 Ghostly his dying gaze,
 Clutching his standard!

IX.

Mild is the morning beam,
 Gently the rivers stream,
 Happy the valleys seem;
 But the lone Islanders—
 Mark how they guard their king!
 Hark to the wail they sing!
 Dark is their counselling—
 Helvetia's highlanders.

X.

Gather, like ravens, near—
 Shall DATHI's soldiers fear!
 Soon their home-path they clear—
 Rapid and daring;

¹ This and the remaining poems in Part I. have been arranged as nearly as possible in chronological sequence.—Ed.

² *Vide* Appendix.

³ The consul Ætius, the shield of Italy, and terror of "the bar-

barian," was a contemporary of King Dathi. *Feis-Teamhrach* the Parliament of Tara. *Táiltin*, games held at Tallite, county Meath. *Samhain* and *Béal*, the moon and sun, which Ireland worshipped.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

On through the pass and plain,
Until the shore they gain,
And, with their spoil, again,
Landed in EIRINN.

XI.

Little does EIRE¹ care
For gold or maiden fair—
“Where is King DATHI?—where,
Where is my bravest?”
On the rich deck he lies,
O’er him his sunburst flies—
Solemn the obsequies,
EIRE! thou gavest.

XII.

See ye that countless train
Crossing Ros-Comain’s² plain,
Crying, like hurricane,
Uile liú ai?—
Broad is his *carn*’s base—
Nigh the “King’s burial-place,”³
Last of the Pagan race,
Lieth King DATHI!

ARGAN MÓR.⁴

AIR—*Argan Mór*.

I.

THE Danes rush around, around;
To the edge of the fosse they bound;
Hark! hark, to their trumpets’ sound,
Bidding them to the war!
Hark! hark, to their cruel cry,
As they swear our hearts’ cores to dry,
And their Raven red to dye;
Glutting their demon, Thor.

II.

Leaping the Rath upon,
Here’s the fiery Ceallachàn—
He makes the Lochlunnach⁵ wan,
Lifting his brazen spear!
Ivor, the Dane, is struck down,
For the spear broke right through his crown.
Yet worse did the battle frown—
Anlaf is on our rere!

III.

See! see! the Rath’s gates are broke,
And in—in, like a cloud of smoke,
Burst on the dark Danish folk,
Charging us everywhere—
Oh! never was closer fight
Than in Argan Mór that night—
How little do men want light,
Fighting within their lair!

IV.

Then girding about our king,
On the thick of the foes we spring—
Down—down we trample and fling,
Gallantly though they strive;
And never our falchions stood,
Till we were all wet with their blood,
And none of the pirate brood
Went from the Rath alive!

THE VICTOR’S BURIAL.

I.

WRAP him in his banner, the best shroud of the
brave—
Wrap him in his *onchu*,⁶ and take him to his
grave—
Lay him not down lowly, like bulwark over-
thrown,
But, gallantly upstanding, as if risen from his
throne,
With his *craiseach*⁷ in his hand, and his sword
on his thigh,
With his war-belt on his waist, and his *cath-
bharr*⁸ on high—
Put his *fleasg*⁹ upon his neck—his green flag
round him fold,
Like ivy round a castle wall—not conquered,
but grown old—
’Mhuire as truagh! A mhuire as truagh!
*A mhuire as truagh! ochon!*¹⁰
Weep for him! Oh! weep for him; but re-
member, in your moan,
That he died, in his pride,—with his foes
about him strown.

¹ The true ancient and modern name of this island.—Ed.

² *Angl.* Roscommon.

³ *Hibernice*, Roilig na Ríogh; *vulgo*, Rellignaree—“A famous burial-place near Cruachan, in Connacht, where the kings were

usually interred, before the establishment of the Christian religion in Ireland.”—*O’Brien’s Ir. Dict.*

⁴ *Vide* Appendix.

⁵ Northmen.

⁶ Flag.

⁷ Spear

⁸ Helmet.

⁹ Collar.

¹⁰ *Anglice*, Wirrastrue, ochona

II.

Oh! shrine him in Beinn-Edair,¹ with his face
towards the foe,
As an emblem that not death our defiance can
lay low—

Let him look across the waves from the prom-
ontory's breast,

To menace back The East, and to sentinel The
West;

Sooner shall these channel waves the iron coast
cut through,

Than the spirit he has left, yield, Easterlings! to
you—

Let his coffin be the hill, let the eagles of the
sea

Chorus with the surges round, the *tuireamh*² of
the free!

'*Mhuire as truagh! A mhuire as truagh!*
A mhuire as truagh! ochon!

Weep for him! Oh! weep for him, but re-
member, in your moan,

That he died, in his pride—with his foes
about him strown!

THE TRUE IRISH KING.*

I.

THE Cæsar of Rome has a wider demesne,
And the *Ard Rígh* of France has more clans in
his train;

The sceptre of Spain is more heavy with gems,
And our crowns cannot vie with the Greek
diadems;

But kinglier far before heaven and man
Are the Emerald fields, and the fiery-eyed clan,
The sceptre, and state, and the poets who sing,
And the swords that encircle A TRUE IRISH
KING!

II.

For he must have come from a conquering race—
The heir of their valor, their glory, their grace;
His frame must be stately, his step must be fleet,
His hand must be trained to each warrior feat,

His face, as the harvest-moon, steadfast and clear,
A head to enlighten, a spirit to cheer;
While the foremost to rush where the battle-
brands ring,
And the last to retreat is A TRUE IRISH KING!

III.

Yet, not for his courage, his strength, or his
name,

Can he from the clansmen their fealty claim.
The poorest, and highest, choose freely to-day
The chief, that to-night they'll as truly obey;
For loyalty springs from a people's consent,
And the knee that is forced had been better un-
bent—

The Sacsanach serfs no such homage can bring
As the Irishmen's choice of A TRUE IRISH
KING!

IV.

Come, look on the pomp when they "make an
O'NEILL;"

The muster of dynasts—O'h-Again,⁴ O'Shiad-
hail,

O'Catháin, O'h-Anluain,⁵ O'Bhreisléin, and all,
From gentle Aird Uladh⁶ to rude Dún na
n-gall;⁷

"St. Patrick's *comharba*,"⁸ with bishops thir-
teen,

And *ollamhs*⁹ and *breitheamhs*,¹⁰ and minstrels,
are seen,

Round Tulach-Og¹¹ Rath, like the bees in the
spring,

All swarming to honor A TRUE IRISH KING!

V.

Unsaddled he stands on the foot-dinted rock;
Like a pillar-stone fixed against every shock,
Round, round is the Rath on a far-seeing hill;
Like his blemishless honor, and vigilant will.
The graybeards are telling how chiefs by the
score

Have been crowned on "The Rath of the
Kings" heretofore,

While, crowded, yet ordered, within its green
ring,

Are the dynasts and priests round THE TRUE
IRISH KING!

1 Howth.

2 *Vide* Appendix.3 *Angl.* O'Hagan, O'Shiel.4 *Angl.* O'Cahan, or Kane, O'Hanlon.5 *Angl.* The Ards.

6 A masculine lament.

7 *Angl.* Donegal.8 Successor—*comharba Phadruig*—the Archbishop of (*Aré-
machu*) Armagh.

9 Doctors or learned men.

10 Judges. *Angl.* Brehona.11 In the county (*Tír-Eoghain*) Tyrone, between Cookstown
and Stewartstown.

VI.

The chronicler read him the laws of the clan,
And pledged him to bide by their blessing and
ban ;

His *skian* and his sword are unbuckled, to show
That they only were meant for a foreigner foe ;
A white willow wand has been put in his hand—
A type of pure, upright, and gentle command—
While hierarchs are blessing, the slipper they
fling,

And O'Catháin proclaims him A TRUE IRISH
KING !

VII.

Thrice looked he to Heaven with thanks and
with prayer—

Thrice looked to his borders with sentinel stare—
To the waves of Loch n-Eathach,¹ the heights
of Strathbhán ;²

And thrice on his allies, and thrice on his clan—
One clash on their bucklers!—one more—they
are still—

What means the deep pause on the crest of the
hill ?

Why gaze they above him ?—a war-eagle's wing !
" 'Tis an omen !—Hurrah ! for THE TRUE IRISH
KING !"

VIII.

God aid him !—God save him !—and smile on
his reign—

The terror of England—the ally of Spain.
May his sword be triumphant o'er Sacsanach arts ;
Be his throne ever girt by strong hands, and
true hearts !

May the course of his conquests run on till he
see

The flag of Plantagenet sink in the sea !

May minstrels forever his victories sing,
And saints make the bed of THE TRUE IRISH
KING !

THE GERALDINES.

I

THE Geraldines ! the Geraldines !—'tis full a
thousand years

Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed
their battle-spears ;

¹ Angl. Lough Neagh.

² Angl. Strabane.

When Capet seized the crown of France, their
iron shields were known,
And their sabre-dint struck terror on the flanks
of the Garonne :

Across the downs of Hastings they spurred hard
by William's side,

And the gray sands of Palestine with Moslem
blood they dyed ;—

But never then, nor thence, till now, have false-
hood or disgrace

Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle
in his face.

II.

The Geraldines ! the Geraldines !—'tis true, in
Strongbow's van

By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish reign
began ;

And, oh ! through many a dark campaign they
proved their prowess stern,

In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on king,
and chief, and kerne :

But noble was the cheer within the halls so
rudely won,

And generous was the steel-gloved hand that
had such slaughter done ;

How gay their laugh, how prond their mien !
you'd ask no herald's sign—

Among a thousand you had known the princely
Geraldine.

III.

These Geraldines ! these Geraldines !—not long
our air they breathed ;

Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water
seethed ;

Not often had their children been by Irish
mothers nursed,

When from their full and genial hearts an Irish
feeling burst !

The English monarchs strove in vain, by law,
and force, and bribe,

To win from Irish thoughts and ways this " more
than Irish" tribe ;

For still they clung to fosterage, to *breitheamh*,
cloak, and bard :

What king dare say to Geraldine, " Your Irish
wife discard ?"

IV.

Ye Geraldines ! ye Geraldines ! how royally ye
reigned

O'er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and
English arts disdained :

Your sword made knights, your banner waved,
 free was your bugle call
 By Gleann's¹ green slopes, and Daingean's²
 tide, from Bearbha's³ banks to Bóchaill.⁴
 What gorgeous shrines, what *breitheamh's*⁵ lore,
 what minstrel feasts there were
 In and around Magh Nuadhaid's⁶ keep, and
 palace-filled Adare!
 But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend
 or kin were pressed;
 And foemen fled, when "*Crom Abú*"⁷ bespoke
 your lance in rest.

V.

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines!—since Silken
 Thomas flung
 King Henry's sword on council board, the Eng-
 lish thanes among,
 Ye never ceased to battle brave against the
 English sway,
 Though axe and brand and treachery your
 proudest cut away.
 Of Desmond's blood, through woman's veins
 passed on th' exhausted tide;
 His title lives—a Sacsanach churl usurps the
 lion's hide;
 And, though Kildare tower haughtily, there's
 ruin at the root,
 Else why, since Edward fell to earth, had such
 a tree no fruit?

VI.

True Geraldines! brave Geraldines!—as torrents
 mould the earth,
 You channelled deep old Ireland's heart by con-
 stancy and worth:
 When Ginckle 'leaguered Limerick, the Irish sol-
 diers gazed
 To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond's ban-
 ner blazed!
 And still it is the peasant's hope upon the Cuir-
 reach's⁸ mere,
 "They live who'll see ten thousand men with
 good Lord Edward here"—
 So let them dream till brighter days, when, not
 by Edward's shade,
 But by some leader true as he, their lines shall
 be arrayed!

¹ *Angl.* Glyn.² *Angl.* Dingie.³ *Angl.* Barrow.⁴ *Angl.* Youghal.⁵ *Angl.* Brehon.⁶ *Angl.* Maynooth.⁷ Formerly the war-cry of the Geraldines and now their motto.⁸ *Angl.* Curragh.⁹ The concluding stanza, now first published, was found among the author's papers.—Ed.

VII.

These Geraldines! these Geraldines!—rain wears
 away the rock,
 And time may wear away the tribe that stood
 the battle's shock,
 But, ever, sure, while one is left of all that
 honored race,
 In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's
 place:
 And, though the last were dead and gone, how
 many a field and town,
 From Thomas Court to Abbeyfeile, would cherish
 their renown,
 And men would say of valor's rise, or ancient
 power's decline,
 "Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the
 Geraldine."

VIII.

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—and are there
 any fears
 Within the sons of conquerors for full a thou-
 sand years?
 Can treason spring from out a soil bedewed with
 martyrs' blood?
 Or has that grown a purling brook, which long
 rushed down a flood?—
 By Desmond swept with sword and fire,—by
 clan and keep laid low,—
 By Silken Thomas and his kin,—by sainted
 Edward! No!
 The forms of centuries rise up, and in the Irish
 line
 COMMAND THEIR SON TO TAKE THE POST THAT
 FITS THE GERALDINE!⁹

O'BRIEN OF ARA.¹⁰

AIR—The Piper of Blessington.

I.

TALL are the towers of O'Ceinneidigh¹¹—
 Broad are the lands of MacCarrthaigh¹²—
 Desmond feeds five hundred men a day;
 Yet, here's to O'Briain¹³ of Ara!

¹⁰ Ara is a small mountain tract, south of Looh Delgdheire, and north of the Camalte (*vulgo*, the Keeper) hills. It was the seat of a branch of the Thomond princes, called the O'Briens of Ara, who hold an important place in the Munster Annals.—AUTHOR'S NOTE¹¹ *Vulgo*, O'Kennedy.¹² *Vul.* McCarthy.¹³ *Vul.* O'Brien.

Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,¹
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Clansman and kinsman are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

II.

See you the mountains look huge at eve—
 So is our chieftain in battle—
 Welcome he has for the fugitive,—
Uisce-beatha,² fighting, and cattle!³
 Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Gossip and ally are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

III.

Horses the valleys are tramping on,
 Sleek from the Sacsanach manger—
Creachs the hills are encamping on,
 Empty the bân's of the stranger!
 Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
*Ceithearn*³ and *buannacht* are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

IV.

He has black silver from Cill-da-lua⁴
 Rian⁵ and Cearbhall⁶ are neighbors—
 'N Aonach' submits with a *fuililiú*—
 Butler is meat for our sabres!
 Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Rian and Cearbhall are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

V.

'Tis scarce a week since through Osairghe⁸
 Chased he the Baron of Durmhagh⁹—
 Forced him five rivers to cross, or he
 Had died by the sword of Red Murchadh!¹⁰
 Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 All the Ui Bhriain are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

VI.

Tall are the towers of O'Ceinneidigh—
 Broad are the lands of MacCarrthaigh—
 Desmond feeds five hundred men a day;
 Yet, here's to O'Briain of Ara!

Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Clansman and kinsman are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

EMMELINE TALBOT.

A BALLAD OF THE PALE.

[The Scene is on the borders of Dublin and Wicklow.]

I.

'Twas a September day—
 In Glenismole,¹¹
 Emmeline Talbot lay
 On a green knoll.
 She was a lovely thing,
 Fleet as a Falcon's wing,
 Only fifteen that spring—
 Soft was her soul.

II.

Danger and dreamless sleep
 Much did she scorn,
 And from her father's keep
 Stole out that morn.
 Towards Glenismole she hies:—
 Sweetly the valley lies,
 Winning the enterprise—
 No one to warn.

III.

Till by the noon, at length,
 High in the vale,
 Emmeline found her strength
 Suddenly fail.
 Panting, yet pleasantly,
 By Dodder-side lay she—
 Thrushes sang merrily,
 "Hail, sister, hail!"

IV.

Hazel and copse of oak
 Made a sweet lawn,
 Out from the thicket broke
 Rabbit and fawn.

1 *Ful.* Drumneer.

2 *Ful.* Usquebaugh.

3 *Fulgo.* Kerne.

4 *Ful.* Killaloe.

5 *Ful.* Ryan.

6 *Ful.* Carroll.

7 *Ful.* Nenagh.

8 *Ful.* Ossory.

9 *Ful.* Darrow.

10 *Ful.* Murrough.

11 *Hibernice*,—Glenn-an-smóil.

Green were the *eiscirs* round,
Sweet was the river's sound,
Eastwards flat Cruach frowned,
South lay Sliabh Bán.

V.

Looking round Barnakeel,¹
Like a tall Moor
Full of impassioned zeal,
Peeped brown Kippure.²
Dublin in feudal pride,
And many a hold beside,
Over Finn-ghaill³ preside—
Sentinels sure!

VI.

Is that a roebuck's eye
Glares from the green?—
Is that a thrush's cry
Rings in the screen?
Mountaineers round her sprung,
Savage their speech and tongue,
Fierce was their chief and young—
Poor Emmeline!

VII.

"Hurrah, 'tis Talbot's child,"
Shouted the kerne,
"Off to the mountains wild,
*Faire*⁴ O'Byrne!"
Like a bird in a net,
Strove the sweet maiden yet,
Praying and shrieking, "Let—
Let me return."

VIII.

After a moment's doubt,
Forward he sprung,
With his sword flashing out—
Wrath on his tongue.
"Touch not a hair of hers—
Dies he, who finger stirs!"
Back fell his foragers—
To him she clung.

IX.

Soothing the maiden's fear,
Kneeling was he,
When burst old Talbot's spears
Out on the lea.

March-men, all stanch and stout,
Shouting their Belgard shout—
"Down with the Irish rout,
Prets d'accomplir."⁵

X.

Taken thus unawares,
Some fled again—
Fighting like forest bears,
Others were slain.
To the chief clung the maid—
How could he use his blade?—
That night, upon him weighed
Fetter and chain.

XI.

Oh! but that night was long,
Lying forlorn,
Since, 'mid the wassail song,
These words were borne—
"Nathless your tears and cries,
Sure as the sun shall rise,
Connor O'Byrne⁶ dies,
Talbot hath sworn."

XII.

Brightly on Tamhlacht' hill
Flashes the sun;
Strained at his window-sill,
How his eyes run
From lonely Sagart slade
Down to Tigh-bradán glade,
Landmarks of border raid,
Many a one.

XIII.

Too well the captive knows
Belgard's main wall
Will, to his naked blows,
Shiver and fall,
Ere in his mountain hold
He shall again behold
Those whose proud hearts are cold,
Weeping his thrall.

XIV.

"Oh! for a mountain side,
Bucklers and brands!
Freely I could have died
Heading my bands,

¹ *Hib.* Bearna-chael.
² *Fulg.* Fingal.

³ *Hib.* Keap-iúbhair.
⁴ *Fulg.* Farrah.

⁵ The motto and cry of the Talbota.
⁶ *Hib.* Conchobhar O'Brein.

⁷ *Fulg.* Tallaght.

But on a felon tree"—
 Bearing a fetter key,
 By him all silently
 Emmeline stands. * *

xv.

Late rose the castellan,
 He had drunk deep,—
 Warder and serving-man
 Still were asleep,—
 Wide is the castle-gate,
 Open the captive's grate,
 Fetters disconsolate
 Flung in a heap. * *

xvi.

'Tis an October day,
 Close by Loch Dan
 Many a *creach* lay,
 Many a man.
 'Mongst them, in gallant mien,
 Connor O'Bryne's seen
 Wedded to Emmeline,
 Girt by his clan!

O'SULLIVAN'S RETURN.¹

AIR—*An cruiseigin lán.*²

I.

O'SUILLEBHAIN has come
 Within sight of his home,
 He had left it long years ago;
 The tears are in his eyes,
 And he prays the wind to rise,
As he looks towards his castle, from the prow,
 from the prow;
As he looks towards his castle, from the prow.

II.

For the day had been calm,
 And slow the good ship swam,
 And the evening gun had been fired;
 He knew the hearts beat wild
 Of mother, wife, and child,
 And of clans, who to see him long desired, long
 desired;
 And of clans, who to see him long desired.

¹ *Vide* Appendix.

² Slow time.

³ The standard bearings of O'Sullivan. See O'Donovan's edition of the Banquet of Dún na n-Gedh, and the Battle of Magh Rath, 'or the Archaeological Society, App., p. 349—"Bearings of O'Sullivan at the Battle of Caisglinn."

"I see, mightily advancing on the plain,
 The banner of the race of noble Finghin;

III.

Of the tender ones the clasp,
 Of the gallant ones the grasp,
 He thinks, until his tears fall warm
 And full seems his wide hall,
 With friends from wall to wall,
 Where their welcome shakes the banners, like
 storm, like a storm;
 Where their welcome shakes the banners like a
 storm.

IV.

Then he sees another scene—
 Norman churls on the green—
 "O'Suilleabhain abú" is the cry;
 For filled is his ship's hold
 With arms and Spanish gold,
 And he sees the snake-twined spear wave on
 high, wave on high;
 And he sees the snake-twined spear wave on
 high.³

V.

"Finghin's race shall be freed
 From the Norman's cruel breed—
 My sires freed Béar' once before,
 When the Barnwells were strewn
 On the fields, like hay in June,
 And but one of them escaped from our shore,
 from our shore;
 And but one of them escaped from our
 shore."⁴

VI.

And, warming in his dream,
 He floats on victory's stream,
 Till Desmond—till all Erin is free!
 Then, how calmly he'll go down,
 Full of years and of renown,
 To his grave near that castle by the sea, by the
 sea;
 To his grave near that castle by the sea!

VII.

But the wind heard his word,
 As though he were its lord,
 And the ship is dashed up the Bay.

His spear with a venomous adder (*entrained*),
 His host all fiery champions."

Finghin was one of their most famous progenitors.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.
⁴ The Barnwells were Normans, who seized part of Beara in the reign of Henry II.; but the O'Sullivans came down on them, and cut off all save one—a young man who settled at Drimnagh Castle Co. Dublin, and was ancestor to the Barnwells, Lords of Trimleston and Kingsland.—*Id.*

Alas ! for that proud bark,
The night has fallen dark,
'Tis too late to Eadarghabhal¹ to bear away, to
bear away ;
'Tis too late to Eadarghabhal to bear away.

VIII.

Black and rough was the rock,
And terrible the shock,
As the good ship crashed asunder ;
And bitter was the cry,
And the sea ran mountains high,
And the wind was as loud as the thunder, the
thunder ;
And the wind was as loud as the thunder.

IX.

There's woe in Béara,
There's woe in Gleann-garbh,²
And from Beanntraíge³ unto Dún-
kiaráin ;⁴
All Desmond hears their grief,
And wails above their chief—
“ Is it thus, is it thus, that you return, you re-
turn—
Is it thus, is it thus, that you return ? ”

THE FATE OF THE O'SULLIVANS.¹

I.

“ A BABY in the mountain gap—
Oh ! wherefore bring it hither ?
Restore it to its mother's lap,
Or else 'twill surely wither.
A baby near the eagle's nest !
How should their talons spare it ?
Oh ! take it to some woman's breast,
And she will kindly care it.”

II.

“ Fear not for it,” M'Swiney said,
And stroked his *cul-fionn*⁶ slowly,

And proudly raised his matted head,
Yet spoke me soft and lowly—
“ Fear not for it, for, many a day,
I climb the eagle's eyrie,
And bear the eaglet's food away
To feed our little fairy.

III.

“ Fear not for it, no Bantry bird
Would harm our chieftain's baby —
He stopped, and something in him stirred—
'Twas for his chieftain, may be.
And then he brushed his softened eyes,
And raised his bonnet duly,
And muttered, “ The *Beantighearna* lies
Asleep in yonder *buaili*. ”⁷

IV.

He pointed 'twixt the cliff and lake,
And there a hut of heather,
Half hidden in the craggy brake,
Gave shelter from the weather ;
The little tanist shrieked with joy,
Adown the gully staring—
The clansman swelled to see the boy,
O'Sullivan-like, daring.

V.

Oh ! what a glorious sight was there,
As from the summit gazing,
O'er winding creek and islet fair,
And mountain waste amazing ;
The Caha and Dunkerron hills
Cast half the gulfs in shadow,
While shone the sun on Culiagh's rills,
And Whiddy's emerald meadow—

VI.

The sea a sheet of crimson spread,
From Foze to Dursey islands ;
While flashed the peaks from Mizenhead
To Muskry's distant highlands—
I saw no kine, I saw no sheep,
I saw nor house nor furrow ;
But round the tarns the red deer leap,
Oak and arbutus thorough.

¹ *Ful. A dragoole.*² *Ful. Glengarriff.*³ *Ful. Bantry.*⁴ *Ful. Dunkerron.*

⁵ After the taking of Dunbwy, and the ruin of the O'Sullivan's country, the chief marched right through Muskerry and Ormond, notly pursued. He crossed the Shannon in *curachs* made of his horses' skins. He then defeated the English forces and slew their commander, Manly, and finally fought his way into O'Euare's country. During his absence his lady (*Beantighearna*) and infant were supported in the mountains by one of his clansmen,

M'Swiney, who, tradition says, used to rob the eagles' nests of their prey for his charge. O'Sullivan was excepted from James the First's amnesty on account of his persevering resistance. He went to Spain, and was appointed governor of Corunna and Viscount Berehaven. His march from Glengarriff to Leitrim is, perhaps, the most romantic and gallant achievement of his age.—

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

⁶ *Fulgo, scottin.*⁷ *Fulgo, bouille.*

VII.

Oh! what a glorious sight was there,
 That paradise o'ergazing—
 When, sudden, burst a smoky glare,
 Above Glengariff blazing—
 The clansman sprung upon his feet—
 Well might the infant wonder—
 His hands were clenched, his brow was knit,
 His hard lips just asunder.

VIII.

Like shattered rock from out the ground,
 He stood there stiff and silent—
 Our breathing hardly made a sound,
 As o'er the baby I leant;
 His figure then went to and fro,
 As the tall blaze would flicker—
 And as exhausted it sunk low,
 His breath came loud and thicker.

IX.

Then slowly turned he round his head
 And slowly turned his figure,
 His eye was fixed as Spanish lead,
 His limbs were full of rigor—
 Then suddenly he grasped the child,
 And raised it to his shoulder,
 Then pointing where, across the wild,
 The fire was seen to smoulder:—

X.

"Look, baby!—look, there is the sign,
 Your father is returning,
 The 'generous hand' of Finghin's line
 Has set that beacon burning.
 'The generous hand'—Oh! Lord of Hosts—
 Oh, Virgin, ever holy!
 There's naught to give on Bantry's coasts—
 Dunbwy is lying lowly.

XI.

"The halls, where mirth and minstrelsy
 Than Béara's wind rose louder,
 Are flung in masses loneliness,
 And black with English powder—
 The sheep that o'er our mountains ran,
 The kine that filled our valleys,
 Are gone, and not a single clan
 O'Sullivan now rallies.

XII.

"He, long the Prince of hill and bay!
 The ally of the Spaniard!

Has scarce a single *ath* to-day,
 Nor seamen left to man yard"—
 M'Swiney ceased, then fiercely strode
 Bearing along the baby,
 Until we reached the rude abode
 Of Bantry's lovely lady.

XIII.

We found her in the savage shed—
 A mild night in midwinter—
 The mountain heath her only bed,
 Her dais the rocky splinter!
 The sad *Beantighearn*' had seen the fire—
 'Twas plain she had been praying—
 She seized her son, as we came nigher,
 And welcomed me, thus saying—

XIV.

"Our gossip's friend I gladly greet,
 Though scant'ly I can cheer him;"
 Then bids the clansman fly to meet
 And tell her lord she's near him.
 M'Swiney kissed his foster son,
 And shouting out his *faire*—
 "O' *Suillebhain abú*"—is gone
 Like Marchman's deadly arrow!

XV.

An hour went by, when, from the shore
 The chieftain's horn winding,
 Awoke the echoes' hearty roar—
 Their fealty reminding:
 A moment, and he faintly gasps—
 "These—these, thank heaven, are left me"—
 And smiles as wife and child he clasps—
 "They have not quite bereft me."

XVI.

I never saw a mien so grand,
 A brow and eye so fearless—
 There was not in his veteran band
 A single eyelid tearless.
 His tale is short—O'Ruarc's strength
 Could not postpone his ruin,
 And Leitrim's towers he left at length,
 To spare his friend's undoing.

XVII.

To Spain—to Spain, he now will sail,
 His destiny is wroken—
 An exile from dear Inis-fail,—
 Nor yet his will is broken;

For still he hints some enterprise,
When fleets shall bring them over
Dunbwy's proud keep again shall rise,
And mock the English rover. * * *

XVIII.

I saw them cross Slieve Miskisk o'er,
The crones around them weeping—
I saw them pass from Culiagh's shore,
Their galleys' strong oars sweeping,
I saw their ship unfurl its sail—
I saw their scarfs long waven—
They saw the hills in distance fail—
They never saw Berehaven!

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.¹

I.

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's
hundred isles—
The summer's sun is gleaming still through
Gabriel's rough defiles—
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a
moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide
is heard;
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children
cease their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households
kneel to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily
labor o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of
Baltimore.

II.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with
midnight there;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth,
or sea, or air.

The massive capes, and ruined towers, seem con-
scious of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing
heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round
Dunashad that glide,
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against
the ebbing tide—
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge
them to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs
in Baltimore!

III.

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky
street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gen-
tle gliding feet—
A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "the roof is in
a flame!"
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush
maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleam-
ing sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white
or crimson shawl—
The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer,
and shriek, and roar—
Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Balti-
more!

IV.

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the
shearing sword;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with
which her son was gored;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-
babes clutching wild;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled
with the child;
But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed
with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps
his Syrian steel—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers
yield their store,
There's one hearth well avengéd in the sack of
Baltimore!

¹ Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a Castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after its ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom

they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered this. To the artist, the antiquary, and the naturalist, its neighborhood is most interesting.—See "The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork," by Charles Smith, M. D., vol. 1 p. 270. Second edition. Dublin, 1774.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

v.

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds
 began to sing—
 They see not now the milking maids—deserted
 is the spring!
 Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant
 Bandon's town—
 These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that
 skiff from Affadown;
 They only found the smoking walls, with neigh-
 bors' blood besprent,
 And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile
 they wildly went—
 Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Cléire, and
 saw five leagues before
 The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Balti-
 more.

vi.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some
 must tend the steed—
 This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that
 a Bey's jerreed.
 Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous
 Dardanelles;
 And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy
 dells.
 The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen
 for the Dey—
 She's safe—she's dead—she stabbed him in the
 midst of his Serai;
 And, when to die a death of fire, that noble
 maid they bore,
 She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought
 of Baltimore.

vii.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath
 that bloody band,
 And all around its trampled hearths a larger
 concourse stand,
 Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling
 wretch is seen—
 'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he, who steered
 the Algerine!
 He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing
 prayer,
 For he had slain the kith and kin of many a
 hundred there—

Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought
 the Norman o'er—
 Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in
 Baltimore.

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF EOGHAN RUADH O'NEILL.¹

[Time—10th November, 1649. Scene—Ormond's Camp, County
 Waterford. Speakers—A Veteran of Eoghan O'Neill's clan, and
 one of the horsemen just arrived with an account of his death.]

I.

"Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Eoghan
 Ruadh O'Neill?"
 "Yes, they slew with poison him, they feared
 to meet with steel."
 "May God wither up their hearts! May their
 blood cease to flow!
 May they walk in living death, who poisoned
 Eoghan Ruadh!"

II.

"Though it break my heart to hear, say again
 the bitter words."
 "From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to
 measure swords;
 But the weapon of the Sacsanach met him on
 his way,
 And he died at Cloch Uachtar,² upon Saint
 Leonard's day."

III.

"Wail, wail ye for the Mighty One! Wail,
 wail ye for the Dead;
 Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with
 ashes strew the head.
 How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we
 deplore!
 Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see
 him more!"

IV.

"Sagest in the council was he, kindest in the
 Hall:
 Sure we never won a battle—'twas Eoghan won
 them all;
 Had he lived—had he lived—our dear country
 had been free;
 But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves
 we'll ever be.

¹ Commonly called Owen Roe O'Neill. *Vide* Appendix.

² *Vulgo*, Clough Ogurtur.

V.

"O'Farrell and Clanrickarde, Preston and Red
Hugh,
Audley and MacMahon—ye are valiant, wise,
and true;
But—what, what are ye all to our darling who
is gone?
The Rudder of our ship was he, our Castle's
corner-stone!

VI.

"Weil, weil him through the Island! Weep,
weep for our pride!
Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief
had died!
Weep the Victor of Beann-bhorbh¹—weep him,
young man and old;
Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies
cold!

VII.

"We thought you would not die—we were sure
you would not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's
cruel blow—
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts
out the sky—
Oh! why did you leave us, Eoghan? Why did
you die?

VIII.

"Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill!
bright was your eye,
Oh! why did you leave us, Eoghan? why did
you die?
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with
God on high;
But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Eoghan!—
why did you die?"

A RALLY FOR IRELAND.²[MAY, 1689.]³

I.

SHOUT it out, till it ring
From Beann-mhór to Cape Cléire,
For our country and king,
And religion so dear.

Rally, men! rally—

Irishmen! rally!

Gather round the dear flag, that, wet with our
tears,

And torn, and bloody, lay hid for long years,
And now, once again, in its pride reappears.

See! from The Castle our green banner
waves,

Bearing fit motto for uprising slaves—

For NOW OR NEVER!

NOW AND FOREVER!

Bids you to battle for triumph or graves—

Bids you to burst on the Sacsanach knaves—

Rally, then, rally!

Irishmen, rally!

Shout NOW OR NEVER!

NOW AND FOREVER!

Heed not their fury, however it raves,

Welcome their horsemen with pikes and with
staves,

Close on their cannon, their bay'nets, and
glaiives,

Down with their standard wherever it waves;

Fight to the last, and ye cannot be slaves!

Fight to the last, and ye cannot be slaves!

II.

Gallant Sheldon is here,

And Hamilton, too,

And Tirchonail so dear,

And Mac Carrthaigh, so true.

And there are Frenchmen;

Skilful and stanch men—

De Rosen, Pontée, Pusignan, and Boisseleau,

And gallant Lauzun is a coming, you know,

With Baldearg, the kinsman of great Eoghan
Ruadh.

From Sionainn to Banna, from Lifé to
Laoi,⁴

The country is rising for Libertie.

Though your arms are rude,

If your courage be good,

As the traitor fled will the stranger flee,

At another Drom-mór, from "the Irishry."

Arm, peasant and lord!

Grasp musket and sword!

Grasp pike-staff and *skian*!

Give your horses the rein!

March, in the name of his Majesty—

Ulster and Munster unitedly—

¹ *Vid.* Benburb.² Set to original music in "Spirit of Nation," 4to., p. 121.³ *Vide* Appendix.⁴ *Vulgo*, Shannon, Bann, Liffey, and Lee.

Townsmen and peasant, like waves of the sea—
 Leinster and Connacht to victory—
 Shoulder to shoulder for Liberty,
 Shoulder to shoulder for Liberty.

II.

Kirk, Schomberg, and Churchill
 Are coming—what then ?
 We'll drive them and Dutch Will
 To England again ;

We can laugh at each threat,
 For our Parliament's met—
 De Courcy, O'Briain, Mac Domhnaill, Le Poer,
 O'Neill and St. Lawrence, and others *go leor*,
 The choice of the land from Athluain¹ to the
 shore !

They'll break the last link of the Sacsanach
 chain—

They'll give us the lands of our fathers again !
 Then up ye ! and fight

For your King and your Right,
 Or ever toil on, and never complain,
 Though they trample your roof-tree, and rifle
 your fane.

Rally, then, rally !

Irishmen, rally—

Fight NOW OR NEVER,
 NOW AND FOREVER !

Laws are in vain without swords to maintain ;
 So, muster as fast as the fall of the rain :
 Serried and rough as a field of ripe grain,
 Stand by your flag upon mountain and plain ;
 Charge till yourselves or your foemen are
 slain !

Fight till yourselves or your foemen are slain !

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.²

[AUGUST 27, 1690.]

AIR—*Garradh Eoghain.*³

I.

OH, hurrah ! for the men who, when danger is
 nigh,

Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah ! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah ! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.

King William's men round Limerick lay,
 His cannon crashed from day to day,
 Till the southern wall was swept away

At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.⁴
 'Tis afternoon, yet hot the sun,
 When William fires the signal gun,
 And, like its flash, his columns run
 On the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

II.

Yet, hurrah ! for the men who, when danger is
 nigh,

Are found in the front, looking death in the
 eye,

Hurrah ! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah ! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.

The breach gaped out two perches wide,
 The fosse is filled, the batteries plied ;
 Can the Irishmen that onset bide

At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.
 Across the ditch the columns dash,
 Their bayonets o'er the rubbish flash,
 When sudden comes a rending crash
 From the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

III.

Then, hurrah ! for the men who, when danger is
 nigh,

Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah ! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah ! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.

The bullets rain in pelting shower,
 And rocks and beams from wall and tower ;
 The Englishmen are glad to cower

At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.
 But, rallied soon, again they pressed,
 Their bayonets pierced full many a breast,
 Till they bravely won the breach's crest
 At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

IV.

Yet, hurrah ! for the men who, when danger is
 nigh,

Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah ! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah ! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.

Then fiercer grew the Irish yell,
 And madly on the foe they fell,
 Till the breach grew like the jaws of hell—
 Not the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

¹ *Fulge*, Athlone.

³ *Gartvowen*.

² *Vide* Appendix.

⁴ "Limerick of the azure river." See "The Circuit of Ireland,"
 p. 47.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The women fought before the men,
Each man became a match for ten,
So back they pushed the villains then,
From the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

V

Then, hurrah! for the men who, when danger is
nigh,
Are found in the front, looking death in the
eye.
Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's
wall,
And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.
But Bradenburgh the ditch has crost,
And gained our flank at little cost—
The bastion's gone—the town is lost;
Oh! poor city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

When, sudden, Sarsfield springs the mine,
Like rockets rise the Germans fine,
And come down dead 'mid smoke and shine,
At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

VI.

So, hurrah! for the men who, when danger is nigh,
Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.
Out, with a roar, the Irish sprung,
And back the beaten English flung,
Till William fled, his lords among,
From the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.
'Twas thus was fought that glorious fight,
By Irishmen, for Ireland's right—
May all such days have such a night
As the battle of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

PART IV.

Ballads and Songs illustrative of Irish History.

"But a Ballad History we do not mean a metrical chronicle, or any continued work, but a string of ballads chronologically arranged, and illustrating the main events of Irish History, its characters, customs, scenes, and passions.

"Exact dates, subtle plots, minute connections and motives, rarely appear in Ballads; and for these ends the worst prose history is superior to the best Ballad series; but these are not the highest ends of history. To hallow or accurse the scenes of glory and honor, or of shame and sorrow—to give to the imagination the arms, and homes and senates, and battles of other days—to rouse and soften and strengthen and enlarge us with the passions of great periods—to lead us into love of self-denial, of justice, of beauty, of valor, of generous life and proud death—and to set up in our souls the memory of great men, who shall then be as models and judges of our actions—these are the highest duties of History, and these are best taught by a Ballad History."—DAVIS'S ESSAYS.

THE PENAL DAYS.

Air—*The Wheelwright.*

I.

Oh! weep those days, the penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained.
Oh! weep those days, the penal days,
When godless persecution reigned;

When, year by year,
For serf and peer,
Fresh cruelties were made by law,
And, filled with hate,
Our senate sate
To weld anew each fetter's flaw;
Oh! weep those days, those penal days—
Their memory still on Ireland weighs.

II.

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
Among the poor,
Or on the moor,
Were hid the pious and the true—
While traitor knave,
And recreant slave,
Had riches, rank, and retinue:
And, exiled in those penal days,
Our banners over Europe blaze.

III.

A stranger held the land and tower
 Of many a noble fugitive ;
 No popish lord had lordly power,
 The peasant scarce had leave to live ;
 Above his head
 A ruined shed,
 No tenure but a tyrant's will—
 Forbid to plead,
 Forbid to read,
 Disarmed, disfranchised, imbecile—
 What wonder if our step betrays
 The freedman, born in penal days ?

IV.

They're gone, they're gone, those penal days !
 All creeds are equal in our isle ;
 Then grant, O Lord, thy plenteous grace,
 Our ancient feuds to reconcile.
 Let all atone
 For blood and groan,
 For dark revenge and open wrong,
 Let all unite
 For Ireland's right,
 And drown our griefs in freedom's song ;
 Till time shall veil in twilight haze,
 The memory of those penal days.

THE DEATH OF SARSFIELD.¹

A CHANT OF THE BRIGADE.

I.

SARSFIELD has sailed from Limerick Town,
 He held it long for country and crown ;
 And ere he yielded, the Saxon swore
 To spoil our homes and our shrines no more.

II.

Sarsfield and all his chivalry
 Are fighting for France in the low countrie—
 At his fiery charge the Saxons reel,
 They learned at Limerick to dread the steel.

¹ Sarsfield was slain on the 29th July, 1690, at Landen, heading his countrymen in the van of victory.—King William flying. He could not have died better. His last thoughts were for his country. As he lay on the field unhelmed and dying, he put his hand to his breast. When he took it away, it was full of his best blood. Looking at it sadly with an eye in which victory shone a moment be-

III.

Sarsfield is dying on Landen's plain ;
 His corslet hath met the ball in vain—
 As his life-blood gushes into his hand,
 He says, "Oh ! that this was for father-land !"

IV.

Sarsfield is dead, yet no tears shed we—
 For he died in the arms of Victory,
 And his dying words shall edge the brand,
 When we chase the foe from our native land !

THE SURPRISE OF CREMONA.

(1702.)

I.

FROM Milan to Cremona Duke Villeroy rode,
 And soft are the beds in his princely abode ;
 In billet and barrack the garrison sleep,
 And loose is the watch which the sentinels keep :
 'Tis the eve of St. David, and bitter the breeze
 Of that midwinter night on the flat Cremonese ;
 A fig for precaution !—Prince Eugene sits down
 In winter cantonments round Mantua town.

II.

Yet through Ustiano, and out on the plain,
 Horse, foot, and dragoons are defiling amain.
 "That flash !" said Prince Eugene, "Count Merci,
 push on"—
 Like a rock from a precipice Merci is gone.
 Proud mutters the prince—"That is Cassioli's
 sign :
 Ere the dawn of the morning Cremona 'll be
 mine—
 For Merci will open the gate of the Po,
 But scant is the mercy Prince Vaudemont will
 show !"

III.

Through gate, street, and square, with his keen
 cavaliers—
 A flood through a gully—Count Merci careers ;

fore, he said faintly, "Oh ! that this were for Ireland." He said no more ; and history records no nobler saying, nor any more becoming death.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Vide Appendix, for a brief sketch of the services of the Irish Brigade, in which most of the allusions in these and several of the following poems are explained.—ED.

They ride without getting or giving a blow,
Nor halt 'till they gaze on the gate of the Po :
"Surrender the gate"—but a volley replied,
For a handful of Irish are posted inside.
By my faith, Charles Vaudemont will come
rather late,
If he stay till Count Merci shall open that gate !

IV.

But in through St. Margaret's the Austrians
pour,
And billet and barrack are ruddy with gore ;
Unarmed and naked, the soldiers are slain—
There's an enemy's gauntlet on Villeroy's rein—
"A thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse—
Release me, MacDonnell !"—they hold on their
course.

Count Merci has seized upon cannon and wall,
Prince Eugene's headquarters are in the Town-
hall !

V.

Here and there, through the city, some readier
band,
For honor and safety, undauntedly stand.
At the head of the regiments of Dillon and Burke
Is Major O'Mahony, fierce as a Turk.
His sabre is flashing—the major is drest,
But muskets and shirts are the clothes of the
rest !
Yet they rush to the ramparts—the clocks have
toll'd ten—
And Count Merci retreats with the half of his
men.

VI.

"In on them," said Friedberg,—and Dillon is
broke,
Like forest-flowers crushed by the fall of the oak ;
Through the naked battalions the cuirassiers
go ;—
But the man, not the dress, makes the soldier, I
trow.
Upon them with grapple, with bay'net, and ball,
Like wolves upon gaze-hounds, the Irishmen
fall—
Black Friedberg is slain by O'Mahony's steel,
And back from the bullets the cuirassiers reel.

VII.

Oh ! hear you their shout in your quarters,
Eugene ?
In vain on Prince Vaudemont for succor you
lean !

The bridge has been broken, and, mark ! how
pell-mell
Come riderless horses, and volley and yell !—
He's a veteran soldier—he clenches his hands,
He springs on his horse, disengages his bands—
He rallies, he urges, till, hopeless of aid,
He is chased through the gates by the IRISH
BRIGADE.

VIII.

News, news, in Vienna !—King Leopold's sad.
News, news, in St. James's !—King William is
mad.
News, news, in Versailles—"Let the Irish
Brigade
Be loyally honored, and royally paid."
News, news, in old Ireland—high rises her
pride,
And high sounds her wail for her children who
died,
And deep is her prayer,—“God send I may see
MacDonnell and Mahony fighting for me.”

THE FLOWER OF FINAE.

I.

BRIGHT red is the sun on the waves of Lough
Sheelin,
A cool gentle breeze from the mountain is steal-
ing,
While fair round its islets the small ripples
play,
But fairer than all is the Flower of Finae.

II.

Her hair is like night, and her eyes like gray
morning,
She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning,
Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May-
day,
Sweet Eily MacMahon, the Flower of Finae.

III.

But who down the hill-side than red deer runs
fleeter ?
And who on the lake side is hastening to greet
her ?
Who but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay,
The darling and pride of the Flower of Finae !

IV.

One kiss and one clasp, and one wild look of gladness;
 Ah! why do they change on a sudden to sadness?—
 He has told his hard fortune, nor more he can stay,
 He must leave his poor Eily to pine at Finæ.

V.

For Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land,
 And the dark hand of tyranny drove him from Ireland;
 He joins the Brigade, in the wars far away,
 But he vows he'll come back to the Flower of Finæ.

VI.

He fought at Cremona—she hears of his story;
 He fought at Cassano—she's proud of his glory,
 Yet sadly she sings *Siúbhail a rúin*¹ all the day,
 "Oh, come, come, my darling, come home to Finæ."

VII.

Eight long years have passed, till she's nigh broken-hearted,
 Her *reel* and her *rock*, and her *flax* she has parted;
 She sails with the "Wild Geese" to Flanders away,
 And leaves her sad parents alone in Finæ.

VIII.

Lord Clare on the field of Ramillies is charging—
 Before him, the Sacsanach squadrons enlarging—
 Behind him the Cravats their sections display—
 Beside him rides Fergus and shouts for Finæ.

IX.

On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen are flying;
 Lord Clare and his squadrons the foe still defying,
 Outnumbered, and wounded, retreat in array;
 And bleeding rides Fergus and thinks of Finæ.

X.

In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,
 And by it a pale weeping maiden is praying;
 That flag's the sole trophy of Ramillies' fray;
 This nun is poor Eily, the Flower of Finæ.

¹ *Fuighe*, Shule aroon.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

AIR—*The girl I left behind me.*

I.

THE dames of France are fond and free,
 And Flemish lips are willing,
 And soft the maids of Italy,
 And Spanish eyes are thrilling;
 Still, though I bask beneath their smile,
 Their charms fail to bind me,
 And my heart flies back to Erin's isle,
 To the girl I left behind me.

II.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side,
 And purer than its water,
 But she refused to be my bride
 Though many a year I sought her;
 Yet, since to France I sailed away,
 Her letters oft remind me
 That I promised never to gainsay
 The girl I left behind me.

III.

She says—"My own dear love, come home,
 My friends are rich and many,
 Or else abroad with you I'll roam
 A soldier stout as any;
 If you'll not come, nor let me go,
 I'll think you have resigned me."
 My heart nigh broke when I answered—No!
 To the girl I left behind me.

IV.

For never shall my true love brave
 A life of war and toiling;
 And never as a skulking slave
 I'll tread my native soil on;
 But, were it free, or to be freed,
 The battle's close would find me
 To Ireland bound—nor message need
 From the girl I left behind me.

CLARE'S DRAGOONS.*

AIR—*Viva la.*

I.

WHEN, on Ramillies' bloody field,
 The baffled French were forced to yield

² *Vide* Appendix.

The victor Saxon backward reeled
 Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.
 The Flags, we conquered in that fray,
 Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say;
 We'll win them company to day,
 Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la, for Ireland's wrong!
Viva la, for Ireland's right!
Viva la, in battle throng,
 For a Spanish steed, and sabre bright!

II.

The brave old lord died near the fight,
 But, for each drop he lost that night,
 A Saxon cavalier shall bite
 The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.
 For never, when our spurs were set,
 And never, when our sabres met,
 Could we the Saxon soldiers get
 To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la, the New Brigade!
Viva la, the Old One, too!
Viva la, the rose shall fade,
 And the Shamrock shine forever new!

III.

Another Clare is here to lead,
 The worthy son of such a breed;
 The French expect some famous deed,
 When Clare leads on his bold Dragoons.
 Our Colonel comes from Brian's race,
 His wounds are in his breast and face,
 The *bearna baoghail*¹ is still his place,
 The foremost of his bold Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la, the New Brigade!
Viva la, the Old One, too!
Viva la, the rose shall fade,
 And the Shamrock shine forever new!

IV.

There's not a man in squadron here
 Was ever known to flinch or fear;
 Though first in charge and last in rere,
 Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons;

But, see! we'll soon have work to do,
 To shame our boasts, or prove them true,
 For hither comes the English crew,
 To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la, for Ireland's wrong!
Viva la, for Ireland's right!
Viva la, in battle throng,
 For a Spanish steed and sabre bright!

V.

Oh! comrades! think how Ireland pines
 Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,
 Her dearest hope, the ordered lines,
 And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.
 Then bring your Green Flag to the sky,
 Be Limerick your battle-cry,
 And charge, till blood floats fetlock-high,
 Around the track of Clare's Dragoons!

CHORUS.

Viva la, the New Brigade!
Viva la, the Old One, too!
Viva la, the rose shall fade,
 And the Shamrock shine forever new!

WHEN SOUTH WINDS BLOW.

AIR—*The gentle Maiden.*

I.

WHY sits the gentle maiden there,
 While surfing billows splash around?
 Why doth she southwards wildly stare
 And sing with such a fearful sound—
 "The Wild Geese fly where other walk;
 The Wild Geese do what others talk—
 The way is long from France, you know—
 He'll come at last when south winds blow."

II.

Oh! softly was the maiden nurst
 In Castle Connell's lordly towers,
 Where Skellig's billows boil and burst,
 And, far above, Dunkerron towers:
 And she was noble as the hill—
 Yet battle-flags are nobler still:
 And she was graceful as the wave—
 Yet who would live a tranquil slave?

² Gap of danger.

III.

And, so, her lover went to France,
 To serve the foe of Ireland's foe;
 Yet deep he swore—"Whatever chance,
 I'll come some day when south winds blow."
 And prouder hopes he told beside,
 How she should be a prince's bride,
 How Louis would the Wild Geese¹ send,
 And Ireland's weary woes should end.

IV.

But tyrants quenched her father's hearth,
 And wrong and absence warped her mind;
 The gentle maid, of gentle birth,
 Is moaning madly to the wind—
 "He said he'd come, whate'er betide:
 He said I'd be a happy bride:
 Oh! long the way and hard the foe—
 He'll come when south—when south winds
 blow!"

THE BATTLE EVE OF THE BRIGADE

AIR—*Contented I am.*

I.

THE mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set,
 And the gallant Count Thomond is president
 yet;
 The vet'ran arose, like an uplifted lance,
 Crying—"Comrades, a health to the monarch
 of France!"
 With bumpers and cheers they have done as he
 bade,
 For King Louis is loved by The Irish Brigade.

II.

"A health to King James," and they bent as they
 quaffed;
 "Here's to George the *Elect*or," and fiercely they
 laughed;
 "Good luck to the girls we wooed long ago,
 Where Shannon, and Barrow, and Blackwater
 flow;"
 "God prosper Old Ireland,"—you'd think them
 afraid,
 So pale grew the chiefs of The Irish Brigade.

III.

"But, surely, that light cannot come from our
 lamp!
 And that noise—are they *all* getting drunk in
 the camp?"
 "Hurrah! boys, the morning of battle is come,
 And the *generale's* beating on many a drum."
 So they rush from the revel to join the parade;
 For the van is the right of The Irish Brigade.

IV.

They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery, and
 true,
 And, though victors, they left on the field not a
 few;
 And they, who survived, fought and drank as of
 yore,
 But the land of their heart's hope they never
 saw more;
 For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Bel-
 grade,
 Lie the soldiers and chiefs of The Irish Brigade.

FONTENOY.²

(1745.)

I.

THIRCE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English
 column failed,
 And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the
 Dutch in vain assailed;
 For town and slope were filled with fort and
 flanking battery,
 And well they swept the English ranks, and
 Dutch auxiliary.
 As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British
 soldiers burst,
 The French artillery drove them back, diminish-
 ed and dispersed.
 The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with
 anxious eye,
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance
 to try;
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his *generals*
 ride!
 And mustering come his chosen troops, like
 clouds at eventide.

¹ The recruiting for the Brigade was carried on in the French ships which smuggled brandies, wines, silks, &c., to the western and southwestern coasts. Their return cargoes were recruits for the Brigade, and were entered in their books as Wild Geese. Hence

this became the common name in Ireland for the Irish serving in the Brigade. The recruiting was chiefly from Clare, Limerick, Cork, Kerry, and Galway.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

² *Vide* Appendix.

II.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column
tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay
is at their head ;
Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they
climb the hill ;
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right
onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a
furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and
bullets showering fast ;
And on the open plain above they rose, and
kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked
at hostile force :
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner
grow their ranks—
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through
Holland's ocean banks.

III.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs
rush round ;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons
strew the ground ;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still
on they marched and fired—
Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltiguer
retired.
“Push on, my household cavalry !” King Louis
madly cried :
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not
unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King
Louis turns his rein :
“Not yet, my liege,” Saxe interposed, “the Irish
troops remain ;”
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a
Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement,
and true.

IV.

“Lord Clare,” he says, “you have your wish,
there are your Saxon foes !”
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously
he goes !
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're
wont to be so gay !
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their
hearts to-day—

The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas
writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines,
their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their
country overthrown,—
Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked on
him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet else-
where,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these
proud exiles were.

V.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting,
he commands,
“Fix bay'nets,”—“Charge,”—Like mountain
storm, rush on these fiery bands !
Thin is the English column now, and faint their
volleys grow,
Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they
make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that
battle-wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam ; like rocks,
the men behind !
One volley crashes from their line, when, through
the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the
headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce
huzza !
“Revenge ! remember Limerick ! dash down the
Sacsanach !”

VI.

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with
hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles
sprang :
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their
guns are filled with gore ;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and
trampled flags they tore :
The English strove with desperate strength,
paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hill-side is matted close with dying
and with dead.
Across the plain, and far away passed on that
hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their
track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the
sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field
is fought and won!

THE DUNGANNON CONVENTION.

(1782.)

I.

THE church of Dungannon is full to the door,
And sabre and spur clash at times on the floor,
While helmet and shako are ranged all along,
Yet no book of devotion is seen in the throng.
In the front of the altar no minister stands,
But the crimson-clad chief of these warrior bands;
And though solemn the looks and the voices
around,

You'd listen in vain for a litany's sound.
Say! what do they hear in the temple of
prayer?

Oh! why in the fold has the lion his lair?

II.

Sad, wounded, and wan was the face of our isle,
By English oppression, and falsehood, and guile?
Yet when to invade it a foreign fleet steered,
To guard it for England the North volunteered.
From the citizen-soldiers the foe fled aghast—
Still they stood to their guns when the danger
had past,

For the voice of America came o'er the wave,
Crying—Woe to the tyrant, and hope to the
slave!

Indignation and shame through their regiments
speed,

They have arms in their hands, and what more
do they need?

III.

O'er the green hills of Ulster their banners are
spread,

The cities of Leinster resound to their tread,
The valleys of Munster with ardor are stirred,
And the plains of wild Connaught their bugles
have heard;

A Protestant front-rank and Catholic rere—
For—forbidden the arms of freemen to bear—
Yet foemen and friend are full sure, if need be,
The slave for his country will stand by the free.

By green flags supported, the Orange flag
wave,
And the soldier half turns to unfetter the
slave!

IV.

More honored that church of Dungannon is now
Than when at its altar communicants bow;
More welcome to heaven than anthem or prayer,
Are the rites and the thoughts of the warriors
there;

In the name of all Ireland the Delegates swore:
“We've suffered too long, and we'll suffer no
more—

Unconquered by Force, we were vanquished by
Fraud;

And now, in God's temple, we vow unto God,
That never again shall the Englishman bind
His chains on our limbs, or his laws on our
mind.”

V.

The church of Dungannon is empty once more—
No plumes on the altar, no clash on the floor,
But the counsels of England are fluttered to
see,

In the cause of their country, the Irish agree;
So they give as a boon what they dare not
withhold,

And Ireland, a nation, leaps up as of old,
With a name, and a trade, and a flag of her
own,

And an army to fight for the people and throne.
But woe worth the day if to falsehood or fears
She surrender the guns of her brave Volunteers!

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS OF 1782.

AIR—*Boyne Water.*

I.

HURRAH! 'tis done—our freedom's won—
Hurrah for the Volunteers!

No laws we own, but those alone

Of our Commons, King, and Peers.

The chain is broke—the Saxon yoke

From off our neck is taken;

Ireland awoke—Dungannon spoke—

With fear was England shaken.

II.

When Grattan rose, none dared oppose
 The claim he made for freedom :
 They knew our swords, to back his words,
 Were ready, did he need them.
 Then let us raise, to Grattan's praise,
 A proud and joyous anthem ;
 And wealth, and grace, and length of days,
 May God, in mercy, grant him !

III.

Bless Harry Flood, who nobly stood
 By us, through gloomy years !
 Bless Charlemont, the brave and good,
 The Chief of the Volunteers !
 The North began ; the North held on
 The strife for native land ;
 Till Ireland rose, and cowed her foes—
 God bless the Northern land !

IV.

And bless the men of patriot pen—
 Swift, Molyneux, and Lucas ;
 Bless sword and gun, which "Free Trade" won—
 Bless God ! who ne'er forsook us !
 And long may last, the friendship fast,
 Which binds us all together ;
 While we agree, our foes shall flee
 Like clouds in stormy weather.

V.

Remember still, through good and ill,
 How vain were prayers and tears—
 How vain were words, till flashed the swords
 Of the Irish Volunteers.
 By arms we've got the rights we sought
 Through long and wretched years—
 Hurrah ! 'tis done, our freedom's won—
 Hurrah for the Volunteers !

THE MEN OF 'EIGHTY-TWO.

AIR—*An Crúisgín Lán.*

I.

To rend a cruel chain,
 To end a foreign reign
 The swords of the Volunteers were drawn.
 And instant from their sway,
 Oppression fled away ;
 So we'll drink them in a *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*
 We'll drink them in a *crúisgín lán !*

II.

Within that host were seen
 The Orange, Blue, and Green—
 The Bishop for its coat left his lawn—
 The peasant and the lord
 Ranked in with one accord,
 Like brothers at a *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*
 Like brothers at a *crúisgín lán !*

III.

With liberty there came
 Wit, eloquence, and fame ;
 Our feuds went like mists from the dawn ;
 Old bigotry disdained—
 Old privilege retained—
 Oh ! sages, fill a *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*
 And, boys, fill up a *crúisgín lán !*

IV.

The trader's coffers filled,
 The barren lands were tilled,
 Our ships on the waters thick as spawn—
 Prosperity broke forth,
 Like summer in the north—
 Ye merchants ! fill a *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*
 Ye farmers ! fill a *crúisgín lán !*

V.

The memory of that day
 Shall never pass away,
 Though its fame shall be yet outshone ;
 We'll grave it on our shrines,
 We'll shout it in our lines—
 Old Ireland ! fill a *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*
 Young Ireland ! fill a *crúisgín lán !*

VI.

And drink—The Volunteers,
 Their generals, and seers,
 Their gallantry, their genius, and their brawn ;
 With water, or with wine—
 The draught is but a sign—
 The purpose fills the *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*
 This purpose fills the *crúisgín lán !*

VII.

That ere Old Ireland goes,
 And while Young Ireland glows,
 The swords of our sires be girt on,
 And loyally renew
 The work of 'EIGHTY-TWO—
 Oh ! gentlemen—a *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*
 Our freedom ! in a *crúisgín lán !*

NATIVE SWORDS.

(A VOLUNTEER SONG.—1ST JULY, 1792.)

Air—Boyne Water.

I.

WE'VE bent too long to braggart wrong,
 While force our prayers derided;
 We've fought too long, ourselves among,
 By knaves and priests divided;
United now, no more we'll bow,
 Foul faction, we discard it;
 And now, thank God! our native sod
 Has Native Swords to guard it.

II.

Like rivers which, o'er valleys rich,
 Bring ruin in their water,
 On native land, a native hand
 Flung foreign fraud and slaughter.
 From Dermot's crime to Tudor's time
 Our clans were our perdition;
 Religion's name, since then, became
 Our pretext for division.

III.

But, worse than all, with Lim'rick's fall
 Our valor seemed to perish;
 Or o'er the main, in France and Spain,
 For bootless vengeance flourish.
 The peasant, here, grew pale for fear
 He'd suffer for our glory,
 While France sang joy for Fontenoy,
 And Europe hymned our story.

IV.

But now, no clan, nor factious plan,
 The East and West can sunder—
 Why Ulster e'er should Munster fear,
 Can only wake our wonder.
 Religion's crost, when union's lost,
 And "royal gifts" retard it;
 But now, thank God! our native sod
 Has Native Swords to guard it.

TONE'S GRAVE.

I.

IN Bodinstown Churchyard there is a green grave,
 And wildly along it the winter winds rave;
 Small shelter, I ween, are the ruined walls there,
 When the storm sweeps down on the plains of
 Kildare,

II.

Once I lay on that sod—it lies over Wolfe Tone—
 And I thought how he perished in prison alone,
 His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed—
 "Oh, bitter," I said, "is the patriot's meed;

III.

For in him the heart of a woman combined
 With a heroic life, and a governing mind—
 A martyr for Ireland—his grave has no stone—
 His name seldom named, and his virtues un
 known."

IV.

I was woke from my dream by the voices and
 tread
 Of a band, who came into the home of the dead;
 They carried no corpse, and they carried no
 stone,
 And they stopped when they came to the grave
 of Wolfe Tone.

V.

There were students and peasants, the wise and
 the brave,
 And an old man who knew him from cradle to
 grave,
 And children who thought, me hard-hearted;
 for they,
 On that sanctified sod were forbidden to play.

VI.

But the old man, who saw I was mourning there,
 said:
 "We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe
 Tone is laid;
 And we're going to raise him a monument, too—
 A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true."

VII.

My heart overflowed, and I clasped his old hand,
 And I blessed him, and blessed every one of his
 band;
 "Sweet! sweet! 'tis to find that such faith can
 remain
 To the cause, and the man so long vanquished
 and slain."

VIII.

IN Bodinstown Churchyard there is a green
 grave,
 And freely around it let winter winds rave—
 Far better they suit him—the ruin and gloom,—
 TILL IRELAND, A NATION, CAN BUILD HIM A TOMB

PART V.

Miscellaneous Poems.

"NATIONALITY is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks, it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people. It is the summary name for many things. It seeks a Literature made by Irishmen, and colored by our scenery, manners, and character. It desires to see Art applied to express Irish thoughts and belief. It would make our Music sound in every parish at twilight, our Pictures sprinkle the walls of every house, and our Poetry and History sit at every hearth.

"It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland. It would give them the seas of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their navy; the harbors of Ireland, to receive a greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on, by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland to enhance by their genius and valor; the Independence of Ireland to guard by laws and arms."—DAVIS'S ESSAYS.

NATIONALITY.

I.

A NATION'S voice, a nation's voice—
It is a solemn thing!
It bids the bondage-sick rejoice—
'Tis stronger than a king.
'Tis like the light of many stars,
The sound of many waves;
Which brightly look through prison-bars;
And sweetly sound in caves.
Yet is it noblest, godliest known,
When righteous triumph swells its tone.

II.

A nation's flag, a nation's flag—
If wickedly unrolled,
May foes in adverse battle drag
Its every fold from fold.
But, in the cause of Liberty,
Guard it 'gainst Earth and Hell;
Guard it till Death or Victory—
Look you, you guard it well!
No saint or king has tomb so proud,
As he whose flag becomes his shroud.

III.

A nation's right, a nation's right—
God gave it; and gave, too,
A nation's sword, a nation's might,
Danger to guard it through.
'Tis freedom from a foreign yoke,
'Tis just and equal laws,
Which deal unto the humblest folk,
As in a noble's cause.
On nations fixed in right and truth,
God would bestow eternal youth.

IV.

May Ireland's voice be ever heard
Amid the world's applause!
And never be her flag-staff stirred,
But in an honest cause!
May Freedom be her very breath,
Be Justice ever dear;
And never an ennobled death
May son of Ireland fear!
So the Lord God will ever smile,
With guardian grace, upon our isle.

SELF-RELIANCE.

I.

THOUGH savage force and subtle schemes,
And alien rule, through ages lasting,
Have swept your land like lava streams,
Its wealth, and name, and nature blasting,
Rot not, therefore, in dull despair,
Nor moan at destiny in far lands:
Face not your foe with bosom bare,
Nor hide your chains in pleasure's garlands:
The wise man arms to combat wrong,
The brave man clears a den of lions,
The true man spurns the Helot's song;
The freeman's friend is Self-Reliance!

II.

Though France, that gave your exiles bread,
 Your priests a home, your hopes a station,
 Or that young land, where first was spread
 The starry flag of Liberation,—
 Should heed your wrongs some future day,
 And send you voice or sword to plead 'em,
 With helpful love their help repay,
 But trust not even to them for Freedom.
 A Nation freed by foreign aid
 Is but a corpse by wanton science
 Convulsed like life, then flung to fate—
 The life itself is Self-Reliance !

III.

Oh ! see your quailing tyrant run
 To courteous lies, and Roman agents;
 His terror, lest Dungannon's sun
 Should rise again with riper radiance.
 Oh ! hark the Freeman's welcome cheer,
 And hark your brother sufferers sobbing ;
 Oh ! mark the universe grow clear,
 And mark your spirit's royal throbbing,—
 'Tis Freedom's God that sends such signs,
 As pledges of his blest alliance ;
 He gives bright hopes to brave designs,
 And lends his bolts to Self-Reliance !

IV.

Then, flung alone, or hand-in-hand,
 In mirthful hour, or spirit solemn ;
 In lowly toil, or high command,
 In social hall, or charging column ;
 In tempting wealth, and trying woe,
 In struggling with a mob's dictation ,
 In bearing back a foreign foe,
 In training up a troubled nation :
 Still hold to Truth, abound in Love,
 Refusing every base compliance—
 Your Praise within, your Prize above,
 And live and die in SELF-RELIANCE !

SWEET AND SAD.

A PRISON SERMON.

I.

'Tis sweet to climb the mountain's crest,
 And run, like deer-hound, down its breast ;
 'Tis sweet to snuff the taintless air,
 And sweep the sea with haughty stare :

And, sad it is, when iron bars
 Keep watch between you and the stars :
 And sad to find your footstep stayed
 By prison-wall and palisade :
 But 'twere better be
 A prisoner forever,
 With no destiny
 To do, or to endeavor ;
 Better life to spend
 A martyr or confessor,
 Than in silence bend
 To alien and oppressor.

II.

'Tis sweet to rule an ample realm,
 Through weal and woe to hold the helm ;
 And sweet to strew, with plenteous hand,
 Strength, health, and beauty round your land
 And sad it is to be unpriized,
 While dotards rule unrecognized ;
 And sad your little ones to see
 Writhe in the gripe of poverty :
 But 'twere better pine
 In rags and gnawing hunger,
 While around you whine
 Your elder and your younger ;
 Better lie in pain,
 And rise in pain to-morrow,
 Than o'er millions reign,
 While those millions sorrow.

III.

'Tis sweet to own a quiet hearth
 Begirt by constancy and mirth ,
 'Twere sweet to feel your dying clasp
 Returned by friendship's steady grasp :
 And sad it is, to spend your life,
 Like sea-bird in the ceaseless strife—
 Your lullaby the ocean's roar,
 Your resting-place a foreign shore :
 But 'twere better live,
 Like ship caught by Lofoden
 Than your spirit give
 To be by chains corroden :
 Best of all to yield
 Your latest breath, when lying
 On a victor field,
 With the green flag flying !

IV.

Human joy and human sorrow,
 Light or shade from conscience borrow ;

The tyrant's crown is lined with flame,
 Life never paid the coward's shame:
 The miser's lock is never sure,
 The traitor's home is never pure;
 While seraphs guard, and cherubs tend
 The good man's life and brave man's end:

But their fondest care
 Is the patriot's prison,
 Hymning through its air—
 "Freedom hath arisen,
 Oft from statesmen's strife,
 Oft from battle's flashes,
 Oft from hero's life,
 Oftenest from his ashes!"

THE BURIAL.¹

What rings the knell of the funeral bell from a
 hundred village shrines?
 Through broad Fingall, where hasten all those
 long and ordered lines?
 With tear and sigh they're passing by,—the
 matron and the maid;
 Has a hero died—is a nation's pride in that cold
 coffin laid?
 With frown and curse, behind the hearse, dark
 men go tramping on—
 Has a tyrant died, that they cannot hide their
 wrath till the rites are done?

THE CHANT.

"*Ululu! ululu!* high on the wind,
 There's a home for the slave where no fetters can
 bind.
 Woe, woe to his slayers"—comes wildly along,
 With the trampling of feet and the funeral song.

And now more clear
 It swells on the ear;
 Breathe low, and listen, 'tis solemn to hear.

"*Ululu! ululu!* wail for the dead.
 Green grow the grass of Fingall on his head;
 And spring-flowers blossom, ere elsewhere ap-
 pearing,
 And shamrocks grow thick on the Martyr for
 Erin.

Ululu! ululu! soft fall the dew
 On the feet and the head of the martyred and
 true."

For awhile they tread
 In silence dread—
 Then muttering and moaning go the crowd,
 Surging and swaying like mountain cloud,
 And again the wail comes fearfully loud.

THE CHANT.

"*Ululu! ululu!* kind was his heart!
 Walk slower, walk slower, too soon we shall
 part.
 The faithful and pious, the Priest of the Lord,
 His pilgrimage over, he has his reward.
 By the bed of the sick, lowly kneeling,
 To God with the raised cross appealing—
 He seems still to kneel, and he seems still to
 pray,
 And the sins of the dying seem passing away.

"In the prisoner's cell, and the cabin so
 dreary,
 Our constant consoler, he never grew weary;
 But he's gone to his rest,
 And he's now with the blest,
 Where tyrant and traitor no longer molest—
Ululu! ululu! wail for the dead!
Ululu! ululu! here is his bed."

Short was the ritual, simple the prayer,
 Deep was the silence and every head bare;
 The Priest alone standing, they knelt all around,
 Myriads on myriads, like rocks on the ground.
 Kneeling and motionless—"Dust unto dust."
 "He died as becometh the faithful and just—
 Placing in God his reliance and trust;"
 Kneeling and motionless—"Ashes to ashes"—
 Hollow the clay on the coffin-lid dashes;
 Kneeling and motionless, wildly they pray,
 But they pray in their souls, for no gesture have
 they—

Stern and standing—oh! look on them now,
 Like trees to one tempest the multitude bow;
 Like the swell of the ocean is rising their vow:

THE VOW.

"We have bent and borne, though we saw him
 torn from his home by the tyrant's crew—
 And we bent and bore, when he came once more,
 through suffering had pierced him through:

¹ Written on the funeral of the Rev. P. J. Tyrrell, P. P. of
 Lusk; one of those indicted with O'Connell in the government
 prosecutions of 1843.—Ed.

"And now he is laid beyond our aid, because to
Ireland true—

A martyred man—the tyrant's ban, the pious
patriot slew.

"And shall we bear and bend forever,
And shall no time our bondage sever,
And shall we kneel, but battle never,
For our own soil ?

"And shall our tyrants safely reign
On thrones built up of slaves and slain,
And naught to us and ours remain,
But chains and toil ?

"No ! round this grave our oath we plight,
To watch, and labor, and unite,
Till banded be the nation's might—
It's spirit steeled.

"And then collecting all our force,
We'll cross oppression in its course,
And die—or all our rights enforce,
On battle-field."

Like an ebbing sea that will come again,
Slowly retired that host of men ;
Methinks they'll keep some other day
The oath they swore on the martyr's clay.

WE MUST NOT FAIL

I.

We must not fail, we must not fail,
However fraud or force assail ;
By honor, pride, and policy,
By Heaven itself !—we must be free.

II.

Time had already thinned our chain,
Time would have dulled our sense of pain ;
By service long, and suppliance vile,
We might have won our owner's smile.

III.

We spurned the thought, our prison burst,
And dared the despot to the worst ;
Renewed the strife of centuries,
And flung our banner to the breeze.

IV.

We called the ends of earth to view
The gallant deeds we swore to do ;
They knew us wronged, they knew us brave,
And, all we asked, they freely gave.

V.

We took the starving peasant's mite
To aid in winning back his right,
We took the priceless trust of youth ;
Their freedom must redeem our truth.

VI.

We promised loud, and boasted high,
"To break our country's chains, or die ;"
And, should we quail, that country's name
Will be the synonym of shame.

VII.

Earth is not deep enough to hide
The coward slave who shrinks aside ;
Hell is not hot enough to scathe
The ruffian wretch who breaks his faith.

VIII.

But—calm, my soul !—we promised true,
Her destined work our land shall do ;
Thought, courage, patience will prevail !
We shall not fail—we shall not fail !

O'CONNELL'S STATUE.

(LINES TO HOGAN.)

CHISEL the likeness of The Chief,
Not in gayety, nor grief ;
Change not by your art to stone,
Ireland's laugh, or Ireland's moan.
Dark her tale, and none can tell
Its fearful chronicle so well.
Her frame is bent—her wounds are deep—
Who, like him, her woes can weep ?
He can be gentle as a bride,
While none can rule with kinglier pride.
Calm to hear, and wise to prove,
Yet gay as lark in soaring love.
Well it were posterity
Should have some image of his glee ;
That easy humor, blossoming
Like the thousand flowers of spring !

Glorious the marble which could show
His bursting sympathy for woe,
Could catch the pathos, flowing wild,
Like mother's milk to craving child.

And oh ! how princely were the art
Could mould his mien, or tell his heart,
When sitting sole on Tara's hill,
While hung a million on his will !

Yet, not in gayety, nor grief,
Chisel the image of our Chief ;
Nor even in that haughty hour
When a nation owned his power.

But would you by your art unroll
His own, and Ireland's secret soul,
And give to other times to scan
The greatest greatness of the man ?
Fierce defiance let him be
Hurling at our enemy.—
From a base as fair and sure
As our love is true and pure,
Let his statue rise as tall
And firm as a castle wall ;
On his broad brow let there be
A type of Ireland's history ;
Pious, generous, deep, and warm,
Strong and changeful as a storm ;
Let whole centuries of wrong
Upon his recollection throng—
Strongbow's force, and Henry's wife,
Tudor's wrath, and Stuart's guile,
And iron Strafford's tiger jaws,
And brutal Brunswick's penal laws ;
Not forgetting Saxon faith,
Not forgetting Norman scaith,
Not forgetting William's word,
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword.
Let the Union's fetter vile—
The shame and ruin of our isle—
Let the blood of 'Ninety-eight
And our present blighting fate—
Let the poor mechanic's lot,
And the peasant's ruined cot,
Plundered wealth and glory flown,
Ancient honors overthrown—
Let trampled altar, rifled urn,
Knit his look to purpose stern.
Mould all this into one thought,
Like wizard cloud with thunder fraught ;
Still let our glories through it gleam,
Like fair flowers through a flooded stream,
Or like a flashing wave at night,
Bright,—mid the solemn darkness bright.

Let the memory of old days
Shine through the statesman's anxious face—
Dathi's power, and Brian's fame,
And headlong Sarsfield's sword of flame,
And the spirit of Red Hugh,
And the pride of 'Eighty-two.
And the victories he won,
And the hope that leads him on !

Let whole armies seem to fly
From his threatening hand and eye ;
Be the strength of all the land
Like a falchion in his hand,
And be his gesture sternly grand.
A braggart tyrant swore to smite
A people struggling for their right—
O'Connell dared him to the field,
Content to die, but never yield.
Fancy such a soul as his,
In a moment such as this,
Like cataract, or foaming tide,
Or army charging in its pride.
Thus he spoke, and thus he stood,
Proffering in our cause his blood.
Thus his country loves him best—
To image this is your behest.
Chisel thus, and thus alone,
If to man you'd change the stone.

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.¹

Air.—Irish Molly O !

I.

FULL often when our fathers saw the Red above
the Green,
They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre,
pike, and *scian*,
And over many a noble town, and many a field
of dead,
They proudly set the Irish Green above the
English Red.

II.

But in the end, throughout the land, the sham
ful sight was seen—
The English Red in triumph high above the
Irish green ;

¹ This and the three following pieces are properly street ballads. The reader must not expect depth or finish in verses of this description, written for a temporary purpose.—Ed.

But well they died in breach and field, who, as
their spirits fled,
Still saw the Green maintain its place above the
English Red.

III.

And they who saw, in after times, the Red above
the Green,
Were withered as the grass that dies beneath a
forest screen ;
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking
hearts were fed,
That, in some day to come, the Green should
flutter o'er the Red.

IV.

Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe
Tone sunk serene—
Because they could not bear to leave the Red
above the Green ;
And 'twas for this that Owen fought, and Sars-
field nobly bled—
Because their eyes were hot to see the Green
above the Red.

V.

So, when the strife began again, our darling
Irish Green
Was down upon the earth, while high the Eng-
lish Red was seen ;
Yet still we hold our fearless course, for some-
thing in us said,
"Before the strife is o'er you'll see the Green
above the Red."

VI.

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and know-
ledge strive to glean,
That we may pull the English Red below the
Irish Green,
And leave our sons sweet Liberty, and smiling
plenty spread
Above the land once dark with blood—the
Green above the Red !

VII.

The jealous English tyrant now has banned the
Irish Green,
And forced us to conceal it like a something
foul and mean ;
But yet, by Heavens ! he'll sooner raise his vic-
tims from the dead
Than force our hearts to leave the Green, and
cotton to the Red !

VIII.

We'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and
blesses those who lean
On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly
king or queen ;
And, freely as we lift our hands, we vow our
blood to shed
Once and forever more to raise the Green above
the Red !

THE VOW OF TIPPERARY.

AIR—*Tipperary.*

I.

FROM Carrick streets to Shannon shore,
From Slievenamon to Ballindeary,
From Longford Pass to Gaillte Mór,
Come hear The Vow of Tipperary.

II.

Too long we fought for Britain's cause,
And of our blood were never chary ;
She paid us back with tyrant laws,
And thinned The Homes of Tipperary.

III.

Too long, with rash and single arm,
The peasant strove to guard his eyrie,
Till Irish blood bedewed each farm,
And Ireland wept for Tipperary.

IV.

But never more we'll lift a hand—
We swear by God and Virgin Mary !
Except in war for Native Land,
And *that's* The Vow of Tipperary !

A PLEA FOR THE BOG-TROTTERS.

I.

"BASE Bog-trotters," says the "Times,"
"Brown with mud, and black with crimes,
Turf and lumpers dig betimes
(We grant you need 'em),
But never lift your heads sublime,
Nor talk of Freedom."

II.

Yet, Bog-trotters, sirs, be sure,
Are strong to do, and to endure,
Men whose blows are hard to cure—
Brigands! what's in ye,
That the fierce man of the moor
Can't stand again ye?

III.

The common drains in Mushra moss
Are wider than a castle fosse,
Connaught swamps are hard to cross,
And histories boast
That Allen's Bog has caused the loss
Of many a host.

IV.

Oh! were you in an Irish bog,
Full of pikes, and scarce of prog,
You'd wish your "Times"-ship was incog.
Or far away,
Though Saxons, thick as London fog,
Around you lay.

A SECOND PLEA FOR THE BOG-TROTTERS.

I.

THE "Mail" says, that Hanover's King
Twenty Thousand men will bring.
And make the "base bog-trotters" sing
A *pillileu*;
And that O'Connell high shall swing,
And others too.

II.

There is a tale of Athens told,
Worth at least its weight in gold
To fellows of King Ernest's mould
(The royal rover),
Who think men may be bought and sold,
Or riden over.

III.

Darius (an imperial wretch,
A Persian Ernest, or Jack Ketch)
Bid his knaves from Athens fetch
"Earth and water,"
Or else the heralds' necks he'd stretch,
And Athens slaughter.

IV.

The Athenians threw them in a well,
And left them there to help themsel',
And when his armies came, pell-mell,
They tore his banners,
And sent his slaves in shoals to hell,
To mend their manners.

V.

Let those who bring and those who send
Hanoverians, comprehend
Persian-like may be their end,
And the "bog-trotter"
May drown their knaves, their banners rend
Their armies slaughter.

A SCENE IN THE SOUTH.

I.

I was walking along in a pleasant place,
In the county Tipperary;
The scene smiled as happy as the holy face
Of the Blessed Virgin Mary;
And the trees were proud, and the sward was
green,
And the birds sang loud in the leafy scene.

II.

Yet somehow I felt strange, and soon I felt
sad,
And then I felt very lonely;
I pondered in vain why I was not glad,
In a place meant for pleasure only:
For I thought that grief had never been there,
And that sin would as lief to heaven repair.

III.

And a train of spirits seemed passing me by
The air grew as heavy as lead;
I looked for a cabin, yet none could I spy
In the pastures about me spread;
Yet each field seemed made for a peasant's cot,
And I felt dismayed when I saw them not.

IV.

As I stayed on the field, I saw—Oh, my God!
The marks where a cabin had been:
Through the midst of the fields, some feet or
the sod
Were coarser and far less green,

And three or four trees in the centre stood,
But they seemed to freeze in their solitude.

V.

Surely there was the road that led to the
cot,
For it ends just beneath the trees,
And the trees like mourners are watching the
spot,
And *cronauning* with the breeze;
And their stems are bare with children's play,
But the children—where, oh! where are they?

VI.

An old man unnoticed had come to my side,
His hand in my arm linking—
A reverend man, without haste or pride—
And he said: "I know what you're
thinking;
A cabin stood once underneath the trees,
Full of kindly ones—but alas! for these!

VII.

"A loving old couple, and tho' somewhat
poor,
Their children had leisure to play;
And the piper, and stranger, and beggar were
sure
To bless them in going away;
But the typhus came, and the agent too—
Ah! need I name the worst of the two?

VIII.

"Their cot was unroofed, yet they strove to
hide
In its walls till the fever was passed;
Their crime was found out, and the cold ditch
side
Was their hospital at last:
Slowly they went to poorhouse and grave,
But the Lord *they* bent to, their *souls* will save.

IX.

"And thro' many a field you passed, and will
pass,
In this lordling's 'cleared' demesne,

Where households as happy were once—but,
alas!

They too are scattered or slain."
Then he pressed my hand, and he went away;
I could not stand, so I knelt to pray.

X.

"God of justice!" I sighed, "send your spirit
down
On these lords so cruel and proud,
And soften their hearts and relax their frown,
Or else," I cried aloud—
"Vouchsafe thy strength to the peasant's hand
To drive them at length from off the land!"¹

WILLIAM TELL AND THE GENIUS OF SWITZERLAND²

I.

TELL.—You have no fears,
My native land!
Then dry your tears,
And draw your brand.
A million made a vow
To free you.—Wherefore, now,
Tears again, my native land?

II.

GENIUS.—I weep not from doubt,
I weep not for dread;
There's strength in your shout,
And trust in your tread.
I weep, for I look for the coming dead,
Who for Liberty's cause shall die;
And I hear a wail from the widow's bed
Come mixed with our triumph—cry.
Though dire my woes, yet how can I
Be calm when I know such suffering's night?

III.

TELL.—Death comes to all,
My native land!
Weep not their fall—
A glorious band!

¹ The scene is a mere actual landscape which I saw.—AUTHOR'S
NOTE.

² Just before the insurrection which expelled the Austrians, Tell
and some of his brother conspirators spent a night on the shore of
the Unterwalden Lake, consulting for liberty; and while they were
thus engaged, the genius of Switzerland appeared to them, and she
was armed, but weeping. "Why weep you, mother?" said Tell;

and she answered, "I see dead patriots, and hear their orphans
wailing;"—and he said again to her, "The tyrant kills us with his
prisons and taxes, and poisons our air with his presence; war-
death is better;" and she said, "It is better"—and the cloud passed
from her brow, and she gave him a spear and bade him conquer.—
Id.

Famine and slavery
Slaughter more cruelly
Than Battle's blood-covered hand!

IV.

GENIUS.—Yes, and all glory
Shall honor their grave,
With shrine, song, and story,
Denied to the slave.
Thus pride shall so mingle with sorrow,
Their wives half their weeping will stay;
And their sons long to tempt on the morrow
The death they encounter to-day.
Then away, sons, to battle away!
Draw the sword, lift the flag, and away!

THE EXILE.

(PARAPHRASED FROM THE FRENCH.)

I.

I've passed through the nations unheeded, unknown;
Though all looked upon me, none called me their own.
I shared not their laughter—they cared not my moan—
For, ah! the poor exile is always alone.

II.

At eve, when the smoke from some cottage uprose,
How happy I've thought, at the weary day's close,
With his dearest around, must the peasant repose;
But, ah! the poor exile is always alone.

III.

Where hasten those clouds? to the land or the sea—
Driven on by the tempest, poor exiles, like me?
What matter to either where either shall flee?
For, ah! the poor exile is always alone.

IV.

Those trees they are beautiful—those flowers they are fair;
But no trees and no flowers of my country are there.
They speak not unto me—they heed not my care;
For ah! the poor exile is always alone.

V.

That brook murmurs softly its way through the plain;
But the brooks of my childhood had not the same strain.
It reminds me of nothing—it murmurs in vain;
For, ah! the poor exile is always alone.

VI.

Sweet are those songs, but their sweetness or sorrow
No charm from the songs of my infancy borrow
I hear them to-day and forget them to-morrow
For, ah! the poor exile is always alone.

VII.

They've asked me, "Why weep you?" I've told them my woe—
They listed my words, as the rocks feel the snow.
No sympathy bound us; how could their tears flow?
For, sure the poor exile is always alone.

VIII.

When soft on their chosen the young maidens smile,
Like the dawn of the morn on Erin's dear isle,
With no love-smile to cheer me, I look on the while;
For, ah! the poor exile is always alone.

IX.

Like boughs round the tree are those babes round their mother,
And these friends like its roots, clasp and grow to each other;
But, none call me child, and none call me brother;
For, ah! the poor exile is ever alone.

X.

Wives never clasp, and friends never smile,
Mothers ne'er fondle, nor maidens beguile;
And happiness dwells not, except in our isle,—
And so the poor exile is always alone.

XI.

Poor exile, cease grieving, for all are like you—
Weeping the banished, the lovely, and true.
Our country is heaven—'twill welcome you, too;
And cherish the exile, no longer alone!

MY HOME.

A DREAM.

I HAVE dreamt of a home—a happy home—
The ficklest from it would not care to roam :
'Twas a cottage home on native ground,
Where all things glorious clustered round—
For highland glen and lowland plain
Met within that small demesne.

In sight is a tarn, with cliffs of fear,
Where the eagle defies the mountaineer;
And the cataract leaps in mad career,
And through oak and holly roam the deer.
On its brink is a ruined castle, stern,—
The mountains are crowned with *rath* and *carn*,
Robed with heather, and bossed with stone,
And belted with a pine-wood lone.

Thro' that mighty gap in the mountain chain,
Oft, like rivers after rain,
Poured our clans on the conquered plain.
And, there upon their harassed rear,
Oft pressed the Norman's bloody spear;
Men call it "the pass of the leaping deer."

Wild is the region, yet gentle the spot—
As you look on the roses, the rocks are forgot;
For garden gay, and primrose lawn
Peep through the rocks, as thro' night comes
dawn.

And see, by that burn the children play;
In that valley the village maidens stray,
Listing the thrush and the robin's lay,
Listing the burn sigh back to the breeze,
And hoping—guess whom? 'mong the thorn-trees.
Not yet, dear girls—on the uplands green
Shepherds and flocks may still be seen.
Freemen's toils, with fruit and grain,
The valley fill, and clothe the plain.
There's the health which labor yields—
Labor tilling its own fields.
Freed at length from stranger lord—
From his frown, or his reward—
Each the owner of his land,
Plenty springs beneath his hand.

Meet these men on land or sea—
Meet them in council, war, or glee;
Voice, glance, and mien, bespeak them free.

Welcome greets you at their hearth;
Reverent they to age and worth;
Yet prone to jest, and full of mirth.
Fond of song, and dance, and *crowd*—
Of harp, and pipe, and laughter loud;
Their lay of love is low and bland,
Their wail for death is wild and grand;
Awful and lovely their song of flame,
When they clash the chords in their country's
name.

They seek no courts, and own no sway,
Save the counsels of their elders gray;
For holy love, and homely faith,
Rule their hearts in life and death.
Yet their rifles would flash, and their sabres smite,
And their pike-staffs redden in the fight,
And young and old be swept away,
Ere the stranger in their land should sway.
But the setting sun, ere he sink in the sea,
Flushes and flashes o'er crag and tree,
Kisses the clouds with crimson sheen,
And sheets with gold the ocean's green.
Where the stately frigate lies in the bay,
The friendly fleet of the Frenchman lay.
Yonder creek, and yonder shore
Echoed then the battle's roar;

Where, on slope after slope, the west sun shines,
After the fight lay our conquering lines.
The triumph, though great, had cost us dear;
And the wounded and dead were lying near—
When the setting sun on our bivouac proud,
Sudden burst through a riven cloud,
An answering shout broke from our men—
Wounds and toils were forgotten then,
And dying men were heard to pray
The light would last till they passed away—
They wished to die on our triumph day.
We honored the omen, and thought on times
gone,
And from chief to chief the word was passed on.
The "harp on the green" our land-flag should be,
And the sun through clouds bursting, our flag
at sea,
The green-borne harp o'er yon battery gleams,
From the frigate's topgallant the "sunburst"
streams.

In that far-off isle a sainted sage
Built a lowly hermitage,
Where ages gone made pilgrimage.

1 Correctly: *crúil*, the Irish name for the violin.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Over his grave, with what weird delight,
The gray trees swim in the flooding light ;
How a halo clasps their solemn head,
Like heaven's breath on the rising dead

Longing and languid as prisoned bird,
With a powerless dream my heart is stirred,
And I pant to pierce beyond the tomb,
And see the light, or share the gloom.
But vainly for such power we pray,
God wills—enough—let man obey.

Two thousand years, 'mid sun and storm,
That tall tower has lifted its mystic form.
The yew-tree shadowing the aisle,
'Twixt airy arch and mouldering pile,
And nigh the hamlet that chapel fair
Show religion has dwelt, and is dwelling there.

While the Druid's *crom-leac* up the vale
Tells how rites may change, and creeds may fail,
Creeds may perish, and rites may fall,
But that hamlet worships the God of all.

In the land of the pious, free, and brave,
Was the happy home that sweet dream gave.
But the mirth, and beauty, and love that dwell
Within that home—I may not tell.

FANNY POWER.

I.

THE lady's son rode by the mill :
The trees were murmuring on the hill,
But in the valley they were still,
And seemed with heat to cower :
They said that he should be a priest,
For so had vowed his sire deceased ;
They should have told him too, at least,
To fly from Fanny Power.

II.

The lonely student felt his breast
Was like an empty linnet's nest,
Divinely moulded to be blest,
Yet pining hour by hour :
For, see, amid the orchard trees,
Her green gown kirtled to her knees,
Adown the brake, like whispering breeze,
Went lightsome Fanny Power.

III.

Her eyes cast down a mellow light
Upon her neck of glancing white,
Like starshine on a snowy night,
Or moonshine on a tower

She sang—he thought her songs were hymns,
An angel's grace was in her limbs ;
The swan that on Lough Erne swims
Is rude to Fanny Power.

IV.

Returned, he thought the convent dull,
At best a heavy heartless lull—
No hopes to cheer, no flowers to cull,
No sunshine and no shower.
The Abbot sent him to his cell,
And spoke of penance and of hell ;
But nothing in his heart to quell
The love of Fanny Power.

V.

He dreamed of her the livelong day,
At evening, when he tried to pray,
Instead of other Saints, he'd say,
O holy—Fanny Power !
How happier seemed an exile's lot
Than living there, unlov'd, forgot ;
And, oh, best joy ! to share his cot
His own dear Fanny Power.

VI.

'Tis vain to strive with Passion's might—
He left the convent walls one night,
And she was won to join his flight
Before he wooed an hour ;
So, flying to a freer land,
He broke his vow at Love's command,
And placed a ring upon the hand
Of happy Fanny Power.

MARIE NANGLE ; OR, THE SEVEN SISTERS OF NAVAN.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

OH ! there were sisters, sisters seven,
As bright as any stars in heaven ;
Save one, they all were snowy white,
And she like oriental night :
Yet she was like unto the rest,
Had all their softness in her breast,
Their lights and shadows in her face,
And in her figure all their grace ;
The brightest she of all the seven,
Yet all were bright, as stars in heaven.

II.

They had true lovers, every one,
 Except the fairest—she had none ;
 Or rather say that she returned
 Their love to none who for her burned ;
 For Marie's timid, Marie's mild,
 And on her spirit undefiled
 St. Brigid's' nuns their thoughts have bent ;
 She flies her sister's merriment.
 They say they'll marry, every one,
 But Marie says she'll be a Nun.

III.

"Oh ! wait a while," her father said,
 "Sweet Marie, wait till I am dead."
 The Nuns, for this, more firmly sought
 To wean her from each earthly thought.
 Oh ! you were made for God, not man,—
 'Twas thus their pious plea began ;
 For much these pale recluses feared,
 As her gay sisters' nuptials neared.
 "Oh ! wait awhile," the Baron said,
 "Sweet Marie wait till they are wed."

IV.

A novice now, sweet Marie dwells
 Within dark Odder's sacred cells ;
 Yet on her sisters' wedding day
 She joins the chivalrous array.
 The brides were sweeter than their flowers,
 The bridegrooms came from haughty towers,
 For Nangle's daughters are beneath
 No lordly hand in lordly Meath.
 The novice heart of Marie swells,
 "Oh, dark," she sighs, "are Odder's cells !"

V.

Yet vainly on that wedding day
 Her sisters and their gay grooms pray—
 She grieves to part with those so dear,
 But she is filled with pious fear ;
 While Tuite and Tyrrell urged in vain,
 Her tears fell down like Munster rain—
 Malone and Bellew, Taaffe and Dease³—
 "Oh, cease," she says, "in pity cease,
 Or I must leave your wedding gay,
 In Odder's walls to fast and pray."

1 Of Odder,—a nunnery dedicated to St. Bride or Brigid in the county Meath, parish of Skreen, in the twelfth century.

2 The Nangles were Barons of the Navan, and figure much in the history of the Pale.

3 'Tis clear the Nangles knew their rank, for these names were among the best in Meath.

VI.

The marriage rites are bravely done ;
 But what ails her, the novice Nun ?
 Oh ! never had she seen an eye
 Look into hers so tenderly.
 "Methinks that deep and mellow voice
 Would make the Abbess' self-rejoice ;
 He's sure the Saint I dreamt upon—
 Not Barnewell of Trimleston.
 In holy Land his spurs he won—
 What aileth me, a novice Nun ?"

* * * * *

[It is but a fragment of a Ballad, which some of Davis's friends are sure was completed. No more, however, than the above was ever printed.]

MY GRAVE.

SHALL they bury me in the deep,
 Where wind-forgetting waters sleep ?
 Shall they dig a grave for me,
 Under the green-wood tree ?
 Or on the wild heath,
 Where the wilder breath
 Of the storm doth blow ?
 Oh, no ! oh, no !

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
 Or under the shade of Cathedral domes ?
 Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore ;
 Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it
 more.

In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find ?
 Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind ?
 Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
 Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground ?
 Just as they fall they are buried so—
 Oh, no ! oh, no !

No ! on an Irish green hill-side,
 On an opening lawn—but not too wide ;
 For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
 I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,
 To freshen the turf—put no tombstone there,
 But green sods decked with daisies fair ;
 Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew,
 The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
 Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
 "HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY, AND LOVED HIS
 KIND."

Oh ! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
 If one were sure to be buried so.

APPENDIX.

I.

*Deep sunk in that bed is the sword of Monro,
Since, twist it and Donagh,¹ he met Owen Roe.*

Page 484.

The Blackwater, in Ulster, is especially remarkable as the scene of the two most remarkable victories obtained by the Irish over the English power for several centuries past. The particulars of these battles are so little known, that it is hoped the following accounts of them, taken from the best accessible sources, will be acceptable to the reader. The first is from the pen of Mr. DAVIS.

THE BATTLE OF BENBURB.

(5TH JUNE, 1646.)

The battle of Benburb was fought upon the slopes of ground, now called the Thistle Hill, from being the property of the Thistles, a family of Scotch farmers, now represented by a fine old man of over eighty years. This ground is two and a quarter miles in a right line, or three by the road, from the Church of Benburb, and about six miles below Caledon, in the county Tyrone; in the angle between the Blackwater and the Oonagh, on the Benburb side of the latter, and close to Battleford Bridge. We are thus particular in marking the exact place, because of the blunders of many writers on it.

Major-General Robert Monro landed with several thousand Scots at Carrickfergus, in the middle of April, 1642, and on the 28th and 29th was joined by Lord Conway and Colonel Chichester, &c., with 1,800 foot, five troops of horse, and two of dragoons. Early in May, a junction was effected between Monro and Tichborne, and an army of 12,000 foot, and between 1,000 and 2,000 horse, was made up. Yet, with this vast force, Monro achieved nothing but plunder, unless the treacherous seizure of Lord Antrim be an exception. Thus was the spring of 1642 wasted. Yet,

so overwhelming was Monro's force, that the Irish Chiefs were thinking of giving up the war, when, on the 13th of July, OWEN ROE MAC-ART O'NEILL landed at Doe Castle, county Donegal, and received the command.

Owen Roe was born in Ulster, and at an early age entered the Spanish—the imperial—service, influenced, doubtless, by the same motives that led Marshal MacDonald into the French—that “the gates of promotion were closed at home.” Owen, from his great connexions, and greater abilities, rose rapidly, and held a high post in Catalonia. We have heard, through Dr. Gartland, the worthy head of the Salamanca College, that Eugenio Rufo is still remembered there. He held Arras in 1640 against the French, and (says Carte) “surrendered it at last upon honorable terms, yet his conduct in the defence was such as gave him great reputation, and procured him extraordinary respect even from the enemy.”

Owen was sent for at the first outbreak in 1641, but it was not till the latter end of June, 1642, that he embarked for Dunkirk, with many of the officers and men of his own regiment, and supplies of arms. He sailed round the north of Scotland to Donegal, while another frigate brought similar succors to Wexford, under Henry O'Neill and Richard O'Farrell. Owen was immediately conducted to Charlemont, and invested with the command of Ulster.

Immediately on Owen's landing, Lesley, Earl of Leven, and General of the Scotch troops, wrote to him, saying, “He was sorry a man of his reputation and experience abroad, should come to Ireland for the maintaining of so bad a cause;” and advising his return! O'Neill replied, “He had more reason to come to relieve the deplorable state of his country, than Lesley had to march at the head of an army into England against his king, at a time when they (the Scots) were already masters of all Scotland.” No contrast could be greater or better put. Lord Leven immediately embarked for Scotland, telling Monro, whom he left in command, “that he would certainly

¹ So this line runs, as originally published, and likewise in the text of the present edition. But I have a strong suspicion that the author wrote it,—“Since 'twixt it and Oonagh,” &c., meaning the river Oonagh. *Vide* description of the battle, especially the first

paragraph. I would not, however, alter the text, without some search after the original MS.; or, in default of that, a critical examination of the topography of a district, in the description of which so many errors have been committed.—ED.

be ousted, if O'Neill once got an army together." And so it turned out. Owen sustained himself for four years against Monro on one side and Ormond on the other—harassed by the demands of the other provincial generals, and distressed for want of provisions—defying Monro by any means to compel him to fight a battle until he was ready for it. But at length, having his troops in fine fighting order, he fought and won the greatest battle fought in Ireland since the "Yellow Ford." But we must tell how this came about.

Throughout 1642, and in the summer of 1643, Monro made two attempts to beat up O'Neill's quarters; and though the Irish General had not *one-tenth* of Monro's force, he compelled him to retire with loss into Antrim and Down. Assailed by Stewart's army on the Donegal side, Owen Roe retreated into Longford and Leitrim, hoping in the rugged districts to nurse up an army which would enable him to meet Monro in the field.

By the autumn of 1643, after having suffered many trifling losses, he had got together a militia army of 3,000 men, and the cessation having been concluded, he marched into Meath, joined Sir James Dillon, and reduced the entire district. In 1644, Monro's army amounting to 13,000 men,—O'Neill, after having for a short time occupied a great part of Ulster, again returned to North Leinster. Here he was joined by Lord Castlehaven with 6,000 men; but except trifling skirmishes, no engagement took place, and Castlehaven returned, disgusted with a war, which he had not patience to value, nor profundity to practise. 1645 passed over in similar skirmishes, in which the country suffered terribly from the plundering of Monro's army.

The leaders under Owen Roe were, Sir Phelim O'Neill, and his brother Turlough; Con, Cormac, Hugh, and Brian O'Neill; and the following chieftains with their clans: Bernard MacMahon, the son of Hugh, chief of Monaghan, and Baron of Dartry; Colonel MacMahon, Colonel Patrick MacNeny (who was married to Helen, sister of Bernard MacMahon); Colonel Richard O'Ferrall of Longford, Roger Maguire of Fermanagh; Colonel Philip O'Reilly of Ballynacargy castle in the county of Cavan (who was married to Rose O'Neill, the sister of Owen Roe); and the valiant Maolmora O'Reilly (kinsman to Philip), who, from his great strength and determined bravery, was called Miles the Slasher. The O'Reillys brought 200 chosen men of their own name, and of the MacBradys, MacCabes, MacGowans, Fitzpatrick's, and Fitzsimons, from Cavan. Some fighting men were also brought by MacGauran of Templeport, and MacTernan of Croghan; some Connaught forces came with the O'Rorkes, MacDermotts, O'Connors, and O'Kelleys; there came also some of the O'Donnells and O'Doghertys of Donegal; Manus O'Cane of Derry; Sir Constantine Magennis, county of Down; the O'Hanlons of Armagh, regal standard-bearers of Ulster; and the O'Hagans of Tyrone.

Lords Blaney, Conway, and Montgomery commanded under Monro.

In the spring of 1646, Owen Roe met the Nuncio

at Kilkenny, and received from the council an ample provision than heretofore; and by May he had completed his force under it to 5,000 foot and 500 horse. This army consisted partly of veterans trained by the four preceding campaigns, and partly of new levies, whom he rapidly brought into discipline by his organizing genius and his stern punishments.

With this force he marched into the county of Armagh, and Monro, hearing of his movements, advanced against him by rapid marches, hoping to surprise him in Armagh city. Monro's forces consisted, according to all the best authorities, of 6,000 foot, 800 horse, and 7 field-pieces; though some accounts raise his foot to 8,500, and he himself lowers it in his apologetic dispatch to 3,400, and states his field-pieces at 6.

Simultaneously with Monro's advance, his brother, Colonel George Monro, marched from Coleraine, along the west shore of Loch Neagh, with three troops of horse; and a junction was to have been effected between the two Monros and the Tyrconnell forces at Glasslough, a place in the county Monaghan, but only a few miles S. W. of Armagh. On the 4th of June, Owen Roe marched from Glasslough to Benburb, confident, by means of the river and hilly country, that he could prevent the intended junction. Monro bivouacked the same night at Hamilton's Bawn, four miles from Armagh. Before dawn on Friday, the 5th, Monro marched to Armagh town, burning houses, and wasting crops as he advanced. Fearful lest his brother, who had reached Dungannon, should be cut off, he marched towards Benburb, and on finding the strength of the Irish position there, advanced up the right bank of the Blackwater, hoping to tempt Owen from his ground. In the mean time a body of Irish horse, detached against George Monro, had met him near Dungannon, and checked his advance, though with some loss.

A good part of the day was thus spent, and it was two o'clock in the afternoon before Monro crossed the Blackwater at Kinaird (now Caledon), and led his army down the left bank of the river against O'Neill. This advance of Owen's to Ballykilgavin was only to consume time, and weary the enemy, for he shortly after retreated to Knocknadiagh, where he had determined to fight. It was now past four o'clock, when the enemy's foot advanced in a double line of columns. The first line consisted of five, and the second of four columns, much too close for manœuvring. The Irish front consisted of four, and the reserve of three divisions, with ample room.

O'Neill's position was defended on the right by a wet bog, and on the left by the junction of the Blackwater and the Oonagh. In his front was rough, hilly ground, covered "with scrogs and bushes."

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard O'Farrell occupied some strong ground in advance of Owen's position, but Colonel Cunningham, with 500 musketeers, and the field-pieces, carried the pass, and O'Farrell effected his retreat with little loss, and no disorder. The field-guns were pushed in advance by

Monro with most of his cavalry, but Owen kept the main body of his horse in reserve.

A good deal of skirmishing took place, and though the enemy had gained much ground, his soldiers were growing weary; it was five o'clock, and the evening sun of a clear and fiery June glared in their faces. While in this state, a body of cavalry was seen advancing from the northwest; Monro declared them to be his brother's squadrons, and became confident of success. But a few minutes sufficed to undeceive him—they were the detachments, under Colonels Bernard MacMahon, and Patrick MacNeney, returning from Dungannon, after having driven George Monro back upon his route.

The Scotch musketeers continued for some time to gain ground along the banks of the Oonagh, and threatened Owen's left, till the light cavalry of the Irish broke in among them, sabred many, drove the rest across the stream, and returned without any loss. The battle now became general. The Scotch cannon, posted on a slope, annoyed O'Neill's centre, and there seemed some danger of Monro's manœuvring to the west sufficiently to communicate with George Monro's corps. Owen, therefore, decided on a general attack, keeping only Rory Maguire's regiment as a reserve. His foot moved on in steady columns, and his horse in the spaces between the first and second charge of his masses. In vain did Monro's cavalry charge this determined infantry; it threw back from its face squadron after squadron, and kept constantly, rapidly, and evenly advancing. In vain did Lord Blaney take pike in hand, and stand in the ranks. Though exposed to the play of Monro's guns and musketry, the Irish infantry charged up hill without firing a shot, and closed with sabre and pike. They met a gallant resistance. Blaney and his men held their ground long, till the superior vivacity and freshness of the Irish clansmen bore him down.

An attempt was made with the columns of the rear line to regain the ground; but from the confined space in which they were drawn up, the attempt to manœuvre them only produced disorder; and just at this moment, to complete their ruin, O'Neill's cavalry, wheeling by the flanks of his columns, charged the Scotch cavalry, and drove them pell-mell upon the shaken and confused infantry. A total rout followed. Monro, Lord Conway, Captain Burke, and forty of the horsemen escaped across the Blackwater, but most of the foot were cut to pieces, or drowned in the river; 3,423 of the enemy were found on the battlefield, and Lord Montgomery, with 21 officers, and 150 men, were taken prisoners. O'Neill lost 70 killed (including Colonel Manus, MacNeill, and Garve O'Donnell), and 200 wounded (including Lieutenant-Colonel O'Farrell and Phelim MacTuohill O'Neill). He took all the Scots artillery, twenty stand of colors, and all the arms, save those of Sir James Montgomery, whose regiment, being on Monro's extreme right, effected its retreat in some order. 1,500 draft horses, and two months' provisions were also taken, but, unfortunately, Monro's ammunition blew up

shortly after the battle was won. Monro fled without coat or wig to Lisburn. Moving from thence, he commanded every household to furnish two musketeers; he wrote an apologetic and deceptious dispatch to the Irish committee in London, burnt Dundrum, and deserted most of Down. But all his efforts would have been in vain; for O'Neill, having increased his army by Scotch deserters and fresh levies, to 10,000 foot and 21 troops of horse, was in the very act of breaking in on him, with a certainty of expelling the last invader from Ulster, when the fatal command of the Nuncio reached Owen at Tanderagee, ordering him to march southward to support that factious ecclesiastic against the peace. O'Neill, in an unhappy hour, obeyed the Nuncio, abandoned the fruits of his splendid victory, and marched to Kilkenny.

II.

*And Charlemont's cannon
Slew many a man on*

These meadows below.—Page 484.

The following passage will sufficiently explain this allusion:

"Early in June (1602) Lord Mountjoy marched by Dundalk to Armagh, and from thence, without interruption, to the banks of the Blackwater, about five miles to the eastward of Portmore, and nearer to Loch Neagh. He sent Sir Richard Moryson to the north bank of the river, commenced the building of a bridge at that point, and a castle, which he named Charlemont, from his own christian name, and stationed a garrison of one hundred and fifty men there under the command of Captain Toby Caulfield—the founder of a noble family, which has held that spot from that day to this; but which afterwards (as is usual with settlers in Ireland) became more Irish than many of the Irish themselves."—*Mitchell's Life of Aodh O'Neil*, p. 219; vide *Irish Penny Journal* for 1841–2, p. 217.

III.

*And yonder Red Hugh
Marshal Baginval o'erthrew*

On Beal-an-atha-buidhe.—Page 483

THE BATTLE OF BÉAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDHE.

(10TH AUGUST, 1595.)

"The tenth morning of August rose bright and serene upon the towers of Armagh, and the silver waters of Avonmore. Before day dawned, the English army left the city in three divisions, and at sunrise they were winding through the hills and woods behind the spot where now stands the little church of Grange. The sun was glancing on the corslets and spears of their glittering cavalry; their banners

waved proudly, and their bugles rang clear in the morning air; when, suddenly from the thickets on both sides of their path, a deadly volley of musketry swept through the foremost ranks. O'Neill had stationed here five hundred light-armed troops to guard the defiles; and in the shelter of thick groves of fir-trees they had silently waited for the enemy. Now they poured in their shot, volley after volley, and killed great numbers of the English; but the first division, led by Bagnal in person, after some hard fighting, carried the pass, dislodged the marksmen from their position, and drove them backwards into the plain. The centre division, under Cosby and Wingfield, and the rear-guard, led by Cuin and Billing, supported in flank by the cavalry under Brooke, Montacute, and Fleming, now pushed forward, speedily cleared the difficult country, and formed in the open ground in front of the Irish lines.

It was not quite safe,' says an Irish chronicler (in admiration of Bagnal's disposition of his forces) 'to attack the nest of griffins and den of lions in which were placed the soldiers of London.' Bagnal, at the head of his first division, and aided by a body of cavalry, charged the Irish light-armed troops up to the very intrenchments, in front of which O'Neill's foresight had prepared some pits, covered over with wattles and grass; and many of the English cavalry, rushing impetuously forward, rolled headlong, both men and horses, into these trenches, and perished. Still the Marshal's chosen troops, with loud cheers, and shouts of 'St. George, for merry England!' resolutely attacked the intrenchments that stretched across the pass, battered them with cannon, and in one place succeeded, though with heavy loss, in forcing back their defenders. Then first the main body of O'Neill's troops was brought into action; and with bagpipes sounding a charge, they fell upon the English, shouting their fierce battle-cries, *Lamhdearg!* and *O'Dhomhnaill Abu!* O'Neill himself, at the head of a body of horse, pricked forward to seek out Bagnal amidst the throng of battle; but they never met: the marshal, who had done his devoir that day like a good soldier, was shot through the brain by some unknown marksman; the division he had led was forced back by the furious onslaught of the Irish, and put to utter rout; and, what added to their confusion, a cart of gunpowder exploded amidst the English ranks, and blew many of their men to atoms. And now the cavalry of Tyrconnell and Tyr-owen dashed into the plain, and bore down the remnant of Brooke's and Fleming's horse; the columns of Wingfield and Cosby reeled before their rushing charge—while in front, to the war-cry of *Batailla Abu!* the swords and axes of the heavy-armed galloglasses were raging amongst the Saxon ranks. By this time the cannon were all taken; the cries of 'St. George' had failed, or turned into death-shrieks; and once more, England's royal standard sunk before the Red Hand of Tyr-owen.

"The last who resisted was the traitor O'Reilly; twice he tried to rally the flying squadrons, but was slain in the attempt: and at last the whole of that fine army was utterly routed, and fled pell-mell to-

wards Armagh, with the Irish hanging fiercely on their rear. Amidst the woods and marshes all connection and order were speedily lost; and as O'Donnell's chronicler has it, they were 'pursued in couples, in threes, in scores, in thirties, and in hundreds.' and so cut down in detail by their avenging pursuers. In one spot, especially, the carnage was terrible, and the country people yet point out the lane where that hideous rout passed by, and call it to this day the 'Bloody Loaning.' Two thousand five hundred English were slain in the battle and flight, including twenty-three superior officers, besides lieutenants and ensigns. Twelve thousand gold pieces, thirty-four standards, all the musical instruments and cannon, with a long train of provision wagons, were a rich spoil for the Irish army. The confederates had only two hundred slain and six hundred wounded.

Mitchel's Life of Aodh O'Neill, pp. 141-144.

IV.

CYMRIC RULE AND CYMRIC RULERS.—PAGE 486.

This poem has less title than any other in Part I to be ranked among National (*i. e.*, either in subject, or by aim or allusion, Irish) Ballads and Songs, unless the affinity of the Cymric with the Irish Celts, and the fact that the author himself was of Welsh extraction by the father's side, be considered a sufficient justification.

Mr. Davis was very fond of the air—"The March of the Men of Harlech," to which this poem is set. To evince his strong partiality for, and sympathy with the Welsh people, it is enough to quote the following passage from one of his political essays:

"We just now opened *M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary* to ascertain some Welsh statistics, and found at the name 'Wales' a reference to 'England and Wales,' and at the latter title nothing distinct on the Principality; and what was there was rather inferior to the information on Cumberland, or most English counties.

"And has time, then, we said, mouldered away that obstinate and fiery tribe of Celts, which baffled the Plantagenets, which so often trod upon the breastplates of the Norman, which sometimes bent in the summer, but ever rose when the fierce elements of winter came to aid the native? Has that race passed away, which stood under Llewellyn, and rallied under Owen Glendower, and gave the Dragon flag and Tudor kings to England? Is the prophecy of twelve hundred years false—are the people and tongue passed away?

"No! spite of the massacre of bards, and the burning of records—spite of political extinction, there is a million of these Kymrys in Wales and its marches; and nine out of ten of these speak their old tongue, follow their old customs, sing the songs which the sleepers upon Snowdon made, have their

religious rites in Kymric, and hate the Logrian as much as ever their fathers did. . . .

"Twenty-nine Welsh members could do much if united, more especially if they would co-operate with the Irish and Scotch members in demanding their share of the imperial expenditure; or what would be safer and better, in agitating for a local council to administer the local affairs of the Principality. A million of the Kymry, who are still apart in their mountains, who have *immense* mineral resources, and some good harbors, one (Milford) the best in Britain, and who are of our blood, nearly of our old and un-English language, have as good a right to a local senate as the 700,000 people of Greece, or the half million of Cassel or Mecklenburgh have to independence, or as each of the States of America has to a local congress. Localization by means of Federalism seems the natural and best resource of a country like Wales to guard its purse, and language, and character from imperial oppression, and its soil from foreign invasion. As powers run, it is not, like Ireland, quite able, if free, to hold her own; but it has importance enough to entitle it to a local congress for its local affairs."

V.

THE IRISH HURRAH.—PAGE 488.

The second stanza of this poem, as it appears in the text, was omitted by the author in a later copy; it would seem, with a view of adapting it better to the air to which it is set.

VI.

A CHRISTMAS SCENE.—PAGE 499.

The first sketch of this poem differs a good deal from that in the text. It is so pleasing, that it is given here as originally published. It was then entitled—

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

The hill-blast comes howling from leaf-rifted trees,
Which late were as harp-strings to each gentle breeze;
The sportsmen have parted, the blue-stockings gone,
While we sit happy-hearted—together, alone.

II.

The glory of nature through the window has charms,
But within, gentle Kate, you're entwined in my arms;
The sportsmen may seek for snipe, woodcock, and hare—
The snow is on their cheek, on mine your black hair.

III.

The painters may rave o' the light and the shade,
The blues and the poets of lake, hill, and glade;
While the light of your eye, and your soft wavy form,
Suits a proser like me by the hearth bright and warm.

IV.

My Kate, I'm so happy, your voice whispers soft,
And your cheek flushes wilder by kissing so oft;
Should our kiss grow less fond, or the weather serene,
Forth together we'll wander to see each loved scene.

V.

And at eve, as the sportsmen and pedants will say,
As they swallow their dinner, how they spent the day,
Your eye, roguish-smiling, to me only will say
That more sweetly than any, you and I spent the day.

VII.

THE FATE OF KING DATHI.—PAGE 503.

The real adventures of this warlike king, the last of the Pagan monarchs of Ireland, and likewise the last who extended his conquests to the continent of Europe, are, like too much of the ancient annals of the country, obscured by the mixture of pious or romantic legends with authentic history. An accurate account of Dathi, and his immediate predecessors, will be found in the addenda to Mr. O'Donovan's excellent edition of the "Tribes and Customs of the Ui-Fiachrach," printed for the Irish Archaeological Society; from which the following passages are extracted.

"In the lifetime of Niall of the Nine Hostages, Brian, his brother of the half-blood, became King of Connaught, and his second brother of the half-blood, Fiachra, the ancestor of the O'Dowds and all the Ui-Fiachrach tribes, became chief of the district extending from Carn Fearadhaigh, near Limerick, to Magh Muicroime, near Athenry. But dissensions soon arose between Brian and his brother Fiachra, and the result was that a battle was fought between them, in which the latter was defeated, and delivered as a hostage into the hands of his half-brother, Niall of the Nine Hostages. After this, however, Dathi, a very warlike youth, waged war on his Uncle Brian, and challenged him to a pitched battle, at a place called Damh-cluain, not far from Knockmea-hill, near Tuam. In this battle, in which Dathi was assisted by Crimthann, son of Enna Cennseloch, King of Leinster, Brian and his forces were routed, and pursued from the field of battle to Fulcha Domhnaill, where he was overtaken and slain by Crimthann. . . .

"After the fall of Brian, Fiachra was set at liberty and installed King of Connaught, and enjoyed that dignity for twelve years, during which period he was general of the forces of his brother Niall. According to the book of Lecan, this Fiachra had five sons, of which the most eminent were Dathi, and Amhalgaidh (*vulgo*, Awley), King of Connaught, who died in the year 449. The seven sons of this Amhalgaidh, together with twelve thousand men, are said to have been baptized in one day by St. Patrick, at Forrach Mac n'Amhalgaidh, near Killala.

"On the death of his father Fiachra, Dathi became King of Connaught, and on the death of his uncle, Niall of the Nine Hostages, he became Monarch of Ireland, leaving the government of Connaught to his

less warlike brother Ambalgaidh. King Dathi, following the example of his predecessor, Niall, not only invaded the coasts of Gaul, but forced his way to the very foot of the Alps, where he was killed by a flash of lightning, leaving the throne of Ireland to be filled by a line of Christian kings."

Tribes and Customs of the Ui-Fiachrach—Addenda, pp. 344-6.

VIII.

ARGAN MÓR.—PAGE 504.

Mr. Davis was very fond of the air for which this poem was composed, and which suggested its name. It is a simple air, of great antiquity, preserved in Bunting's Third Collection, where it is No. V. of the airs marked "very ancient." The following is Mr. Bunting's account of it:

"*Argan Mór*.—An Ossianic air, still sung to the words preserved by Dr. Young, and published in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. The editor took down the notes from the singing, or rather recitation, of a native of Murloch, in the county of Antrim. This sequestered district lies along the seashore, between Tor Point and Fair Head, and is still rife with traditions, both musical and legendary. From the neighboring ports of Cushendun and Cushendall was the principal line of communication with Scotland; and, doubtless, it was by this route that the Ossianic poems themselves found their way into that country."—*Ancient Music of Ireland*.—Preface, p. 88.

IX.

THE TRUE IRISH KING.—PAGE 505.

In an essay on Ballad History, Mr. Davis refers to this poem, as an attempt to show how the materials and hints, scattered through antiquarian volumes, may be brought together and presented with effect in a poetical form. The subject is one involved in unusual obscurity, considering its importance in Irish History. The chief notices of the custom have been collected by Mr. O'Donovan in the Addenda to his edition of the *Tribes and Customs of the Ui-Fiachrach*, pp. 425-452, to which work the reader is referred, who may wish to trace the *disiecta membra poematis*, in the scattered hints and traditions of which Mr. Davis has availed himself.

X.

O'SULLIVAN'S RETURN.—PAGE 510.

The following description was prefixed to this ballad by the author, on its first publication:

1 "Among other places which were neither yielded nor taken to the end they should be delivered to the English, Don Juan tied himself to deliver my castle and haven, the only key of mine inheritance whereupon the living of many thousand persons

"This ballad is founded on an ill-remembered story of an Irish chief, returning after long absence on the Continent, and being wrecked and drowned close to his own castle.

"The scene is laid in Bantry Bay, which runs up into the county of Cork, in a northeasterly direction. A few miles from its mouth, on your left hand as you go up, lies Beare Island (about seven miles long), and between it and the mainland of Beare lies Beare Haven, one of the finest harbors in the world. Dunboy Castle, near the present Castletown, was on the main, so as to command the southwestern entrance to the haven.

"Further up, along the same shore of Beare, is Adragoole, a small gulf off Bantry Bay.

"The scene of the wreck is at the southeastern shore of Beare Island. A ship steering from Spain, by Mizenhead for Dunboy, and caught by a southerly gale, if unable to round the point of Beare and to make the Haven, should leave herself room to run up the bay, towards Adragoole, or some other shelter."

XI.

—Dunbwy is lying lowly.

*The halls where mirth and minstrelsy
Than Beava's wind rose louder,
Are flung in musses lonely,
And black with English powder.*

Page 512.

The destruction of O'Sullivan's Castle of Dunboy or Dunbwy (correctly *Dunbaoi* or *Dunbuidhe*) is well described by Mr. Mitchel:

"Mountjoy spent that spring in Munster, with the President, reducing those fortresses which still remained in the hands of the Irish, and fiercely crushing down every vestige of the national war. Richard Tyrrell, however, still kept the field; and O'Sullivan Beare held his strong castle of Dun-buidhe, which he wrested from the Spaniards after Don Juan had stipulated to yield it to the enemy.¹ This castle commanded Bantry Bay, and was one of the most important fortresses in Munster, and therefore Carew determined, at whatever cost, to make himself master of it. Dun-buidhe was but a square tower, with a courtyard and some outworks, and had but 140 men; yet it was so strongly situated, and so bravely defended, that it held the Lord President and an army of four thousand men, with a great train of artillery and some ships of war, fifteen days before its walls. After a breach was made, the storming parties were twice driven back to their lines; and even after the great hall of the castle was carried, the garrison, under their indomitable commander, Mac Geohagan, held their ground in the vaults underneath for a whole day, and at last fairly beat the

doth rest, that live some twenty leagues upon the seacoast, into the hands of my cruel, cursed, misbelieving enemies."—Letter of Donald O'Sullivan Beare to the King of Spain.—*Pac Hob.*

besiegers out of the hall. The English cannon then played furiously upon the walls; and the President swore to bury these obstinate Irish under the ruins. Again a desperate sortie was made by forty men—they were all slain: eight of them leaped into the sea to save themselves by swimming; but Carew, anticipating this, had stationed Captain Harvy 'with three boats to keep the sea, but had the killing of them all; and at last, after Mac Geohegan was mortally wounded, the remnant of the garrison laid down their arms. Mac Geohegan lay, bleeding to death, on the floor of the vault; yet when he saw the besiegers admitted, he raised himself up, snatched a lighted torch, and staggered to an open powder-barrel—one moment, and the castle, with all it contained, would have rushed skyward in a pyramid of flame, when suddenly an English soldier seized him in his arms; he was killed on the spot, and all the rest were shortly after executed. 'The whole number of the ward,' says Carew, 'consisted of one hundred and forty-three selected men, being the best choice of all their forces, of which not one man escaped, but were either slain, executed, or buried in the ruins; and so obstinate a defence hath not been seen within this kingdom.' Perhaps some will think that the survivors of so brave a band deserved a better fate than hanging."

Mitchel's life of Aodh O'Neill, pp. 216-218.

XII.

LAMENT FOR OWEN ROE O'NEILL.—PAGE 514.

The most notable events in the career of this great chieftain will be found in the account of the Battle of Benburb, *ante*, p. 539. The closing scenes of his life were briefly narrated as follows, by Mr. Davis, in a little sketch, published with this poem when it first appeared:

"In 1649, the country being exhausted, Owen made a truce with Monk, Coote, and the Independents—a truce observed on both sides, though Monk was severely censured by the English Parliament for it.—(*Journals*, 10th August, 1649.) On its expiration, O'Neill concluded a treaty with Ormond, 12th October, 1649; and so eager was he for it, that ere it was signed he sent over 3,000 men, under Major-General O'Farrell, to join Ormond (which they did October 25th). Owen himself strove with all haste to follow, to encounter Cromwell, who had marched south after the sack of Drogheda. But fate and an unscrupulous foe forbade. Poison, it is believed, had been given him either at Derry, or shortly after. His constitution struggled with it for some time; slowly and sinking, he marched through Tyrone and Monaghan into Cavan, and—anxiously looked for by Ormond, O'Farrell, and the southern corps and army—lingered till the 6th of November (St. Leonard's feast), when he died at Clough Oughter Castle—then the seat of Maelmorra O'Reilly, and situated on a rock in Lough Oughter, some six miles west of Cavan. He was

buried, says Carte, in Cavan Abbey: but report says his sepulchre was concealed, lest it should be violated by the English. The news of his death reached Ormond's camp when the duke was preparing to fight Cromwell—when Owen's genius and soldiers were most needed. All writers (even to the sceptical Dr. O'Connor, of Stowe) admit that, had Owen lived, he would have saved Ireland. His gallantry, his influence, his genius, his soldiers, all combine to render it probable. The rashness with which the stout bishop, Ebber Mac Mahon, led 4,000 of Owen's veterans to death at Letterkenny, the year after; and the way in which Ormond frittered away the strength of O'Farrell's division (though 1,200 of them slew 2,000 of Cromwell's men in the breach at Clonmel)—and the utter prostration which followed, showed Ireland how great was her loss when Owen died.

"O'Farrell, Red Hugh O'Neill, and Mac Mahon were Ulster generals; Audley, Lord Castlehaven, and Preston commanded in the south and east; the Marquis of Clanricarde was president of Connaught."

XIII.

A RALLY FOR IRELAND.—PAGE 515.

There is no period in Irish, or in English History, which has been so much misrepresented, or of which so utterly discordant opinions are still entertained, as the Revolution of 1688-91. The English history of that revolution has been elaborately sifted, and its hidden causes successively dragged to light by men of remarkable eminence in literature and in politics. It is sufficient to mention, in England, Mr. Fox, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Hallam, Dr. Lingard, and Mr. Ward;—in France, M. Thierry (*Historical Essays*, No. VI.), M. Carrel, and M. De Mazire—and among Irishmen, Mr. W. Wallace (*Continuation of Mackintosh's History*), and Mr. Torrens Mac Cullagh (articles in the "North of England Magazine" for 1842, and in the "Dublin Magazine" for 1843). A minute study of some, at least, of these writers—Mr. Wallace's history is, perhaps, on the whole, the fairest and most comprehensive—is indispensable to a correct understanding of the Irish question.

In the "Dublin Magazine" for 1843, January to April, Mr. Davis devoted a series of papers to a critical examination of some of the Irish authorities on this subject, principally in regard to the Irish Parliament of 1689. His aim was to vindicate the character of that legislature, and to refute some of the most glaring falsehoods which had hitherto, by dint of impudent reassertion, passed almost unquestioned by Irishmen of every shade of political opinion. Falsehoods of a more injurious tendency have never been current among a people; and the effort to expose them was with Mr. Davis a labor of zeal and love; for he knew well how much of the religious dissension which has been, and is the ruin of Ireland, took its rise from, and stands rooted in erroneous conceptions of that time. To these papers the reader is

referred, who is anxious to form an accurate, and withal a national judgment of the cardinal crisis in Irish History.

How high the hopes of Ireland were at the commencement of this struggle, and how she cherished afterwards the memories and hopes bequeathed from it, is abundantly illustrated by the Jacobite Relics in Mr. Hardman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, and in the more recent collection of Mr. Daly.

XIV.

BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE BRIGADE.

PP. 518-524.

So considerable a space in this volume is occupied by poems, founded on the adventures and services of the Irish Brigade, that it seemed right to include here the following sketch, written by Mr. Davis in the year 1844:

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

INTRODUCTION.

The foreign military achievements of the Irish began on their own account. They conquered and colonized Scotland, frequently overrun England during and after the Roman dominion there, and more than once penetrated into Gaul. During the time of the Danish invasion they had enough to do at home. The progress of the English conquest brought them again to battle on foreign ground. It is a melancholy fact, that in the brigades wherewith Edward I. ravaged Scotland, there were numbers of Irish and Welsh. Yet Scotland may be content; Wales and Ireland suffered from the same baseness. The sacred heights of Snowdon (the Parnassus of Wales) were first forced by Gascon mountaineers, whose independence had perished; and the Scotch did no small share of blood-work for England here, from the time of Monro's defeats in the Seventeenth Century, to the Fencible victories over drunken peasants in 1798.

In these levies of Edward I., as in those of his son, were numbers of native Irish. The Connaught clans in particular seem to have served these Plantagenets.

From Edward Bruce's invasion, the English control was so broken that the Irish clans ceased to serve altogether, and, indeed, shortly after made many of the Anglo-Irish pay them tribute. But the lords of the Pale took an active and prominent part in the wars of the Roses; and their vassals shared the victories, the defeats, and the carnage of the time.

In the Continental wars of Edward III. and Henry V., the Norman-Irish served with much distinction.

Henry VIII. demanded of the Irish government 2,000 men, 1,000 of whom were, if possible, to be gunners—i. e., armed with matchlocks. The services of these Irish during the short war in France, and especially at the siege of Boulogne, are well known.

At the submission of Ireland in 1603, O'Sullivan Bearra, and some others excepted from the amnesty,

took service and obtained high rank in Spain; and after the flight of O'Neill and O'Donnell in 1607, numbers of Irish crowded into all the Continental services. We find them holding commissions in Spain, France, Austria, and Italy.

Scattered among "*Strafford's Letters*," various indications are discoverable of the estimation in which the Irish were held as soldiers in foreign services during the early part of the seventeenth century. The Spanish government, in particular, seems to have been extremely desirous of enlisting in Ireland, their own troops at that time being equal, if not superior, to any in the world, especially their infantry.

Nor were the Irish troops less active for the English king. Strafford had increased the Irish army. These he paid regularly, clothed well, and frequently "drew out in large bodies." He meant to oppress, but discipline is a precious thing, no matter who teaches it—a Strafford or a Wellington; and during the wars which followed 1641, some of these troops he had raised served Ireland. In 1639, when the first row with the Scotch took place, Wentworth was able to send a garrison of 500 Irish to Carlisle, and other forces to assist Charles. And the victories of Montrose were owing to the valor and discipline of the Irish auxiliaries under Colkitto (left handed) Alister Mac Donnell.

Many of the Irish who had lost their fortunes by the Cromwellian wars, served on the Continent.

Tyrconnell increased the Irish army, but with less judgment than Strafford. Indeed, numbers of his regiments were ill-officered mobs, and, when real work began in 1689, were disbanded as having neither arms nor discipline. His sending of the Irish troops to England hastened the Revolution by exciting jealousy, and they were too mere a handful to resist. They were forced to enter the service of German princes, especially the Prussian.

[An account of the formation of the Irish Brigade, with the names and numbers of the regiments, etc., is omitted here, as more accurate details will be found in *The History of the Irish Brigade*, which is to appear in the *Library of Ireland*.]

SERVICES OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

The year before the English Revolution of '88, William effected the league of Augsburg, and combined Spain, Italy, Holland, and the empire, against France; but except some sieges of imperial towns, the war made no great progress till 1690. In that year France blazed out ruin on all sides. The Palatinate was overrun and devastated. The defeat of Humieres at Valcourt was overweighed by Luxembourg's great victory over Prince Waldeck at Fleurus.

But, as yet, no Irish troops served north of the Alps. It was otherwise in Italy.

The Duke of Savoy having joined the Allies, Marshal Catinat entered his territories at the head of 18,000 men. Mountcashel's brigade, which landed in May and had seen service, formed one-third of this corps. Catinat, a disciple of Turenne, relied on his infantry; nor did he err in this instance. On the 8th of August, 1690, he met the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene at

Staffardo, near Salucco. The battle began by a feigned attack on the Allies' right wing. The real attack was made by ten battalions of infantry, who crossed some marshes heretofore deemed impassable, turned the left wing commanded by Prince Eugene, drove in on the centre, and totally routed the enemy. The Irish troops ("bog-trotters," the "Times" calls us now) proved that there are more qualities in a soldier than the light step and hardy frame which the Irish bog gives to its inhabitants.

But the gallant Mountcashel received a wound, of which he died soon after at Bareges.

This same brigade continued to serve under Catinat throughout the Italian campaigns of '91, '92, and '93.

The principal action of this last year was at Marignia, on the 4th October. It was not materially different in tactic from Staffardo. Catinat, cannonading the Allies from a height, made a feigned attack in the centre, while his right wing lapped round Savoy's left, tumbled it in, and routed the army with a loss of 8,000, including Duke Schomberg, son to him who died at Boyne. On this day, too, the Munster soldiers had their full share of the laurels.

They continued to serve during the whole of this war against Savoy; and when, in 1696, the duke changed sides, and, uniting his forces with Catinat's, laid siege to Valenza in North Italy, the Irish distinguished themselves again. No less than six Irish regiments were at this siege.

While these campaigns were going on in Italy, thearrison of Limerick landed in France, and the second Irish Brigade was formed.

The Flanders campaign of '91 hardly went beyond skirmishes.

Louis opened 1692 by besieging Namur at the head of 120,000 men, including the bulk of the Irish Brigade. Luxemburg was the actual commander, and Vauban the engineer. Namur, one of the greatest fortresses of Flanders, was defended by Coehorn, the all-but equal of Vauban; and William advanced to its relief at the head of 100,000 men,—illustrious players of that fearful game. But French and Irish valor, pioneered by Vauban and manœuvred by Luxemburg, prevailed. In seven days Namur was taken, and shortly after the citadel surrendered, though within shot of William's camp.

Louis returned to Versailles, and Luxemburg continued his progress.

On the 24th of July, 1692, William attempted to steal a victory from the marshal who had so repeatedly beaten him. Having forced a spy to persuade Luxemburg that the Allies meant only to forage, he made an attack on the French camp, then placed between Steenkirk and Enghien. Wirtemberg and Mackay had actually penetrated the French camp ere Luxemburg mounted his horse. But so rapid were his movements, so skilfully did he divide the Allies and crush Wirtemberg ere Count Solmes could help him, that the enemy was driven off with the loss of 3,000 men, and many colors and cannon.

Sarsfield, who commanded the Brigade that day,

was publicly thanked for his conduct. In March, 1693, he was made a Mareschal de Camp.

But his proud career was drawing to a close. He was slain on the 29th July, 1693, at Landen, heading his countrymen in the van of victory, King William flying. He could not have died better. His last thoughts were for his country. As he lay on the field unhelmed and dying, he put his hand to his breast. When he took it away, it was full of his best blood. Looking at it sadly with an eye in which victory shone a moment before, he said faintly, "Oh! that this were for Ireland." He said no more; and history records no nobler saying, nor any more becoming death.¹

It is needless to follow out the details of the Italian and Flanders campaigns. Suffice, that bodies of the Irish troops served in each of the great armies, and maintained their position in the French ranks during years of hard and incessant war.

James II. died at St. Germain's on the 16th September, 1701, and was buried in the church of the English Benedictines in Paris. But his death did not affect the Brigade. Louis immediately acknowledged his son James III., and the Brigade, upon which the king's hopes of restoration lay, was continued.

In 1701, Sheldon's cavalry, then serving under Catinat in Italy, had an engagement with the cavalry corps under the famous Count Merci, and hauled them so roughly that Sheldon was made a lieutenant-general of France, and the supernumeraries of his corps were put on full pay.

In January, 1702, occurred the famous rescue of Cremona. Villeroy succeeded Catinat in August, 1701, and having, with his usual rashness, attacked Eugene's camp at Chiari, he was defeated. Both parties retired early to winter-quarters, Eugene encamping so as to blockade Mantua. While thus placed, he opened an intrigue with one Cassoli, a priest of Cremona, where Villeroy had his headquarters. An old aqueduct passed under Cassoli's house, and he had it cleared of mud and weeds by the authorities, under pretence that his house was injured for want of drainage. Having opened this way, he got several of Eugene's grenadiers into the town disguised, and now at the end of January all was ready.

Cremona lies on the left bank of the river Po,² It was then five miles round, was guarded by a strong castle and by an *enceinte*, or continued fortification all around it, pierced by five gates. One of these gates led almost directly to the bridge over the Po. This bridge was fortified by a redoubt.

Eugene's design was to surprise the town at night. He meant to penetrate on two sides, south and north. Prince Charles of Vaudemont crossed the Po at Firenzola, and marching up the right bank with

¹ According to Mr. O'Connor (*Military History of the Irish Nation*, p. 223), "there was no Irish corps in the army of Luxemburg, and Sarsfield fell leading on a charge of strangers." But this only makes his death, and the regrets which accompanied it, the more affecting.—Ed.

² In talking of right or left banks of rivers, you are supposed to be looking down the stream. Thus, Connaught is on the right bank of the Shannon; Leinster and Munster on its left bank.

2,500 foot and 500 horse, was to assault the bridge and gate of the Po as soon as Eugene had entered on the north. As this northern attack was more complicated, and as it succeeded, it may be best described in the narrative of events.

On the 31st of January, Eugene crossed the Oglio at Ustiano, and approached the north of the town. Marshal Villeroy had that night returned from a war-council at Milan.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 1st of February, the allies closed in on the town in the following order: 1,100 men under Count Kufstein entered by the aqueduct; 300 men were led to the gate of St. Margaret's, which had been walled up, and immediately commenced removing the wall from it; meantime, the other troops, under Kufstein, pushed on, and secured the ramparts to some distance, and as soon as the gate was cleared, a vanguard of horse, under Count Merci, dashed through the town. Eugene, Staremburg, and Prince Commerci followed with 7,000 horse and foot. Patrols of cavalry rode the streets; Staremburg seized the great square; the barracks of four regiments were surrounded, and the men cut down as they appeared.

Marshal Villeroy, hearing the tumult, hastily burned his papers, and rode out, attended only by a page. He was quickly snapped up by a party of Eugene's cavalry, commanded by an Irishman named MacDonnell. Villeroy, seeing himself in the hands of a soldier of fortune, hoped to escape by bribery. He made offer after offer. A thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse were refused by this poor Irish captain; and Villeroy rode out of the town with his captor.

The Marquis de Mongon, General Crenant, and other officers, shared the same fate; and Eugene assembled the town council to take an oath of allegiance, and supply him with 14,000 rations. All seemed lost.

All was not lost. The Po gate was held by 35 Irishmen, and to Merci's charge and shout they answered with a fire that forced their assailant to pass on to the rampart, where he seized a battery. This unexpected and almost rash resistance was the very turning point of the attack. Had Merci got this gate, he had only to ride on and open the bridge to Prince Vaudemont. The entry of 3,000 men more, and on that side, would have soon ended the contest.

Not far from this same gate of the Po were the quarters of two Irish regiments, Dillon (one of Mountcashel's old brigade) and Burke (the Athlone regiment.) Dillon's regiment was, in Colonel Lacy's absence, commanded by Major Mahony. He had ordered his regiment to assemble for exercise at day-break, and lay down. He was woken by the noise of the Imperial Cuirassiers passing his lodgings. He jumped up, and finding how things were, got off to the two corps and found them turning out in their shirts to check the Imperialists, who swarmed round their quarters.

He had just got his men together when General D'Arenes came up, put himself at the head of these

regiments, who had nothing but their muskets, shirts, and cartouches about them. He instantly led them against Merci's force, and, after a sharp struggle, drove them from the ramparts, killing large numbers, and taking many prisoners, amongst others MacDonnell, who returned to fight after securing Villeroy.

In the mean time, Estrague's regiment had made a post of a few houses in the great square; Count Revel had given the word, "French to the ramparts," and retook All-Saints' Gate, while M. Prasin made head against the Imperial Cavalry patrols. But when Revel attempted to push further round the ramparts, and regain St. Margaret's Gate, he was repulsed with heavy loss, and D'Arenes, who seems to have been everywhere, was wounded.

It was now ten o'clock in the day, and Mahony had received orders to fight his way from the Po to the Mantua Gate, leaving a detachment to guard the rampart from which he had driven Merci. He pushed on, driving the enemy's infantry before him, but suffering much from their fire, when Baron Freiberg, at the head of a regiment of Imperial Cuirassiers, burst into Dillon's regiment. For a while their case seemed desperate; but, almost naked as they were, they grappled with their foes. The linen shirt and the steel cuirass—the naked footman, and the harnessed cavalier met, and the conflict was desperate and doubtful. Just at this moment Mahony grasped the bridle of Freiberg's horse, and bid him ask quarter. "No quarter to-day," said Freiberg, dashing his spurs into his horse. He was instantly shot. The cuirassiers saw and paused; the Irish shouted and slashed at them. The volley came better, and the sabres wavered. Few of the cuirassiers lived to fly; but all who survived did fly; and there stood those glorious fellows in the wintry streets, bloody, triumphant, half-naked. Bourke lost seven officers and forty-two soldiers killed, and nine officers and fifty soldiers wounded. Dillon had one officer and forty-nine soldiers killed, and twelve officers and seventy-nine soldiers wounded.

But what matter for death or wounds! Cremona is saved. Eugene waited long for Vaudemont, but the French, guarded from Merci's attack by the Irish picket of 35, had ample time to evacuate the redoubt, and ruin the bridge of boats.

On hearing of Freiberg's death, Eugene made an effort to keep the town by frightening the council. On hearing of the destruction of the bridge he despaired, and effected his retreat with consummate skill, retaining Villeroy and 100 other officers prisoners.

Europe rang with applause. Mr. Forman mentions what we think a very doubtful saying of King William's about this event. There is no such question as to King Louis. He sent his public and formal thanks to them, and raised their pay forthwith. We would not like to meet the Irishman who knowing these facts, would pass the north of Italy, and not track the steps of the Irish regiments through the streets and gates and ramparts of Cremona.

In the campaigns of 1703, the Irish distinguished themselves under Vendome in Italy, at Vittoria, Luzzara, Cassano, and Calcinato, and still more on the Rhine. When Villars won the battle of Freidlingen, the Irish had their share of the glory. At Spires, when Tallard defeated the Germans, they had more. Tallard had surprised the enemy, but their commander, the Prince of Hesse, rallied his men, and, although he had three horses shot under him, he repelled the attack, and was getting his troops well into hand. At this crisis Nugent's regiment of horse was ordered to charge a corps of German cuirassiers. They did so effectually. The German cavalry was cut up; the French infantry, thus covered, returned to their work, and Hesse was finally defeated with immense loss.

And now the fortunes of France began to waver, but the valor of the Brigade did not change.

It is impossible, in our space, to do more than glance at the battles in which they won fame amid general defeat.

At the battle of Höchstet, or Blenheim, in 1704, Marshal Tallard was defeated and taken prisoner by Marlborough and Eugene. The French and Bavarians lost 10,000 killed, 13,000 prisoners, and 90 pieces of cannon. Yet, amid this monstrous disaster, Clare's dragoons were victorious over a portion of Eugene's famous cavalry, and took two standards. And in the battle of Ramillies, in 1706, where Villeroi was utterly routed, Clare's dragoons attempted to cover the wreck of the retreating French, broke through an English regiment, and followed them into the thronging van of the Allies. Mr. Forman states that they were generously assisted out of this predicament by an Italian regiment, and succeeded in carrying off the English colors they had taken.

At the sad days of Oudenarde and Malplaquet, some of them were also present; but to the victories which brightened this time, so dark to France, the Brigade contributed materially. At the battle of Almanza (13th March, 1707), several Irish regiments served under Berwick. In the early part of the day the Portuguese and Spanish auxiliaries of England were broken, but the English and Dutch fought successfully for a long time; nor was it till repeatedly charged by the *élite* of Berwick's army, including the Irish, that they were forced to retreat: 3,000 killed, 10,000 prisoners, and 120 standards attested the magnitude of the victory. It put King Philip on the throne of Spain. In the siege of Barcelona, Dillon's regiment fought with great effect. In their ranks was a boy of twelve years old; he was the son of a Galway gentleman, Mr. Lally, or O'Lally, of Tulloch na Daly, and his uncle had sat in James's parliament of 1689. This boy, so early trained, was afterwards the famous Count Lally de Tollendal, whose services in every part of the globe make his execution a stain upon the honor as well as upon the justice of Louis XVI. And when Villars swept off the whole of Albemarle's battalions at Denain, in 1712, the Irish were in his van.

The treaty of Utrecht, and the dismissal of Marlborough put an end to the war in Flanders, but still

many of the Irish continued to serve in Italy and Germany, and thus fought at Parma, Guastalla, and Philipsburg. In the next war their great and peculiar achievement was at the battle of Fontenoy.

Louis in person had laid siege to Tournay; Marshal Saxe was the actual commander, and had under him 79,000 men. The Duke of Cumberland advanced at the head of 55,000 men, chiefly English and Dutch, to relieve the town. At the duke's approach, Saxe and the King advanced a few miles from Tournay with 45,000 men, leaving 18,000 to continue the siege, and 6,000 to guard the Scheld. Saxe posted his army along a range of slopes thus: his centre was on the village of Fontenoy, his left stretched off through the wood of Barri, his right reached to the town of St. Antoine, close to the Scheld. He fortified his right and centre by the villages of Fontenoy and St. Antoine, and redoubts near them. His extreme left was also strengthened by a redoubt in the wood of Barri, but his left centre, between the wood and the village of Fontenoy, was not guarded by any thing save slight lines. Cumberland had the Dutch, under Waldeck, on his left, and twice they attempted to carry St. Antoine, but were repelled with heavy loss. The same fate attended the English in the centre, who thrice forced their way to Fontenoy, but returned fewer and sadder men. Ingoldsby was then ordered to attack the wood of Barri with Cumberland's right. He did so, and broke into the wood, when the artillery of the redoubt suddenly opened on him, which, assisted by a constant fire from the French *tirailleurs* (light infantry), drove him back.

The duke resolved to make one great and final effort. He selected his best regiments, veteran English corps, and formed them into a single column of 6,000 men. At its head were six cannon, and as many more on the flanks, which did good service. Lord John Hay commanded this great mass.

Every thing being now ready, the column advanced slowly and evenly, as if on the parade-ground. It mounted the slope of Saxe's position, and pressed on between the woods of Barri and the village of Fontenoy. In doing so, it was exposed to a cruel fire of artillery and sharpshooters; but it stood the storm, and got behind Fontenoy. The moment the object of the column was seen, the French troops were hurried in upon them. The cavalry charged; but the English hardly paused to offer the raised bayonet, and then poured in a fatal fire. They disdained to rush at the picked infantry of France. On they went till within a short distance, and then threw in their balls with great precision, the officers actually laying their canes along the muskets, to make the men fire low. Mass after mass of infantry was broken, and on went the column, reduced, but still apparently invincible. Duc Richelieu had four cannon hurried to the front, and he literally battered the head of the column, while the household cavalry surrounded them, and, in repeated charges, wore down their strength, but these French were fearful sufferers. Louis was about to leave the field. In this juncture Saxe ordered up his last reserve—the Irish Brigade. It consisted, that day, of the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon, Berwick,

Roth, and Buckley, with Fitzjames's horse, O'Brien. Lord Clare was in command. Aided by the French regiments of Normandy and Vaisseany, they were ordered to charge upon the flank of the English with fixed bayonets, without firing. Upon the approach of this splendid body of men, the English were halted on the slope of a hill, and up that slope the Brigade rushed rapidly and in fine order. "They were led to immediate action, and the stimulating cry of '*Cuimhnigídh ar Luimneac agus ar fheile na Sacsanach*'" was re-echoed from man to man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful, and victory the most decisive crowned the arms of France."

The English were weary with a long day's fighting, cut up by cannon, charge, and musketry, and dispirited by the appearance of the Brigade—fresh, and consisting of young men in high spirits and discipline—still they gave their fire well and fatally: but they were literally stunned by the shout and shattered by the Irish charge. They broke before the Irish bayonets, and tumbled down the far side

of the hill, disorganized, ropeless, and falling by hundreds. The Irish troops did not pursue them far: the French cavalry and light troops pressed on till the relics of the column were succored by some English cavalry, and got within the batteries of their camp. The victory was bloody and complete. Louis is said to have ridden down to the Irish bivouac, and personally thanked them; and George II., on hearing it, uttered that memorable imprecation on the Penal Code, "Cursed be the laws which deprived me of such subjects." The one English volley, and the short struggle on the crest of the hill, cost the Irish dear. One-fourth of the officers, including Colonel Dillon, were killed, and one-third of the men.

Their history, after Fontenoy, may be easily given. In 1747 they carried the village of Laufeld, after three attacks, in which another Colonel Dillon, 130 other officers, and 1,600 men were killed; and in 1751 they were at Maestricht. Lally's regiment served in India, and the other regiments in Germany, during the war from 1756 to 1763; and during the American war, they fought in the French West India Islands.

At this time they were greatly reduced, and at the Revolution completely broken up.

THE POEMS OF J. J. CALLANAN.

THE RECLUSE OF INCHIDONY.

(It will be at once seen that these Poems have all been written long before the passing of the Relief Bill. To none more than to the writer could the pleasing prospects opened up by the enactment of this healing measure be more truly or sincerely gratifying. To behold the unworthy fetters of a noble and gallant nation riven, her energies unbound, her centuries of strife and disunion terminated, and the day of her liberation and repose arrived, was a consummation which, though devoutly desired, was scarcely to be looked for in his generation; and were these Poems to be now rewritten, doubtless the tone of sorrow and despondency which perhaps too much pervades them would give place to one more cheerful and congenial to the altered circumstances of Ireland.)

In the east, as well as in the west, of Europe, the prospect is equally cheering. While Ireland has been unscaling and purging her long-abused vision, the cause of freedom has not stood still in a country too much akin to her in fate and misrule. Greece has happily shaken off her iron bondage; her independence may now be considered as achieved, and the shout of Freedom once more be heard on the mountains of Helias—in the pass of Thermopylae. This is a pleasing state of things; but how shall we speak of those degenerate nations of the south, of Naples and of the Peninsula? They have permitted the young hope of their freedom to be strangled in its cradle, and submitted their necks to a yoke as baneful and contemptible as ever bowed down a people. In these countries, the tide of liberty was setting in with impetuous strength when these Poems were written. That it has been partially checked, he must lament; but that it must eventually prevail, need admit of little fear or question.)

ONCE more I'm free—the city's din is gone,
And with it wasted days and weary nights;
But bitter thoughts will sometimes rush upon
The heart that ever loved its sounds or sights.
To you I fly, lone glens and mountain heights,
From all I hate and much I love—no more
Than this I seek, amid your calm delights,
To learn my spirit's weakness to deplore,
To strive against one vice, and gain one virtue
more.

How firm are our resolves, how weak our
strife!

We seldom man ourselves enough to brave
The syren tones that o'er the sea of life
Breathe dangerously sweet from Pleasure's
cave.

False are the lights she kindles o'er the wave.
Man knows her beacon's fatal gleam nor flies,
But as the bird which flight alone could save
Still loves the serpent's fascinating eyes,
Man seeks that dangerous light, and in the en-
joyment dies.

But even when Pleasure's cup the brightest
glow'd,
And to her revel loudest was the call,
I felt her palace was not my abode,
I fear'd the handwriting upon the wall,
And said, amidst my blindness and my thrall,
Could I, as he of Nazareth did do,
But grasp the pillars of her dazzling hall
And feel again the strength that once I knew,
I'd crumble her proud dome, though I should
perish too.

Is it existence, 'mid the giddy throng
Of those who live but o'er the midnight bowl,
To revel in the dance, the laugh, the song,
And all that chains to earth the immortal
soul—
To breathe the tainted air of days that roll
In one dark round of vice—to hear the cries
Indignant virtue lifts to Glory's goal,
When with unfetter'd pinion she would rise
To deeds that laugh at death and live beyond
the skies?

Not such at least should be the poet's life,
Heaven to his soul a nobler impulse gave:
His be the dwelling where there is no strife,
Save the wild conflict of the wind and wave.
His be the music of the ocean cave,
When gentle waves, forgetful of their war,

Its rugged breast with whispering fondness
lave;

And as he gazes on the evening star,
His heart will heave with joys the world can
never mar.

O Nature, what art thou that thus canst pour
Such tides of holy feeling round the heart?—
In all thy various works at every hour,
How sweet the transport which thy charms
impart!

But sweetest to the pensive soul thou art,
In this calm time to man in mercy given,
When the dark mists of Passion leave the
heart,
And the free soul, her earthly fetters riven,
Spreads her aspiring wing and seeks her native
heaven.

There is a bitterness in man's reproach,
Even when his voice is mildest, and we deem
That on our heaven-born freedom they en-
croach,

And with their frailties are not what they
seem;

But the soft tones in star, in flower, or stream,
Over the unresisting bosom gently flow,
Like whispers which some spirit, in a dream,
Brings from her heaven to him she loved
below,

To chide and win his heart, from earth, and sin,
and woe.

Who, that e'er wander'd in the calm blue
night,

To see the moon upon some silent lake,
And as it trembled to her kiss of light,
Heard low soft sounds from its glad waters
break—

Who that look'd upward to some mountain
peak,

That rose disdaining earth—or o'er the sea
Sent eye, sent thought in vain its bounds to
seek—

Who thus could gaze, nor wish his soul might
be

Like those great works of God, sublime and pure
and free!

Do I still see them, love them, live at last
Alone with nature here to walk unseen?
To look upon the storms that I have pass'd,
And think of what I might be or have been?

To read my life's dark page?—O beauteous
queen,

That won my boyish heart and made me be
Thy inspiration's child—if on this green
And sea-girt hill I feel my spirit free,
Next to yon ocean's God, the praise be all
thee.

Spirit of Song! since first I wooed thy smile,
How many a sorrow hath this bosom known,
How many false ones did its truth beguile.
From thee and nature! While around it strown
Lay shatter'd hopes and feelings, thou alone
Above my path of darkness brightly rose,
Yielding thy light when other light was gone:
Oh, be thou still the soother of my woes,
'Till the low voice of Death shall call me to re-
pose.

I've seen the friend whose faith I thought was
proved,

Like one he knew not, pass me heedless by;
I've marked the coldness of the maid I loved,
And felt the chill of her once beaming eye;
The bier of fond ones has received my sigh:
Yet I am not abandon'd, if among
The chosen few whose names can never die,
Thy smile shall light me life's dark waste
along,

No friend but this wild lyre—no heritage but
song.

'Tis a delightful calm! there is no sound,
Save the low murmur of the distant rill;
A voice from heaven is breathing all around,
Bidding the earth and restless man be still;
Soft sleeps the moon on Inchidony's hill;
And on the shore the shining ripples break
Gently and whisperingly at Nature's will,
Like some fair child that on its mother's
cheek

Sinks fondly to repose in kisses pure and meek.

'Tis sweet, when earth and heaven such si-
lence keep,

With pensive step to gain some headland's
height,

And look across the wide extended deep,
To where its farthest waters sleep in light;
Or gaze upon those orbs so fair and bright,
Still burning on in heaven's unbounded space,

¹ Inchidony, an island at the entrance of Clonakilty Bay. The channel lies between it and the eastern shore.

Like Seraphs bending o'er life's dreary night,
And with their look of love, their smile of
peace,
Wooing the weary soul to her high resting-
place.

Such was the hour the harp of Judah pour'd
Those strains no lyre of earth had ever rung,
When to the God his trembling soul adored
O'er the rapt chords the minstrel monarch
hung.

Such was the time when Jeremiah sung
With more than Angel's grief the sceptre torn
From Israel's land, the desolate streets among :
Ruin gave back his cry 'till cheerless morn,
"Return thee to thy God, Jerusalem, return."

Fair moon, I too have loved thee, love thee
still,

Though life to me hath been a chequered scene
Since first with boyhood's bound I climb'd
the hill

To see the dark wave catch the silvery sheen ;
Or when I sported on my native green
With many 'an innocent heart beneath thy
ray,

Careless of what might come or what had
been,—

When passions slept and virtue's holy ray
Shed its unsullied light round childhood's lovely
day.

Yes, I have loved thee, and while others spent
This hour of heaven above the midnight
bowl,

Oft to the lonely beach my steps were bent,
That I might gaze on thee without control,
That I might watch the white clouds round
thee roll

Their drapery of heaven thy smiles to veil,
As if too pure for man, 'till o'er my soul
Came that sweet sadness none can e'er reveal,
But passion'd bosoms know, for they alone can
feel.

Oh that I were once more what I was then,
With soul unsullied and with heart unscar'd,
Before I mingled with the herd of men
In whom all trace of man had disappear'd ;
Before the calm pure morning star that
cheer'd

And sweetly lured me on to virtue's shrine
Was clouded—or the cold green turf was
rear'd

Above the hearts that warmly beat to mine !
Could I be that once more, I need not now re-
pine.

What form is that in yonder anchor'd bark,
Pacing the lonely deck, when all beside
Are hush'd in sleep ?—though undefined and
dark,

His bearing speaks him one of birth and pride.
Now he leans o'er the vessel's landward side.
This way his eye is turn'd—Hush, did I hear
A voice as if some loved one just had died ?
'Tis from yon ship that wail comes on mine
ear,

And now o'er ocean's sleep it floats distinct and
clear.

SONG.

On Cleada's hill the moon is bright,
Dark Avonduff still rolls in light,
All changeless is that mountain's head,
That river still seeks ocean's bed,
The calm blue waters of Loch Lene
Still kiss their own sweet isles of green,
But where's the heart as firm and true
As hill, or lake, or Avonduff ?

It may not—be the firmest heart
From all it loves must often part,

¹ Cleada and Cabirbearnas (the hill of the four gaps) form part of the chain of mountains which stretches westward from Millstreet to Killarney.

² Avonduff, the Blackwater (Avonduff of Spenser). There are several rivers of this name in the counties of Cork and Kerry, but the one here mentioned is by far the most considerable. It rises in a boggy mountain called Meanganine, in the latter county, and discharges itself into the sea at Youghal. For the length of its course and the beauty and variety of scenery through which it flows, it is superior I believe to any river in Munster. It is subject to very high floods, and from its great rapidity and the havoc which it commits on those occasions, sweeping before it corn, cattle, and sometimes even cottages, one may not inaptly apply to it what Virgil says of a more celebrated river:

Proluit insano contorquens vortice silvas,
Rex fluviorum Eridanus.

Spenser thus beautifully characterizes some of our principal Irish rivers, though he has made a mistake with regard to the Allo; it is the Blackwater that passes through Slieve-logher

There was the Liffie rolling down the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Au-brian,
The spacious Shenan, spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Foyne, the fishy, fruitful Ban,
Sweet Avonduff, which of the Englishman
Is called Blackwater, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowla, that once his people overran,
Strong Allo tumbling from Slew-logher steep,
And Mullaline whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

A look, a word will quench the flame
That time or fate could never tame ;
And there are feelings proud and high
That through all changes cannot die,
That strive with love, and conquer too :
I knew them all by Avondu !

How cross and wayward still is fate
I've learn'd at last, but learn'd too late.
I never spoke of love, 'twere vain—
I knew it, still I dragg'd my chain :
I had not, never had a hope,
But who 'gainst passion's tide can cope ?
Headlong it swept this bosom through,
And left it waste by Avondu.

O Avondu, I wish I were
As once upon that mountain bare,
Where thy young waters laugh and shine
On the wild breast of Meenganine !
I wish I were by Cleada's hill,
Or by Glenluachra's rushy rill !
But no ! I never more shall view
Those scenes I loved by Avondu.

Farewell, ye soft and purple streaks
Of evening on the beauteous Reeks !
Farewell, ye mists that loved to ride
On Cahir-bearna's stormy side !
Farewell November's moaning breeze,
Wild Minstrel of the dying trees !
Clara ! a fond farewell to you—
No more we meet by Avondu.

No more—but thou, O glorious hill,
Lift to the moon thy forehead still ;
Flow on, flow on, thou dark swift river
Upon thy free wild course forever ;
Exult, young hearts, in lifetime's spring,
And taste the joys pure love can bring ;
But, wanderer, go—they're not for you !
Farewell, farewell, sweet Avondu.

To-morrow's breeze shall swell the sail
That bears me far from Innisfail,
But, lady, when some happier youth
Shall see thy worth and know thy truth,
Some lover of thy native land
Shall woo thy heart and win thy hand,
Oh think of him who loved thee too,
And loved in vain my Avondu.

One hour, my bark and I shall be
All friendless on the unbounded sea,
No voice to cheer me but the wave
And winds that through the cordage rave,
No star of hope to light me home,
No track but ocean's trackless foam.—
'Tis sad—no matter, all is gone—
Ho ! there, my lads, weigh quick, and on !

Stranger, thy lay is sad : I too have felt
That which for worlds I would not feel again.
At beauty's shrine devoutly have I knelt,
And sigh'd my prayer of love, but sigh'd in vain.

Yet 'twas not coldness, falsehood, or disdain
That crush'd my hopes and cast me far away,
Like shatter'd bark upon a stormy main ;
'Twas pride, the heritage of sin and clay,
Which darkens all that's bright in young Love's
sunny day.

'Tis past—I've conquer'd, and my bonds are broke,
Though in the conflict well-nigh broke my heart.

Man cannot tear him from so sweet a yoke
Without deep wounds that long will bleed and smart.

Loved one but lost one !—yes, to me thou art
As some fair vision of a dream now flown,
A wayward fate hath made us meet and part,
Yet have we parted nobly ; be mine own
The grief that e'er we met—that e'er I live alone !

But man was born for suffering, and to bear
Even pain is better than a dull repose.
'Tis noble to subdue the rising tear,
'Tis glorious to outlive the heart's sick throes.
Man is most man amidst the heaviest woes,
And strongest when least human aid is given ;
The stout bark flounders when the tempest
blows,

The mountain oak is by the lightning riven,
But what can crush the mind that lives alone
with Heaven ?

Deep in the solitude of his own heart
With his own thoughts he'll hold communion
high,

Though with his fortune's ebb false friends de-
part

And leave him on life's desert shore to lie.
Though all forsake him and the world belie—
The world, that fiend of scandal, strife, and
crime—

¹ Macgillacuddy's Reeks, in the neighborhood of Killarney, are the highest mountains in Munster. For a description of these, and of the celebrated lakes of that place, see Weld's Killarney, by G. the best and most correct work on the subject.

Yet has he that which cannot change or die,
His spirit still, through fortune, fate, and time,
Lives like an Alpine peak, lone, stainless, and
sublime.

Well spoke the Moralist, who said, "The more
I mix'd with men the less a man I grew:"
Who can behold their follies nor deplore
The many days he prodigally threw
Upon their sickening vanities? Ye few
In whom I sought for men, nor sought in vain,
Proud without pride, in friendship firm and
true,

Oh that some far-off island of the main
Held you and him you love! The wish is but a
pain.

My wishes are all such—no joy is mine,
Save thus to stray my native wilds among,
On some lone hill an idle verse to twine
Whene'er my spirit feels the gusts of song.
They come but fitfully, nor linger long,
And this sad harp ne'er yields a tone of pride;
Its voice ne'er pour'd the battle-tide along
Since freedom sunk beneath the Saxon's stride,
And by the assassin's steel the gray-hair'd Des-
mond¹ died.

Ye deathless stories and immortal songs,
That live triumphant o'er the waste of time,
To whose inspiring breath alone belongs
To bid man's spirit walk on earth sublime,
Know his own worth, and nerve his heart to
climb
The mountain steeps of glory and of fame—
How vainly would my cold and feeble rhyme
Burst the deep slumber, or light up the shame,
Of men who still are slaves amid your voice of
flame!

¹ Gerald, Earl of Desmond. The vast estate of this nobleman in Desmond (South Munster) was the cause of his ruin. It held out to his enemies too strong a temptation to be resisted, and the chief governors of Ireland determined to seize upon it by any means. Without having committed any overt act of high treason, or done any thing inconsistent with the duty and peaceful demeanor of a subject (unless some private quarrels with the rival house of Ormond could be construed into such), he was declared a traitor, and driven, in his own defence, into a rebellion which, by letters expressive of his unshaken loyalty to her majesty, and by every possible means, he endeavored to avoid. After having undergone incredible hardships and privations, he was surprised by night in a cabin near Tralee, by one Kelly of Moriarta and twenty-five of his kerns employed for the purpose by Ormond. Kelly struck off his head, which was sent to the Queen, by whose order it was impaled on London bridge. For this barbarous murder of a helpless and persecuted old man, Kelly received a pension of forty pounds a year, but was afterwards hanged at Tyburn.

Yet, outcast of the nations—lost one, yet
How can I look on thee nor try to save,
Or in thy degradation all forget
That 'twas thy breast that nursed me, though
a slave?

Still do I love thee for the life you gave,
Still shall this harp be heard above thy sleep,
Free as the wind and fearless as the wave:
Perhaps in after days thou yet mayst leap
At strains unheeded now, when I lie cold and
deep.

Sad one of Desmond, could this feeble hand
But teach thee tones of freedom and of fire,
Such as were heard o'er Hellas' glorious land,
From the high Lesbian harp or Chian lyre,
Thou shouldst not wake to sorrow, but aspire
To themes like theirs: but yonder see, where
hurl'd

The crescent prostrate lies—the clouds retire
From freedom's heaven—the cross is wide un-
furl'd;
There breaks again that light—the beacon of
the World!

Is it a dream that mocks thy cheerless doom?
Or hast thou heard, fair Greece, her voice at
last,

And brightly bursting from thy mouldering
tomb,

Hast thou thy shroud of ages from thee cast!
High swelling in Cantabria's mountain blast,
And Lusitanian hills, that summons rung
Like the Archangel's voice; and as it pass'd,
Quick from their death-sleep many a nation
sprung

With hearts by freedom fired and hands for free-
dom strung.

Heavens! 'tis a lovely soul-entrancing sight
To see thy sons careering o'er that wave,
Which erst in Salamis' immortal fight
Bore their proud galleys 'gainst the Persian
slave:

Each billow then that was a tyrant's grave
Now bounds exulting round their gallant way
Joyous to feel once more the free, the brave,
High lifted on their breast, as on that day
When Hellas' shout peal'd high along her con-
quering bay.

Nursling of freedom, from her mountain near
She early taught thine eagle wing to soar

With eye undazzled and with fearless breast
To heights of glory never reach'd before.
Far on the cliff of time, all grand and hoar,
Proud of her charge, thy lofty deeds she rears
With her own deathless trophies blazoned o'er,
As mind-marks for the gaze of after-years—
Vainly they journey on—no match for thee ap-
pears.

But be not thine, fair land, the dastard strife
Of yon degenerate race. Along their plains
They heard that call—they started into life,
They felt their limbs a moment free from
chains:

The foe came on:—but shall the minstrel's
strains

Be sullied by the story? Hush, my lyre,
Leave them amidst the desolate waste that
reigns

Round tyranny's dark march of lava-fire—
Leave them amid their shame—their bondage,
to expire.

Oh, be not thine such strife—there heaves no
sod

Along thy fields but hides a hero's head;
And when you charge for freedom and for God,
Then—then be mindful of the mighty dead!
Think that your field of battle is the bed
Where slumber hearts that never fear'd a foe;
And while you feel at each electric tread

Their spirit through your veins indignant glow,
Strong be your sabre's sway for Freedom's venge-
ful blow.

Oh! sprung from those who by Eurotas dwelt,
Have ye forgot their deeds on yonder plain,
When, pouring through the pass, the Persian felt

The band of 'Sparta was not there in vain—
Have ye forgot how o'er the glorious slain
Greece bade her bard the immortal story write?

Oh! if your bosoms one proud thought retain
Of those who perish'd in that deathless fight,
Awake, like them be free, or sleep with names as
bright.

Relics of heroes, from your glorious bed,
Amid your broken slumbers, do you feel
The rush of war loud thundering o'er your
head?

Hear ye the sound of Hellas' charging steel,
Hear ye the victor cry—The Moslem reel!

On, Greeks, for freedom, on—they fly, they fly t
Heavens! how the aged mountains know that
peal,

Through all their echoing tops, while grand and
high
Thermopylæ's deep voice gives back the proud
reply!

Oh for the pen of him whose bursting tear
Of childhood told his fame in after-days;
Oh for that Bard to Greece and freedom dear,
The Bard of Lesbos with his kindling lays,
To hymn, regenerate land, thy lofty praise,
Thy brave unaided strife—to tell the shame
Of Europe's freest sons, who 'mid the rays
Through time's far vista blazing from thy name,
Caught no ennobling glow from that immortal
flame!

Not even the deeds of him who late afar
Shook the astonish'd nations with his might,
Not even the deeds of her whose wings of war
Wide o'er the ocean stretch their victor flight—
Not they shall rise with half the unbroken light
Above the waves of time, fair Greece, as thine;
Earth never yet produced in Heaven's high
sight.

Through all her climates, offerings so divine
As thy proud sons have paid at Freedom's sacred
shrine.

Ye isles of beauty, from your dwelling blue,
Lift up to Heaven that shout unheard too
long;

Ye mountains, steep'd in glory's distant hue,
If with you lives the memory of that song
Which freedom taught you, the proud strain
prolong,

Echo each name that in her cause hath died,
'Till grateful Greece enrol them with the
throng

Of her illustrious sons, who on the tide
Of her immortal verse eternally shall glide.

And be not his forgot, the ocean-bard,
Whose heart and harp in Freedom's cause
were strung.

For Greece self-exiled, seeking no reward,
Tyrtæus of his time, for Greece he sung:
For her on Moslem spears his breast he flung.
Many bright names in Hellas met renown,
But brighter ne'er in song or story rung

Than his, who late for freedom laid him down,
And with the Minstrel's wreath entwined her
martyr's crown.

That Minstrel sings no more! from yon sad isles
A voice of wail was heard along the deep:
Britannia caught the sound amid her smiles,
Forgot her triumph songs and turn'd to weep.
Vainly her grief is pour'd above his sleep,
He feels it, hears it not! the pealing roar
Of the deep thunder, and the tempest's sweep
That call'd his spirit up so oft before,
May shout to him in vain! their Minstrel wakes
no more.

That moment heard ye the despairing shriek
Of Missolonghi's daughters? did ye hear
That cry from all the islands of the Greek,
And the wild yell of Suli's mountaineer?
The Illyrian starting dropp'd his forward spear,
The fierce Chimariot leant upon his gun,
From his stern eye of battle dropp'd the tear
For him who died that Freedom might be won
For Greece and all her race. 'Tis gain'd, but he
is gone.

Too short he dwelt amongst us, and too long:
Where is the bard of earth will now aspire
To soar so high upon the wing of song?
Who shall inherit now his soul of fire,
His spirit's dazzling light? Vain man, retire,
'Mid the wild heath of Albyn's loneliest glen;
Leave to the winds that now forsaken lyre,
Until some angel-bard come down again
And wake once more those strains, too high, too
sweet for men.

The sun still sets along Morea's hill,
The moon still rises o'er Cithæron's height;
But where is he, the bard whose matchless
skill
Gave fresher beauty to their march of light?
The blue Ægean, o'er whose waters bright
Was pour'd so oft the enchantment of his
strain,
Seeks him; and through the wet and starless
night
The Peaks-of-thunder flash and shout in vain,
For him who sung their strength—he ne'er shall
sing again.

What though, descended from a lofty line,
Earth's highest honors waited his command,

And bright his father's coronet did shine
Around his brow; he scorn'd to take his stand
With those whose names must die—a nobler
band,
A deathless fame his ardent bosom fired,
From Glory's mount he saw the promised land
To which his anxious spirit long aspired,
And then in Freedom's arms exulting he expired.

You who delight to censure feeble man,
Wrapt in self-love to your own failings blind,
Presume not with your narrow view to scan
The aberrations of a mighty mind.
His course was not the path of human-kind,
His destinies below were not the same:
With passions headlong as the tempest-wind,
His spirit wasted in its own strong flame:
A wandering star of heaven, he's gone from
whence he came.

But while the sun looks down upon those isles
That laugh in beauty o'er the Ægean deep,
Long as the moon shall shed her placid smiles
Upon the fields where Freedom's children
sleep—
Long as the bolt of heaven, the tempest's
sweep,
With Rhodope or Athos war shall wage,
And its triumphant sway the Cross shall keep
Above the Crescent, even from age to age
Shall Byron's name shine bright on Hellas' death-
less page.

Bard of my boyhood's love, farewell to thee;
I little deem'd that e'er my feeble lay
Should wait thy doom—these eyes so soon
should see
The clouding of thy spirit's glorious ray.
Fountain of beauty, on life's desert way
Too soon thy voice is hush'd—thy waters
dried:
Eagle of song, too short thy pinion's sway
Career'd in its high element of pride.
Weep! blue-eyed Albyn, weep! with him thy
glory died!

Oh! could my lyre, this inexperienced hand,
Like that high master-bard thy spirit sway,
Not such weak tributes should its touch com-
mand—

Immortal as the theme should be thy lay.
But meeter honors loftier harps shall pay,

The harps of freeborn men : enough for me,
 If as I journey on life's weary way;
 Mourner, I rest awhile to weep with thee,
 O'er him who loved our land, whose voice would
 make her free.

My country, must I still behold thy tears
 And watch the sorrows of thy long dark
 night?
 No sound of joy thy desolation cheers,
 Thine eyes have look'd in vain for freedom's
 light.
 Then set thy sun and wither'd all thy might,
 When first you stoop'd beneath the Saxon
 yoke,
 And thy high harp, that call'd to freedom's
 fight,
 Since then forgot the strains that once it woke,
 And like the Banshee's cry of death alone hath
 spoke.

Is this the Atlantic that before me rolls
 In its eternal freedom round thy shore?
 Hath its grand march no moral yet for souls?
 Is there no sound of glory in its roar?
 Must man alone be abject evermore?
 Slave! hast thou ever gazed upon that sea?
 When the strong wind its wrathful billows
 bore
 'Gainst earth, did not their mission seem to be,
 To lash thee into life, and teach thee to be free?

But no! thine heart is broke, thine arm is
 weak,
 Who thus could see God's image not to sigh;
 Famine hath plough'd his journeys on thy
 cheek,
 Despair hath made her dwelling in thine eye;
 The lordly Churchman rides unheeding by,
 He fattens on the sweat that dries thy brain,
 The very dogs that in his kennel lie
 Hold revels to thy fare! but don't complain,
 He has the cure of souls—the law doth so ordain.

But you're not all abandon'd; there are some
 Whose tender bowels groan to see your case.
 Rejoice, rejoice, the men of bibles come,
 There's pity beaming in their meek mild face.
 Come, starve no longer now, poor famish'd
 race,
 A bellyful from heaven shall now be thine,
 Open your mouths and chew the words of
 grace;—

There—is not that rent, clothes, and meat and
 wine?

Thanks to the Lord's beloved—I wonder do
 they dine.

Oh, ye who loved them faithfully and long,
 Even when the fagot blazed the sword did
 rave,
 In sorrow's night who bid their hearts be
 strong,
 And died defending the high truths ye gave—
 Ye dwellers of the mountain and the cave,
 If lay of mine survive the waste of time,
 Your praises shall be hymn'd on land and
 wave,
 Till Christ's young soldiers in each distant
 clime
 Shall guard the Cross like you, and tread your
 march sublime.

Ye watchers on the eternal city's walls,
 Ye warders of Jerusalem's high towers,
 When have your nights been spent in luxury's
 halls,
 Or your youth's strength consumed in pleasure's
 bowers?
 Earth's gardens have for you no fruits, no
 flowers—
 Your path is one of thorns—the world may
 frown
 And hate you, but whene'er its war-cloud
 lowers,
 Stand to your arms again, nor lay them down
 Till the high Chief you serve shall call you to
 your crown.

Could England's sons but see what I have seen,
 Your wretched fare when home at night you
 go,
 Your cot of mud, where never sound has been
 But groans of famine, of disease, and woe,
 Your naked children shivering in the snow,
 The wet cold straw on which your limbs re-
 cline,—
 Saw they but these, their wealth they would
 forego,
 To know you still retain'd one spark divine,
 To hear your mountain shout and see your charg-
 ing line.

England! thou freest, noblest of the world,
 Oh, may the minstrel never live to see

Against thy sons the flag of green unfurl'd,
 Or his own land thus aim at liberty;
 May their sole rivalry forever be
 Such as the Gallic despot dearly knew,
 When English hearts and Irish chivalry
 Strove who should first be where the eagle
 flew,
 And high their conquering shout arose o'er
 Waterloo.

But prison'd winds will round their caverns
 sweep
 Until they burst them—then the hills will
 quake.
 The lava-rivers will for ages sleep,
 But nations tremble when in wrath they wake.
 Erin has hearts by mountain, glen, and lake,
 That wrongs or favors never can forget;
 If loved they'll die for you, but trampled, break
 At last their long dark silence: you have met
 Their steel in foreign field—they've hands can
 wield it yet.

Too long on such dark themes my song hath
 run:
 Eugenio, 'tis meet it now should end.
 It was no lay of gladness, but 'tis done,—
 I bid farewell to it and thee, my friend.
 I do not hope that the cold world will lend
 To sad and selfish rhymes a patient ear:
 Enough for me, if while I darkly bend
 O'er my own troubled thoughts, one heart is
 near
 That feels my joy or grief, with sympathy sin-
 cere.

I have not suffer'd more than worthier men,
 Nor of my share of ill do I complain;
 But other hearts will find some refuge, when
 Above them lower the gathering clouds of
 pain.
 The world has vanities, and man is vain—
 The world has pleasures, and to these they fly.
 I too have tried them, but they left a stain

Upon my heart, and as their tide roll'd by,
 The cares I sought to drown, emerged with
 sterner eye.

Thou hast not often seen my clouded brow:
 The tear I strove with, thou hast never seen,—
 The load of life that did my spirit bow
 Was hid beneath a calm or mirthful mien.
 The wild-flower's blossom, and the dew-drops
 sheen
 Will fling their light and beauty o'er the spot
 Where, in its cold dark chamber all unseen,
 The water trickles through the lonely grot,
 And weeps itself to stone,—such long hath been
 my lot.

It matters not what was, or is the cause,
 I wish not even thy faithful breast to know
 The grief which magnet-like my spirit draws
 True to itself above life's waves of woe.
 The gleams of happiness I feel below,
 Awhile may play around me and depart,
 Like sunlight on the eternal hills of snow,
 It gilds their brow but never warms their
 heart.
 Such cold and cheerless beam doth joy to me
 impart.

The night is spent, our task is ended now.
 See, yonder steals the green and yellow light,
 The lady of the morning lifts her brow
 Gleaming through dews of heaven, all pure
 and bright,
 The calm waves heave with tremulous delight,
 The far Seven-Heads¹ through mists of pur-
 ple smile,
 The lark ascends from Inchidony's height:
 'Tis morning—sweet ode of my native Isle,
 Wild voice of Desmond, hush—go rest thee for
 awhile.

¹ Seven Heads—Dundeedy, Dunowen, Dnnore, Dnneene, Dn-
 oowlg, Dunworly, and Dngorly. On all these headlands the
 Irish had formerly duns, or castles.

ACCESSION OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

ON Albion's cliffs the sun is bright,
 And still Saint George's sea :
 O'er her blue hills' emerging height
 Hover soft clouds of silvery light,
 As in expectancy ;
 The barks that seek the sister shore
 Fly gallantly the breeze before,
 Like messengers of joy,
 And light is every bosom's bound,
 And the bright eyes that glance around
 Sparkle with transport high.
 Hark! the cannon's thundering voice
 Bids every British heart rejoice,
 Upon this glorious day.
 Slowly the lengthen'd files advance
 Mid trumpet swell and war-horse prance,
 While sabre's sheen and glittering lance
 Blaze in the noontide ray ;
 Streamer and flag from each mast-head
 On the glad breeze their foldings fling ;
 The bells their merry peals ring out,
 And kerchiefs wave and banners flout,
 And joyous thousands loudly shout,
 Huzza for George our King !

'Tis night—calm night, and all around
 The listening ear can catch no sound.
 The shouts that with departing day
 Less frequent burst, have died away :
 The moon slow mounts the cloudless sky
 With modest brow and pensive eye,—
 Thames owns her presence with delight
 And trembles to her kiss of night;
 Far down along his course serene
 The liquid flash of oars is seen,
 Advancing on with measured sweep,—
 Lovely to view is the time they keep :
 And hark! the voice of melody
 Comes o'er the waters joyously ;
 It is from that returning boat
 Those sweet sounds of triumph float,
 And nearer as she glides along
 Mingling with music swells the song.

SONG.

Britannia, exult on thy throne of blue waters,
 In the midst of thine Islands, thou queen of the
 sea ;
 And loud be the hymn of thy fair-bosom'd
 daughters
 To hail the high chief of the brave and the free.
 While o'er the subject deep
 Proudly your navies sweep,
 Tars of old England still shout o'er the main,
 'Till the green depths of ocean ring,
 God save great George our King,
 Honor and glory and length to his reign !

Hush'd be your war-song, ye sons of the moun-
 tain,
 Pibroch of Donald Dhu, mute be thy voice,
 Wizzard that slept by Saint Fillan's gray foun-
 tain,
 With loyalty's rapture bid Scotia rejoice ;
 Then to your stayless spear
 Albyn's brave mountaineer,
 Should foeman awake your wild slogan again,
 And loud o'er the battle sing,
 God save great George our King,
 Honor and glory and length to his reign !

Strike thy wild harp, yon green Isle of the ocean,
 And light as thy mirth be the sound of its strain,
 And welcome, with Erin's own burst of emotion,
 The Prince that shall loose the last links of thy
 chain ;
 And like the joyous cry
 Hellas' sons raised on high,
 When they stood like their fathers all free on
 the plain,
 Up the glad chorus fling,
 God save great George our King,
 Honor and glory and length to his reign !

Chief of the mighty and the free,
 Thy joyous Britain welcomes thee,

Her longing eyes have watch'd afar
 The mounting of thy promised star.
 Beneath its influence benign
 Long may she kneel at Freedom's shrine.
 Its rising o'er St. George's main
 Ierne hails with glad acclaim.
 Dear as to Hellas' weary few
 Their own blue wave roll'd full in view,
 Such Erin's song of Jubilee,
 And such her hopes, O Prince, from thee ;—

From thee, for thy young steps have stray'd
 In converse with the Athenian maid,
 Listen to Virtue's high reward
 As taught by sage or sung by bard,
 Smiled at Anacreon's sportive lyre,
 Or glow'd at Pindar's strain of fire,
 Or heard the flood of Freedom roll'd
 From lips that now, alas! are cold—
 Forever cold in that dark tomb
 Where Britain mourns her Fox's doom.
 Nurtured with these, by these refined,
 She watch'd with joy thy opening mind.
 Young as thou wert, she then could see
 That Erin's wail was dear to thee,
 And look'd with transport to the day
 Would yield the sceptre to thy sway.

* * * * *

'Tis done—on yonder deathless field
 Ambition closed her bloody game,
 Bent darkly o'er her shatter'd shield
 And dropp'd her tear of flame.
 Europe beheld with glistening eye
 Her wrong avenged—her fetters riven ;
 And peace and mercy from on high,
 Diffused once more the gifts of Heaven.
 With Britain's genius hand in hand,
 Long may they wait on thy command,
 Long to our vows may they remain
 To bless, O Prince, thy prosperous reign,
 And waft Britannia's halcyon day
 To every land that owns thy sway.

Yes, even to those stranger-lands
 Where Niger rolls through burning sands ;
 Where fragrant spirits ever sigh
 On the fresh breeze of Yemen's sky ;
 Or where indulgent nature smiles
 On her Pelew or Friendly Isles,
 Commerce and peace shall waft thy fame
 And teach the world their George's name.

In yon fair land of sunny skies
 Where Brahma hears her children's sighs,
 And Avarice with her demon crew
 Drains to the life the meek Gentoo,
 Justice no more shall plead in vain,
 But point to thine avenging reign.

Ganges now no more shall hear,
 As on he rolls his sacred water,
 The clash of arms—the shout of fear
 Redden no more with kindred slaughter ;
 The Hindoo maid shall fearless stray
 At eve his peaceful banks along,
 And dance to Scotia's sprightly lay
 Or weep at Erin's plaintive song,
 Or sit amid Acacia bowers
 That hang their cooling shade above her,
 And as she twines the fairest flowers
 To deck the brows of her young lover,
 She'll think from whence these pleasures
 came,
 Look to the west and bless thy name.

Far o'er the wave where Erin draws
 The sword in Heaven's best, holiest cause,
 And sees her green flag proudly sail
 Aloft on Chili's mountain gale,
 When swells her harp with freedom's sound,
 And freedom's bowl goes circling round,
 Then shall the cup be crown'd to thee,
 Sparkling with smiles of liberty.

The glorious task, O Prince, be thine
 To guard thy Britain's sacred shrine,
 To watch o'er Freedom's vestal fire,
 Call forth the spirit of the lyre,
 Bid worth and genius honor'd be,
 Unbind the slave, defend the free,
 And bring again o'er ocean's foam
 The wandering Pargiot to his home.
 Children of Pargar, are ye gone—
 Children of Freedom, shall her song
 Echo no more your cliffs among !
 Shall barbarous Moslem rites profane
 The shrines that bow'd to Issa's name !
 To guard your shores from despot's tread,
 Was it in vain your fathers bled,
 'Till every rock and every wave
 Around them was a Pargiot's grave !
 Oh ! that their sons should ever roam
 O'er ocean's waste to seek a home !

Oh! that the dwelling of the free—
 Parga! that thou shouldst sullied be
 By tread of Moslem tyranny!
 O Greece! thou ever honor'd name,
 Even in thy bondage and thy shame
 Fondly around each youthful mind
 By all thy classic ties entwined,
 How shall this lay address the free,
 Nor turn aside, sweet land, to thee,
 Mother of Arts and Liberty?
 From thy bright pages first I drew
 That soul that makes me part of you;
 There caught that spark of heavenly fire,
 If such e'er warms the minstrel's lyre,
 If e'er it breathes one waking tone
 O'er Freedom's slumbers—'tis thine own.

Oh! after bondage dark and long,
 Could I but hear young Freedom's song,
 And scatter'd see the Moslem's pride
 Before thy battle's whelming tide,
 On that red field I'd gladly lie—
 My requiem thy conquering cry.
 Heavens! 'mid the sons of godlike sires
 Is there no soul whom Freedom fires?
 And is the lyre of Lesbos hung
 In slavery's hall, unswept, unstrung?
 Is every glorious relic lost

Of that immortal patriot's ashes,
 That, on the winds of freedom tost
 Where Salamis' blue billow dashes,
 Floated all burning from their pile,
 And slept on continent and isle,
 As if to fire with that embrace
 His native land and all her race?
 It cannot be—there yet remain
 Some sparks of that high spirit's flame
 Oh, wake them with thy kindling breath,
 Oh, call a nation back from death!
 Yes, captives! yes, at his command,
 Methinks I see Britannia stand,
 Where stood and died the Spartan band,
 Where, rising o'er Thermopylæ,
 Thessalia's mountains view the sea,
 Sparkling with all its sunny isles—
 Oh, how can slavery wear such smiles?—
 And Marathon's, Plataea's plain,
 And Thebes, whose heroes died in vain,
 To each immortal scene about
 The Queen of ocean sends her shout,
 While hill and plain and isle around
 Answer to Freedom's long-lost sound.

Sons of the mighty and the wise,
 Sons of the Greeks, awake!—arise!
 By all your wrongs, by all your shame,
 By Freedom's self, that blessed name,
 Think of the fields your fathers fought,
 Think of the rights they dying bought—
 Hark! hark! they call you from their skies
 Sons of the mighty, wake—arise!
 And oh, my country, shall there be
 From these wild chords no prayer for thee?
 Land of the minstrel's holiest dream,
 Land of young beauty's brightest beam,
 The fearless heart, the open hand,
 My own—my dear—my native land!

And can the noble and the wise
 A nation's rightful prayer despise;
 Can they who boast of being free
 Refuse that blessed boast to thee?
 See yonder aged warrior brave,
 Whose blood has been on sward and wave,
 Is he refused his valor's meed
 Because he loves his father's creed?
 Or is there in that creed alone,
 What Valor, Genius, should disown;
 To its fond votary is there given
 Less of the mounting flame of Heaven?
 When his young hand essays the lyre,
 Oh! can he wake no tone of fire?
 Does war's stern aspect blanch his cheek—
 Does foeman find his arm more weak,
 His eye less bright? Oh, let them say
 Who saw the sabre's fearful sway
 Cleave its red path through many a fray;
 Who saw his minstrel banner waving
 Where war's wild din was wildest raving,
 And heard afar the onset cry
 Of hearts that know to win, or die!

Oh, Britain, had we never known
 The kindling breath of Freedom's zone;
 Or vanquish'd, had we still remain'd
 In slavery's deepest dungeon chain'd,
 Without one ray of Freedom's sun
 To wake our sighs for glories gone,
 Such cheerless thralldom we might bear
 With the dark meekness of despair:
 But the chain'd eagle, when he sees
 His mates upon the mountain breeze,
 And marks their free wing upward soar
 To heights his own oft reach'd before,
 Again that kindred clime he seeks—
 Bold bird, 'tis vain, thy wild heart breaks!

O monarch ! by a monarch's name,
By the high line from which you came,
By that to each proud spirit dear,
The lofty name that dies not here

With life's short day, but round the tomb
Breathes Immortality's perfume,
By Royalty's protecting hand,
Look on my dear, my native land.

RESTORATION OF THE SPOILS OF ATHENS.

RAISE, Athens, raise thy loftiest tone,
Eastward the tempest cloud hath blown;
Vengeance hung darkly on its wing:
It burst in ruin;—Athens, ring
Thy loudest peal of triumphing;
Persia is fallen : in smouldering heaps
Her grand, her stately city sleeps.
Above her towers exulting high,
Susa has heard the victor's cry;
And Ecbatana, nurse of pride,
Tells where her best, her bravest died.
Persia is sad,—her virgins' sighs
Through all her thousand States arise.
Along Arbela's purple plain
Shrieks the wild wail above the slain;
Long, long shall Persia curse the day
When, at the voice of despot sway,
Her millions march'd o'er Helle's wave
To chain—vain boast—the free, the brave.
Raise, Athens, raise thy triumph song!
Yet, louder yet, the peal prolong!
Avenged at length our slaughter'd sires;
Avenged the waste of Persian fires;
And these dear relics of the brave,
Torn from their shrines by Satrap slave,
The spoils of Persia's haughty king,
Again are thine—ring, Athens, ring!

Oh! Liberty, delightful name,
The land that once hath felt thy flame,
That loved thy light, but wept its clouding,
Oh! who can tell her joy's dark shrouding?
But if to cheer that night of sorrow
Mem'ry a ray of thine should borrow,
That on her tears and on her woes,
Sheds one soft beam of sweet repose,
Oh! who can tell her bright revealing,
Her deep—her holy thrills of feeling!

So Athens felt, as fix'd her gaze
On her proud wealth of better days:

'Twas not the Tripod's costly frame,
Nor vase that told its artist's fame;
Nor veils high wrought with skill divine,
That graced the old Minerva's shrine;
Nor marble bust where vigor breathed
And beauty's living ringlets wreathed.
Not these could wake that joyous tone,
Those transports long unfelt—unknown—
'Twas memory's vision robed in light,
That rush'd upon her raptur'd sight,
Warm from the fields where freedom strove
Fresh with the wreaths that freedom wove:
This bless'd her then, if that could be—
If aught is blest that is not free.

But did no voice exulting raise
To that high Chief the song of praise,
And did no peal of triumph ring
For Macedon's victorious king,
Who from the foe those spoils had won;
Was there no shout for Philip's son?
No—Monarch—no—what is thy name,
What is thine high career of fame,
From its first field of youthful pride
Where Valor fail'd and Freedom died,
Onward by mad ambition fired
'Till Greece beneath its march expired?
Let the base herd to whom thy gold
Is dearer than the rights they sold,
In secret, to their Lord and King,
That foul unholy incense fling;
But let no slave exalt his voice
Where hearts in glory's trance rejoice:
Oh, breathe not now her tyrant's name
Oh, wake not yet Athenæ's shame!
Would that the hour when Xerxes' ire
Wrapt fair Athenæ's walls in fire,
All, all had perish'd in the blaze,
And that had been her last of days,—
Gone down in that bright shroud of glory,
The loveliest wreck in after story!

Or when her children, forced to roam—
 Freedom their stars, the waves their home—
 Near Salamis' immortal isle,
 Would they had slept in victory's smile;
 Or Cheronea's fatal day,
 While fronting slavery's dark array,
 Had seen them bravely, nobly die,
 Bosom on gushing bosom lie,
 Piling fair Freedom's breast-work high,
 Ere one Athenian should remain
 To languish life in captive chain,
 Or basely wield a freeman's sword
 Beneath a Macedonian lord!
 Such then was Greece,—though conquer'd,
 chain'd,
 Some pride, some virtue, yet remain'd;
 And as the sun when down he glides
 Slowly behind the mountains' sides,
 Leaves in the cloud that robes the hill
 His own bright image burning still,
 Thus Freedom's lingering flushes shone
 O'er Greece,—though Freedom's self was gone.

Such then was Greece! how fallen, how low!
 Yet great even then: what is she now!
 Who can her many woes deplore,
 Who shall her freedom's spoils restore?
 Darkly above her slavery's night
 The crescent sheds its lurid light;

Upon her breaks no cheering ray,
 No beam of freedom's lovely day;
 But there deep, shrouded in her doom,
 There now is Greece—a living tomb.
 Look at her sons, and seek in vain
 The indignant brow, the high disdain,
 With which the proud soul drags her chain:
 The living spark of latent fire
 That smoulders on, but can't expire,
 That bright beneath the lowering lashes
 Will burst at times in angry flashes,
 Like Etna, fitful slumbers taking,
 To be but mightier in its waking.
 Spirits of those whose ashes sleep
 For freedom's cause in glory's bed!
 Oh, do you sometimes come and weep
 That that is lost for which ye bled,
 That e'er barbarian flag should float
 O'er your own home, in victory's pride,
 That e're should ring barbarian shout
 Where Wisdom taught and Valor died!
 Oh for that minstrel's soul of fire
 That breathed, and Sparta's arm was strong!
 Oh for some master of the lyre
 To wake again that kindling song!
 And if, sweet land, aught lives of thee,
 What Hellas was she yet may be,
 Freedom, like her to Orpheus given,
 May visit yet her home—her heaven.

THE REVENGE OF DONAL COMM.

'Tis midnight, and November's gale
 Sweeps hoarsely down Glengarav's¹ vale,

Through the thick rain its fitful tone
 Shrieks like a troubled spirit's moan,

¹ The following beautiful description of Glengarav and the Bay of Bantry is taken from the Rev. Horace Townsend's *Statistical Survey of the County of Cork*:

"The Bay of Bantry, from almost every point of view, exhibits one of the noblest prospects, on a scale of romantic magnitude, that imagination can well conceive. The extent of this great body of water, from the eastern extremity to the ocean, is about twenty-five miles; the breadth, including the islands, from six to eight. It contains, besides some small, two very large islands, differing extremely from each other in quality and appearance, but perfectly suited to the respective purposes of their different situations. Bear Island, very high, rocky, and coarse, standing a little within the mouth of the bay, braves the fury of the western waves, and forms, by the shelter of its large body, a most secure and spacious haven. Safe in its more retired situation, at the upper end of the bay, the Island of Whiddy presents a surface of gentle inequalities, covered by a soil of uncommon richness and fertility. The grandeur of the scene in which this noble expanse of water bears so conspicuous a part is greatly enhanced by the rugged variety of the surrounding mountains, particularly those on the west side,

which far exceed the rest in altitude and boldness of form. Among these, Hungry-hill, rising with a very steep ascent from the water, raises his broad and majestic head, easily distinguishable from a great distance, and far surpassing all the other mountains of this country in height and grandeur. The effect produced by such an assemblage of objects can hardly be conceived, and is impossible to be described. The mind, filled and overborne by a prospect so various, so extended, so sublime, sinks beneath its magnitude, and feeling the utter incapability of adequate expression, rests upon the scene in silent and solemn admiration. The soul must be insensible indeed which will not be moved by such a contemplation to adore the God of nature, from whom such mighty works proceed. Large as the ground of this great picture is, it comes within the scope of human sight, a circumstance upon which the powerfulness of its impression materially depends. A greater extension of the parts, by throwing them far from view, would diminish their effect, and a reduction of their scale would lessen their grandeur. Much and justly as Killarney is celebrated for the beauty of its scenes, no single view it affords can vie with this in sublimity of character and greatness of effect.

The Moon that from her cloud at eve
 Look'd down on Ocean's gentle heave,
 And bright on lake and mountain shone,
 Now wet and darkling journeys on;
 From the veil'd heaven there breaks no ray
 To guide the traveller on his way,
 Save when the lightning gilds awhile
 The craggy peak of Sliav-na-goil,
 Or its far-streaming flashes fall
 Upon Glengarav's mountain wall,

"But the place most celebrated for combining the softer graces of the waving wood, with the wildest rudeness of mountain aspect, is Glengariff (the rough glen), situated on the north side of the bay, at the head of a small harbor or cove. The hills that enclose this romantic glen rise in great variety of rocky forms, their sides and hollows being covered profusely with trees and shrubs, among which the arbutus, rarely found to adorn our native woods, appears in a flourishing state. Here, as at Killarney, nature seems to have been at wanton variance with herself, and after exciting a war between two rival powers, to have decided in favor of the weaker party. Among stones of an immense size, thrown together in the wildest confusion, and apparently forbidding the possibility of useful produce, among bare and massive rocks, that should seem destined to reign forever in barren desolation, arises a luxuriance of sylvan growth, which art would hardly hope for in the happiest situations. The extent of this woody region, winding through the mountains for some miles, is very considerable. Iron was formerly smelted in this neighborhood, when timber was more abundant and less valuable. A river, abounding with salmon and sea-trout, runs through this glen, in dry weather (as Johnson observes of a similar situation), 'fretting over the asperities of a rocky bottom,' when swollen with rains, rolling a torrent of frightful magnitude into the bay. It is passed by a good stone bridge, attributed to Cromwell, and still bearing his name.

"The last of nature's uncommon and astonishing displays that remains to be mentioned is the waterfall or cataract of Hungry-hill, in comparison with which O'Sullivan's Cascade at Killarney and the waterfall at Power's-court, near Dublin, shrink into insignificance. The eyes accustomed to the various wonders of Alpine scenery may doubtless view this stupendous fall with less emotion, but what will the lowland inhabitant think of a river tumbled from the summit of a mountain elevated more than 2,000 feet above its base and almost perpendicular in its ascent. In the first part of its progress, the side of the hill is so steep as to suffer the water to fall from a vast height, unimpeded by the rocky projections which the spreading base of the mountain opposes to its descent in approaching the bottom. It thus assumes the double character of a fall and cataract. At the back of this great mountain are several lakes, one of which supplies the water of the fall. This grand and singular spectacle, often to be plainly distinguished from the town of Bantry, fourteen miles distant, appears in full majesty only after heavy falls of rain, sufficiently frequent in this district to give the inhabitants numerous opportunities of seeing it in all its glory."

This is very clear and graphic; but it would be injustice to the reader to omit the following picture of Glengariff, by a gentleman, a resident of Bantry, whose fine poetical feeling and almost intuitive perception of the beautiful in natural scenery had happily fitted him for the task of describing this magnificent region, which he had undertaken in the ninth number of "Bolster's Magazine":

"After visiting some of the most picturesque parts of the south-western coast, we lingered a few days amid the enchanting wilds of Glengariff. We had the advantage of reviewing its wood-crowned steeps, gleaming under a cloudless sky, in all the rich variety of tints which the fading glory of autumn left upon the frail but beautiful foliage. Less imposing in its mountain barriers than Killarney, and less enriched by the fanciful variety of sparkling islands in its sea-views, the inland scenery exhibits a character equally magical and partakes as much of the seclusion, the loneliness, and the flowery wilds of fairy-land as any portion

And kindles with its angry streak
 The rocky zone it may not break.
 At times is heard the distant roar
 Of billows warring 'gainst the shore;
 And rushing from their native hills,
 The voices of a thousand rills
 Come shouting down the mountain's side,
 When the deep thunder's peal hath died.
 How fair at sunset to the view
 On its loved rock the Arbutus grew!

of the country on the borders of the lakes. The summer tourist who pays a hurried visit of a few hours to the Glen is by no means competent to pronounce an opinion upon its peculiar attractions. His eye may wander with delight over the startling irregularity of its hills and dales, but he has not time sufficient to explore the depths and recesses of its woodland solitude, in which the witching charms of this romantic region operate most forcibly on the mind. It is by treading its tangled pathways and wandering amid its secret dells that the charms of Glengariff become revealed in all their power. There the most fanciful and picturesque views spread around on every side. A twilight grove, terminating in a soft vale, whose vivid green appears as if it had been never violated by mortal foot; a bowyer rich in the fragrant woodbine, intermingled with a variety of clasping evergreens drooping over a miniature lake of transparent brightness; a lonely wild suddenly bursting on the sight, girded on all sides by grim and naked mountains; a variety of natural avenues, leading through the embowered wood to retreats in whose breathless solitude the very genius of meditation would appear to reside, or to golden glades, sonorous with the songs of a hundred foaming rills. But what appears chiefly to impress the mind in this secluded region is the deep conviction you feel that there is no dramatic effect in all you behold, no pleasing illusion of art; that it is nature you contemplate, such as she is in all her wildness and all her beauty.

"The situation of Lord Bantry's lodge is very picturesque; the verdant awell on which it rises, and the tasteful arbors that surround it, appear in fine relief to the frowning hills in the rear. But although I consider what may be called the inland beauties of Glengariff the most striking and characteristic, I am far from deprecating its coast scenery. The view of Mr. White's castellated mansion and demesne from the water is very imposing. The architecture of the house, which corresponds with its situation, is in admirable keeping with the mountains in the background. The demesne is laid out in very good taste, exhibiting no violent triumph of art over nature, but that inimitable carelessness, that touching simplicity, which shows that she has not been subdued and conquered, but gently wooed and won. From a wooded steep on the old Berehaven road, to the north of Cromwell's bridge, you may command the most comprehensive view that is afforded by any spot in the neighborhood of the Glen.

"On the left, you have the entire woodland sweep of Glengariff stretching far to the south and east, and clothing many a hill in its imposing verdure, but disclosing most agreeable vistas, through which the mountain streams may be seen wildly rushing and sparkling in their course, to the west, you have the lofty mountains of Berehaven, with their graceful outline terminated by the 'waste of waters wild,' whilst Lord Bantry's demesne lies to the south in dim perspective. The sunset over Goul and Hungry, the most prominent in the western chain of mountains, as seen from Glengariff, or any of the heights in the neighborhood of Bantry, is particularly grand. The waterfall, which takes a leap of some hundred feet from the crest of the former, can sometimes be plainly distinguished at a distance of twenty miles, with its illuminated iris. The white mists with which its brows are frequently wreathed give this mountain a peculiarly soft and graceful character. On a few occasions, it has exhibited an aspect of transcendent glory, having its entire figure veiled in a transparent curtain of the rainbow tint. As you may suppose, the majority of the mountains in the neighborhood of the Glen are crowned with lakes; no less than 365 of these Alpine reservoirs are to be found on the summit of one of them."

How motionless the heather lay
In the deep gorge of that wild bay !
Through the tall forest not a breeze
Disturb'd the silence of the trees ;
O'er the calm scene their foliage red
A venerable glory shed,
And sad and sombre beauty gave
To the wild hill and peaceful wave.

To-morrow's early dawn will find
That beauty scatter'd on the wind ;
To-morrow's sun will journey on
And see the forest's glory gone—
The Arbutus shiver'd on the rock
Beneath the tempest's angry shock,
The monarch Oak all scathed and riven
By the red arrowy bolt of heaven ;
While not a leaf remains behind,
Save some lone mourner of its kind,
Wither'd and drooping on its bough,
Like him who treads that valley now.

Alone he treads—still on the blast
The sheeted rain is driving fast,
And louder peals the thunder's crash,
Louder the ocean's distant dash—
Amid the elemental strife
He walks as reckless, as if life
Were but a debt he'd freely pay
To the next flash that cross'd his way :
Yet is there something in his air
Of purpose firm that mocks despair ;
What that, and whither he would go
Through storm and darkness, none may know ;
But his unerring steps can tell,
There's not a deer in that wild dell
Can track its mazy depths so well.

He gains the shore—his whistle shrill
Is answer'd—ready at his will ;
In a small cove his pinnace lay—
"Weigh quick, my lads, I cross the bay."
No question ask they, but a cheer
Proclaims their bosoms know not fear.
Sons of the mountain and the wave,
They shrink not from a billowy grave.
Those hearts have oft braved death before,
'Mid Erin's rocks and Biscay's roar ;
Each lightly holds the life he draws,
If it but serve his Chieftain's cause ;
And thinks his toil full well he pays,
If he bestow one word of praise.

At length they've clear'd the narrow bay--
Up with the sails, away ! away !
O'er the broad surge she flies as fleet
As on the tempest's wing the sleet,
And fearless as the sea-bird's motion
Across his own wild fields of ocean.
Though winds may wave and seas o'erwhelm,
There is a hand upon that helm
That can control its trembling power,
And quits it not in peril's hour ;
Full frequently from sea to sky
That Chieftain looks with anxious eye,
But naught can be distinguish'd there
More desperate than his heart's despair.

On yonder shore what means that light
That flings its murky flame through night ?
Along the margin of the ocean
It moves with slow and measured motion.
Another follows, and behind
Are torches flickering in the wind.
Hark ! heard you on the dying gale
From yonder cliffs the voice of wail ?
'Twas but the tempest's moaning sigh,
Or the wild sea-bird's lonely cry.
Hush ! there again—I know it well,
It is the sad Ululla's ! swell,
That mingles with the death-bell's toll
Its grief for some departed soul.

Inver-na-marc,² thy rugged shore
Is alter'd since the days of yore,
Where once ascending from the town
A narrow path look'd fearful down,

¹ Though Byron has Wulwulla and Campbell Ollolla, I have not hesitated to use the word, as no one has a better claim to it than an Irishman.

² Inver-na-marc (the bay of ships), the old name for Bantry Bay. Inver (properly spelled In-mar) gives name to many places in Ireland ; it signifies a creek or bay. Inverary, Inverness, &c., in Scotland, have the same origin. This bay is so large and well sheltered that all the ships in Europe might lie there in perfect security. In 1689, there was a partial engagement here between the English fleet under Admiral Herbert and the French commanded by Mons. Renault, in which the former had the worst of it, owing to a great part of the ships being unable to come into action. (See Wilson's Naval History.) The division of the French fleet which came to anchor here in the winter of 1796 never attempted a landing. A Bantry pilot, who ventured on board one of their ships and remained with them for a week, said that they spent the time in every species of amusement ; their bands were continually playing, and they were very often seen from the shore dancing on deck. It is remarkable that it was in Irish they conversed with this person. They questioned him about the state of the roads, which some of them appeared to know very well, and the disposition of the people. He was treated with the greatest kindness, and nothing but his having a family could have induced him to leave them. By this account, which we have had lately verified in the Autobiography of Napper Tandy, there were a great number of Irishmen in the expedition.

O'er the bleak cliffs which wildly gave
 Their rocky bosom to the wave.
 A beauteous and unrivall'd sweep
 Of beach extends along the deep;
 Above is seen a sloping plain,
 With princely house and fair domain,
 Where erst the deer from covert dark
 Gazed wildly on the anchor'd bark,
 Or listen'd the deep copse among
 To hear the Spanish¹ seaman's song
 Come sweetly floating up the bay,
 With the last purple gleam of day.—
 All changed, even yon projecting steep
 That darkly bends above the deep,
 And mantles with its joyless shade
 The waste that man and time have made
 There, 'mid its tall and circling wood,
 In olden times an abbey stood:
 It stands no more—no more at even
 The vesper hymn ascends to Heaven;
 No more the sound of Matin bell
 Calls forth each father from his cell,
 Or breaks upon the sleeping ear
 Of Leim-a-tagart's² mountaineer,
 And bids him on his purpose pause,
 Ere yet the foraying brand he draws.

Where are they now? Go climb that height,
 Whose depth of shade yields scanty light,
 Where the dark alders droop their head
 O'er Ard-na-mrahar's³ countless dead,

¹ This place was formerly much frequented by the Spaniards. It carried on a very extensive trade in pilchards with Spain, Portugal, and Italy, but for these last seventy or eighty years not a pilchard has appeared on the coast. The following two instances, taken from "Smith's History of Cork," prove what an inexhaustible source of wealth and comfort the Irish fisheries would be if properly encouraged:

"In 1749, Mr. Richard Mead, of Bantry, proved to the Dublin Society that he had in that year caught and cured 330,800 fish of different kinds, six score to the hundred; and in the preceding year, Mr. James Young, of the same place, caught and cured 432,500 herrings and 231 barrels of sprats."

One year with another, fish is as plentiful on this coast as at the above period.

² Leim-a-tagart (the priest's leap) is a wild and dangerous mountain pass from Bantry into Kerry. The people dwelling about this spot have been from time immemorial noted *creach* drivers or forayers. They go by the name of Glannies, or the Glen boys, and so unsubdued, even at this day, is the spirit of their ancestors in them, that rather than lead an inactive life, they make frequent descents upon a clan of Lowlanders called Kohanes, or boys of the mist, not for the purpose of driving cattle, for that would not be quite so safe in these times, but for the mere pleasure of fighting, or to revenge some old affront. This gave rise to numerous conflicts, until very lately, when the unwearied and persevering exertions of the Rev. Mr. Barry, Parish Priest of Bantry, effected what the law might attempt in vain; for these mountaineers, though not living exactly beyond the leap, come within the application of the proverbial saying, "beyond the Leap, beyond the law."

And nettle tall and hemlock waves
 In rank luxuriance o'er the graves;
 There fragments of the sculptured stone,
 Still sadly speak of grandeur gone,
 And point the spot, where dark and deep
 The fathers and their abbey sleep.
 That train hath reach'd the abbey ground,
 The flickering lights are ranged around,
 And resting on the bier,
 Amid the attendants' broken sighs,
 And pall'd with black, the coffin lies;
 The Monks are kneeling near.
 The abbot stands above the dead,
 With gray and venerable head,
 And fallow cheek and pale.
 The Miserere hymn ascends,
 And its deep solemn sadness blends
 With the hoarse and moaning gale.
 The last "Amen" was breathed by all,
 And now they had removed the pall,
 And up the coffin rear'd;
 When a stern "Hold!" was heard aloud,
 And wildly bursting through the crowd,
 A frantic form appear'd.

He paused awhile and gasp'd for breath:
 His look had less of life than death,
 He seem'd as from the grave—
 So all unearthly was his tread;
 And high above his stately head
 A sable plume did wave.

Clansmen and fathers look'd aghast:
 But when the first surprise was past,
 Yet louder rose their grief;
 For when he stood above the dead,
 And took the bonnet from his head,
 All knew Ivera's⁴ Chief;
 No length of time could e'er erase,
 Once seen, that Chieftain's form and face.
 Calmly he stood amid their gaze,
 While the red torches' shifting blaze,
 As strong it flicker'd in the breeze,
 That wildly raved among the trees,
 Its fitful light upon him threw,
 And Donal Comm stood full to view.

³ Ard-na-mrahar (the brethren's, or monks', height), so called from an abbey which once stood there. The "Hibernia Dominicana," in its enumeration of the monasteries of Friars' Minor, thus speaks of it, "*Bantry in agro Corcagiensi, Canobium fundatum a Dermoto O'Sullivan, circy A. 1460?*"

⁴ Ivera—the barony of Bear. I-bera is the Irish word, the *b* having the sound of *v*. Smith thinks the place so called from the Iberi, a Spanish colony which settled originally in this quarter.

His form was tall, but not the height
Which seems unwieldy to the sight;
His mantle, as it backward flow'd;
An ample breadth of bosom show'd;
His sabre's girdle round his waist
A golden buckle tightly braced;
A close-set trews display'd a frame
You could not all distinctly name
If it had more of strength or grace;
But when the light fell on his face,
The dullest eye beheld a man
Fit to be Chieftain of his clan.

His cheek, though pale, retain'd the hue
Which from Iberian blood it drew;
His sharp and well-form'd features bore
Strong semblance to his sires of yore;
Calm, grave, and dignified, his eye
Had an expression proud and high,
And in its darkness dwelt a flame
Which not even grief like his could tame;
Above his bent brow's sad repose,
A high heroic forehead rose,—
But o'er its calm you mark'd the cloud
That wrapp'd his spirit in its shroud;
His clustering locks of sable hue,
Upon the tempest wildly flew.
Unreck'd by him the storm may blow;
His feelings are with her below.

"Remove the lid," at length he cried.
None stirr'd, they thought it strange; beside,
Her kinsman mutter'd something—"Haste,
I have not breath or time to waste
In parley now—Ivera's chief
May be permitted one, last, brief
Farewell with her he loved, and then,
Eva is yours and earth's again."
At length, reluctant they obey'd:
Slowly he turn'd aside his head,
And press'd his hand against his brow—
'Tis done at last, he knows not how:
But when he heard one piercing shriek,
A deadlier paleness spread his cheek;
Sidelong he look'd, and fearfully,
Dreading the sight he yet would see;
Trembled his knees, his eye grew dim,
His stricken brain began to swim;
He stagger'd back against a yew
That o'er the bier its branches threw;
Upon his brows the dews of death
Collected, and his quick low breath
Seem'd but the last and feeble strife,

Ere yet it yield, of parting life.
There lay his bride—death hath not quite
O'ershadow'd all her beauty's light;
Still on her brow and on her cheek
It linger'd, like the sun's last streak
On Sliav-na-goila's head of snow
When all the vales are dark below—
Her lids in languid stillness lay
Like lilies o'er a stream-parch'd way,
Which kiss no more the wave of light
That flash'd beneath them purely bright;
Above her forehead, fair and young,
Her dark-brown tresses clustering hung,
Like summer clouds, that still shine on
When he who gilds their folds is gone.
Her features breathed a sad sweet tone
Caught ere the spirit left her throne,
Like that the night-wind often makes
When some forsaken lyre it wakes,
And minds us of the master hand
That once could all its voice command.

"Cold be the hand, and curst the blow,"
Her kinsman cried, "that laid thee low;—
Curst be the steel that pierced thy heart."
Forth sprang that Chief with sudden start,
Tore off the scarf that veil'd her breast—
That dark deep wound can tell the rest.
He gazed a moment, then his brand
Flash'd out so sudden in his hand,
His boldest clansman backward reel'd—
Trembling, the aged abbot kneel'd.
"Is this a time for grief," he cried,
"And thou thus low, my murder'd bride?
Fool! to such boyish feelings bow,
Far other task hath Donal now;
Hear me, ye thunder upon high!
And thou, bless'd ocean, hear my cry!
Hear me! sole resting friend, my sword,
And thou, dark wound, attest my word!
No food, no rest shall Donal know,
Until he lay thy murderer low—
Until each sever'd quivering limb
In its own lustful blood shall swim.
When my heart gains this poor relief,
Then, Eva, wilt thou bless thy chief.
Bless him!—no, no, that word is o'er,
My sweet one! thou can'st bless no more;
No more, returning from the strife
Where Donal fought to guard thy life
And free his native land, shalt thou
Wipe the red war-drops from his brow,

And hush his toils and cares to rest
 Upon thy fond and faithful breast."
 He gazed a moment on her face,
 And stoop'd to take the last embrace,
 And as his lips to hers he prest,
 The coffin shook beneath his breast,
 That heaved convulsive as 'twould break ;
 Then in a tone subdued and meek,
 "Take her," he said, and calmly rose,
 And through the friends that round him close,
 Unheeding what their love would say,
 All silently he urged his way ;
 Then wildly rushing down the steep
 He plunged amid the breaker's sweep.

Awfully the thunder
 Is shouting through the night,
 And o'er the heaven convulsed and riven
 The lightning-streams are bright
 Beneath their fitful flashing,
 As from hill to hill they leap,
 In ridgy brightness dashing
 Comes on loud ocean's sweep.

Fearfully the tempest
 Sings out his battle-song,
 His war is with the unflinching rocks
 And the forests tall and strong ;
 His war is with the stately bark ;
 But ere the strife be o'er,
 Full many a pine, on land and brine,
 Shall rise to heaven no more.

The storm shall sink in slumber,
 The lightning fold its wing,
 And the morning star shall gleam afar,
 In the beauty of its king ;
 But there are eyes shall sleep in death
 Before they meet its ray ;
 Avenger ! on thine errand speed,
 Haste, Donal, on thy way !
 Carriganassig,¹ from thy walls
 No longer now the warder calls ;

¹ The castle of Carriganassig, situated upon the river Ouvane (the fair river), five miles from Bantry, was built by one of the O'Sullivan's, who formerly possessed the entire of the country. It was a high structure, with four round flanking towers and a square court. In Queen Elizabeth's time, it was obstinately defended against the English forces by Daniel O'Sullivan, surnamed Comm. In the "Pacata Hibernia," its surrender is thus related :

"Sir Charles (Wilmot), with the English regiments, overran all Beare and Bantry, destroying all they could find meet for the relief of men, so as the country was entirely wasted. He sent also Captain Flemming, with his pinnace and certain soldiers into O'Sullivan's Island: he took there certain boats and an English barge, which O'Sullivan had gotten for his transportation into Spain, when he should be enforced thereunto; they took also from thence certain cows and sheeps, which were reserved

No more is heard o'er goblets bright
 Thy shout of revelry at night;
 No more the bugle's merry sound
 Wakes all thy mountain echoes round,
 When for the foray, or the chase,
 At morn rush'd forth thy hardy race
 And northward as it died away
 Roused the wild deer of Kaoim-an-é.
 All bare is now thy mountain's side,
 Where rose the forest's stately pride;
 No solitary friend remains
 Of all that graced thy fair domains;
 But that dark stream still rushes on
 Beneath thy walls, the swift Ouvan,
 And kisses with its sorrowing wave
 The ruins which it could not save.
 Fair castle, I have stood at night,
 When summer's moon gave all her light,
 And gazed upon thee till the past
 Came o'er my spirit sad and fast;
 To think thy strength could not avail
 Against the Saxon's iron hail,
 And thou at length didst cease to be
 The shield of mountain liberty.

From Carriganassig shone that night,
 Through storm and darkness, many a light,
 And loud and noisy was the din
 Of some high revelry within:
 At times was heard the warder's song,
 Upon the night-wind borne along,
 And frequent burst upon the ear
 The merry soldier's jovial cheer;
 For their dark Chieftain in his hall
 That day held joyous festival,
 And show'd forth all his wealth and pride
 To welcome home his beauteous bride.

Hush'd was the music's sprightly sound,
 The wine had ceased to sparkle round,
 And to their chambers, one by one,
 The drowsy revellers had gone;
 Alone that Chieftain still remains,
 And still by starts the goblet drains:

there as in a secure storehouse, and put the churlcs to the sword that inhabited thereir. The warders of the castles of Ardea and Carriness, on the sixth of the same month, dispayring of their master, O'Sullivan's returne, rendered both their castles and their lives to the Queene's mercy, so that although he should have *animum revertendi*, he had neither place of safetie whereunto he might retire, nor corn nor cattle to feed himselfe, much less to uphold or renew any warre against the state."

William O'Sullivan, Esq., had an idea of restoring this noble edifice of his ancestors, but its ruinous state presented too many difficulties for the undertaking. The entire country around it was formerly very thickly wooded, and had plenty of red deer.

He paced the hall with hurried tread,
 Oft look'd behind and shook his head,
 And paused and listen'd as the gale
 Swell'd on his ear with wilder wail;
 And where the tapers faintly flung
 Their light, and where the arras hung,
 He'd start and look with fearful glance
 And quivering lip, then quick advance,
 And laugh in mockery of his fear,
 And drink again.

"Fitz-Eustace! here,

Close well that door and sit awhile,
 Some foolish thoughts I would beguile.
 Fill to my bride; and say, didst e'er
 See form so light or face so fair?
 I little deem'd this savage land
 Such witching beauty could command;
 That rebel Erin's mountains wild
 Could nurse McCarthy's matchless child.
 Then drink with me in brimming flow
 The heiress of Clan-Donal-Roe."¹
 Fitz-Eustace quaff'd the cup, and said,
 "I saw no more—she's with the dead,
 You best know how."

That Chieftain frown'd

And dash'd the goblet to the ground;
 "Curse on thy tongue, that deed is past—
 But one word more, and 'tis thy last:
 Art thou t' upbraid me, also doom'd?"
 He paused awhile and then resumed—

"Eustace, forgive me what I say,
 In sooth, I'm not myself to-day,
 Some demon haunts me, since my pride
 Urged me to stab that outlaw's bride:
 Each form I see, each sound I hear,
 Her dying threat assails my ear,
 Which warn'd me I should shortly feel
 The point of Donal's vengeful steel.
 I know that devil's desperate ire
 Would seek revenge through walls of fire.
 Even now, upon the bridal night,
 When bridegroom's heart beats ever tight,
 No joy within my bosom beams.
 Besides, yon silly maiden deems
 That 'twas through love I sought her hand.
 No, Eustace, 'twas her father's land:
 He hath retainers many a one
 Who with this wench to us are won.
 You know our cause, we still must aid

As well by policy as blade.
 I loathe each one of Irish birth,
 As the vile worm that crawls the earth.
 But come—say, canst thou aught impart
 Could give some comfort to my heart;
 Fell Donal Comm into our snare,
 Or does the wolf still keep his lair?"

"Neither;—the wolf now roams at large;
 'Twas but last evening that a barge,
 Well mann'd, was seen at close of day
 To make Glengarav's lonely bay,
 'Tis said;—but one who more can tell
 Now lodges in the eastern cell;
 A monk, who loudly doth complain
 Of plunder driven and brethren slain
 By Donal Comm, and from the strife
 This night fled here with scarcely life."

"Now dost thou lend my heart some cheer:
 Good Eustace, thou await me here;
 I'll see him straight, and if he show
 Where I may find my deadly foe,
 That haunts my ways—the rebel's head
 Shall grace my walls."

With cautious tread

He reach'd the cell and gently drew
 The bolts,—that monk then met his view.
 Within that dungeon's furthest nook
 He lay;—one hand contain'd a book,
 The other propp'd his weary head;
 Some scanty straw supplied his bed;
 His order's habit coarse and gray
 Told he had worn it many a day,
 Threadbare and travel-soil'd; his beads
 And cross hung o'er the dripping weeds,
 Whose ample folds were tightly braced
 By a rough cord around his waist:
 No wretch of earth seem'd lower than
 That outcast solitary man.

He spoke not—moved not from the floor;
 But calmly look'd to where the door
 Now closed behind th' intruding knight,
 Who slow advanced and held the light
 Close to the captive's pallid face,
 Who shrank not from his gaze:—a space
 St. Leger paused before he spoke,
 And thus at length his silence broke—

"Father, thy lodging is but rude,
 Thou seem'st in need of rest and food,
 If but escaped from Donal's ire,
 And wasting brand and scathing fire;

¹ Clondanaroe is a small tract in Carbery, once the property of the McCarthy.

But prudent reasons still demand,
And stern St. Leger's strict command,
That every stranger, friend or foe,
Be held in durance 'till he show
What, whence, and whither he would go.
For thee, if thou canst tell us right
Where that fierce outlaw strays to-night,
To-morrow's sun shall see thee freed,
With rich requital for thy meed;
If false thy tale—then, father, hope
For a short shrift and shorter rope."

He ceased, and as the Chief he eyed
With searching glance, the monk replied—
"I fear no threat, no need I crave,
I ask no freedom but the grave.
There was a time when life was dear;
For, Saxon, though this garb I wear,
This hand could once uplift the steel,
This heart could love and friendship feel.
That love is sever'd, friends are gone,
And I am left on earth alone.
Cursed be the hand that sear'd my heart,
And smote me in the tenderest part,
Laid waste my lands, and left me roam
On the wide world without a home!
I took these weeds;—but why relate
The spoiler's ravage and my hate?
Vengeance I would not now forego
For saints above or man below.
Yes, Donal Comm;—but let me hear,
Fling the glad story to mine ear;
How fell the outlaw's beauteous bride?
Say, was it by thy hand she died?
'Twill be some solace, and I swear
By the all-saving sign I wear,
Before to-morrow's sun to show
To thine own eyes thy bitterest foe."

"'Tis well!" exclaim'd the exulting chief,
"Have now thy wish, the tale is brief—
Some few days since, as I pursued
A stately stag from yonder wood,
Straight northward did he bend his way,
Through the wild pass of Kaoim-an-é;
Then to the west, with hoof of pride,
He took the mountain's heathery side,
And evening saw him safely sleep
In far Glenrochty's forest deep.
Returning from that weary chase,
We met a strange and lonely place;

Dark-bosom'd in the hills around,
From its dim silence rose no sound,
Except the dreary dash and flow
Of waters to the lake below.
There was an island in that lake,—
(What ails thee, monk? why dost thou shake?
Why blanch'd thy cheek?)—from thence I
brought
A richer prey than that I sought;
It were but feeble praise to swear
That she was more than heavenly fair;
I tore her from Finbarra's¹ shrine
Amid her tears, and she was mine.

¹ The lake of Gougaune Barra, *i. e.*, the hollow or recess of Saint Finn Barr, in the rugged territory of Ibh-Laoghaire (the O'Leary's country), in the west of the county of Cork, is the parent of the river Lee. It is rather of an irregular oblong form, running from northeast to southwest, and may cover about twenty acres of ground. Its waters embrace a small but verdant island, of about half an acre in extent, which approaches its eastern shore. The lake, as its name implies, is situate in a deep hollow, surrounded on every side (save the east, where its superabundant waters are discharged) by vast and almost perpendicular mountains, whose dark inverted shadows are gloomily reflected in its waters beneath. The names of those mountains are *Dereen* (the little oak wood), where not a tree now remains; *Maolagh*, which signifies a country, a region, a map, perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; *Nad an'willar*, the Eagle's Nest, and *Faoille na Gougaune*, *i. e.*, the Cliffs of Gougaune with its steep and frowning precipices, the home of a hundred echoes. Between the bases of these mountains and the margin of the lake runs a narrow strip of land, which at the northeast affords a few patches for coarse meadow and tillage, which support the little hamlet of *Rossalucha*, *i. e.*, the lake inch. Two or three houses at this place in some sort redeem the solitude of the scene.

"As we approached the causeway leading to the island," says a writer in the eighth number of "Bolster's Magazine," who describes this place with great minuteness, "we passed a small slated fishing lodge; beside it lay a skiff hauled up on the strand, and at a small distance, on a little green eminence, a few lowly mounds, without stone or inscription, point out the simple burying-place of the district; their number, and the small extent of ground covered, gave at a glance the census and the condition of a thinly-peopled mountain country; and yet this unpretending spot is as effectually the burial-place of human hopes, and feelings, and passions; of feverish anxieties, of sorrows and agitations; it affords as saddening a field for contemplation, as if it covered the space and was decked out with all the cypresses, the willows, and the marbles of a *Père la Chaise*. It is a meet and fitting station for the penitential pilgrim, previous to his entry on his devotions within the island. Some broken walls mark the grave of a clergyman of the name of O'Mahony, who, in the beginning of last century, closed a life of religious seclusion here. Considering how revered is still his memory amongst these mountains, the shameful state of neglect in which we found his grave astonished us. We sought in vain for the flag mentioned by Smith in his 'History of Cork,' from which he copied this inscription: '*Hoc sibi et successoribus suis in eadem vocatione monumentum imposuit Dominus Doctor Dionisius O'Mahony, presbyter licet indiguit*;' either it has been removed, or buried under the rubbish of the place.

"A rude artificial causeway led us into the holy island; at the entrance stands a square, narrow, stone enclosure, flagged overhead. This encloses a portion of the water of the lake, which finds admission beneath. In the busy season of the pattern, this well is frequented by pressing crowds of men, women, and cows. The lame, the blind, the sick, and the sore, the barren and unprofitable, the stout *boocoughs* of either gender repair to its healing water, in the sure hope of not getting rid of those lamentable

I woo'd her like a love-sick swain ;
 I threaten'd,—would have forced,—in vain ;
 She proudly scorn'd my fond embrace,
 She cursed my land and all its race,

maims and afflictions of person which form their best source of profit, and interest the charity of the peasantry.

"We find the greater portion of the island covered by the ruins of the small chapel with its appurtenant cloisters, and a large square court containing eight cells arched over. This square faces the causeway, from which a passage leads through an avenue of trees to a terrace about five feet in height, to which we ascended by a few steps. In the middle of the court, on a little mound, with an ascent on each side of four stone steps, stands the shattered and time-worn shaft of a wooden cross. The number of hair and bay tethers, halters, and spangels tied round it prove that the cattle passed through the waters have done so to their advantage. This court is beautifully shaded with trees. Each side contains two circular cells, ten feet deep and eight feet high, by four broad. In two of these we found some poor women at their devotions, preparing to pass the night in watching and penitence, for which purpose they had lighted up fires within them, and on inquiry we found that the practice was quite common.

"The terrace leads by a few steps down to the chapel, which adjoins it at the north side. This little oratory, together with the buildings belonging to it, are all in complete ruin; they were built on the smallest scale, and with the rudest materials, solidity not appearing to have been at all looked to in the construction. They are evidently very ancient. How, in so remote and secluded a situation, the hand of the desecrator could have ever reached them I cannot conceive; but he has done his work well and pitilessly. Though here, we may reasonably presume, was none of the pride of the churchman, none of the world's wealth, nothing to tempt rapacity; though in this retreat, sacred 'to ever musing melancholy,' dwelt none of the agitators of the land, yet the blind and reckless fury of the fanatic found its way through the wild and rocky land that encloses it, and carried his polemical rancor into the hut of the hermit.

"The oratory runs east and west; the entrance is through a low, arched doorway in the eastern wall; the interior is about thirty-six feet long by fourteen broad, and the side walls by four feet high; so that when roofed it must have been extremely low, being at the highest, judging from the broken gables, about twelve feet, and then the entire lighted by the door and two small windows, one in each gable. The walls of the four small chambers adjoining are all of a similar height to those of the chapel. The entire extent is fifty-six feet in length, by thirty-six in breadth. One or two of these consist of extremely small cells; so that when we consider their height, extent, and the light they enjoyed, we may easily calculate that the life of the successive anchorites who inhabited them was not one of much comfort or convenience, but much the reverse—of silence, gloom, and mortification. Man elsewhere loves to contend with, and, if possible, emulate nature in the greatness and majesty of her works; but here, as if awed by the sublimity of surrounding objects, and ashamed of his own real littleness, the humble founder of this desecrated shrine constructed it on a scale peculiarly pigmy and diminutive.

"The buildings stand at the southeast side, and cover nearly half the island. The remainder, which is clothed with the most beautiful verdure, is thickly shaded to the water's edge by tall ash-trees. Two circular furrows at the north side of the cloisters are pointed out as the sites of tents pitched here during the *pattern* by the men of Bantry and their servants.

"In this island the holy anchorite and bishop, St. Finn Barr, who flourished, I conceive, contrary to the opinion of Ware, early in the sixth century, wishing to lead a life of pious retirement, found a situation beyond all others most suitable to his desire; a retreat as impenetrable as the imagination could well conceive, and seemingly designed by nature for the abode of some sequestered anchorite, where, in undisturbed solitude, he might pour out his soul in prayer, and hold converse 'with nature's charms, and see her stores unrolled.' St. Finn Barr, however, was reserved for purposes more useful to society, and for a scene where the example of his virtuous life might prove more extensively beneficial. He became the founder not only of the cathedral but of

And bade me hope for vengeance from
 The sure strong arm of Donal Comm.
 I stabb'd her!—'twas a deed of guilt,
 But then 'twas Donal's blood I spilt."

the city of Cork, and labored successfully in the conversion of the people of the adjacent country. A long line of successive anchorites occupied his retreat at Gougane, who, by their piety and virtues, rendered its name celebrated through the island, and a favorite pilgrimage and scene of devotion to the people. The last of these eremitical occupants was Father Denis O'Mahony, whose grave on the mainland I have before spoken of. The succession seems to have failed in him. He found this place a ruin, and the times in which he lived were not calculated for its re-edification, and a ruin has it since continued. A large tombstone-shaped slab, which lies at the foot of a tree, contains, together with a short history of this hermitage, directions for the devotions of the penitent pilgrims; but Dr. Murphy, the Catholic Bishop of Cork, and his clergy have so thoroughly discontinued the religious visitations to this place, that its solitude stands little chance of much future interruption.

"Old people remember with fond regret the time when Gougane was inaccessible to horses and almost to man; when it was no small probationary exercise to pilgrim or palmer to overcome the difficulties of the way; when the shores of the lake, and even some portions of the surrounding mountains, now naked and barren, were a continued forest, which lent its gloomy shade to deepen the natural solitude of the place. Rossalucha had then no houses, and no clumsy whitewashed fishing-but destroyed the effect of the surrounding solitude and scenery; but man, with his improvements, has even approached this desolate spot, and familiarly squatted himself down beside its waters, cut down its woods, smoothed its road, and given an air of society to its solitude.

"The view from the summit of Derreen, the highest point of the mountain-enclosure of the lake, is beautifully magnificent. Though other mountains that I have seen may boast a prospect of greater extent, yet it is reserved for Derreen to take in a reach of mountain and of flood, of crag and glen, as wildly diversified, as bold and as rugged as any over which the lofty Reeks may look down from his royal residence; it is a splendid panoramic picture, of the grandest dimensions and outline.

"From the Faolite, on the preceding evening, we had obtained a view of the high outline of the Killarney mountains to the northwest; but here now, from our superior height, they arose before us in all their purple grandeur, visible almost from their basis in one long and splendid range from Clara to the lordly *Reeskach*. To the southwest appeared, in the distant horizon, the trackless Atlantic, bounding the blue hilly shores of Ivera; and reaching inland, the fine estuary of Bantry, checkered with 'islets fair,' spread its still waters to meet the long brown valley which extends from the foot of Derreen, skirting Hungry-hill and Glen-gariff to the right. Wheeda, or Whiddy, Island appeared prominent in this calm and reposing picture; and near the head of the bay lay, bright and sparkling, the small mountain lake of *Loch-a-derry-fadda*, the lough of the long oaken wood—but the wood was gone; cultivated gardens and barren pastures covered its site. Before us lay the infant Lee, a long winding silver thread, stealing through sterile glens, until in the distance it reached the lakes of Inchageela, and spread itself along their rocky shores, brightening in the morning rays. Between the chain of lakes and the head of the Bay of Bantry lay three dark, disconnected, and cone-shaped mountains: *Sheha*, the furthest south, feeding at its base a *lana* lake, called *Luch an bhric dearig*, the loch of the red trout or char; the other two mountains are, *Douchill*, i. e., dark-wooded, and *Dowsh*, a name which also occurs amongst the mountains of Wicklow. Beneath us, apparently at the mountain's foot, we could observe for a considerable distance a dark tortuous line, proceeding inwards from the course of the Lee, and resembling the irregular and fretted course of a small mountain stream. This was the celebrated pass of *Kaoin-an-eigh*, i. e., the pass of deer, through which a good road winds now to Bantry.

"We had heard so much of Kalm-an-eigh, that we were impatient to see it, and after having bade our long farewell to Derreen and Gougane, we descended the steep side of the former. We had arrived on the verge of a cliff, and on looking down, beheld

That monk sprang forward from the bed,
 Flung back his cowl, and furious said,
 "Monster, behold my promise free,
 'Tis Donal Comm himself you see."
 He started back with sudden cry,
 And raised the lantern. Oh, that eye
 And vengeful smile he knew too well;
 For him not all the fiends of hell,
 With tortures from their burning place,
 Had half the horrors of that face.
 One rush he made to gain the door—
 'Twas vain, that monk stood there before.
 He shouted loud, and sudden drew
 A dagger which lay hid from view ;

At Donal's breast one plunge he made :
 That watchful arm threw off the blade.
 But hark ! what noise comes from below,
 Surely that cry hath roused the foe.
 They come, they come, with hurrying tramp
 And clashing steel. The fallen lamp
 That mountaineer snatch'd from the ground,
 A moment glanced his prison round,
 Heaved quickly back a massy bar—
 A narrow doorway flew ajar,
 A moment cast the light's red glow
 Upon the flood, far, far below ;
 "No flight is there," St. Leger cried,
 "Thou' mine." "Now, now, my murder'd bride,"

the road winding at a great distance below, at the bottom of a narrow strait, the deepest, the most abrupt, and romantic imaginable. To get on this road we found a matter of difficulty, from the great general steepness and abruptness of its deep overhanging sides, and it was after considerable time and exertion that we effected our descent from rock to crag, through thorn and tangled brier, grasping at times the long heath and furze and brambles, or holding the dwarfy branches of the underwood, which grew abundantly in the interstices.

"Nothing that ever I beheld in mountain scenery of glen, or dell, or defile, can at all equal the gloomy pass in which we now found ourselves. The separation of the mountain ground at either side is only just sufficient to afford room for a road of moderate breadth, with a fretted channel at one side for the waters, which, in the winter season, rush down from the high places above, and meeting here, find a passago to pay a first tribute to the Lee. A romantic or creative imagination would here find a grand and extensive field for the exercise of its powers. Every turn of the road brings us to some new appearance of the abrupt and shattered walls which at either side arise up darkling to a great height, and the mind is continually occupied with the quick succession and change of objects so interesting, resolving and comparing realities, sometimes giving form and substance to 'airy nothings.'

'The enthusiasm of my companions was unbounded as they slowly strided along, every faculty intent on the scene before them; their classic minds found ready associations everywhere; each crag and cliff renewed classical reminiscences, and *'infames scopuli'*—*'Altu'* and *'Memorosa'*, were flying out between them without intermission. They found no difficulty in fancying themselves in Thermopylæ's far-famed strait, and having decided on the resemblance, the location of the Polyandrium, or tomb of the mighty Leonidas and his associate heroes, that grave 'whose dwellers shall be themes to verse forever,' was quickly settled, and so was the temple of Ceres Amphycyonis. The fountain where the Persian horseman found the advanced guard of the Spartans occupied in combing their hair was easily discovered in one of the placid pools of the trickling stream. The Phocian wall was also manifest; and to perfect the picture, they ascended again to the head of the pass, to catch another glimpse of the Mallos Gulf, as they called the Bay of Bantry. Time and space became annihilated before them, and a brace of thousand years were but as a day in their imagination. Their eager eyes sought out and found everywhere monuments of the unforgotten brave of Greece, and all the burial-places of memory sent forth their phantoms of the olden demigods to people the scene. I confess, I could not see things in the same light. The place reminded me of nearer times—our own classic middle ages—and of different people; their *arcades* were gray ruins, keeps, and dungeons to me. I saw but 'bristling walls,' battlemented courts, turrets, and embrasures, to which their perverted judgments gave other names.

'While memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,'

and Creaghadeir and Bonnoght, Kern and Gallowglass, Tory and

Rapparee, passed before me, sweeping the encumbered pass, driving their prey of lordly cattle down the defile; and loudly in my mind's ear rang the hostile shouts of the wild O'Sullivan and the O'Learys, their fierce *hurrahs* and *farraghs* and *aboos* mingling with the ringing of their swords and their lusty strokes on helm and shield. It is with associations of spoil, adventure, and daring—of chasing the red deer, the wolf, or the boar—with horn and hound—that this place is properly connected. To behold it with other eyes than that of an Irish senachie is a deed less worthy, assuredly, than to drink, as my friend Falstaff says,

"I think I may say that at its entrance from the Gouganne side this pass is seen with best effect; there its high cliffs are steepest, and the toppling crags assume their most picturesque forms and resemblances of piles and ancient ruins. These receive beauty and variety from the various mosses which encrust them, and the dwarf shrubs and underwood, ivy, and creeping plants, which lend their mellow hues to soften and give effect to the whole. The arbutus, a plant most indigenous to Killarney and Glengarriff (into the first of which places it has been plausibly conjectured it had been brought from the continent by the monks who settled in the islands of its lakes), is not even uncommon among the rocks of Kaelin-an-eigh. We behold itself and the ash and other hardy plants and shrubs with wonder growing at immense heights overhead, tufting crags inaccessible to the human foot, where we are astonished to think how they ever got there. The London pride grows here and on the surrounding mountains, as well as amongst the ruins of Gouganne Barra, in most astonishing profusion. I have seen it in great abundance on Turk and Mangerton, near Killarney, but its plenty in the neighborhood of the Lee far exceeds all comparison.

"A number of lesser defiles, formed by many a headlong torrent or shelving cascade, shoot inward from the pass in deep and gloomy hollows, as you wind along, which greatly increase the interest of the place; and these, forming at their entrance high round headlands, thickly covered with the most luxuriant clothing of long flowering heath, have at a distance the appearance of rich overhanging woods. As we proceeded, we found the channel of the stream which winds along with the road blocked up in various places with vast fragments of rock, rent in some violent convulsion or tempest from the cliffs around, or hurled downward in wild sport by the presiding genius of the scene. Trophied evidences of his giant energies long choked up the now unencumbered defile, and told the history of his fierce pastime during the many ages that he continued its uninterrupted lord. But the roadmaker has successfully encroached upon its savage dominions, and crumbled his penderous masses, and smoothed down the difficulties which he had accumulated. The present diminished number of these vast fragments remain, however, as a sufficient record of the rocky chaos which Smith spoke of eighty years ago, and which long remained the astonishment of successive travellers."

Dr. Smith's description of this place is far from being correct, and is too highly colored; a person visiting the place after having read it would feel a little disappointed, though it is, in reality, as may be seen from the above extracts, one of the wildest and most romantic retreats that can well be imagined.

He answer'd, and with furious bound
 One arm had clasp'd his foeman round :
 A moment, with a giant's might,
 He shook him o'er that dreadful height ;
 "Saxon ! 'tis Eva gives this grave,"
 He said, and plunged him in the wave.

One piercing shriek was heard, no more ;
 Up flash'd the billow dyed with gore,
 When in they burst. Oh, where to fly !
 He fix'd his foot and strain'd his eye,
 And o'er that deep and fearful tide
 Sprang safely to the farther side.
 Above they crowd in wild amaze,
 And by the hurrying torches' blaze
 They saw where fearlessly he stood,
 And down, far tost upon the flood,
 St. Leger's body : "Quick ! to horse—
 Pursue the fiend with all your force,
 'Tis Donal Comm." Light held he then
 Pursuit, while mountain, wood, and glen
 Before him lay. A moment's space
 He ran, and in th' appointed place
 His courser found. Then as his hand
 Drew from the copse his trusty brand,
 "Twas well I left thee here, my blade,
 That search my purpose had betray'd ;
 But here they come—now, now, my steed,
 Son of the hills ! exert thy speed,"
 He said, and on the moaning wind
 Heard their faint foot-tramp die behind.

'Tis morning, and the purple light
 On Noc-na-ve¹ gleams coldly bright,
 And from his heathery brow the streams
 Rush joyous in the kindling beams ;
 O'er hill, and wave, and forest red,
 One wide blue sea of mist is spread ;

Save where more brightly, deeply blue,
 Ivera's mountains meet the view,
 And falls the sun with mellow streak
 On Sliav-na-goilas' giant peak.
 Still as its dead, is now the breeze
 In Ard-na-mrahir's weeping trees—
 So deep its silence, you might tell
 Each plashing rain-drop as it fell.
 Beneath its brow the waters wild
 Are sleeping, like a merry child
 That sinks from fretful fit to rest,
 On its fond mother's peaceful breast.

On yonder grave cold lies the turf
 Besprent with rain and ocean's surf,
 So purely, freshly green ;
 And kneeling by that narrow bed,
 With pallid cheek and drooping head,
 A lonely form is seen.
 Long kneels he there in speechless woe,
 Silent as she who lies below
 In her cold and silent room ;
 The trees hang motionless above,
 There's not a breath of wind to move
 The dripping eagle plume ;
 Well might you know that man of grief
 To be Ivera's widow'd chief.

He rose at last, and as he took
 Of that dear spot his last sad look,
 Convulsive trembled all his frame—
 He strove to utter Eva's name ;
 Then wildly rushing to the shore,
 Was never seen or heard of more.²

¹ Sliav-na-goll (the mountain of the wild people), now Sugar loaf hill, appears, from its proximity and conical form, to be the highest of that chain of mountains which runs all along the western side of Bantry Bay, and divides the counties of Cork and Kerry.

² Donal Comm made his escape into Spain.

¹ Noc-na-ve (the hill of the deer), is the name of the hill over the town of Bantry.

Miscellaneous Poems.

GOUGANE BARRA.

THERE is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow ;
In deep-valley'd Desmond—a thousand wild foun-
tains

Come down to that lake, from their home in the
mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken
willow

Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow.
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorn-
ing,

It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morn-
ing.

And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them
all bright'ning,

When the tempest flings out its red banner of
lightning ;

And the waters rush down, mid the thunder's
deep rattle,

Like clans from their hills at the voice of the
battle ;

And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleam-
ing,

And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are scream-
ing.

Oh ! where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island !

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivora,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home
by the ocean,

And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought of thy bards, when assembling to-
gether,

In the cleft of thy rocks or the depth of thy
heather,

They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and
slaughter,

And waked their last song by the rush of thy
water !

High sons of the lyre, oh ! how proud was the
feeling,

To think while alone through that solitude steal-
ing,

Though loftier Minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,

And mingled once more with the voice of those
fountains,

The songs even echo forgot on her mountains,
And gleaned each gray legend, that darkly was
sleeping

Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty
was creeping !

Least bard of the hills ! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country
has bound me ;

Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around
me,

Still, still in those wilds may young Liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and
valley ;

The star of the west may yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in
story.

I too shall be gone ; but my name shall be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken :
Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's
gleaming,

When Freedom's young light on his spirit is
beaming,

And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avon Buee seeks the kisses of ocean,
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that
river,

O'er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for-
ever.

TO A SPRIG OF MOUNTAIN HEATH.

THOU little stem of lowly heath !
 Nursed by the wild wind's hardy breath,
 Dost thou survive, unconquer'd still,
 Thy 'stately brethren of the hill ?
 No more the morning mist shall break
 Around Clogh-grenan's towering peak ;
 The stag no more with glance of pride
 Looks fearless from its hazel side ;
 But there thou livest lone and free,
 The hermit plant of Liberty.

Child of the mountain ! many a storm
 Hath drench'd thy head and shook thy form,
 Since in thy depths *Clan-muire* lay,
 To wait the dawning of that day ;
 And many a sabre, as it beam'd
 Forth from its heather scabbard, gleam'd
 When *Leix* its vengeance hot did slake
 In yonder city of the lake,
 And its proud Saxon fortress' bore
 The banner green of *Riery More*.

Thou wert not then, as thou art now,
 Upon a bondsman-minstrel's brow ;
 But wreathing round the harp of *Leix*,
 When to the strife it fired the free,
 Or from the helmet battle-sprent
 Waved where the cowering Saxon bent.
 Yet blush not, for the bard you crown
 Ne'er stoop'd his spirit's homage down,
 And he can wake, though rude his skill,
 The songs you loved on yonder hill.

Repine not, that no more the spring
 Its balmy breath shall round thee fling :
 No more the heathcock's pinion sway
 Shall from thy bosom dash the spray.
 More sweet, more blest thy lot shall prove :
 Go—to the breast of her I love,
 And speak for me to that blue eye ;
 Breathe to that heart my fondest sigh ;
 And tell her in thy softest tone
 That he who sent thee is—her own.

The fortress alluded to is the Castle of Carlow, built in the time of King John, and still an imposing ruin. *Eliery More* was the Chieftain of *Leix* (the present Queen's County) in the time of Elizabeth. He was brave, politic, and accomplished above his ruder countrymen of that period ; he stormed the Castle of Carlow, which, being within the pale, belonged to the English ; they never had a more skillful enemy in the country. *Riery*, *Anglice* *Roger*.—Carlow, or Cahirlough, literally the City of the Lake.—Clough-grenna, the sunny hill. It is near Carlow, but in the Queen's County and was formerly thickly covered with oak.

SPANISH WAR-SONG.

YE sons of old Iberia, brave Spaniards, up, arise ;
 Along your hills, like distant rills, the voice of
 battle flies ;
 Once more, with threats of tyranny, come on
 the host of France.
 Ye men of Spain, awake again, to Freedom's fight
 advance.

Like snow upon your mountains, they gather
 from afar,
 To launch upon your olive-fields the avalanche
 of war ;
 Above the dark'ning Pyrenees their cloud of
 battle flies,
 To burst in thunder on your plains ;—brave
 Spaniards, up, arise.

O sons of Viriatus, Hispania's boast and pride,
 Who long withstood, in fields of blood, the
 Roman's battle-tide,
 Arise again to match his deeds and kindle at his
 name,
 And let its light, through Freedom's fight, still
 guide you on to fame.

Descendants of those heroes in Roman song
 renown'd,
 Whose glorious strife for Liberty with deathless
 name was crown'd—
 Come down again, unconquer'd men, like Biscay's
 ocean roar,
 And show yourselves the Cantabers your fathers
 were of yore.

Saguntum's tale of wonder shines bright upon
 your page,
 And old Numantia's story shall live through
 every age :
 Her children sung their farewell song, their own
 loved homes they fired,
 And in the blaze, 'mid Freedom's rays, all
 gloriously expired.

(Two verses of the Spanish War-song, not in the printed
 copy.)

Long, long each Spanish father his kindling
 boys shall tell,
 How gallantly Gerona fought, how Saragoza fell ;
 Long, long, above the waves of time those death-
 less names shall be
 A beacon light to all who fight for home or
 liberty.

Oh, offspring of that hero by Spanish hearts
adored,
Who on the proud Morescoe bands his mountain
vengeance pour'd,

Once more to waste your lovely fields come on
the hordes of France—
Descendants of Pelayo, to Freedom's fight ad-
vance.

Songs, Lyrical Pieces, &c.

"SI JE TE PERDS, JE SUIS PERDU."

These stanzas were suggested by an impress on a Seal, representing a boat at sea, and a man at the helm looking up at a solitary star, with a motto—*Si je te perds, je suis perdu*.

SHINE on, thou bright beacon,
Unclouded and free,
From thy high place of calmness
O'er life's troubled sea ;
Its morning of promise,
Its smooth waves are gone,
And the billows rave wildly—
Then, bright one, shine on.

The wings of the tempest
May rush o'er thy ray ;
But tranquil thou smilest,
Undimm'd by its sway :
High, high o'er the worlds
Where storms are unknown,
Thou dwellest all-beauteous,
All-glorious,—alone.

From the deep womb of darkness
The lightning flash leaps,
O'er the bark of my fortunes
Each mad billow sweeps,—
From the port of her safety,
By warring winds driven,
And no light o'er her course
But yon lone one of heaven.

Yet fear not, thou frail one,
The hour may be near,
When our own sunny headland
Far off shall appear :
When the voice of the storm
Shall be silent and past,
In some island of heaven
We may anchor at last.

But, bark of Eternity,
Where art thou now ?
The wild waters shriek
O'er each plunge of thy prow :
On the world's dreary Ocean,
Thus shatter'd and tost—
Then, lone one, shine on,
"IF I LOSE THEE, I'M LOST."

HOW KEEN THE PANG.

How keen the pang when friends must part,
And bid the unwilling last adieu ;
When every sigh that rends the heart,
Awakes the bliss that once it knew !

He that has felt, alone can tell
The dreary desert of the mind,
When those whom once we loved so well
Have left us weeping here behind :

When every look so kindly shed,
And every word so fondly spoken,
And every smile, is faded, fled,
And leaves the heart alone and broken.

Yes, dearest maid ! that grief was mine,
When, bending o'er thy shrouded bier,
I saw the form that once was thine—
My Mary was no longer there.

But on the relics pale and cold,
There sat a sweet seraphic smile,
A calm celestial grace, that told
Our parting was but for a while.

WRITTEN TO A YOUNG LADY

ON ENTERING A CONVENT.

'Tis the rose of the desert—
 So lovely, so wild;
 In the lap of the desert
 Its infancy smiled:
 In the languish of beauty
 It droops o'er the thorn,
 And its leaves are all wet
 With the bright tears of morn.

Yet 'tis better, thou fair one,
 To dwell all alone,
 Than recline on a bosom
 Less pure than thine own:
 Thy form is too lovely
 To be torn from its stem,
 And thy breath is too sweet
 For the children of men.

Bloom on thus in secret,
 Sweet child of the waste,
 Where no lips of profaner
 Thy fragrance shall taste;
 Bloom on where no footstep
 Unhallow'd hath trod,
 And give all thy blushes
 And sweets to thy God.

LINES ON A DECEASED CLERGYMAN.

BREATHE not his honor'd name,
 Silently keep it;
 Hush'd be the sadd'ning theme,
 In secrecy weep it;
 Call not a warmer flow
 To eyes that are aching;
 Wake not a deeper throe
 In hearts that are breaking.

Oh, 'tis a placid rest;
 Who should deplore it?
 Trance of the pure and blest—
 Angels watch o'er it:
 Sleep of his mortal night,
 Sorrow can't break it;
 Heaven's own morning light
 Alone shall awake it.

Nobly thy course is run—
 Splendor is round it;
 Bravely thy fight is won—
 Freedom hath crown'd it;
 In the high warfare
 Of heaven grown hoary,
 Thou'rt gone like the summer-sun,
 Shrouded in glory.

Twine—twine the victor wreath,
 Spirits that meet him;
 Sweet songs of triumph breathe,
 Seraphs, to greet him!
 From his high resting-place
 Who shall him sever?
 With his God face to face,
 Leave him forever.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF AN AMIABLE AND HIGHLY
 TALENTED YOUNG MAN, WHO FELL A VICTIM
 TO FEVER IN THE WEST INDIES.

ALL rack'd on his feverish bed he lay,
 And none but the stranger were near him;
 No friend to console, in his last sad day,
 No look of affection to cheer him.

Frequent and deep were the groans he drew,
 On that couch of torture turning;
 And often his hot wild hand he threw
 O'er his brows, still wilder burning.

But, oh! what anguish his bosom tore,
 How throb'd each strong pulse of emotion,
 When he thought of the friends he should
 never see more,
 In his own green Isle of the Ocean!—

When he thought of the distant maid of his
 heart,—

Oh, must they thus darkly sever—
 No last farewell, ere his spirit depart—
 Must he leave her unseen, and forever?

One sigh for that maid his fond heart heaved,
 One prayer for her weal he breathed;
 And his eyes to that land for whose woes he had
 grieved,
 Once look'd—and forever were sheathed.

On a cliff that by footstep is seldom prest,
 Far seaward its dark head rearing,
 A rude stone marks the place of his rest;—
 “Here lies a poor exile of Erin.”

Yet think not, dear Youth, though far, far
 away

From thy own native Isle thou art sleeping,
 That no heart for thy slumber is aching to-
 day,

That no eye for thy mem’ry is weeping.

Oh! yes—when the hearts that have wailed
 thy young blight,

Some joy from forgetfulness borrow,
 The thought of thy doom will come over
 their light,

And shade them more deeply with sorrow.

And the maid who so long held her home in
 thy breast,

As she strains her wet eye o’er the billow,
 Will vainly embrace, as it comes from the
 west,

Every breeze that has swept o’er thy pillow.

AND MUST WE PART.

AND must we part? then fare thee well;
 But he that wails it—he can tell
 How dear thou wert, how dear thou art,
 And ever must be to this heart:
 But now ’tis vain—it cannot be;
 Farewell! and think no more on me.

Oh! yes—this heart would sooner break,
 Than one unholy thought awake;
 I’d sooner slumber into clay,
 Than cloud thy spirit’s beauteous ray:
 Go free as air—as Angel free,
 And, lady, think no more on me.

Oh, did we meet when brighter star
 Sent its fair promise from afar,
 I then might hope to call thee mine,
 The Minstrel’s heart and harp were thine;
 But now ’tis past—it cannot be:
 Farewell! and think no more on me.

Or do!—but let it be the hour,
 When Mercy’s all-atoning power
 From his high throne of glory hears
 Of souls like thine the prayers, the tears;

Then whilst you bend the suppliant knee—
 Then, then, O Lady, think on me.

PURE IS THE DEWY GEM.¹

PURE is the dewy gem that sleeps
 Within the rose’s fragrant bed,
 And dear the heart-warm drop that steeps
 The turf where all we loved is laid;
 But far more dear, more pure than they,
 The tear that washes guilt away.

Sweet is the morning’s balmy breath
 Along the valley’s flowery side,
 And lovely on the moonlit heath
 The lute’s soft tone complaining wide;
 But still more lovely, sweeter still,
 The sigh that wails a life of ill.

Bright is the morning’s roseate gleam
 Upon the mountains of the East,
 And soft the moonlight’s silvery beam
 Above the billow’s placid rest;
 But oh, what ray ere shone from heaven
 Like God’s first smile on a soul forgiven?

TO * * * * *

LADY—the lyre thou bid’st me take,
 No more can breathe the minstrel strain;
 The cold and trembling notes I wake,
 Fall on the ear like plashing rain;
 For days of suffering and of pain,
 And nights that lull’d no care for me,
 Have tamed my spirit,—then in vain
 Thou bid’st me wake my harp for thee.

But could I sweep my ocean lyre,
 As once this feeble hand could sweep,
 Or catch once more the thought of fire,
 That lit the Mizen’s stormy steep,
 Or bid the fancy cease to sleep,
 That once could soar on pinion free,
 And dream I was not born to weep;
 Oh, then I’d wake my harp for thee.

And now ’tis only friendship’s call
 That bids my slumbering lyre awake.
 It long hath slept in sorrow’s hall:
 Again that slumber it must seek:

¹ This trifle was composed before the author read Moore’s *Paradise and the Peri*.

Not even the light of beauty's cheek,
Or blue eye beaming kind and free,
Can bid its mournful numbers speak :
Then, lady, ask no lay from me.

Yet if, on Desmond's mountain wild,
By glens I love, or ocean cave,
Nature once more should own her child,
And give the strength that once she gave ;
If he who lights my path should save,
And what I was I yet may be ;
Then, lady, by green Erin's wave,
I'll gladly wake my harp for thee.

STANZAS.

HOURS like those I spent with you,
So bright, so passing, and so few,
May never bless me more,—farewell !
My heart can feel, but dare not tell,
The rapture of those hours of light,
Thus snatch'd from sorrow's cheerless night.

'Tis not thy cheek's soft blended hue ;
'Tis not thine eye of heavenly blue ;
'Tis not the radiance of thy brow,
That thus would win or charm me now ;
It is thy heart's warm light, that glows
Like sunbeams on December snows.

It is thy wit, that flashes bright
As lightning on a stormy night,
Illuming even the clouds that roll
Along the darkness of my soul,
And bidding, with an angel's voice,
The heart that knew no joy—rejoice.

Too late we met—too soon we part,
Yet dearer to my soul thou art
Than some whose love has grown for years,
Smiled with my smile, and wept my tears.
Farewell !—but absent, thou shalt seem
The vision of some heavenly dream,
Too bright on child of earth to dwell.
It must be so—My friend, farewell.

THE NIGHT WAS STILL.

THE night was still—the air was balm—
Soft dews around were weeping ;
No whisper rose o'er ocean's calm,
Its waves in light were sleeping.
With Mary on the beach I stray'd,
The stars beam'd joy above me—
I press'd her hand and said, "Sweet maid,
Oh tell me, do you love me ?"
With modest air she droop'd her head,
Her cheek of beauty vailing :
Her bosom heaved—no word she said—
I mark'd her strife of feeling ;
"Oh speak my doom, dear maid," I cried,
"By yon bright heaven above thee :"
She gently raised her eyes and sigh'd,
"Too well you know I love thee."

SERENADE.

THE blue waves are sleeping ;
The breezes are still ;
The light dews are weeping
Soft tears on the hill ;
The moon in mild beauty
Looks bright from above ;
Then come to the casement,
O Mary, my love.

Not a sound or a motion
Is over the lake,
But the whisper of ripples,
As shoreward they break ;
My skiff wakes no ruffle
The waters among ;
Then listen, dear maid,
To thy true lover's song.

No form from the lattice
Did ever recline
Over Italy's waters,
More lovely than thine ;
Then come to thy window,
And shed from above
One glance of thy dark eye,
One smile of thy love.

Oh ! the soul of that eye,
When it breaks from its shroud,

Shines beautifully out,
 Like the moon from a cloud;
 And thy whisper of love,
 Breathed thus from afar,
 Is sweeter to me
 Than the sweetest guitar.

From the storms of this world
 How gladly I'd fly
 To the calm of that breast,
 To the heaven of that eye!
 How deeply I love thee
 'Twere useless to tell;
 Farewell, then, my dear one—
 My Mary, farewell.

ROUSSEAU'S DREAM.¹

Air—"Rousseau's Dream."

LIFE for me is dark and dreary;
 Every light is quench'd and gone;
 O'er its waste, all lone and weary,
 Sorrow's child, I journey on.
 Thou whose smile alone can cheer me,
 Whose bright form still haunts my breast,
 From this world in pity bear me
 To thy own high home of rest.

Hush!—o'er Leman's sleeping water,
 Whispering tones of love I hear;
 'Tis some fond unearthly daughter
 Woos me to her own bright sphere.
 Immortal beauty! yes, I see thee,
 Come, oh! come to this wild breast!
 Oh! I fly—I burn to meet thee—
 Take me to thy home of rest.

WHEN EACH BRIGHT STAR IS CLOUDED.

Air—"Clár Bug Dale."

WHEN each bright star is clouded that illumined
 our way,
 And darkly through the bleak night of life we
 stray,

What joy then is left us, but alone to weep
 O'er the cold dreary pillow where loved ones
 sleep?

This world has no pleasure that is half so dear,
 That can soothe the widow'd bosom like memory's
 tear;
 'Tis the desert rose drooping in moon's soft
 dew,
 In those pure drops looks saddest, but softest
 too.

Oh, if ever death should sever fond hearts from
 me,
 And I linger like the last leaf on autumn's tree,
 While pining o'er the dead mates all sear'd below,
 How welcome will the last blast be that lays me
 low!

HUSSA THA MEASG NA REALTÁN MORE.¹

My love, my still unchanging love,
 As fond, as true, as hope above,
 Though many a year of pain pass'd by
 Since last I heard thy farewell sigh,
 This faithful heart doth still adore
Hussa tha measg na realtán more.

What once we hoped, might then have been,
 But fortune darkly frown'd between:
 And though far distant is the ray
 That lights me on my weary way,
 I love, and shall 'till life is o'er,
Hussa tha measg na realtán more.

Though many a light of beauty shone
 Along my path, and lured me on,
 I better loved thy dark bright eye,
 Thy witching smile, thy speaking sigh:
 Shine on—this heart shall still adore
Hussa tha measg na realtán more.

¹ ——— wild Rousseau,
 The Apostle of affliction, &c.
 His was not the love of mortal dame—
 * * * * *
 But of idea beauty, &c.—CHILDE HAROLD.

¹ *Thou who art amongst the greater planets.*

Sacred Subjects.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

From the foot of Inchidony Island an elevated tract of sand runs out into the sea and terminates in a high green bank, which forms a pleasing contrast with the little desert behind it and the black solitary rock immediately under. Tradition tells that the Virgin came one night to this hillock to pray, and was discovered kneeling there by the crew of a vessel that was coming to anchor near the place. They laughed at her piety, and made some merry and unbecoming remarks on her beauty, upon which a storm arose and destroyed the ship and her crew. Since that time no vessel has been known to anchor near the spot.

Such is the story upon which the following stanzas are founded.

The evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,

As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray,

And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall;

But the bank of green where Mary knelt was brightest of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters a gallant bark appeared,

And her joyous crew look'd from the deck as to the land she near'd;

To the calm and shelter'd haven she floated like a swan,

And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in pride and beauty shone.

The Master saw our Lady as he stood upon the prow,

And mark'd the whiteness of her robe and the radiance of her brow;

Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,

And her eyes look'd up among the stars to Him her soul loved best.

He show'd her to his sailors, and he hail'd her with a cheer;

And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh and jeer,

And madly swore a form so fair they never saw before;

And they cursed the faint and lagging breeze that kept them from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,

And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen;

And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,

And the scoffing crew beheld no more that Lady on the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning leap'd about,

And rushing with his watery war, the tempest gave a shout,

And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with thundering shock,

And her timbers flew like scatter'd spray on Inchidony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and high;

But the angry surge swept over them and hush'd their gurgling cry;

And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest pass'd away,

And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high Dunmore,

Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's shore;

And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers sank,

And still he calls that hillock green "the Virgin Mary's bank."

(Verse omitted from "*The Virgin Mary's Bank.*")

And from his brow she wiped the blood and
wrung his dripping hair,
And o'er the breathless sailor boy she bent her-
self in prayer,
And life came rushing to his cheek and his bosom
heaved a sigh,
And up the lifeless sailor rose in the mercy of
her eye.

MARY MAGDALEN.

To the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair ;
She heard in the city that Jesus was there :
She mark'd not the splendor that blazed on their
board,
But silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

The hair from her forehead, so sad and so meek,
Hung dark o'er the blushes that burn'd on her
cheek ;
And so still and so lowly she bent in her shame,
It seem'd as her spirit had flown from its frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through
them all,
That one so unhallow'd should tread in that
hall ;
And some said the poor would be objects more
meet
For the wealth of the perfumes she shower'd on
his feet.

She mark'd but her Saviour, she spoke but in
sighs,
She dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes,
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of
her breast,
As her lips to his sandal were throbbingly press'd.

On the cloud after tempests, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,
He look'd on that lost one—her sins were for-
given,
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

SAUL,

HOLDING THE GARMENTS OF THE MURDERERS OF STEPHEN.

The soldier of Christ to the stake was bound,
And the foes of the Lord beset him round ;
But his forehead beam'd with unearthly light,
As he look'd with joy to his last high fight.

Beyond that circle of death was one
Whose hand was unarm'd with glaive or stone ;
But the garments he held, as apart he stood,
Of the men who were bared for the work of blood.

His form not tall, but his bearing high,
And courage sat in his dark deep eye ;
His cheek was young, and he seem'd to stand
Like one who was destined for high command.

But the hate of his spirit you well might learn
From his pale high brow so bent and stern,
And the glance that at times shot angry light,
Like a flash from the depth of a stormy night.

'Twas Saul of Tarsus!—a fearful name,
And wed in the land with sword and flame ;
And the faithful of Israel trembled all
At the deeds that were wrought by the furious
Saul.

'Tis done!—the martyr hath slept at last,
And his victor soul to the Lord hath pass'd ;
And the murderers' hearts wax'd sore with guilt,
As they gazed on the innocent blood they spilt.

But Saul went on in his fiery zeal ;
The thirst of his fury no blood could quell ;
And he went to Damascus with words of doom,
To bury the faithful in dungeon-gloom ;

When lo!—as a rock by the lightning riven,
His heart was smote by a voice from heaven,
And the hater of Jesus loved nought beside,
And died for the name of the Crucified.

THE MOTHER OF THE MACHABEES.

THAT mother view'd the scene of blood—
Her six unconquer'd sons were gone—
Tearless she viewed : beside her stood
Her last—her youngest—dearest one ;

He look'd upon her, and he smiled—
Oh! will she save that only child?

"By all my love, my son," she said—
"The breast that nursed—the womb that
bore—
The unsleeping care that watch'd thee—fed—
"Till manhood's years required no more;
By all I've wept and pray'd for thee,
Now, now, be firm and pity me.

"Look, I beseech thee, on yon heaven,
With its high field of azure light,
Look on this earth, to mankind given,
Array'd in beauty and in might,
And think—nor scorn thy mother's prayer—
On Him who said it, and they were!

"So shalt thou not this tyrant fear,
Nor recreant shun the glorious strife.
Behold! thy battle-field is near:
Then go, my son, nor heed thy life;
Go!—like thy faithful brothers die,
That I may meet you all on high."

Like arrow from the bended bow,
He sprang upon the bloody pile—
Like sunrise on the morning's snow,
Was that heroic mother's smile.
He died—nor fear'd the tyrant's nod—
For Judah's law, and Judah's God!

MOONLIGHT.

'Tis sweet at hush of night
By the calm moon to wander,
And view those isles of light
That float so far beyond her,

In that wide sea,
Whose waters free
Can find no shore to bound them—
On whose calm breast
Pure spirits rest
With all their glory round them:
Oh that my soul all free,
From bonds of earth might sever!
Oh that those isles might be
Her resting-place forever!

When all those glorious spheres
The watch of heaven are keeping,
And dew, like angels' tears,
Around are gently weeping;
Oh who is he
That carelessly
On virtue's bound encroaches,
But then will feel
Upon him steal
Their silent sweet reproaches?
Oh that my soul all free,
From bonds of earth might sever!
Oh that those isles might be
Her resting-place forever!

And when in secret sighs
The lonely heart is pining,
If we but view those skies
With all their bright host shining—
While sad we gaze
On their mild rays,
They seem like seraphs smiling,
To joys above,
With looks of love,
The weary spirit willing:
Oh that my soul all free,
From bonds of earth could sever!
Oh that those isles might be
Her resting-place forever!

Translations from the Irish.

Though the Irish are undoubtedly of a poetic temperament, yet the popular songs of the lower order are neither numerous nor in general possessed of much beauty. For this various causes may be assigned; but the most prominent is the division of language which prevails in Ireland. English, though of late years it is gaining ground with great rapidity, is not even yet the popular language in many districts of the country, and thirty years since it was still less so. Few songs, therefore, were composed in English by humble minstrels, and the few that I know, are of very little value indeed in any point of view. The poets of the populace confined themselves chiefly to Irish—a tongue which, whatever may be its capabilities, had ceased to be the language of the great and polished for centuries before the poetic taste revived in Europe. They were compelled to use a despised dialect, which, moreover, the political divisions of the country had rendered an object of suspicion to the ruling powers. The government and populace were indeed so decidedly at variance, that the topics which the village bards were obliged to select were such as often to render the indulgence of their poetic powers rather dangerous. Their heroes were frequently inmates of jails or doomed to the gibbet, and the severe criticism of the cat-o'-nine-tails might be the lot of the panegyrist.

Wales to be sure has produced and continues to produce her bards, though the Welsh also use a language differing from that of their conquerors. But Wales is so completely dovetailed into England, that resistance to the victorious power was hopeless, and therefore after the first struggles not attempted. The Welsh language was consequently no distinguishing mark of a cast determinately hostile to the English domination, and continually the object of suspicion. It was and is still cultivated by all classes, though I understand not as much as formerly. The case was quite different in Ireland. No gentleman has used Irish as his common language for generations; multitudes do not understand a word of it; it was left to the lower orders exclusively, and they were depressed and uneducated, and consequently wild and illiterate.

Let no zealous countryman of mine imagine that I am going to impeach the ancient fame of our bards and seneschies, or to abandon our claims, or the glories, such as they are, of the Ossianic fragments. I merely speak of the state of popular Irish poetry during the last century or century and a half. With our ancient minstrels I meddle not. Ossian I leave to his wrangling commentators and still more wrangling antiquaries; and for the bards of more modern times (those for instance who flourished in the days of Elizabeth), I accept the compliment of Spenser, who knew them well and hated them bitterly. But the poetic sympathies of the mighty minstrel of Old Mole could not allow his political feelings to hinder him from acknowledging, in his *View of Ireland*, that he had caused several songs of the Irish bards to be translated, that he might understand them; “and surely,” he says, “they savored of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yea, they were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage would serve to adorn and beautify virtue.”

The following songs are specimens of the popular poetry of later days. I have translated them as closely as possible, and present them to the public more as literary curiosities than on any other account.

DIRGE OF O'SULLIVAN BEAR.

In 17—, one of the O'Sullivan's of Bearhaven, who went by the name of Morty Oge, fell under the vengeance of the law. He had long been a turbulent character in the wild district which he inhabited, and was particularly obnoxious to the local authorities, who had good reason to suspect him of enlisting men for the Irish Brigade in the French service, in which it was said he held a Captain's commission.

Information of his raising these “wild geese” (the name by which such recruits were known) was given by a Mr. Puxley, on whom, in consequence, O'Sullivan vowed revenge, which he executed by shooting him on Sunday, while on his way to church. This called for the interposition of the higher powers, and accordingly a party of military were sent round from Cork to attack O'Sullivan's house. He was daring and well armed, and the house was fortified, so that he made an obstinate defence. At last a confidential servant of his, named Scully, was bribed to wet the powder in the guns and pistols prepared for his defence, which rendered him powerless. He attempted to escape; but while springing over a high wall in the rear of his house, he received a mortal wound in the back. They tied his body to a boat, and dragged it in that manner through the sea from Bearhaven to Cork, where his head was cut off and fixed on the county jail, where it remained for several years.

Such is the story current among the lower orders about Bearhaven. In the version given of it in the rude chronicle of the local occurrences of Cork, there is no mention made of Scully's perfidy, and perhaps that circumstance might have been added by those by whom O'Sullivan was deemed a hero, in order to save his credit as much as possible. The dirge was composed by his nurse, who has made no sparing use of the energy of cursing, which the Irish language is by all allowed to possess.

(In the following song, Morty—in Irish, *Mulertach*, or *Muir-cheartach*—is a name very common among the old families of Ireland. It signifies expert at sea. *Og*, or *Oge*, is young. Where a whole district is peopled in a great measure by a sept of one name, such distinguishing titles are necessary, and in some cases even supersede the original appellation. *I-vera*, or *Aoi-vera*, is the original name of Bearhaven; *Aoi*, or *I*, signifying an island or territory.)

The sun upon Ivera
No longer shines brightly;
The voice of her music
No longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens
The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling,
O'Sullivan Bear.

Scully! thou false one,
You basely betray'd him,

In his strong hour of need,
 When thy right hand should aid him :
 He fed thee—he clad thee—
 You had all could delight thee ;
 You left him—you sold him—
 May heaven requite thee !

Scully ! may all kinds
 Of evil attend thee ;
 On thy dark road of life
 May no kind one befriend thee ;
 May fevers long burn thee,
 And agues long freeze thee !
 May the strong hand of God
 In his red anger seize thee.

Had he died calmly,
 I would not deplore him ;
 Or if the wild strife
 Of the sea-war closed o'er him ;
 But with ropes round his white limbs
 Through ocean to trail him,
 Like a fish after slaughter !—
 'Tis therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
 Of his people pursue them—
 Scully that sold him,
 And soldier that slew him ;
 One glimpse of heaven's light
 May they see never ;
 May the hearthstone of hell
 Be their best bed forever !

In the hole which the vile hands
 Of soldiers had made thee,
 Unhonor'd, unshrouded,
 And headless they laid thee ;
 No sigh to regret thee,
 No eye to rain o'er thee,
 No dirge to lament thee,
 No friend to deplore thee.

Dear head of my darling,
 How gory and pale,
 These aged eyes saw thee
 High spiked on their jail !
 That cheek in the summer sun
 Ne'er shall grow warm,
 Nor that eye e'er catch light
 But the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessed ocean,
 Is on thy green water,
 From the haven of Cork
 To Ivera of slaughter,
 Since the billows were dyed
 With the red wounds of fear,
 Of Muiertach Oge,
 Our O'Sullivan Bear.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

Búd í síos an caóin ban álain óg.

A large proportion of the songs I have met with are love songs. Somehow or other, truly or untruly, the Irish have obtained a character for gallantry, and the peasantry, beyond doubt, do not belie the "soft impeachment." Their modes of courtship are sometimes amusing. The "*malo me Galatea petit*" of Virgil would still find a counterpart among them—except that the missile of love (which I am afraid is not so poetical as the apple of the pastoral, being neither more nor less than a potato) comes first from the gentleman. He flings it, with aim designedly erring, at his sweetheart; and if she returns the fire, a warmer advance concludes the preliminaries and establishes the suitor. Courtships, however, are sometimes carried on among them with a delicacy worthy of a more refined stage of society, and unchastity is very rare. This, perhaps, is in a great degree occasioned by their extremely early marriages, the advantage or disadvantage of which I leave to be discussed by Mr. Malthus and his antagonists.

At their dances (of which they are very fond), whether a-field or in ale-house, a piece of gallantry frequently occurs, which is alluded to in the following song. A young man, smitten suddenly by the charms of a *danseuse* belonging to a company to which he is a stranger, rises, and with his best bow offers her his glass and requests her to drink to him. After due refusal, it is usually accepted, and is looked on as a good omen of successful wooing. Goldsmith alludes to this custom of his country in the *Deserted Village*:

"The coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
 Shall kiss the cup, and pass it to the rest."

The parties may be totally unacquainted, and perhaps never meet again—under which circumstances it would appear that this song was written.

THE girl I love is comely, straight, and tall,
 Down her white neck her auburn tresses fall;
 Her dress is neat, her carriage light and free—
 Here's a health to that charming maid, whose'er
 she be !

The rose's blush but fades beside her cheek,
 Her eyes are blue, her forehead pale and meek,
 Her lips like cherries on a summer tree—
 Here's a health to the charming maid, whose'er
 she be !

When I go to the field no youth can lighter
 bound,
 And I freely pay when the cheerful jug goes
 round ;

The barrel is full, but its heart we soon shall
see—
Come, here's to that charming maid, whose'er
she be!

Had I the wealth that props the Saxon's reign,
Or the diamond crown that decks the King of
Spain,
I'd yield them all if she kindly smiled on me—
Here's a health to the maid I love, whose'er she
be!

Five pounds of gold for each lock of her hair
I'd pay,
And five times five for my love one hour each
day;
Her voice is more sweet than the thrush on its
own green tree—
Then, my dear, may I drink a fond deep health
to thee!

THE CONVICT OF CLONMEL.

Is dnabac é mo cáis.

Who the hero of this song is I know not, but convicts, from obvious reasons, have been peculiar objects of sympathy in Ireland. Hurling, which is mentioned in one of the verses, is the principal national diversion, and is played with intense zeal by parish against parish, barony against barony, county against county, or even province against province. It is played not only by the peasant, but by the patrician students of the University, where it is an established pastime. Twice, the most sweeping calumniator of Ireland, calls it, if I mistake not, the cricket of barbarians; but though fully prepared to pay every tribute to the elegance of the English game, I own that I think the Irish sport fully as civilized, and much better calculated for the display of vigor and activity. Perhaps I shall offend Scottish nationality if I prefer either to golf, which is, I think, but trifling compared with them. In the room belonging to the Golf Club on the Links of Leith, there hangs a picture of an old lord (Rosslyn), which I never could look at without being struck with the disproportion between the gaunt figure of the peer and the petty instrument in his hand. Strutt, in "Sports and Pastimes" (page 78), eulogizes the activity of some Irishmen, who played the game about twenty-five years before the publication of his work (1801), at the back of the British Museum, and deduces it from the Roman harpastum. "It was played in Cornwall formerly," he adds; "but neither the Romans nor the Cornishmen used a bat, or, as we call it in Ireland, a hurly. The description Strutt quotes from old Carew is quite graphic. The late Dr. Gregory, I am told, used to be loud in panegyric on the superiority of this game, when played by the Irish students, over that adopted by his young countrymen north and south of the Tweed, particularly over golf, which he called "diddling wif a pick;" but enough of this.

How hard is my fortune,
And vain my repining!
The strong rope of fate
For this young neck is twining!

My strength is departed,
My cheeks sunk and sallow,
While I languish in chains
In the jail of Clonmala.¹

No boy of the village
Was ever yet milder;
I'd play with a child
And my sport would be wilder;
I'd dance without tiring
From morning till even,
And the goal-ball I'd strike
To the lightning of heaven.

At my bed-foot decaying,
My hurl-bat is lying;
Through the boys of the village
My goal-ball is flying;
My horse 'mong the neighbors
Neglected may fallow,
While I pine in my chains
In the jail of Clonmala.

Next Sunday the patron²
At home will be keeping,
And the young active hurlers
The field will be sweeping;
With the dance of fair maidens
The evening they'll hallow,
While this heart once so gay
Shall be cold in Clonmala.

THE OUTLAW OF LOCH LENE.

Oh, many a day have I made good ale in the
glen.
That came not of stream, or malt, like the brew-
ing of men,
My bed was the ground, my roof the greenwood
above,
And the wealth that I sought — one far kind
glance from my love.

Alas! on that night when the horses I drove
from the field,
That I was not near, from terror my angel to
shield!

¹ Clonmala, *i. e.*, the solitude of deceit, the Irish name of Clonmel.

² Patron—Irish, *Patruin*—a festive gathering of the people on tented ground.

She stretch'd forth her arms—her mantle she
flung to the wind,
And swam o'er Loch Lene, her outlaw'd lover to
find.

Oh, would that a freezing, sleet-wing'd tempest
did sweep,
And I and my love were alone far off on the deep !
I'd ask not a ship, or a bark, or pinnace to
save—

With her hand round my waist, I'd fear not the
wind or the wave.

'Tis down by the lake where the wild tree fringes
its sides,
The maid of my heart, the fair one of heaven
resides :
I think, as at eve she wanders its mazes along,
The birds go to sleep by the sweet wild twist of
her song.

Jacobite Songs.

That the Roman Catholics of Ireland should have been Jacobites almost to a man is little wonderful ; indeed, the wonder would be were it otherwise. They had lost every thing fighting for the cause of the Stuarts, and the conquerors had made stern use of the victory. But while various movements in favor of that unhappy family were made in England and Scotland, Ireland was quiet ; not indeed from want of inclination, but from want of power. The Roman Catholics were disarmed throughout the entire land, and the Protestants, who retained a fierce hatred of the exiled family, were armed and united. The personal influence of the Earl of Chesterfield, who was Lord Lieutenant in 1745, and who made himself very popular, is generally supposed to have contributed to keep Ireland at peace in that dangerous year ; but the reason I have assigned is perhaps more substantial.

But though Jacobical, even these songs will suffice to prove that it was not out of love for the Stuarts that they were anxious to take up arms, but to revenge themselves on the Saxons (that is, the English generally, but in Ireland the Protestants), for the defeat they experienced in the days of William III., and the subsequent depression of their party and their religion. James II. is universally spoken of by the lower orders of Ireland with the utmost contempt and distinguished by an appellation which is too strong for ears polite, but which is universally given him. His celebrated expression at the battle of the Boyne, "Oh, spare my *English* subjects," being taken in the most perverse sense, instead of obtaining for him the praise of wishing to show some lenity to those whom he still considered as rightfully under his sceptre, even in opposition to his cause, was, by his Irish partisans, construed into a desire of preferring the English on all occasions to them. The celebrated reply of the captive officer to William, that "if the armies changed generals, victory would take a different side," is carefully remembered ; and every misfortune that befell in the war of the Revolution is laid to the charge of James's want of courage. The truth is, he appears to have displayed little of the military qualities which distinguished him in former days.

The first of these three songs is a great favorite, principally from its beautiful air. I am sure there is scarcely a peasant in the south of Ireland who has not heard it. The second is the White Cockade, of which the first verse is English. The third is (at least in Irish) a strain of higher mood, and, from its style and language, evidently written by a man of more than ordinary information.

O SAY, MY BROWN DRIMIN.

A Drimin dónn dílis na síoda' na mbo.

(Drimin is the favorite name of a cow, by which Ireland is here allegorically denoted. The five ends of Erin are the five kingdoms—Munster, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, and Meath—into which the island was divided under the Milesian dynasty.)

O say, my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine,
Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of
thy line ?

Too deep and too long is the slumber they take ;
At the loud call of Freedom why don't they awake ?

My strong ones have fallen—from the bright eye
of day,

All darkly they sleep in their dwelling of clay ;
The cold turf is o'er them—they hear not my
cries,

And since Louis no aid gives, I cannot arise.

Oh ! where art thou, Louis ? our eyes are on thee ;
Are thy lofty ships walking in strength o'er the sea ?
In Freedom's last strife if you linger or quail,
No morn e'er shall break on the night of the Gael.

But should the king's son, now bereft of his
right,

Come proud in his strength for his country to
fight,

Like leaves on the trees will new people arise,
And deep from their mountains shout back to
my cries.

¹ *Silk of the Cow*—an idiomatic expression for the most beautiful of cattle, which I have preserved in translating.

When the Prince, now an exile, shall come for
his own,
The isles of his father, his rights and his throne,
My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
And kick them before, like old shoes from their
feet.

O'er mountains and valleys they'll press on their
route,
The five ends of Erin shall ring to their shout :
My sons all united, shall bless the glad day
When the flint-hearted Saxons they've chased
far away.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

Taid mo gra fir a breataib du.

KING CHARLES he is King James's son,
And from a royal line is sprung ;
Then up with shout, and out with blade,
And we'll raise once more the white cockade.
Oh ! my dear, my fair-hair'd youth,
Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth ;
Then up with shout, and out with blade—
We'll raise once more the white cockade.

My young men's hearts are dark with woe,
On my virgins' cheeks the grief-drops flow ;
The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,
Since our rightful prince went far away.
He's gone, the stranger holds his throne,
The royal bird far off is flown ;
But up with shout, and out with blade—
We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.

No more the cuckoo hails the spring,
The woods no more with the staunch-hounds
ring ;
The song from the glen, so sweet before,
Is hush'd since our Charles has left our shore.
The Prince is gone ; but he soon will come,
With trumpet sound and with beat of drum :
Then up with shout, and out with blade ;
Huzza for the right and the white cockade !

THE AVENGER.

Da bfeacín se'n la sin bo seasta bfeic m'Intín.

O HEAVENS ! if that long-wished-for morning I
spied,
As high as three kings I'd leap up in my pride ;

With transport I'd laugh, and my shout should
arise,
As the fires from each mountain blazed bright to
the skies.

The avenger shall lead us right on to the foe,
Our horns should sound out, and our trumpets
should blow ;
Ten thousand huzzas should ascend to high
heaven,
When our Prince was restored, and our fetters
were riven.

O chieftains of Ulster ! when will you come forth,
And send your strong cry to the winds of the
north ?
The wrongs of a king call aloud for your steel—
Red stars of the battle—O'Donnell, O'Neal !

Bright house of O'Connor, high offspring of kings,
Up, up, like the eagle, when heavenward he
springs !
Oh, break ye once more from the Saxon's strong
rule,
Lost race of MacMurchad, O'Byrne, and O'Toole !

Momonía of Druids—green dwelling of song !
Where, where are thy minstrels ? why sleep they
so long ?
Does no bard live to wake, as they oft did before,
M'Carthy—O'Brien—O'Sullivan More ?

Oh, come from your hills, like the waves to the
shore,
When the storm-girded headlands are mad with
the roar !
Ten thousand hurrahs shall ascend to high heaven,
When our Prince is restored and our fetters are
riven.¹

¹ The names in this song are those of the principal families in Ireland, many of whom, however, were decided enemies to the house of Stuart. The reader cannot fail to observe the strange expectation which these writers entertained of the nature of the Pretender's designs: they call on him not to come to reinstate himself on the throne of his fathers, but to aid *them* in doing vengeance on "the flint-hearted Saxon." Nothing, however, could be more natural. The Irish Jacobites, at least the Roman Catholics, were in the habit of claiming the Stuarts as of the Milesian line, fondly deducing them from Fergus and the Celts of Ireland. Who the avenger is, whose arrival is prayed for in this song, I am not sure; but circumstances too tedious to be detailed make me think that the date of the song is 1708, when a general impression prevailed that the field would be taken in favor of the Pretender, under a commander of more weight and authority than had come forward before. His name was kept a secret. Very little has been written on the history of the Jacobites of Ireland, and yet I think it would be an interesting subject. We have now

THE LAMENT OF O'GNIVE.

(FEARFLATHA O'GNIAMH was family *Olamh*, or bard, to the O'Neil of Claneboy about the year 1556. The poem, of which the following lines are the translation, commences with "*Ma through mar ataid Goodhil.*")

How dimm'd is the glory that circled the
Gael, [fail!]

And fallen the high people of green Innis-
The sword of the Saxon is red with their
gore;

And the mighty of nations is mighty no
more!

Like a bark on the ocean, long shatter'd
and toss'd,

On the land of your fathers at length you
are lost; [plains,

The hand of the spoiler is stretch'd on your
And you're doom'd from your cradles to
bondage and chains.

Oh, where is the beauty that beam'd on thy
brow?

Strong hand in the battle, how weak art thou
now! [quail,

That heart is now broken that never would
And thy high songs are turn'd into weeping
and wail.

Bright shades of our sires! from your home
in the skies, [your eyes!

Oh, blast not your sons with the scorn of
Proud spirit of Gollam,² how red is thy cheek,
For thy freemen are slaves, and thy mighty
are weak!

O'Neil³ of the hostages—Con,⁴ whose high
name

On a hundred red battles has floated to fame,
Let the long grass still sigh undisturb'd o'er
thy sleep;

Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep.

arrived at a time when it could be done without exciting any
angry feelings.

In Momonia (Munster), Druidism appears to have flourished
most, as we may conjecture from the numerous remains of
Druidical workmanship, and the names of places indicating
that worship. The records of the province are the best kept
of any in Ireland, and it has proverbially retained among the
peasantry a character for superior learning.

¹ Inisfail—the Island of Destiny—one of the names of Ire-
land.

² Gollamh—a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of
the Irish O's and Macs.

³ Nial of the Nine Hostages, the heroic monarch of Ireland
in the fourth century, and ancestor of the O'Neil family.

⁴ Con Cead Catha—Con of the Hundred Fights, monarch of
the island in the second century; although the fighter of a
hundred battles, he was not the victor of a hundred fields.
His valourous rival, Owen, king of Munster, compelled him to
a division of the kingdom.

In thy broad wing of darkness enfold us, O
night, [light;

Withhold, O bright sun, the reproach of thy
For freedom or valor no more canst thou see
In the home of the brave, in the isle of the
free.

Afflictions dark waters your spirits have
bow'd, [in its shroud,

And oppression hath wrapp'd all your land
Since first from the Brehons'⁵ pure justice
you stray'd, [made.

And bent to the laws the proud Saxon has

We know not our country, so strange is her
face; [grace;

Her sons, once her glory, are now her dis-
Gone, gone is the beauty of fair Innisfail,
For the stranger now rules in the land of
the Gael.

Where, where are the woods that oft rung to
your cheer, [and the deer?

Where you waked the wild chase of the wolf
Can those dark heights with ramparts all
frowning and riven

Be the hills where your forests waved brightly
in heaven?

O bondsmen of Egypt! no Moses appears
To light your dark steps through this desert
of tears;

Degraded and lost ones! no Hector is nigh
To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die!

ON THE LAST DAY.

OH! after life's dark sinful way,
How shall I meet that dreadful day,
When heaven's red blaze spreads frightfully
Above the hissing, withering sea,
And earth through all her regions reels
With the strong, shivering fear she feels!

When that high trumpet's awful sound
Shall send its deep-voiced summons round,
And, starting from their long, cold sleep,
The living-dead shall wildly leap—
Oh! by the painful path you trod,
Have mercy then, my Lord! my God!

⁵ Brehons—the hereditary judges of the Irish septs.

Oh! thou who on that hill of blood,
Beside thy Son in anguish stood;—
Thou, who above this life of ill,
Art the bright star to guide us still;—
Pray that my soul, its sins forgiven,
May find some lonely home in heaven.

A LAY OF MIZEN HEAD.

The subject of the "Lay of Mizen Head" was the wreck of the *Confiance*, sloop-of-war, lost April, 1822, about a mile west of Mizen Head. All on board perished; among the rest many young midshipmen who had just joined the service and were going to join their respective ships.

It was the noon of Sabbath, the spring-wind
swept the sky,
And o'er the heaven's savannah blue the boding
scuds did fly,
And a stir was heard amongst the waves o'er
all their fields of might,
Like the distant hum of hurrying hosts when they
muster for the fight.

The fisher mark'd the changing heaven, and high
his pinnacle drew,
And to her wild and rocky home the screaming
sea-bird flew;
But safely in Cork haven the shelter'd bark may
rest
Within the zone of ocean hills that girds its
beauteous breast.

Amongst the stately vessels in that calm port
was one
Whose streamers waved out joyously to hail the
Sabbath sun;
And scatter'd o'er her ample deck were careless
hearts and free,
That laugh'd to hear the rising wind, and mock'd
the frowning sea.

One youth alone bent darkly above the heaving
tide—
His heart was with his native hills and with his
beauteous bride;
And with the rush of feelings deep his manly
bosom strove,
As he thought of her he had left afar in the
spring-time of their love.

What checks the seaman's jovial mirth and clouds
his sunny brow?
Why does he look with troubled gaze from port-
hole, side, and prow?
A moment—'twas a death-like pause—that sig-
nal—can it be?—
That signal quickly orders out the *Confiance* to
sea.

Then there was springing up aloft and hurrying
down below,
And the windlass hoarsely answer'd to the hoarse
and wild "heave yo!"
And vows were briefly spoken then that long had
silent lain,
And hearts and lips together met that ne'er may
meet again.

Now darker lower'd the threatening sky, and
wilder heaved the wave,
And through the cordage fearfully the wind be-
gan to rave:
The sails are set, the anchor weigh'd—what reck's
that gallant ship?
Blow on! Upon her course she springs, like
greyhound from the slip.

O heavens! it was a glorious sight, that stately
ship to see,
In the beauty of her gleaming sails and her pen-
nant floating free,
As to the gale with bending tops she made her
haughty bow,
And proudly spurn'd the waves that burn'd
around her flashing prow!

The sun went down, and through the clouds
look'd out the evening star,
And westward from old Ocean's Head¹ beheld
that ship afar.
Still onward fearlessly she flew, in her snowy
pinion-sweep,
Like a bright and beauteous spirit o'er the moun-
tains of the deep.

* * * * *

It blows a fearful tempest—'tis the dead watch
of the night—
The Mizen's giant brow is streak'd with red and
angry light—

¹ The old head of Kinsale. Such is the meaning of the Irish name.

And by its far-illuming glance a struggling bark
I see.

Wear, wear! the land, ill-fated one, is close be-
neath your lee!

Another flash—they still hold out for home and
love and life,

And under close-reef'd topsail maintain the un-
equal strife.

Now out the rallying foresail flies, the last, the
desperate chance—

Can that be she?—O heavens, it is—the luckless
Confiance!

Hark! heard you not that dismal cry? 'Twas
stifed in the gale—

Oh! clasp, young bride, thine orphan child, and
raise the widow's wail!

The morning rose in purple light o'er ocean's
tranquil sleep;

But o'er their gallant quarry lay the spoilers of
the deep.

THE LAMENT OF KIRKE WHITE.

'Twas evening, and the sun's last golden beam
On that sad chamber cast its farewell gleam,
Then sunk—to him, forever. Yet one streak
Of lingering radiance lit his faded cheek.
His hand was press'd to his pale, clouded brow,
Where sat a spirit that might break, not bow;
And the cold starry lustre of his eye,
Than inspiration's scarce less purely high,
Seem'd, through the mist of one o'ermastering
tear,

The herald of the minstrel's loftier sphere.
On a small table by the sufferer's bed
The sibyl leaves of song were rudely spread.
His sad eye wander'd with a dark delight
O'er scatter'd gleams of many a thought of light;
And pride could not suppress one low deep sigh,
To think when he was gone they too must die.

Fame long had woo'd him with her sunny smile
To tread her paths of glory and of toil.
His was the wreath that many vainly seek;
His the proud temple on the mountain peak;
But the vile shaft from some ignoble string
Brought down to earth the minstrel's soaring
wing.

They little knew, who dealt the dastard stroke,
The mind they clouded and the heart they broke

He thought of home and mother: dearer far,
He thought of her, his far-off, beauteous star.
He loved, it may be madly, but too well,
One whom he may not breathe, and dare not tell.
He could not boast the line of which he came,
Of lofty title, honor, wealth, or fame.
Hemm'd in by adverse fate, his fiery soul
Like prison'd eagle felt its dark control:
Give but his spirit scope—to win that hand
His pilgrim foot had trod earth's farthest land.
He would have courted danger on the deep,
Or 'mid the battle's desolating sweep—
All, all endured, unblenching gaged even life
For one sweet word, to call that dear one *wife*.

What now had woman left to gaze upon—
Himself a wreck, his bright hopes quench'd
and gone?

Some thus would live: the lightning of his mind
Shiver'd his frame, and left him with mankind
Scathed and lone; yet stood he fearlessly
On the last wave-mark of eternity,
And as above its shoreless waste he hung,
Thus to his harp's low tone the minstrel sung:—

THE LAMENT.

Awake, my lyre, though to thy lay no voice of
gladness sings,
Ere yet the viewless power be fled that oft hath
swept thy strings;
I feel the flickering flame of life grow cold with-
in my breast—
Yet once again, my lyre, awake, and then I sink
to rest.

And must I die? Then let it be, since thus 'tis
better far,
Than with the world and conquering fate to wage
eternal war.
Come, then, thou dark and dreamless sleep; to
thy cold clasp I fly
From shatter'd hopes and blighted heart, and
pangs that cannot die.

Yet would I live—for, oh! at times I feel the
tide of song
In swells of light come strong and bright my
heaving heart along;

Yet would I live—in happier day, to wake, with
master hand,
A lay that should embalm my name in Albin's
beauteous land.

Oh, had I been in battle-field amid the charging
brave,
I then had won a soldier's fame or fill'd a soldier's
grave;
I then had lived to call thee mine, thou all of
bliss to me,
Or smiled in death, my sweetest one, to think I
died for thee.

'Tis past, they've won—my sun has set—I see
my coming night;
I never more shall press that hand or meet that
look of light.
Among old Albin's future bards no song of mine
shall rise.
Go, sleep, my harp, forever sleep—go, leave me
to my sighs!

They've won—but, Mary, from this breast thy
love they could not part,
All freshly green it lingers round the ruin of my
heart.
One thought of me may cloud thy soul, one tear
may dim thine eye,
That I have sung and loved in vain, forsaken
thus to die!

O England! O my country! despite of all my
wrongs,
I love thee still, my native land, thou land of
sweetest songs;
One thought still cheers my life's last close—that
I shall rest in thee,
And sleep as minstrel heart should sleep, among
the brave and free.

LINES

WRITTEN TO A YOUNG LADY,

*Who, in the author's presence, had taxed the Irish with want of
gallantry, proving her position by the fact of their not serenading,
as the Italians, &c., do.*

Yes, lady, 'tis true in our cold rugged isle
Love seldom puts on him his warm sunny smile.

No youth from his boat or the orange-tree shade
Sings at eve to his lady the sweet serenade.
Yet, 'tis not that Erin has daughters less fair
Than Italy's maids with their dark-flowing hair
And 'tis not the souls of her sons are less brave
Than the gay gondoliers on Neapoli's wave.
Saw you not when his country her banner display'd,
And 'mid victory's glad shout on high flash'd
her blade,
How that lover so true with his sprightly guitar
Grew pale at the first blast of liberty's war?
Saw you not how, when prostrate yon eagle was
hurl'd,
Whose proud flight of conquest would compass
the world,
Our Erin rear'd o'er it her green flag on high,
And the shouts of her victor sons peal'd in the
sky?
Thus, though scorn'd and rejected, long, long
may they prove
The strongest in fight and the fondest in love!

STANZAS TO ERIN.

Composed, probably, after he had left for Lisbon.

STILL green are thy mountains and bright is thy
shore,
And the voice of thy fountains is heard as of
yore:
The sun o'er thy valleys, dear Erin, shines on,
Though thy bard and thy lover forever is gone.
Nor shall he, an exile, thy glad scenes forget—
The friends fondly loved, ne'er again to be met—
The glens where he mused on the deeds of his
nation,
And waked his young harp with a wild inspira-
tion.

Still, still, though between us may roll the broad
ocean,
Will I cherish thy name with the same deep de-
votion;
And though minstrels more brilliant my place
may supply,
None loves you more fondly, more truly than I.

LINES TO MISS O. D—,

*Who had replied, to some questions of Mr. O's about verses,
that she "was getting sense, she would write no more."*

You'RE "getting sense," you'll "write no more!"
The sweet delusive dream is o'er,
And fancy's bright and meteor ray
Is but a light that leads astray;
No more the wreath of song you'll twine—
Calm reason, common sense be thine!

As well command the troubled sky,
When winds are loud and waves are high;
As well call back the parted soul,
Or force the needle from the pole.
False to the star it loved so long—
As turn the poet's heart from song.

If 'aught be true that minstrel deems
Of sister spirit in his dreams—
The still pale brow's expression high—
The silent eloquence of eye,
Its fitful flashes, bright and wild—
Thou art and must be fancy's child.

And reason, sense—are they confined
To the austere and cold of mind?
Must thoughtless folly still belong
To those who haunt the paths of song,
And o'er this vale of woe and tears
Pour the sweet strain of happier spheres!

No, lady—still let fancy spring
On her own wild and wayward wing;
Still let the fire of genius glow,
And the strong tide of feeling flow:
The bright imaginings of youth
Are but the Titian tints of truth.

When chill November sweeps along
With its own hoarse and sullen song,
And wither'd lies the autumn's pride,
And every flower you nursed hath died;
Whilst other hearts in *ennui* pine,
The poet's raptures shall be thine.

Then gaze upon the lightning's flash,
And listen to the wild wave's dash.
Others may tremble at their tone;
Not thou—their language is thine own.
Mark how the seagull wings his way
Through billow's foam and wintry spray—
With tireless wing and joyous cry
Proclaims its ocean liberty!

Yes, my young friend, if I may claim
For humble bard so dear a name,
Still let thy heart revere the lyre,
Still let thy hands awake its fire,
Walk in the light that God hath given,
And make Dunmanus' wilds a heaven.

For me, believe, where'er I stray
Through life's uncertain, toilsome way,
Whether calm peace my lot may be,
Or toss'd on fortune's stormy sea,
I'll think upon the young, the fair,
The kind warm hearts that met me there.

LINES TO ERIN.

WHEN dulness shall chain the wild harp that
would praise thee,

When its last sigh of freedom is heard on thy
shore,

When its raptures shall bless the false heart that
betrays thee—

Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more!

When thy sons are less tame than their own
ocean waters,

When their last flash of wit and of genius is
o'er,

When virtue and beauty forsake thy young
daughters—

Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more!

When the sun that now holds his bright path
o'er thy mountains

Forgets the green fields that he smiled on be-
fore,

When no moonlight shall sleep on thy lakes and
thy fountains—

Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more!

When the name of the Saxon and tyrant shall
sever,

When the freedom you lost you no longer de-
plore,

When the thoughts of your wrongs shall be
sleeping forever—

Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more!

WELLINGTON'S NAME.

How bless'd were the moments when liberty
found thee

The first in her cause on the fields of the brave,
When the young lines of ocean were charging
around thee

With the strength of their hills and the roar
of their wave!

Oh, chieftain, what then was the throb of thy
pride,

When loud through the war-cloud exultingly
came,

O'er the battle's red tide, which they swell'd as
they died,

The shout of green Erin for Wellington's name!

How sweet, when thy country thy garland was
wreathing,

And the fires of thy triumph blazed brightly
along,

Came the voice of its harp all its witchery breath-
ing,

And hallow'd thy name with the light of her
song!

And oh, 'twas a strain in each patriot breast

That waked all the transport, that lit all the
flame,

And raptured and blest was the Isle of the West

When her own sweetest bard sang her Wel-
lington's name!

But 'tis past—thou art false, and thy country's
sad story

Shall tell how she bled and she pleaded in
vain;

How the arm that should lead her to freedom and
glory,

The child of her bosom, did rivet her chain!

Yet think not forever her vengeance shall sleep:

Wild harp that once praised him, sing louder
his shame,

And where'er o'er the deep thy free numbers
may sweep,

Bear the curse of a nation on Wellington's
name!

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

ADIEU, my own dear Erin,

Receive my fond, my last adieu;

I go, but with me bearing

A heart still fondly turn'd to you.

The charms that nature gave thee

With lavish hand, shall cease to smile,

And the soul of friendship leave thee,

E'er I forget my own green isle.

Ye fields where heroes bounded

To meet the foes of liberty;

Ye hills that oft resounded

The joyful shouts of victory,

Obscured is all your glory,

Forgotten all your former fame,

And the minstrel's mournful story

Now calls a tear at Erin's name.

But still the day may brighten

When those tears shall cease to flow,

And the shout of freedom lighten

Spirits now so drooping low.

Then should the glad breeze blowing

Convey the echo o'er the sea,

My heart, with transport glowing,

Shall bless the hand that made thee free.

SONG.

Am—"Liddle of Buchan."

AWAKE thee, my Bessy, the morning is fair,

The breath of young roses is fresh on the air,

The sun has long glanced over mountain and
lake—

Then awake from thy slumbers, my Bessy, awake.

Oh, come whilst the flowers are still wet with
the dew—

I'll gather the fairest, my Bessy, for you;

The lark poureth forth his sweet strain for thy
sake—

Then awake from thy slumbers, my Bessy, awake.

The hare from her soft bed of heather hath gone,

The coot to the water already hath flown;

There is life on the mountain and joy on the lake—

Then awake from thy slumbers, my Bessy, awake

DE LA VIDA DEL CIELO.

[OF HEAVENLY LIFE.]

(From the Spanish of Luis de Leon.)

CLIME forever fair and bright,
 Cloudless region of the blest,
 Summer's heat or winter's blight
 Comes not o'er thy fields of light,
 Yields of endless joy and home of endless rest.

There his flock whilst fondly tending,
 All unarm'd with staff or sling,
 Flowers of white and purple blending
 O'er his brow of beauty bending,
 The heavenly Shepherd walks thy breathing fields
 of spring.

Still his look of love reposes
 On the happy sheep he feeds
 With thine own undying roses,
 Flowers no clime but thine discloses ;
 And still the more they feast more freshly bloom
 thy meads.

To thy hills in glory blushing
 Next his charge the Shepherd guides,
 And in streams all sorrow hushing,
 Streams of life in gladness gushing,
 His happy flock he bathes and their high food
 provides.

And when sleep their eye encumbers
 In the noontide radiance strong,
 With his calumet's sweet numbers
 Lulls them in delicious slumbers,
 And rapt in holy dreams they hear that 'trancing
 song.

At that pipe's melodious sounding,
 Thrilling joys transfix the soul ;
 And in visions bright surrounding,
 Up the ardent spirit bounding,
 Springs on her pinion free to love's eternal goal.

Minstrel of heaven, if earthward stealing,
 This ear might catch thy faintest tone,
 Then would thy voice's sweet revealing
 Drown my soul with holiest feeling,
 And this weak heart that strays, at length be all
 thine own.

Then, with a joy that knows no speaking,
 I would wait thy smile on yon high shore,

And from earth's vile bondage breaking
 Thy bright home, good Shepherd, seeking—
 Live with thy blessed flock, nor darkly wander
 more.

TO THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

FAIR star of the morning,
 How pure is thy beam,
 Though the spirit of darkness
 Half shadow its gleam !
 In the host of yon heaven
 No bright one doth shine
 With a glory more purely
 Refulgent than thine.

LINES TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Thou dear and mystic semblance,
 Before whose form I kneel,
 I tremble as I think upon
 The glory thou dost veil,
 And ask myself, can he who late
 The ways of darkness trod,
 Meet face to face, and heart to heart,
 His sin-avenging God ?

My Judge and my Creator,
 If I presume to stand
 Amid thy pure and holy ones,
 It is at thy command,
 To lay before thy mercy's seat
 My sorrows and my fears,
 To wail my life and kiss thy feet
 In silence and in tears.

O God ! that dreadful moment,
 In sickness and in strife,
 When death and hell seem'd watching
 For the last weak pulse of life,
 When on the waves of sin and pain
 My drowning soul was toss'd,
 Thy hand of mercy saved me then,
 When hope itself was lost.

I hear thy voice, my Saviour,
 It speaks within my breast,
 "Oh, come to me, thou weary one,
 I'll hush thy cares to rest ;"

Then from the parch'd and burning waste
 Of sin, where long I trod,
 I come to thee, thou stream of life,
 My Saviour and my God!

THOUGH DARK FATE HATH REFT ME.

THOUGH dark Fate hath reft me
 Of all that was sweet,
 And widely we sever,
 Too widely to meet—
 Oh, yet while one life pulse
 Remains in this heart,
 'Twill remember thee, Mary
 Wherever thou art.

How sad were the glances
 At parting we threw!
 No word was there spoken
 But the stifled adieu;
 My lips o'er thy cold cheek
 All raptureless pass'd—
 'Twas the first time I press'd it,
 It must be the last.

But why should I dwell thus
 On scenes that but pain,
 Or think on thee, Mary,
 When thinking is vain!
 Thy name to this bosom
 Now sounds like a knell:
 My fond one, my dear one,
 Forever—farewell!

POEMS OF WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE:

OR, THE EMIGRANT'S ADIEU TO BALLYSHANNON.

(A LOCAL BALLAD.)

ADIEU to Ballyshannon! where I was bred
and born;

Go where I may, I'll think of you, as sure as
night and morn,

The kindly spot, the friendly town, where
every one is known,

And not a face in all the place but partly
seems my own:

There's not a house or window, there's not a
field or hill,

But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recol-
lect them still.

I leave my warm heart with you, though my
back I'm forced to turn—

So adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding
banks of Erne!

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter
down the Mall,

When the trout is rising to the fly, the sal-
mon to the fall.

The boat comes straining on her net, and
heavily she creeps:

Cast off, cast off!—she feels the oars, and to
her berth she sweeps;

Now fore and aft keep hauling, and gather-
ing up the clue,

Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among
the crew.

Then they may sit, with pipes a-lit, and many
a joke and "yarn;"—

Adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding
banks of Erne!

The music of the waterfall, the mirror of the
tide,

When all the green-hill'd harbor is full from
side to side—

From Portnasunn to Bulliebawns, and round
the Abbey Bay,

From rocky Inis Saimer to Coolnargit sand-
hills gray;

While far upon the southern line, to guard
it like a wall,

The Leitrim mountains, clothed in blue,
gaze calmly over all,

And watch the ship sail up or down, the red
flag at her stern;—

Adieu to these, adieu to all the winding
banks of Erne!

Farewell to you, Kildoney lads, and them
that pull an oar,

A lug-sail set, or haul a net, from the Point
to Mullaghmore;

From Killybegs to bold Slieve-League, that
ocean-mountain steep,

Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred
in the deep;

From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round
by Tullen strand,

Level and long, and white with waves, where
gull and curlew stand;

Head out to sea when on your lee the
breakers you discern!—

Adieu to all the billowy coast, and winding
banks of Erne!

Farewell Coolmore,—Bundoran! and your
summer crowds that run

From inland homes to see with joy the
Atlantic-setting sun;

To breathe the buoyant salted air, and sport
among the waves;

To gather shells on sandy beach, and tempt
the gloomy caves;

To watch the flowing, ebbing tide, the boats,
the crabs, the fish;

Young men and maids to meet and smile,
and form a tender wish;

The sick and old in search of health, for all things have their turn—

And I must quit my native shore, and the winding banks of Erne!

Farewell to every white cascade from the Harbor to Belleek,

And every pool where firs may rest, and ivy-shaded creek;

The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow,

The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving flood below;

The Lough, that winds through islands under Turaw mountain green;

And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with tranquil bays between;

And Breesie Hill, and many a pond among the heath and fern,—

For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks of Erne!

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the livelong summer day;

The waters run by mossy cliff, and bank with wild-flowers gay;

The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted thorn,

Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn;

Along the river side they go, where I have often been,—

Oh, never shall I see again the days that I have seen!

A thousand chances are to one I never may return,—

Adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne!

Adieu to evening dances, when merry neighbors meet,

And the fiddle says to boys and girls, "Get up and shake your feet!"

To, "shanachus" and wise old talk of Erin's days gone by—

Who trench'd the rath on such a hill, and where the bones may lie

Of saint, or king, or warrior chief; with tales of fairy power,

And tender ditties sweetly sung to pass the twilight hour.

The mournful song of exile is now for me to learn—

Adieu, my dear companions on the winding banks of Erne!

Now measure from the Commons down to each end of the Purt,

Round the Abbey, Moy, and Knather,—I wish no one any hurt;

The Main Street, Back Street, College Lane, the Mall, and Portnasun,

If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one.

I hope that man and womankind will do the same by me;

For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the sea.

My loving friends I'll bear in mind, and often fondly turn

To think of Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.

If ever I'm a money'd man, I mean, please God, to cast

My golden anchor in the place where youthful years were pass'd;

Though heads that now are black and brown must meanwhile gather gray,

New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones drop away—

Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world beside;

It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through lands and waters wide,

And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return

To my native Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.

THE ABBOT OF INNISFALLEN.

(A KILLARNEY LEGEND.)

THE Abbot of Innisfallen

Awoke ere dawn of day;

Under the dewy green leaves

Went he forth to pray.

1 "Shanachus," old stories,—histories, genealogies.

The lake around his island
 Lay smooth and dark and deep;
 And wrapt in a misty stillness,
 The mountains were all asleep.

Low kneel'd the Abbot Cormac,
 When the dawn was dim and gray.
 The prayers of his holy office
 He faithfully 'gan say.

Low kneel'd the Abbot Cormac,
 When the dawn was waxing red;
 And for his sins' forgiveness
 A solemn prayer he said:

Low kneel'd that holy Abbot,
 When the dawn was waxing clear;
 And he pray'd with loving-kindness
 For his convent-brethren dear.

Low kneel'd that blesséd Abbot,
 When the dawn was waxing bright;
 He pray'd a great prayer for Ireland,
 He pray'd with all his might.

Low kneel'd that good old Fàther,
 While the sun began to dart;
 He pray'd a prayer for all mankind,
 He pray'd it from his heart.

The Abbot of Innisfallen
 Arose upon his feet;
 He heard a small bird singing,
 And oh but it sung sweet!

He heard a white bird singing well
 Within a holly-tree;
 A song so sweet and happy
 Never before heard he.

It sung upon a hazel,
 It sung upon a thorn;
 He had never heard such music
 Since the hour that he was born.

It sung upon a sycamore,
 It sung upon a brier;
 To follow the song and hearken
 This Abbot could never tire.

Till at last he well bethought him
 He might no longer stay;
 So he bless'd the little white singing bird,
 And gladly went his way.

But, when he came to his Abbey-walls,
 He found a wondrous change;
 He saw no friendly faces there,
 For every face was strange.

The strange men spoke unto him;
 And he heard from all and each
 The foreign tongue of the Sassenach,
 Not wholesome Irish speech.

Then the oldest monk came forward,
 In Irish tongue spake he:
 "Thou wearest the holy Augustine's dress,
 And who hath given it to thee?"

"I wear the holy Augustine's dress,
 And Cormac is my name,
 The Abbot of this good Abbey
 By grace of God I am.

"I went forth to pray, at break of day;
 And when my prayers were said,
 I hearken'd awhile to a little bird,
 That sung above my head."

The monks to him made answer:
 "Two hundred years have gone o'er
 Since our Abbot Cormac went through the
 gate,
 And never was heard of more.

"Matthias now is our Abbot,
 And twenty have pass'd away.
 The stranger is lord of Ireland;
 We live in an evil day."

"Now give me absolution;
 For my time is come," said he.
 And they gave him absolution,
 As speedily as might be.

Then, close outside the window,
 The sweetest song they heard
 That ever yet since the world began
 Was utter'd by any bird.

The monks look'd out and saw the bird,
Its feathers all white and clean ;
And there in a moment, beside it,
Another white bird was seen.

Those two they sang together,
Waved their white wings, and fled ;
Flew aloft, and vanish'd ;—
But the good old man was dead.

They buried his blesséd body
Where lake and greensward meet ;
A carven cross above his head,
A holly-bush at his feet ;

Where spreads the beautiful water
To gay or cloudy skies,
And the purple peaks of Killarney
From ancient woods arise.

ABBAY ASAROE.

GRAY, gray is Abbey Asaroe, by Ballyshan-
non town,
It has neither door nor window, the walls
are broken down ;
The carven stones lie scatter'd in brier and
nettle-bed ;
The only feet are those that come at burial
of the dead.
A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the
tide,
Singing a song of ancient days, in sorrow,
not in pride ;
The bore-tree¹ and the lightsome ash across
the portal grow,
And heaven itself is now the roof of Abbey
Asaroe.

It looks beyond the harbor-stream to Bulban
mountain blue ;
It hears the voice of Erna's fall,—Atlantic
breakers too ;

High ships go sailing past it ; the sturdy
clank of oars
Brings in the salmon-boat to haul a net upon
the shores ;
And this way to his home-creek, when the
summer day is done,
The weary fisher sculls his punt across the
setting sun ;
While green with corn is Sheegus Hill, his
cottage white below ;
But gray at every season is Abbey Asaroe.

There stood one day a poor old man above
its broken bridge ;
He heard no running rivulet, he saw no
mountain-ridge ;
He turn'd his back on Sheegus Hill, and
view'd with misty sight
The Abbey-walls, the burial-ground with
crosses ghostly white ;
Under a weary weight of years he bow'd
upon his staff,
Perusing in the present time the former's
epitaph ;
For, gray and wasted like the walls, a figure
full of woe,
This man was of the blood of them who
founded Asaroe.

From Derry Gates to Drowas Tower, Tir-
connell broad was theirs ;
Spearmen and plunder, bards and wine, and
holy abbot's prayers ;
With chanting always in the house which
they had builded high
To God and to Saint Bernard,—whereto
they came to die.
At worst, no workhouse grave for him ! the
ruins of his race
Shall rest among the ruin'd stones of this
their saintly place.
The fond old man was weeping ; and tremu-
lous and slow
Along the rough and crooked lane he crept
from Asaroe.²

¹ Asaroe, *Eas-Aedha-Buidh*, Cataract of Red Hugh, a famous waterfall on the river Erne, where King Hugh is said to have been drowned about 2300 years ago, gave name to the neighboring Abbey, founded in the twelfth century.

² "Bore-tree," a name for the elder-tree (*sambucus nigra*).

THE WONDROUS WELL.

CAME north and south and east and west,
 Four Pilgrims to a mountain crest,
 Each vow'd to search the wide world round,
 Until the Wondrous Well be found;
 For even here, as old songs tell,
 Shine sun and moon upon that Well;
 And now, the lonely crag their seat,
 The water rises at their feet.

Said One, "This Well is small and mean,
 Too petty for a village-green."
 Another said, "So smooth and dumb—
 From earth's deep centre can it come?"
 The Third, "This water's nothing rare,
 Hueless and savourless as air."
 The Fourth, "A Fane I look'd to see:
 Where the true Well is, *that* must be."

They rose and left the lofty crest,
 One north, one south, one east, one west;
 Through many seas and deserts wide
 They wander'd, thirsting, till they died;
 Because no other water can
 Assuage the deepest thirst of man.
 —Shepherds who by the mountain dwell,
 Dip their pitchers in that Well.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A MAN there came, whence none can tell,
 Bearing a Touchstone in his hand;
 And tested all things in the land
 By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote
 The fair to foul, the foul to fair;
 Purple nor ermine did he spare,
 Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
 Were many changed to chips and clods,
 And even statues of the gods
 Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
 "The loss outweighs the profit far;
 Our goods suffice us as they are;
 We will not have them tried."

And since they could not so prevail
 To check his unrelenting quest,
 They seized him, saying—"Let him test
 How real it is, our jail!"

But, though they slew him with the sword,
 And in a fire his Touchstone burn'd,
 Its doings could not be o'erturn'd,
 Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
 They strew'd its ashes on the breeze;
 They little guess'd each grain of these
 Convey'd the perfect charm.

North, south, in rings and amulets,
 Throughout the crowded world 'tis
 borne;
 Which, as a fashion long outworn,
 Its ancient mind forgets.

AMONG THE HEATHER.

AN IRISH SONG.

ONE evening walking out, I o'ertook a mod-
 est *colleen*,
 When the wind was blowing cool, and the
 harvest leaves were falling.
 "Is our road, by chance, the same? Might
 we travel on together?"
 "O, I keep the mountain side," (she replied,)
 "among the heather."

"Your mountain air is sweet when the days
 are long and sunny,
 When the grass grows round the rocks, and
 the whinbloom smells like honey;
 But the winter's coming fast, with its foggy,
 snowy weather,
 And you'll find it bleak and chill on your
 hill, among the heather."

She praised her mountain home and I'll
 praise it too, with reason,
 For where Molly is there's sunshine, and
 flow'rs at every season.
 Be the moorland black or white, does it sig-
 nify a feather,
 Now I know the way by heart, every part,
 among the heather?

The sun goes down in haste, and the night
 falls thick and stormy;
 Yet I'd travel twenty miles to the welcome
 that's before me
 Singing hie for Eskydun, in the teeth of
 wind and weather!
 Love'll warm me as I go through the snow,
 among the heather.

THE STATUETTE.

I DREAM'D that I, being dead a hundred
 years,
 (In dream-world, death is free from waking
 fears)
 Stood in a City, in the market-place,
 And saw a snowy marble Statuette,
 Little, but delicately carven, set
 Within a corner-niche. The populace
 Look'd at it now and then in passing-by,
 And some with praise. "Who sculptured
 it?" said I,
 And then my own name sounded in my ears;
 And, gently waking, in my bed I lay,
 With mind contented, in the newborn day.

THE BALLAD OF SQUIRE CURTIS.

A VENERABLE white-hair'd Man,
 A trusty man and true,
 Told me this tale, as word for word
 I tell this tale to you.

Squire Curtis had a cruel mouth,
 Though honey was on his tongue;
 Squire Curtis woo'd and wedded a wife,
 And she was fair and young.

But he said, "She cannot love me;
 She watches me early and late;
 She is mild and good and cold of mood;"—
 And his liking turn'd to hate.

One autumn evening they rode through the
 woods,
 Far and far away;
 "The dusk is drawing round," she said,
 "I fear we have gone astray."

He spake no word, but lighted down,
 And tied his horse to a tree;
 Out of the pillion he lifted her;
 "Tis a lonely place," said she.

Down a forest-alley he walk'd,
 And she walk'd by his side;
 "Would Heaven we were at home!" she said,
 "These woods are dark and wide!"

He spake no word, but still walk'd on;
 The branches shut out the sky;
 In the darkest place he turn'd him round—
 "Tis here that you must die."

Once she shriek'd and never again;
 He stabbed her with his knife;
 Once, twice, thrice, and every blow
 Enough to take a life.

A grave was ready; he laid her in;
 He fill'd it up with care;
 Under the brambles and fallen leaves
 Small sign of a grave was there.

He rode an hour at a steady pace,
 Till unto his house came he;
 On face or clothing, on foot or hand,
 No stain that eye could see.

He boldly call'd to his serving-man,
 As he lighted at the door;
 "Your Mistress is gone on a sudden jour-
 ney—
 May stay for a month or more.

"In two days I shall follow her;
Let her waiting-woman know."
"Sir," said the serving-man, "My lady
Came in an hour ago."

Squire Curtis sat him down in a chair,
And moved neither hand nor head.
In there came the waiting-woman,
"Alas the day!" she said.

"Alas! good Sir," says the waiting-woman,
"What aileth my Mistress dear,
That she sits alone without sign or word?
There is something wrong, I fear!

"Her face was white as any corpse
As up the stair she pass'd;
She never turn'd, she never spoke;
And the chamber-door is fast.

"She's waiting for you." "A lie!" he shouts,
And up to his feet doth start;
"My wiife is buried in Brimley Holt,
With three wounds in her heart."

They search'd the forest by lantern light,
They search'd by dawn of day;
At noon they found the bramble-brake
And the pit where her body lay.

They carried the murder'd woman home,
Slow walking side by side.
Squire Curtis he swung upon gallows-tree,
But confess'd before he died.

The venerable trusty Man
With hair like drifted snow,
Told me this tale, as from his wife
He learn'd it long ago.

POEMS OF SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE TAIN-QUEST.

THE *Tain*, in Irish bardic phrase, was an heroic poem commemorative of a foray or plundering expedition on a grander scale. It was the duty of the bard to be prepared, at call, with all the principal *Tains*, among which the *Tain-Bo-Cuailgne*, or Cattle-Spoil of Quelny, occupied the first place; as in it were recorded the exploits of all the personages most famous in the earlier heroic cycle of Irish story—Conor Mac Nessa, Maev, Fergus Mac Roy, Conall Carnach, and Cuchullin (pronounced *Ku-kullin*). Conor, King of Ulster, contemporary and rival of Maev, Queen of Connaught, reigned at Emania (now the Navan,) near Armagh, about the commencement of the Christian era. He owed his first accession to the monarchy to the arts of his mother, Nessa, on whom Fergus, his predecessor in the kingly office and step-father, doated so fondly that she had been enabled to stipulate, as a condition of bestowing her hand, that Fergus should abdicate for a year in favor of her youthful son. The year had been indefinitely prolonged by the fascinations of Nessa, aided by the ability of Conor, who, although he concealed a treacherous and cruel disposition under attractive graces of manners and person, ultimately became too popular to be displaced; and Fergus, whose nature disinclined him to the labors of government, had acquiesced in accepting as an equivalent the excitements of war and the chase, and the unrestricted pleasures of the revel. Associating with Cuchullin, Conall Carnath, Neesa, son of Usnach, and the other companions of the military order of the Red Branch, he long remained a faithful supporter of the throne of his step-son, eminent for his valor, generosity, and fidelity, as well as for his accomplishments as a hunter and a poet.

At length occurred the tragedy which broke up these genial associations, and drove Fergus into the exile in which he died. Deirdra, a beautiful virgin, educated by Conor for his own companionship, saw and loved Neesa, who eloped with her, and dreading the wrath of the king, fled to Scotland, accompanied by his brothers and clansmen. Conor,

contemplating the treachery he afterwards practised, acquiesced in the entreaty of his counsellors that the sons of Usnach should be pardoned and restored to the service of their country; and to Férgus was confided the task of discovering their retreat and escorting them to Emania, under security of safe-conduct. The hunting-cry of Fergus was heard and recognized by the exiles where they lay in green booths in the solitude of Glen Etive. On their return to Ireland, a temptation prepared for the simple-minded convivial Fergus detached him from his wards; and Deirdra and the Clan Usnach proceeded, under the guardianship of his sons, Buino and Illan, to Emania. Here they were lodged in the house of the Red Branch, where, although it soon became apparent that Conor intended their destruction, they repressed all appearance of distrust in their protectors, and calmly continued playing chess, until, Buino having been bought over and Illan slain in their defence, they were at length compelled to sally from the burning edifice, and were put to the sword; Deirdra being seized again into the king's possession. On this atrocious outrage Fergus took up arms, as well to regain his crown as to avenge the abuse of his safe-conduct; but Cuchullin and the principal chiefs remaining faithful to Conor, the much injured ex-king betook himself, with others of the disgusted Ultonian nobles, to the protection of Maev and Ailill, the Queen and King Consort of Connaught. Thus strengthened, the warriors of Maev made frequent incursions into the territories of Conor, in which Keth and Beälcu on the one hand, and Cucullin and Conall Carnach on the other, were the most renowned actors. After many years of desultory warfare, a pretext for the invasion of the rich plain of Louth arose, in consequence of a chief of the territory of Cuailgne having ill-treated the messengers of Maev, sent by her to negotiate the purchase of a notable dun bull, and the great expedition was thereupon organized which forms the subject of the *Tain-Bo-Cuailgne*. The guidance of the invading host, which traversed the counties of Roscommon, Longford, and Westmeath, was at first confided to Fergus; and much of the interest of the story turns on the conflict in his breast between his duty towards his adopted sovereign, and his attachment to his old companions in arms and former subjects. On the borders of Cuailgne, the invaders were encountered by Cuchullin, who alone detained them by successive challenges to single combat, until Conor and the Ultonian chiefs were enabled to assemble their forces. In these encounters, Cuchullin also had the pain of combating former companions and fellow-pupils in arms; among others, Ferdia, who had received his military education at the same school and under the same amazonian instructress at Dun Sciah, in view of the Cuchullin hills, in Skye. In the respite of their combat, the heroes kiss, in memory of their early affection. The name of the ford in which they fought (*Ath-Firdiadh*, now Ardee, in the county of Louth) perpetuates the memory of the fallen champion, and helps to fix the locality of these heroic passages. Maev, though ultimately overthrown at the great battle of Slewin in Westmeath, succeeded in carrying off the spoils of Louth, including the dun bull of Cuailgne; and with Fergus, under the shelter of whose shield she effected her retreat through many sufferings and dangers, returned to Croghan, the Connacian royal residence, near Elphin, in Roscommon. Here she bore to the now aged hero (at a birth, says the story) three sons, from whom three of the great native families still trace their descent, and from the eldest of whom the county of Kerry derives its name. A servant of Ailill, at the command of the king, avenged the injury done his master's bed by piercing Fergus with a spear, while the athlete poet swam, defenceless, bathing in Loch Ein. The earliest copies of the *Tain-Bo-Cuailgne* are prefaced by the wild legend of its loss and recovery in the time of Guary, King of Connaught, in the sixth century, by Murgén, son of the chief poet Sanchán, under circumstances which have suggested the following poem. The Ogham characters, referred to in the piece, were formed by lines cut tally-wise on the corners of stone pillars, and somewhat resembled Scandinavian Runes, examples of which, carved on squared staves, may still be seen in several museums. The readers of the *Tain-Bo-Cuailgne*, as it now exists, have to regret the overlaying of much of its heroic and pathetic material by turgid extravagances and exaggerations, the additions apparently of later copyists.

THE TAIN-QUEST.

"BEAR the cup to Sanchan Torpest; yield the
bard his poet's meed;
What we've heard was but a foretaste; lays
more lofty now succeed.
Though my stores be emptied well-nigh, twin
bright cups there yet remain,—
Win them with the Raid of Cuallgne; chant us,
Bard, the famous *Tain*!"

Thus, in hall of Gort, spake Guary; for the king,
let truth be told,
Bounteous though he was, was weary giving
goblets, giving gold,
Giving aught the bard demanded;¹ but, when
for the *Tain* he call'd,
Sanchan from his seat descended; shame and
anger fired the Scald.

"Well," he said, "'tis known through Erin,
known through Alba, main and coast,
Since the Staff-Book's disappearing over sea, the
Tain is lost:
For the lay was cut in tallies on the corners of
the staves
Patrick in his pilgrim galleys carried o'er the
Ictian waves.

"Well 'tis known that Erin's Ollaves, met in Tara
Luachra's hall,²
Fail'd to find the certain knowledge of the *Tain*
amongst them all,
Though there there sat sages hoary, men who in
their day had known
All the foremost kings of story; but the lay was
lost and gone.

"Wherefore from that fruitless session went I
forth myself in quest
Of the *Tain*; nor intermission, even for hours
of needful rest,

¹ The exactions of the bards were so intolerable, that the early Irish more than once endeavored to rid themselves of the order, but without success. The *Aéir* or satire of the bard was deemed an instrument of physical mischief, capable of destroying the life and property, as well as the peace of mind, of the person against whom it was directed. Rather than incur its terrors, the early Irish submitted to bardic exactions which would appear incredible, if we did not know that even within the present generation the same belief in the power of the *Bhat* (*vates*) existed in the East.

² The seat of the early kings of West Munster, in the mountainous region of Desmond, site unknown: the scene of a session of the bards in the Sixth, and of an exploit similar to the burning of Persepolis (*magna componere parietis*), by Cuchullin and the Companions of the Red Branch, in a fit of intoxication, in the First Century.

Gave I to my sleepless searches, till I Erin, hill
and plain,
Courts and castles, cells and churches, roam'd
and ransack'd, but in vain.

"Dreading shame on bardship branded, should
I e'er be put to own
Any lay of right demanded of me was not right-
ly known,
Over sea to Alba sped I, where, amid the hither
Gael,³
Dalriad bards had fill'd already all Cantyre with
song and tale.

"Who the friths and fords shall reckon; who
the steepes I cross'd shall count,
From the cauldron-pool of Breacan eastward o'er
the Alban mount;⁴
From the stone fort of Dun Britan, set o'er cir-
cling Clyde on high,⁵
Northward to the thunder-smitten, jagg'd Cu-
chullin peaks of Skye?

"Great Cuchullin's name and glory fill'd the land
from north to south;
Deirdra's and Clan Usnach's story rife I found
in every mouth;
Yea, and where the whitening surges spread be-
low the Herdsman Hill,⁶
Echoes of the shout of Fergus haunted all Glen
Etive still.

³ Iar-Gael—Argyle.

⁴ Corriebreakan, the *maelstrom* of the Orcaades. Like other famous whirlpools, it no longer answers to the ancient account of its terrors. The picturesque force of the description in Cormac's Glossary is enhanced by our inability to translate the whole of some of the similes.

⁵ *Coire-Breacain*, i. e., a great vortex between Ere and Alba to the north, i. e., the conflux of the different seas, viz., the sea which encompasses Ere at the northwest, the sea which encompasses Alba at the northwest, and the sea to the south, between Ere and Alba. They rush at each other after the likeness of a *whaithrinde*, and each is buried into the other like the *oirceal tairreichts*, and they are sucked down into the gulf so as to form a gaping cauldron, which would receive all Ere into its wide mouth. The waters are again thrown up, so that their belching, roaring, and thundering are heard amid the clouds, and they boil like a cauldron upon a fire."

⁶ Dunbarton, formerly *Ail-Clyde*, the stone fort of the Clyde.

⁷ A feeble effort to convey something of the solitary grandeur of the valley around Loch Etive. Had M'Culloch known the details of the noble romance, the traces of which he still found surviving in this retreat of the sons of Usnach, it might have added something to his own enjoyment of the scene, but it could not have increased the impressiveness of his description. "There is a gigantic simplicity about the whole scene, which would render the presence of these objects, and of that variety which constitute picturesque beauty, intrusive and impertinent. I know not if Loch Etive could bear an ornament without an infringement on that aspect of solitary vastness which it presents throughout; nor is there one. The rocks and bays on the shore, which might elsewhere attract attention, are here swallowed up in the enormous

"Echoes of the shout of warning heard by Usnach's exiled youths,
When, between the night and morning, sleeping
in their hunting-booths,
Deirdra dreamt the death-bird hooted; Neesa,
waking wild with joy,
Cried, 'A man of Erin shouted! welcome Fergus, son of Roy!'

"Wondrous shout, from whence repeated, even
as up the answering hills
Echo's widening wave proceeded, spreads the
sound of song that fills
All the echoing waste of ages, tale and lay and
choral strain,
But the chief delight of sages and of kings was
still the *Tain*,

"Made when mighty Maev invaded Cuailgna
for her brown-bright bull;
Fergus was the man that made it, for he saw the
war in full,
And in Maev's own chariot mounted, sang what
pass'd before his eyes,
As you'd hear it now recounted, knew I but
where Fergus lies.

dimensions of the surrounding mountains, and the wide and simple expanse of the lake. Here also, as at Loch Cornisk and Glen Sanicks, we experience the effect arising from simplicity of form. At the first view, the whole expanse appears comprised within a mile or two; nor is it until we find the extremity still remote and misty as we advance, and the aspect of every thing remaining unchanged, that we begin to feel and comprehend the vast and overwhelming magnitude of all around. It is hence also, perhaps, as in that singular valley (Glen Sanicks), that there is here that sense of eternal silence and repose, as if in this spot creation had forever slept. The billows that are seen whitening the shore are inaudible, the cascade pours down the declivity unheard, and the clouds are hurried along the tops of the mountains before the blast, but no sound of the storm reaches the ear. There is something in the coloring of this spot which is equally singular, and which adds much to the general sublime simplicity of the whole. Rocks of gray granite, mixed with portions of a subdued brown, rise all round from the water's edge to the summits of Cruachan and Buachaill Etive (i. e., the Herdsman of Etive), which last, like a vast pyramid, crowns the whole. The unapprehended distance lends to these solar tints an atmospheric hue which seems as if it were the local coloring of the scenery, and this brings the entire landscape to one tone of sobriety and broad repose. As no form protrudes, so no color intrudes itself to break in upon the consistency of the character; even the local colors at our feet partake of the general tranquillity; and all around, water, rock, and hill, and sky, is one broadness of peace and silence, a silence that speaks to the eye and to the mind. The sun shone bright, yet even the sun seemed not to shine: it was as if it had never penetrated to this spot since the beginning of time; and, if its beams glittered on some gray rock or silvered the ripple of the shore, or the wild-flowers that peeped from beneath their mossy stones, the effect was lost amid the universal hue, as of a northern endless twilight that reigned around."—*Tour in the Western Highlands*, vol. II. p. 151.

"Bear me witness, Giant Bouchaill, herdsman of
the mountain drove,
How with spell and spirit-struggle many a mid-
night hour I strove
Back to life to call the author! for before I'd
hear it said,
'Neither Sanchan knew it,' rather would I learn
it from the dead;

"Ay, and pay the dead their teaching with the
one price spirits crave,
When the hand of magic, reaching past the bar-
riers of the grave,
Drags the struggling phantom lifeward:—but
the Ogham on his stone
Still must mock us undecipher'd; grave and lay
alike unknown.

"So that put to shame the direst, here I stand
and own, O King,
Thou a lawful lay requir'st Sanchan Torpest
cannot sing.
Take again the gawds you gave me,—cup nor
crown no more will I;—
Son, from further insult save me: lead me hence,
and let me die."

Leaning on young Murgan's shoulder—Murgan
was his youngest son—

Jeer'd of many a lewd beholder, Sanchan from
the hall has gone:

But, when now beyond Loch Lurgan, three days
thence he reach'd his home,¹

"Give thy blessing, Sire," said Murgan.—
"Whither wouldst thou, son?"—"To Rome;

"Rome, or, haply, Tours of Martin; wheresoever
over ground

Hope can deem that tidings certain of the lay
may yet be found."

Answer'd Eimena his brother, "Not alone thou
leav'st the west,

Though thou ne'er shouldst find another, I'll be
comrade of the quest."

Eastward, breadthwise, over Erin straightway
travell'd forth the twain,

Till with many days' wayfaring Murgan fainted
by Loch Ein:

¹ Loch Lurgan, the present Bay of Galway. The residence of Sanchan was in Bligo.

‘Dear my brother, thou art weary : I for present
aid am flown ;
Thou for my returning tarry here beside this
Standing Stone.”

Shone the sunset, red and solemn : Murgén, where
he leant, observed
Down the corners of the column letter-strokes
of Ogham carved.

“’Tis, belike, a burial pillar,” said he, “and these
shallow lines
Hold some warrior’s name of valor, could I
rightly spell the signs.”

Letter then by letter tracing, soft he breathed the
sound of each ;
Sound and sound then interlacing, lo, the signs
took form of speech ;
And with joy and wonder mainly thrilling, part
a-thrill with fear,
Murgén read the legend plainly, “FERGUS, SON
OF ROY, IS HERE.”

“Lo,” said he, “my quest is ended, knew I but
the spell to say ;
Underneath my feet extended, lies the man that
made the lay :
Yet, though spell nor incantation know I, were
the words but said
That could speak my soul’s elation, I, methinks,
could raise the dead.

‘Be an arch-bard’s name my warrant. Murgén,
son of Sanchán, here,
Vow’d upon a venturous errand to the door-sills
of Saint Pierre,
Where, beyond Slieve Alpa’s barrier, sits the
Coarb of the keys,¹
I conjure thee, buried warrior, rise and give my
wanderings ease.

“’Tis not death whose forms appalling strew the
steep with pilgrims’ graves,
’Tis not fear of snow-slips falling, nor of ice-clefts’
azure caves
Daunts me ; but I dread if Romeward I must
travel till the *Táin*
Crowns my quest, these footsteps homeward I
shall never turn again.

“I at parting left behind me aged sire and
mother dear ;
Who a parent’s love shall find me ere again I
ask it here !

Dearer too than sire or mother, ah, how dear
these tears may tell,
I, at parting, left another ; left a maid who loves
me well.

“Ruthful clay, thy rigors soften ! Fergus, hear,
thy deaf heaps through,
Thou, thyself a lover often, aid a lover young
and true ;
Thou, the favorite of maidens, for a fair young
maiden’s sake,
I conjure thee by the radiance of thy Nessa’s
eyes, awake !

“Needs there adjuration stronger ? Fergus, thou
hadst once a son :
Even than I was Illán younger when the glori-
ous feat was done,—
When in hall of Red Branch bidding Deirdra and
Clan Usnach sate,
In thy guarantee confiding, though the foe was
at their gate.

“Though their guards were bribed and flying,
and their door-posts wrapp’d in flame,
Calmly on thy word relying bent they o’er the
chessman game,
Till with keen words sharp and grievous Deirdra
cried through smoke and fire,
‘See the sons of Fergus leave us : traitor sons
of traitor sire !’

“Mild the eyes that did upbraid her, when young
Illán rose and spake—
‘If my father be a traitor ; if my brother for the
sake
Of a bribe bewray his virtue, yet while lives the
sword I hold,
Illán Finn will not desert you, not for fire and
not for gold !’

“And as hawk that strikes on pigeons, sped on
wrath’s unswerving wing
Through the tyrant’s leaguering legions, smiting
chief and smiting king,
Smote he full on Conór’s gorget, till the waves
of welded steel
Round the monarch’s magic target rang their
loudest ‘larum peal.

¹ The successor in an episcopal seat is designated Coarb, as the
Coarb of Patrick, Coarb of Columb Kill, &c.

"Rang the disc where wizard hammers, mingling
in the wavy field,
Tempest-wail and breaker-clamors, forged the
wondrous Ocean shield,
Answering to whose stormy noises, oft as clang'd
by deadly blows,
All the echoing kindred voices of the seas of Erin
rose.

"Moan'd each sea-chafed promontory; soar'd
and wail'd white Cleena's wave;¹
Rose the Tonn of Inver Rory, and through ool-
umn'd chasm and cave
Reaching deep with roll of anger, till Dunsever-
ick's dungeons reel'd,
Roar'd responsive to the clangor struck from
Conor's magic shield.

"Ye, remember, red wine quaffing in Dunsever-
ick's halls of glee,
Heard the moaning, heard the chafing, heard the
thundering from the sea;
Knew that peril compass'd Conor, came, and on
Emania's plain
Found his fraud and thy dishonor; Deirdra rav-
ish'd, Illan slain.

"Now, by love of son for father,—son, who ere
he'd hear it said—
'Neither Sanchan knew it,' rather seeks to learn
it from the dead;
Rise, and give me back the story that the twin
gold cups shall win;
Rise, recount the great Cow-Foray! rise for love
of Illan Finn!

¹ In the Irish triads—compositions in the Welsh taste—the three waves (*tonna*) of Erin are, "the wave of Tuath, and the wave of Cleena, and the fishy-streaming wave of Inver-Rory." The site of the first is supposed to be the great strand of the bay of Dundalk; that of the wave of Cleena (*allodhna*) is Glandore Harbor, in the County of Cork. "It emanates from the eastern side of the harbor's entrance, where the cliffs facing the south and southwest are hollowed into caverns, of which Dean Swift has given in his poem, *Carberia Rupes*, an accurate, though general, description, producing sensations either of melancholy or fear."—O'Donovan, *Annals of the Four Masters*, A. D. 1557. The wave of Inver-Rory is now represented by the "Tonns," which send forth their warning voices in almost all weathers, from the strand of Magilligan, near the mouth of the river Bann. The sympathy between the royal shield and the surrounding seas of the kingdom is one of those original fancies only to be found amongst a primitive and highly poetic people.

"Still he stirs not. Love of woman thou re-
gard'st not, Fergus, now:
Love of children, instincts human, care for these
no more hast thou:
Wider comprehensions, deeper insights to the
dead belong:—
Since for Love thou wakest not, sleeper, yet
awake for sake of Song!

"Thou, the first in rhythmic cadence dressing
life's discordant tale,
Wars of chiefs and loves of maidens, gavest the
Poem to the Gael;
Now they've lost their noblest measure, and in
dark days hard at hand,
Song shall be the only treasure left them in their
native land.

"Not for selfish gawds or baubles dares my soul
disturb the graves:
Love consoles, but song ennobles; songless men
are meet for slaves:
Fergus, for the Gael's sake, waken! never let
the scornful Gauls
'Mongst our land's reproaches reckon lack of Song
within our halls!"

Fergus rose. A mist ascended with him, and a
flash was seen
As of brazen sandals blended with a mantle's
wafture green;
But so thick the cloud closed o'er him, Eimena,
return'd at last,
Found not on the field before him but a mist-
heap gray and vast.

Thrice to pierce the hoar recesses faithful Eimena
essay'd;
Thrice through foggy wildernesses back to open
air he stray'd;
Till a deep voice through the vapors fill'd the
twilight far and near,
And the Night her starry tapers kindling, stoop'd
from heaven to hear.

Seem'd as though the skiey Shepherd back to
earth had cast the fleece
Envyng gods of old caught upward from the
darkening shrines of Greece;
So the white mists curl'd and glisten'd, so from
heaven's expanses bare,
Stars enlarging lean'd and listen'd down the
emptied depths of air.

All night long by mists surrounded Murgén lay
in vapory bars;
All night long the deep voice sounded 'neath the
keen, enlarging stars:
But when, on the orient verges, stars grew dim
and mists retired,
Rising by the stone of Fergus, Murgén stood, a
man inspired.

"Back to Sanchan!—Father, hasten, ere the
hour of power be past;
Ask not how obtain'd, but listen to the lost lay
found at last!"
"Yea, these words have tramp of heroes in them;
and the marching rhyme
Rolls the voices of the Eras down the echoing
steeps of Time."

Not till all was thrice related, thrice recital full
essay'd,
Sad and shame-faced, worn and faded, Murgén
sought the faithful maid.

"Ah, so haggard; ah, so altered; thou in life
and love so strong!"

"Dearly purchased," Murgén falter'd, "life and
love I've sold for song!"

"Woe is me, the losing bargain! what can song
the dead avail?"

"Fame immortal," murmur'd Murgén, "long as
lay delights the Gael."

"Fame, alas! the price thou chargest not repays
one virgin tear."

"Yet the proud revenge I've purchased for my
sire I deem not dear."

So, again to Gort the splendid, when the drink-
ing boards were spread,
Sanchan, as of old attended, came and sat at
table-head.

"Bear the cup to Sanchan Torpest: twin gold
goblets, Bard, are thine,
If with voice and string thou harpest, *Tain-Bo-
Cuailgne*, line for line."

"Yea, with voice and string I'll chant it." Murgén
to his father's knee

Set the harp: no prelude wanted, Sanchan struck
the master key,

And, as bursts the brimful river all at once from
caves of Cong,

Forth at once, and once forever, leap'd the tor-
rent of the song.

Floating on a brimful torrent, men go down and
banks go by:

Caught adown the lyric current, Guary, captured,
ear and eye,

Heard no more the courtiers jeering, saw no
more the walls of Gort,

Creeve Roe's meads instead appearing, and Ema-
nia's royal fort.

Vision chasing splendid vision, Sanchan roll'd
the rhythmic scene;

They that mock'd in lewd derision, now, at gaze,
with wondering mien,

Sate, and, as the glorying master sway'd the
tightening reins of song,

Felt emotion's pulses faster—fancies faster bound
along.

Pity dawn'd on savage faces, when for love of
captive Crunn,

Macha, in the ransom-races, girt her gravid loins,
to run!

¹ No more striking instance of the cruelty of savage manners
can be conceived than this story of Macha, which is told with
much pathetic force and simplicity in a poem in the *Dinnsenchas*,
one of the tracts preserved in the Book of Lecan, in the Royal
Irish Academy. The *Dinnsenchas* itself is alleged to be, in part
at least, a compilation of the Sixth Century.

One day then came with glowing soul,
To the assembly of Conchobar,
The gifted man from the eastern wave,
Crunn of the flocks, son of Adnoman.
It was then were brought
Two steeds to which I see no equals,
Into the race-course, without concealment,
At which the King of Uladh then presided.
Although there were not the peers of these
Upon the plain, of a yoke of steeds,
Crunn, the rash hairy man, said
That his wife was fleetest, though then pregnant.
Detain ye the truthful man,
Said Conor, the chief of battles,
Until his famous wife comes here,
To nobly run with my great steeds.
Let one man go forth to bring her,
Said the king of levelled stout spears,
Till she comes from the wavy sea,
To save the wise-spoken Crunn.
The woman reached, without delay,
The assembly of the greatly wounding chiefs.
Her two names in the west, without question,
Were Bright Grian and Pure Macha.
Her father was not weak in his house,
Midir of Bri Leith, son of Celtchar;
In his mansion in the west,
She was the sun of women-assemblies.
When she had come—in sobbing words,
She begged immediately for respite,
From the host of assembled clans,
Until the time of her delivery was past.
The Ultonians gave their plighted word,
Should she not run—no idle boast—
That she should not have a prosperous reign
From the hosts of swords and spears.

'Gainst the fleet Ultonian horses; and, when
Deirdra on the road
Headlong dash'd her 'mid the corses, brimming
eyelids overflow'd.

Light of manhood's generous ardor, under brows
relaxing shone;
When, mid-ford, on Uladh's border, young Cu-
chullin stood alone,
Maev and all her hosts withstanding:—"Now,
for love of knightly play,
Yield the youth his soul's demanding; let the
hosts their marchings stay,

"Till the death he craves be given; and, upon
his burial-stone
Champion-praises duly graven, make his name
and glory known;
For, in speech-containing token, age to ages never
gave
Salutation better spoken, than, 'Behold a hero's
grave. "

What, another and another, and he still for com-
bat calls?

Ah, the lot on thee, his brother sworn in arms,
Ferdia, falls;
And the hall with wild applauses sobb'd like
women ere they wist,
When the champions in the pauses of the deadly
combat kiss'd.

Now, for love of land and cattle, while Cuchullin
in the fords

Stays the march of Connaught's battle, ride and
rouse the Northern Lords;

Then stript the fleet and silent dame,
And east loose her hair around her head,
And started, without terror or fail,
To join in the race, but not its pleasure.
The steeds were brought to her eastern side,
To urge them past her in manner like;
To the Ultonians of accustomed victory,
The gallant riders were men of kin.
Although the monarch's steeds were swifter
At all times in the native race,
The woman was fleetest, with no great effort,
The monarch's steeds were then the slower.
As she reached the final goal,
And nobly won the ample pledge,
She brought forth twins without delay,
Before the hosts of the Red Branch fort,
A son and a daughter together.

* * * * *

She left a long-abiding curse
On the chiefs of the Red Branch.

* * * * *

Reeves's *Ancient Churches of Armagh*, App., p. 42.

Swift as angry eagles wing them toward the plun-
der'd eyrie's call,
Thronging from Dun Dealga' bring them, bring
them from the Red Branch hall!

Heard ye not the tramp of armies? Hark!
amid the sudden gloom,
'Twas the stroke of Conall's war-mace sounded
through the startled room;
And, while still the hall grew darker, king and
courtier, chill'd with dread,
Heard the rattling of the war-car of Cnebullin
overhead.

Half in wonder, half in terror, loth to stay and
loth to fly,
Seem'd to each beglamor'd hearer shades of kings
went thronging by:
But the troubled joy of wonder merged at last
in mastering fear,
As they heard, through pealing thunder, "Fer-
gus, son of Roy, is here!"

Brazen-sandall'd, vapor-shrouded, moving in an
icy blast,
Through the doorway terror-crowded, up the
tables Fergus pass'd:—
"Stay thy hand, O harper, pardon! cease the
wild unearthly lay!
Murgem, bear thy sire his guerdon." Murgem
sat, a shape of clay.

"Bear him on his bier beside me: never more in
halls of Gort
Shall a niggard king deride me; slaves, of San-
chan make their sport!
But because the maiden's yearnings needs must
also be condoled,
Hers shall be the dear-bought earnings, hers the
twin-bright cups of gold."

"Cups," she cried, "of bitter drinking, ting them
far as arm can throw!
Let them, in the ocean sinking, out of sight and
memory go!

¹ *Dun-Dealga*, giving name to Dundalk, the residence of Cu-
chullin. There are few better ascertained sites in Irish topography
than that of the actual place of abode of this hero. It is the great
earthen mound, now called the moat of Castletown, which rises
conspicuously over the woods of Lord Roden's demesne, on the
left of the traveller leaving Dundalk for the north.

Let the joinings of the rhythm, let the links of
sense and sound
Of the *Tain-Bo* perish with them, lost as though
they'd ne'er been found !¹

So it comes, the lay, recover'd once at such a
deadly cost,
Ere one full recital suffer'd, once again is all but
lost :
For, the maiden's malediction still with many a
blemish-stain
Clings in coarser garb of fiction round the frag-
ments that remain.

THE ABDICATION OF FERGUS MAC ROY.

ONCE, ere God was crucified,
I was King o'er Uladh wide :
King, by law of choice and birth,
O'er the fairest realm of Earth.

I was head of Rury's race ;
Emain was my dwelling-place ;¹
Right and Might were mine ; nor less
Stature, strength, and comeliness.

Neither lack'd I love's delight,
Nor the glorious meeds of fight.
All on earth was mine could bring
Life's enjoyment to a king.

¹ The petty kings of Uladh (Ulster), who reigned at Emania, claimed to derive their pedigree through Rury Mora, of the line of Ir, one of the fabled sons of Milesius, as other provincial *Reguli* traced theirs to Eber and Heremon. A list of thirty-one of these occupants of Emania before its destruction, in A. D. 382, compiled from the oldest of the Irish annals, has been published by O'Connor (*Rev. Hib. SS.*, vol. ii., p. 66), in which Fergus, son of Leide, the fourteenth in succession from Cimbæath, the founder, has twelve years assigned to him, ending in the year A. C. 81 ; after whom appears Conor, son of Nessa, having a reign of sixty years.

Dr. Reeves, in his learned tract, "The Ancient Churches of Armagh," has collected the native evidences of the early existence of Emania, and of the transition of its original name *Emain* (appearing as *Hewynna* in 1874, as *Ewagyn* in 1524, and *N-awan* in 1683) into its present corrupt form of "the Navan." The remains, situate in the townland of Navan, and parish of English, about two miles west from Armagh, are now becoming rapidly obliterated. A few years ago, the external circuit-wall, enclosing a space of about twelve acres, was complete. Now, through one-third of the circuit, the rampart has been levelled into the ditch, and the surface submitted to the plough. Application was made in vain to those who might have stayed the destruction : they could not be induced to believe that any historic monument worth preserving existed in Ireland. Yet a place with a definite history of six hundred years ending in the Fourth Century of the Christian era, is not easily found elsewhere on this side of the Alps.

Much I loved the jocund chase,
Much the horse and chariot race :
Much I loved the deep carouse,
Quaffing in the Red Branch House.²

But, in Council call'd to meet,
Loved I not the judgment-seat ;
And the suitors' questions hard
Won but scantily my regard.

Rather would I, all alone,
Care and state behind me thrown,
Walk the dew through showery gleams
O'er the meads, or by the streams,

Chanting, as the thoughts might rise,
Unimagined melodies ;
While with sweetly-pungent smart
Secret happy tears would start.

Such was I, when, in the dance,
Nessa did bestow a glance,
And my soul that moment took
Captive in a single look.

I am but an empty shade,
Far from life and passion laid ;
Yet does sweet remembrance thrill
All my shadowy being still.

Nessa had been Fathna's spouse,
Fathna of the Royal house,
And a beauteous boy had borne him
Fourteen summers did adorn him :

Yea ; thou deem'st it marvellous,
That a widow's glance should thus
Turn from lure of maidens' eyes
All a young king's fantasies.

Yet if thou hadst known but half
Of the joyance of her laugh,
Of the measures of her walk,
Of the music of her talk,

Of the witch'ry of her wit,
Even when smarting under it,—
Half the sense, the charm, the grace,
Thou hadst worshipp'd in my place.

² This appears to have been a detached fortress, in the nature of a military barrack and hospital, depending on the principal fort. The townland of *Creeve Roe, &c.*, "Red Branch," adjoining the Navan on the west, still preserves the name.

And, besides, the thoughts I wove
 Into songs of war and love,
 She alone of all the rest
 Felt them with a perfect zest.

"Lady, in thy smiles to live
 Tell me but the boon to give,
 Yea, I lay in gift complete
 Crown and sceptre at thy feet."

"Not so great the boon I crave :
 Hear the wish my soul would have ;"
 And she glanced a loving eye
 On the stripling standing by :—

"Conor is of age to learn ;
 Wisdom is a king's concern ;
 Conor is of royal race,
 Yet may sit in Fathna's place.

"Therefore, king, if thou wouldst prove
 That I have indeed thy love,
 On the judgment-seat permit
 Conor by thy side to sit,

"That by use the youth may draw
 Needful knowledge of the Law."
 I with answer was not slow,
 "Be thou mine, and be it so."

I am but a shape of air,
 Far removed from love's repair ;
 Yet, were mine a living frame
 Once again, I'd say the same.

Thus, a prosperous wooing sped,
 Took I Nessa to my bed,
 While in council and debate
 Conor daily by me sate.

Modest was his mien in sooth,
 Beautiful the studious youth,
 Questioning with earnest gaze
 All the reasons and the ways

In the which, and why because,
 Kings administer the Laws.
 Silent so with looks intent
 Sat he till the year was spent.

But the strifes the suitors raised
 Bred me daily more distaste,
 Every faculty and passion
 Sunk in sweet intoxication.

Till upon a day in court
 Rose a plea of weightier sort :
 Tangled as a briery thicket
 Were the rights and wrongs intricate

Which the litigants disputed,
 Challenged, mooted, and confuted ;
 Till, when all the plea was ended,
 Naught at all I comprehended.

Scorning an affected show
 Of the thing I did not know,
 Yet my own defect to hide,
 I said, "Boy-judge, thou decide."

Conor, with unalter'd mien,
 In a clear sweet voice serene,
 Took in hand the tangled skein
 And began to make it plain.

As a sheep-dog sorts his cattle,
 As a king arrays his battle,
 So, the facts on either side
 He did marshal and divide.

Every branching side-dispute
 Traced he downward to the root
 Of the strife's main stem, and there
 Laid the ground of difference bare.

Then to scope of either cause
 Set the compass of the laws,
 This adopting, that rejecting,—
 Reasons to a head collecting,—

As a charging cohort goes
 Through and over scatter'd foes,
 So, from point to point, he brought
 Onward still the weight of thought

Through all error and confusion,
 Till he set the clear conclusion
 Standing like a king alone,
 All things adverse overthrown,

And gave judgment clear and sound :—
 Praises fill'd the hall around ;
 Yea, the man that lost the cause
 Hardly could withhold applause.

By the wondering crowd surrounded,
 I sat shamefaced and confounded.
 Envious ire awhile oppress'd me
 Till the nobler thought possess'd me ;

And I rose, and on my feet
 Standing by the judgment-seat,
 Took the circlet from my head,
 Laid it on the bench, and said—

“Men of Uladh, I resign
 That which is not rightly mine,
 That a worthier than I
 May your judge’s place supply.

“Lo, it is no easy thing
 For a man to be a king
 Judging well, as should behoove
 One who claims a people’s love.

“Uladh’s judgment-seat to fill
 I have neither wit nor will.
 One is here may justly claim
 Both the function and the name.

“Conor is of royal blood;
 Fair he is; I trust him good;
 Wise he is we all may say
 Who have heard his words to-day.

“Take him therefore in my room,
 Letting me the place assume—
 Office but with life to end—
 Of his councillor and friend.”

So young Conor gain’d the crown;
 So I laid the kingship down;
 Laying with it, as it went,
 All I knew of discontent.

THE HEALING OF CONALL CARNACH.

Conor is said to have heard of the Passion of our Lord from a Roman captain sent to demand tribute at Emania. He died of a wound inflicted by Keth, son of Magach, and nephew of Maev, with a ball from a sling; having been inveigled within reach of the missile by certain Connaught ladies. His son, Forbaid, characteristically avenged his death by the assassination of Maev, whom he slew, also with a sling, across the Shannon, while she was in the act of bathing. Notwithstanding the repulsive character of many of the acts ascribed to Conor, such as the cruel enforcement of the foot-race upon Macha (*O licentiam furoris, ægræ reipub-licæ gemitu prosequendam*)¹ and the betrayal of the sons of Usnach, and abduction of Deirdra, the best part of Irish heroic tradition connects itself with his reign and period, preceding by nearly three centuries the epoch of Cormac Mac Art, and the Fenian or Irish Ossianic romances. The survivor of the men of renown of Conor’s era was Conall Carnach, the hero of many picturesque legends, one of the most remarkable of which affords the groundwork for the following verses.

O’ER Slieve Few,² with noiseless tramping through
 the heavy-drifted snow,
 Beálcu,³ Connacia’s champion, in his chariot
 tracks the foe;
 And anon far off discerneth, in the mountain-
 hollow white,
 Slinger Keth and Conall Carnach mingling, hand
 to hand, in fight.

Swift the charioteer his coursers urged across the
 wintry glade:
 Hoarse the cry of Keth and hoarser seem’d to
 come demanding aid:
 But through wreath and swollen runnel ere the
 car could reach anigh,
 Keth lay dead, and mighty Conall bleeding lay
 at point to die.

Whom beholding spent and pallid, Beálcu exult-
 ing cried,
 “Oh, thou ravening wolf of Uladh, where is now
 thy northern pride?
 What can now that crest audacious, what that
 pale, defiant brow,
 Once the bale-star of Connacia’s ravaged fields,
 avail thee now?”

“Taunts are for reviling women,” faintly Conall
 made reply:
 “Wouldst thou play the manlier foeman, end
 my pain and let me die.
 Neither deem thy blade dishonor’d that with
 Keth’s a deed it share,
 For the foremost two of Connaught feat enough
 and fame to spare.”

“No, I will not! bard shall never in Dunseverick
 hall make boast
 That to quell one northern riever needed two of
 Croghan’s host.⁴
 But because that word thou’st spoken, if but life
 enough remains,
 Thou shalt hear the wives of Croghan clap their
 hands above thy chains.

² A mountainous district, the name of which is preserved in the baronies of Upper and Lower Fews, on the borders of the counties of Louth and Armagh, the scene of many of the northern bardic romances.

³ Pronounced *Bayal-kis*.

⁴ Rath Croghan, the residence of the *Reguli* of Connaught, erected by Eochaid, father of Maev. Its remains, including stones inscribed in the Ogham character, and apparently of coeval date, exist two miles northwest of Tulsk, in the county Roscommon.

"Yea, if life enough but linger, that the leech
may make thee whole,
Meet to satiate the anger that beseems a warrior's
soul,
Best of leech-craft I'll purvey thee; make thee
whole as healing can;
And in single combat slay thee, Connaught man
to Ulster man."

Binding him in five-fold fetter,¹ wrists and ankles,
wrists and neck,
To his car's uneasy litter Beälcu upheaved the
wreck
Of the broken man and harness; but he started
with amaze
When he felt the northern war-mace, what a
weight it was to raise.

Westward then through Breiffny's borders, with
his captive and his dead,
Track'd by bands of fierce applauders, wives and
shrieking widows, sped;
And the chain'd heroic carcass on the fair-green
of Moy Slaughter²
Casting down, proclaim'd his purpose, and bade
Lee the leech be brought.

¹ This, in the expressive form of the Irish idiom, is termed "the fettering of the five smalls." The quaint translator of Keating (MS. Lib. R. I. A.) thus describes the performance of a similar operation on Cuchullin by the hero Curol, from whom he had carried off the beautiful Blanaid: "Chury forthwith pursued him into Mounster, and overtaking them both at Sallchoyde, the two matchless (but of themselves) champions edged of either syde by the stings of love towards Blanaid, and impatient, each, of the competition of a corival about her, fell to a single combat in her presence, which she succeeded (as the victory in duells tryed out to a pointe usually falleth out of one side) that Chury, favoured by fortune, and not inferior for valour to any that till that time ever upon equal tearmes mett him, gaining the upperhand of Cuchullynn, *he bound him upp hand and foote* with such a *perligation* that, trymming of his tresses with his lance (as a marke of his further disgrace and discomfiture), he took Blannait from thence quietly into West Mounster." Elsewhere he uses the forcible expression in reference to the same proceeding—"leaving him so *jugamented*, he went" &c. Of all the translations of Keating, this has most of the characteristic simplicity and quaintness of the Irish Herodotus.

² A very ancient place of assembly among the Pagan Irish, and scene of the worship of their reputed principal idol, called Crom Cruach. From the story of Crom's overthrow by Saint Patrick, found in what is called the tripartite life of the saint, it would appear that the stones which represented Crom and his twelve inferior demons were still *in situ* at the time of the composition of that work, which is said to be of the Sixth Century. "When Patrick saw the idol from the water, which is called *Guthard*, and when he approached near the idol, he raised his arm to lay the staff of Jesus on him, and it did not reach him, he (i. e. *Crom*) bent back from the attempt upon his right side; for it was to the south his face was: and the mark of the staff lives (exists) on his left side still, although the staff did not leave Patrick's hand; and the earth swallowed the other twelve idols to their heads; and they are in that condition in commemoration of the miracle:" a

Lee, the gentle-faced physician from his herb-plot came, and said—

"Healing is with God's permission: health for life's enjoyment made:
And though I mine aid refuse not, yet, to speak my purpose plain,
I the healing art abuse not, making life enure to pain.

"But assure me, with the sanction of the mightiest oath ye know,
That in case, in this contention, Conall overcome his foe,
Straight departing from the tourney by what path the chief shall choose,
He is free to take his journey unmolested to the Few.

"Swear me further, while at healing in my charge the hero lies,
None shall, through my fences stealing, work him mischief or surprise;
So, if God the undertaking but approve, in six months' span
Once again my art shall make him meet to stand before a man"

Crom their God they then attested, Sun and Wind for guarantees,
Conall Carnach unmolested, by what exit he might please,
If the victor, should have freedom to depart Connacia's bounds;
Meantime, no man should intrude him, entering on the hospice grounds.

Then his burden huge receiving in the hospice-portal, Lee,
Stiffen'd limb by limb relieving with the iron-fetter key,
As a crumpled scroll unroll'd him, groaning deep, till laid at length,
Wondering gazers might behold him, what a tower he was of strength.

pregnant piece of evidence to show that even at this early time the stone *cromlaec*, or monumental stone circle, had been deused as a mode of sepulture: for it is plainly to a monument of that kind the writer of the tripartite life alludes in this passage. Dr. O'Donovan has identified the plain of Moy Slaughter with the district around the little modern village of Ballymaccgouran, in the parish of Templeport, and county of Cavan

Spake the sons to one another, day by day, of
Beálcu—

"Get thee up and spy, my brother, what the
leech and northman do."

"Lee, at mixing of a potion: Conall, yet in no
wise dead,

As on reef of rock the ocean, tosses wildly on
his bed."

"Spy again with cautious peeping: what of Lee
and Conall now?"

"Conall lies profoundly sleeping: Lee beside,
with placid brow."

"And to-day?" "To-day he's risen; pallid as
his swathing-sheet,

He has left his chamber's prison, and is walking
on his feet."

"And to-day?" "A ghastly figure, on his jave-
lin propp'd he goes."

"And to-day?" "A languid vigor through his
larger gesture shows."

"And to-day?" "The blood renewing mantles
all his clear cheek through."

"Would thy vow had room for rueing, rashly-
valiant Beálcu!"

So with herb and healing balsam, ere the second
month was past,

Life's additions smooth and wholesome circling
through his members vast,

As you've seen a sere oak burgeon under sum-
mer showers and dew,

Conall, under his chirurgion, fill'd and flourish'd,
spread and grew.

"I can bear the sight no longer: I have watch'd
him moon by moon:

Day by day the chief grows stronger: giant-
strong he will be soon.

Oh, my sire, rash-valiant warrior! but that oaths
have built the wall,

Soon these feet should leap the barrier: soon this
hand thy fate forestall."

"Brother, have the wish thou'st utter'd: we have
sworn, so let it be;

But although our feet be fetter'd, all the air is
left us free.

Dying Keth with vengeful presage did bequeath
thee sling and ball,

And the sling may send its message where thy
vagrant glances fall.

"Forbaid was a master-slinger: Maev, when in
her bath she sank,

Felt the presence of his finger from the further
Shannon bank;

For he threw by line and measure, practising a
constant cast

Daily in secluded leisure, till he reach'd the
mark at last.¹

"Keth achieved a warrior's honor, though 'twas
'mid a woman's band,

When he smote the amorous Conor bowing from
his distant stand.²

Fit occasion will not fail ye: in the leech's lawn
below,

Conall at the fountain daily drinks within an easy
throw."

"Wherefore cast ye at the apple, sons of mine,
with measured aim?"

"He who in the close would grapple, first the
distant foe should maim.

1 "Oillíoll, the last husband that Meauiffe had, being killed by Conall Carnath, she retired herself to Inish Clothran, an island lying within Loch Eyve, and afterward used daily to bath herself in a well standing neere the entry of the same lake, and that timeli every morning; and though shee thought her like washing was secretly carried (on), yet, it coming to the hearing of forbuidhe vic Conchuvair, he privately came to the well, and from ye brym thereof taking by a lynnen thrid, which for that purpose he carryed with him, the right measure and length from thence to the other side of that lake adioneing to Ulster, and carrying that measure with him into Ulster, and by the same setting forth justly the like distance of ground, and at either end of that lyne fixing two wooden stakes, with an apple at the top of one of them, he daily afterward made it his constant exercise with his hand-bowe to shoot at ye apple, till bl continuance he learned his lesson so perfect, that he never missed his aymed marke; and shortly afterward, some generall meeting being appointed betweene them of Ulster and those of Connaught, on the side of the river Shannon at Innish Clothrain, to be near Meauiff to receive her resolutions to the propositions moved of the other part unto them, forbuid coming thither with the Uldians, his countrymen, and watching his opportunity, of a certain morning, spied over ye lake Meauiffe bathing of herself, as she formerly accustomed to doo in the same well, and thereupon he, to be spedd of his long-expected gaine, fitting his hand-bowe with a stone, he therewith so assuredly pitched at his marke, that he hitt her right in the forehead, and by that devised sleight instantly killed her, when she little supposed or feared to take leave with the world, having (as formerly is declared) had the power and command of all Connaght 88 years in her owne handes."—Keating, *O'Kearney's Version, Lib. R. I. A.*

Inis Clothrain, the scene of this shocking treachery, is now known as Quaker's Island. Tradition preserves the place of Maev's assassination, but the well has disappeared.—See *O'Donovan's MS. Collections for the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, Lib. R. I. A.*, vol. "Roscommon."

¹ The late Professor O'Curry has fixed with landable accuracy the locality of this act of savage warfare at Ardnurchar, i. e., "the height of the cast," in the county of Westmeath. The whole story of the sling-ball, of its nature and materials, of the chance by which it came into Keth's possession, and of the use he made of it, forms a remarkable chapter in the history of barbarian manners.—Vide O'Curry, *Lectures on the MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History*, p. 593

And since Keth, his death-balls casting, rides no
more the ridge of war,
We against our summer hosting, train us for his
vacant car."

"Wherefore to the rock repairing, gaze ye forth,
my children, tell."

"'Tis a stag we watch for snaring, that frequents
the leech's well."

"I will see this stag—though, truly, small may be
my eyes' delight."

And he climb'd the rock where fully lay the lawn
exposed to sight.

Conall to the green well-margin came at dawn
and knelt to drink,

Thinking how a noble virgin by a like green
fountain's brink

Heard his own pure vows one morning, far away
and long ago :

All his heart to home was turning ; and his tears
began to flow.

Clean forgetful of his prison, steep Dunseverick's
windy tower

Seem'd to rise in present vision, and his own dear
lady's bower.

Round the sheltering knees they gather, little
ones of tender years,—

Tell us, mother, of our father ; and she answers
but with tears.

Twice the big drops splash'd the fountain. Then
he rose, and, turning round,

As across a breast of mountain sweeps a whirl-
wind, o'er the ground

Raced in athlete-feats amazing, swung the war-
mace, hurl'd the spear ;

Beálcu, in wonder gazing, felt the pangs of deadly
fear.

Had it been a fabled griffin, suppld in a fasting
den,

Flash'd its wheeling coils to heaven o'er a wreck
of beasts and men,

Hardly had the dreadful prospect bred his soul
more dire alarms ;

Such the fire of Conall's aspect, such the stridor
of his arms !

"This is fear," he said, "that never shook these
limbs of mine till now.

Now I see the mad endeavor ; now I mourn the
boastful vow

Yet 'twas righteous wrath impell'd me ; and a
sense of manly shame
From his naked throat withheld me when 'twas
offer'd to my aim.

"Now I see his strength excelling : whence he
buys it : what he pays :

'Tis a God who has his dwelling in the fount, to
whom he prays.

Thither came he weeping, drooping, till the Well-
God heard his prayer :

Now behold him, soaring, swooping, as an eagle
through the air.

"O thou God, by whatsoever sounds of awe thy
name we know,

Grant thy servant equal favor with the stranger
and the foe !

Equal grace, 'tis all I covet ; and if sacrificial
blood

Win thy favor, thou shalt have it on thy very
well-brink, God !

"What and though I've given pledges not to
cross the leech's court ?

Not to pass his sheltering hedges, meant I to his
patient's hurt.

Thy dishonor meant I never : never meant I to
forswear

Right divine of prayer wherever Power divine
invites to prayer.

"Sun that warm'st me, Wind that fann'st me, ye
that guarantee the oath,

Make no sign of wrath against me : tenderly ye
touch me both.

Yea, then, through his fences stealing ere to-
morrow's sun shall rise,

Well-God ! on thy margin kneeling, I will offer
sacrifice."

"Brother, rise, the skies grow ruddy : if we yet
would save our sire,

Rests a deed courageous, bloody, wondering ages
shall admire :

Hie thee to the spy-rock's summit : ready there
thou'lt find the sling ;

Ready there the leaden plummet ; and at dawn
he seeks the spring."

Ruddy dawn had changed to amber : radiant as
the yellow day,

Conall, issuing from his chamber, to the fountain
took his way :

There, athwart the welling water, like a fallen
pillar, spread,
Smitten by the bolt of slaughter, lay Connacia's
champion, dead.

Call the hosts! convene the judges! cite the
dead man's children both!—
Said the judges, "He gave pledges—Sun and
Wind—and broke the oath,
And they slew him: so we've written: let his
sons attend our words."
"Both, by sudden frenzy smitten, fell at sunrise
on their swords."

Then the judges, "Ye who punish man's pre-
varicating vow,
Needs not further to admonish: contrite to your
will we bow,
All our points of promise keeping: safely let the
chief go forth."
Conall to his chariot leaping, turn'd his coursers
to the north:

In the Sun that swept the valleys, in the Wind's
encircling flight,
Recognizing holy allies, guardians of the Truth
and Right;
While, before his face, resplendent with a firm
faith's candid ray,
Dazzled troops of foes attendant, bow'd before
him on his way.

But the calm physician, viewing where the white
neck join'd the ear,
Said, "It is a slinger's doing: Sun nor Wind
was actor here.
Yet, till God vouchsafe more certain knowledge
of his sovereign will,
Better deem the mystic curtain hides their
wonted demons still.

"Better so, perchance, than living in a clearer
light, like me,
But believing where perceiving, bound in what I
hear and see;
Force and change in constant sequence, changing
atoms, changeless laws;
Only in submissive patience waiting access to the
Cause.

"And, they say, Centurion Altus, when he to
Emania came,
And to Rome's subjection call'd us, urging
Cæsar's tribute claim,

Told that half the world barbarian thrills already
with the faith
Taught them by the godlike Syrian Cæsar lately
put to death.

"And the Sun, through starry stages measuring
from the Ram and Bull,
Tells us of renewing Ages, and that Nature's
time is full:
So, perchance, these silly breezes even now may
swell the sail,
Brings the leavening word of Jesus westward
also to the Gael."

THE BURIAL OF KING CORMAC.

Cormac, son of Art, son of Con Cead-Catha,¹ enjoyed the sovereignty of Ireland through the prolonged period of forty years, commencing from A. D. 218. During the latter part of his reign, he resided at Sletty, on the Boyne, being, it is said, disqualified for the occupation of Tara by the personal blemish he had sustained in the loss of an eye, by the hand of Angus "Dread-Spear," chief of the Desi, a tribe whose original seats were in the barony of Deece, in the county of Meath. It was in the time of Cormac and his son Carbre, if we are to credit the Irish annals, that Fin, son of Comhal, and the Fenian heroes, celebrated by Ossian, flourished. Cormac has obtained the reputation of wisdom and learning, and appears justly entitled to the honor of having provoked the enmity of the Pagan priesthood, by declaring his faith in a God not made by hands of men.

"CROM CRUACH and his sub-gods twelve,"
Said Cormac, "are but carven treene;
The axe that made them, haft or helve,
Had worthier of our worship been.

"But he who made the tree to grow,
And hid in earth the iron-stone,
And made the man with mind to know
The axe's use, is God alone."

Anon to priests of Crom was brought—
Where, girded in their service dread,
They minister'd on red Moy Slaughter—
Word of the words King Cormac said.

They loosed their curse against the king;
They cursed him in his flesh and bones;
And daily in their mystic ring
They turn'd the maledictive stones,²

¹ I. e., Hundred-Battle.

² A pagan practice, in use among the Lusitanian as well as the Insular Celts, and of which Dr. O'Donovan records an instance, among the latter, as late as the year 1886, in the island of Inishmurray, off the coast of Sligo. Among the places and objects of reverence included within the pre-Christian stone *Cashel*, or *cyclo-*

Till, where at meat the monarch sate,
Amid the revel and the wine,
He choked upon the food he ate,
At Sletty, southward of the Boyne.

High vaunted then the priestly throng,
And far and wide they noised abroad
With trump and loud liturgic song
The praise of their avenging God.

But ere the voice was wholly spent
That priest and prince should still obey,
To awed attendants o'er him bent
Great Cormac gather'd breath to say,—

"Spread not the beds of Brugh for me!
When restless death-bed's use is done:
But bury me at Rossnaree
And face me to the rising sun.

"For all the kings who lie in Brugh
Put trust in gods of wood and stone;
And 'twas at Ross that first I knew
One, Unseen, who is God alone.

"His glory lightens from the east;
His message soon shall reach our shore;
And idol-god, and cursing priest
Shall plague us from Moy Slaughter no more."

Dead Cormac on his bier they laid:—
"He reign'd a king for forty years,
And shame it were," his captains said,
"He lay not with his royal peers.

pean citadel of the island, he mentions the *clocha breca*, i. e., the speckled stones. "They are round stones of various sizes, and arranged in such order as that they cannot be easily reckoned; and, if you believe the natives, they cannot be reckoned at all. These stones are turned, and, if I understand them rightly, their order changed by the inhabitants on certain occasions, when they visit this shrine to wish good or evil to their neighbors."—*MS. Collections for Ordnance Survey, Lib. R. I. A.*

¹ The principal cemetery of the pagan Irish kings was at Brugh, which seems to have been situated on the northern bank of the Boyne. A series of tumuli and sepulchral cairns extends from the neighborhood of Slane towards Drogheda, beginning, according to the ancient tract preserved in the book of Ballymote (Petrie, R. T. Trans., R. I. A., vol. xx., p. 102), with the *imdas in Dagda*, or "Bed of the Dagda," a king of the Tuath de Danaan, supposed, with apparently good reason, to be the well-known tumulus now called New Grange. This and the neighboring cairn of Dowth appear to be the only Megalithic sepulchres in the west of Europe distinctly referable to persons whose names are historically preserved. The carvings which cover the stones of their chambers and galleries correspond very closely with those of the Gavrinis tomb near Locmariaquer, in Brittany. The Breton Megalithic monuments appear to belong to a period long anterior to the Roman Conquest; and this resemblance between one of the latest of that group and these *quasi* pyramids on the Boyne, ascribed by Irish historic tradition to an early ante-Christian epoch, goes far to show that a foundation of fact underlies the early history of Ireland.

"His grandsire, Hundred-Battle, sleeps
Serene in Brugh: and, all around,
Dead kings in stone sepulchral keeps
Protect the sacred burial-ground.

"What though a dying man should rave
Of changes o'er the eastern sea?
In Brugh of Boyne shall be his grave,
And not in noteless Rossnaree."

Then northward forth they bore the bier,
And down from Sletty side they drew,
With horseman and with charioteer,
To cross the fords of Boyne to Brugh.

There came a breath of finer air
That touch'd the Boyne with ruffling wings,
It stirr'd him in his sedgy lair
And in his mossy moorland springs.

And as the burial train came down
With dirge and savage dolorous shows,
Across their pathway, broad and brown
The deep, full-hearted river rose;

From bank to bank through all his fords,
'Neath blackening squalls he swell'd and
boil'd;
And thrice the wondering gentile lords
Essay'd to cross, and thrice recoild.

Then forth stepp'd gray-hair'd warriors four:
They said, "Through angrier floods than
these,

On link'd shields once our king we bore
From Dread-Spear and the hosts of Deece.

"And long as loyal will holds good,
And limbs respond with helpful thews,
Nor flood, nor fiend within the flood,
Shall bar him of his burial dues."

With slanted necks they stoop'd to lift;
They heaved him up to neck and chain;
And, pair and pair, with footsteps swift,
Lock'd arm and shoulder, bore him in.

'Twas brave to see them leave the shore;
To mark the deep'ning surges rise,
And fall subdued in foam before
The tension of their striding thighs.

'Twas brave, when now a spear-cast out,
Breast-high the battling surges ran;

For weight was great, and limbs were stout,
And loyal man put trust in man.

But ere they reach'd the middle deep,
Nor steadying weight of clay they bore,
Nor strain of sinewy limbs could keep
Their feet beneath the swerving four.

And now they slide and now they swim,
And now, amid the blackening squall,
Gray locks afloat, with clutchings grim,
They plunge around the floating pall.

While, as a youth with practised spear
Through justling crowds bears off the ring,
Boyne from their shoulders caught the bier
And proudly bore away the king.

At morning, on the grassy marge
Of Rosnaree, the corpse was found,
And shepherds at their early charge
Entomb'd it in the peaceful ground.

A tranquil spot: a hopeful sound
Comes from the ever-youthful stream,
And still on daisied mead and mound
The dawn delays with tenderer beam.

Round Cormac Spring renews her buds:
In march perpetual by his side,
Down come the earth-fresh April floods,
And up the sea-fresh salmon glide;

And life and time rejoicing run
From age to age their wonted way;
But still he waits the risen Sun,
For still 'tis only dawning Day.

AIDEEN'S GRAVE.

Aideen, daughter of Angus of Ben-Edar (now the Hill of Howth), died of grief for the loss of her husband, Oscar, son of Ossian, who was slain at the battle of Gavra (*Gowra*, near Tara, in Meath), A. D. 284. Oscar was entombed in the Rath or earthen fortress that occupied part of the field of battle, the rest of the slain being cast in a pit outside. Aideen is said to have been buried on Howth, near the mansion of her father, and poetical tradition represents the Fenian heroes as present at her obsequies. The Cromlech in Howth Park has been supposed to be her sepulchre. It stands under the summits from which the poet Atharne is said to have launched his invectives against the people of Leinster, until, by the blighting effect of his satires, they were compelled to make him atonement for the death of his son.

THEY heaved the stone; they heap'd the cairn:
Said Ossian, "In a queenly grave

We leave her, 'mong her fields of fern,
Between the cliff and wave.

"The cliff behind stands clear and bare,
And bare, above, the heathery steep
Scales the clear heaven's expanse, to where
The Danaan Druids sleep.¹

"And all the sands that, left and right,
The grassy isthmus-ridge confine,
In yellow bars lie bare and bright
Among the sparkling brine.

"A clear pure air pervades the scene,
In loneliness and awe secure;
Meet spot to sepulchre a Queen
Who in her life was pure.

"Here, far from camp and chase removed,
Apart in Nature's quiet room,
The music that alive she loved
Shall cheer her in the tomb.

"The humming of the noontide bees,
The lark's loud carol all day long,
And, borne on evening's salted breeze,
The clanking sea-bird's song,

"Shall round her airy chamber float,
And with the whispering winds and streams
Attune to Nature's tenderest note
The tenor of her dreams.

"And oft, at tranquil eve's decline
When full tides lip the Old Green Plain,²
The lowing of Moynalty's kine
Shall round her breathe again,

"In sweet remembrance of the days
When, duteous, in the lowly vale,

¹ Irish historic tradition abounds with allusions to the Tuatha-de-Danaans, i. e., the god-tribes of the Danaans, an early race of conquerors from the north of Europe, versed in music and poetry, as well as in the other then reputed arts of civilized life. They are said to have reached the shores of the Baltic from Greece by the same route supposed by the pseudo Orpheus to have been taken by the Argonauts, and by which Homer also seems to have conducted Ulysses. A Greek taste, however derived, is certainly discoverable in the arms and monuments ascribed to this people. Popular mythology regards the race of fairies and demons as of Danaan origin.

² The plain of Moynalty, *Magh-n'ealta*, i. e., the plain of the (bird) flocks, is said to have been open and cultivable from the beginning; unlike the other plains, which had to be freed from their primeval forests by the early colonists. Hence its appellation of the Old Plain. It extends over the northeastern part of the county of Dublin, and eastern part of Meath.

Unconscious of my Oscar's gaze,
She fill'd the fragrant pail,

"And, duteous, from the running brook
Drew water for the bath; nor deem'd
A king did on her labor look,
And she a fairy seem'd."

¹ A liberty has here been taken with the traditional rights of King Cormac and his wife Eithne, with whose memories the picturesque idyll preserved by Keating ought properly to be associated. The garrulous simplicity of the original is well reflected in the quaint version of O'Kearny.

"Eithne Ollaftha, the daughter of Duynluing Vic Enna Nlad was the mother of Caibry Leofiochair, she being the adopted daughter of Buickiodd, a remarkable and much spoken of fearmor (for his great wealth, ability, and bountifull disposition of entertaining all sortes of people coming to his house), who lyved in those dayes in Leinster, and was soe addicted to open hospitality that he constantly kept a cauldron in his house still on the fire boyling of meate, both night and day, indifferently for all them that came to his house, which doubtlesse by an invitation of that kind procured to bee many.

"This Buickiodd, together with his other wealth and substance, had seven dayryes of one hundred and forty cowes a peece, with an answerable proportion of horses, mares, gearrans, and other cattle thereunto; and at length this hospitable and free man was soe played upon in abusing his plainnesse and liberality by the chieftaines and nobles of Leinster, that they frequenting with their adherents his house, some would take away with them a drove of his kyne, others a great number of his stood mares and gearrans, and others a great many of his horses, that, in requital of his free heart, they soe fleeced bare the good man, that they left him only seven cowes and a bull of all the goods that he ever possessed; and finding himself soe ymperished, he, by a night stealth, removed from Dun Bolekyodd, where in his prosperity he resided, to a certain wood lying neere Keananas in Meath, accompanied only with his wife and his said adopted daughter Eithne, and carried thither his fewe heades of cattle. Cormock the king lyving comonly at Keananas in those days, this honest Buickiodd for to shelter himself under his wynges and protection, erected a poor cabyn or booly cott for himself his wife and daughter in that wood, where lyving a good while in a contented course of life, Eithne did as humbly and diligently serve him and his wife as if she had been their slave or vassall, their service and attendance could not be with better care performed, and continuing in that state, on a day that Cormock (the king) did ryde abroad alone by himselfe to take ye sire, and the prospect of the adiacent landes and valleyes to his said manor (as he was accustomed for his pleasure often to do), by chance he saw that beautifull and lovely damsell Eithne milking of her said fosterfather's few cowes, which she performed after this manner. She had two vessells, and with one of them she went over the seven cowes, and filling the same with the first parte of their milke (as the choysrest parte thereof), she again went over them with the second vessell, and milked therein their second milke, till by that alternate course she drew from them all the milke that they could yield, the K. all the while being ravished with his good liking of her care and excellent beauty and perfections, beholding of her with admiration and astonishment, and she not neglecting her service for his presence, bringing the milke into the cabyn where Buickiodd and his wife layd, returns forth from thence again with two other cleane vessells and a boule in her hand, and repaying to the water next adjoining to the house, she filled one of those vessells with ye water running next to the bancke of ye ryver, and the other with the water running in the midst of that streame or watercourse, and brought them both soe filled into the cabyn, and coming forth the third tyme with a hook in her hand, she began therewith to cutt rushes, parting (them) still as they fell in her way into severall bundells, the long and short rushes asunder, and Cormock all the while beholding her (as one taken with the commanding power and captivity of love), at length asked of her for whom shee made that selection both of milke, water, and rushes; whereunto she answered that it was done for one that shee was bound to tender with better re-

"But when the wintry frosts begin,
And in their long-drawn, lofty flight,
The wild geese with their airy din
Distend the ear of night,

"And when the fierce De Danaan ghosts
At midnight from their peak come down,
When all around the enchanted coasts
Despairing strangers drown;

"When, mingling with the wreckful wail,
From low Clontarf's wave-trampled floor
Comes booming up the burthen'd gale
The angry Sand-Bull's roar,"

"Or, angrier than the sea, the shout
Of Erin's hosts in wrath combined,
When Terror heads Oppression's rout,
And Freedom cheers behind:—

"Then o'er our lady's placid dream,
Where safe from storms she sleeps, may
steal

Such joy as will not misbeseeem
A Queen of men to feel:

"Such thrill of free defiant pride,
As rapt her in her battle car
At Gavra, when by Oscar's side
She rode the ridge of war,

spects if it lay in her power to perform, and that her performances that way were but fryday requittals to the effectual obligation of love and beholdingnesse wherein she was inviolably bound unto him, and thereupon the king, being both desirous to continue his further talking with her (such is the wonted effect produced by love and liking, when they take any firme footing), and withall willing to finde out whom shee kindly favoured, asked her what his name was that shee soe respected, who answered that he was Buickiodd Brugh, and the king further questioning her whether he was the same man of that name that in Leinster was famous for his wealth and open hospitality, and she telling him that he was the very same man, then, replied the king, you are Eithne, his adopted daughter. I am, sir, said shee. In a good hour, sayed the king, for you shall be my maryed wife. Nay, sayed Eithne, my disposall lyeth not in mine owne hand, but in my fosterfather's power and comaund, unto whom they both forthwith repaying, the king expressed his said intention to Buickiodd and obtaining his good allowance, married Eithne, and gratified her fosterfather with a territory of land lying neere Tharagh (Tara), called *Tuaith Othraim*, which he held during his life, and that marriage with all requisite solemnities being celebrated, Eithne afterward bore unto Cormocke a son called Caibry Liofachair, who grow to be worthily famous and illustrious in his tyme.—*MS. Lib. R. I. A.*

The townland of Dnnboyke, near Blessington, in the county of Wicklow, still retains the name of the hospitable Franklin.

² The sandbanks on either side of the estuary of the Liffey have obtained the names of the North and South Bulls, from the hollow bellowing sound there made by the breakers, in easterly and southerly winds. The North Bull gives name to the adjoining district of Clontarf—*Cluain Tarbh*, i. e., Bull's Meadow—celebrated for the overthrow of the Danes, A. D. 1014, by the native Irish under King Brian Boru.

"Exulting, down the shouting troops,
And through the thick confronting kings,
With hands on all their javelin loops
And shafts on all their strings;

"E'er closed the inseparable crowds,
No more to part for me, and show,
As bursts the sun through scattering clouds,
My Oscar issuing so.

"No more, dispelling battle's gloom
Shall son for me from fight return;
The great green rath's ten-acred tomb
Lies heavy on his urn.¹

"A cup of bodkin-pencill'd clay
Holds Oscar; mighty heart and limb
One handful now of ashes gray:
And she has died for him.

"And here, hard by her natal bower
On lone Ben Edar's side, we strive
With lifted rock and sign of power
To keep her name alive.

"That while from circling year to year,
Her Ogham-letter'd stone is seen,
The Gael shall say, 'Our Fenians here
Entomb'd their loved Aideen.'

"The Ogham from her pillar stone
In tract of time will wear away;
Her name at last be only known
In Ossian's echo'd lay.

"The long-forgotten lay I sing
May only ages hence revive

(As eagle with a wounded wing
To soar again might strive),

"Imperfect, in an alien speech,
When, wandering here, some child of chance
Through pangs of keen delight shall reach
The gift of utterance,—

"To speak the air, the sky to speak,
The freshness of the hill to tell,
Who, roaming bare Ben Edar's peak
And Aideen's briery dell,

"And gazing on the Cromlech vast,
And on the mountain and the sea,
Shall catch communion with the past
And mix himself with me.

"Child of the Future's doubtful night,
Whate'er your speech, whoe'er your sires,
Sing while you may with frank delight
The song your hour inspires.

"Sing while you may, nor grieve to know
The song you sing shall also die;
Atharna's lay has perish'd so,
Though once it thrill'd this sky

"Above us, from his rocky chair,
There, where Ben Edar's landward crest
O'er eastern Bregia bends, to where
Dun Almon crowns the west:

"And all that felt the fretted air
Throughout the song-distemper'd clime,
Did droop, till suppliant Leinster's prayer
Appealed the vengeful rhyme.²

¹ At this day there is a difficulty in distinguishing the remains of the Rath of Gavra. It appears to have stood on the slope between the hill of Tara and the river Boyne on the west. Several heroes of the name of Oscar perished in the battle of Gavra. The Ossianic poem which celebrates the battle, whatever be its age, assigns the rath or earthen fortress as the grave of Oscar, the son of the bard.

We buried Oscar of the red arms
On the north side of the great Gavra:
Together with Oscar son of Garraidh of the achievements,
And Oscar son of the king of Lochlann.

And him who was not niggardly of gold,
The son of Lughaidh the tall warrior:
We dug the cave of his sepulchre
Very wide, as became a king.

The graves of the Oscars, narrow dwellings of clay,
The graves of the sons of Garraidh and Oisín;
And the whole extent of the great rath
Was the grave of the mighty Oscar of Basnighe.

Transactions Oss. Soc., vol. i., p. 135.

² The story of Atharna is found in the traditionary collections under the title *Ath-clíath*, i. e., Hurdle-ford. It was by him, and for the use of his flocks, that the ford or weir of wicker-work was constructed across the Liffey, which anciently gave name to Dublin. The Leinster people, who inhabited the right bank of the Liffey, resented the invasion of their pastures, and great strifes ensued between their king, Mesgedra, and Conor Mac Nessa, king of Ulster, who espoused the cause of Atharna. Mesgedra was ultimately slain by Connall Carnach, who was sent into Leinster in aid of the bardic trespasser; but Atharna's own poetical denunciations were even more terrible to the Leinstermen than the swords of the Red Branch champions. "He continued," says the tract in the Book of Ballymote, "for a full year to satirize the Leinstermen and bring fatalities upon them; so that neither corn, grass, nor foliage grew for them that year." The miraculous pretensions of the class were continued down to the Fifteenth Century, when Sir John Stanley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was popularly believed to have been despatched within a space of no more than five weeks by an *Aeir* composed against him by Niall "Rimer" O'Higgin, head of a bardic family in Westmeath, whose cattle had been driven by the English of Dublin. See *Annals of the Four Masters*, ad an. 1414, and Hardiman's *Stat. of Kilck.*, 55, n.

"Ah me, or e'er the hour arrive
Shall bid my long-forgotten tones,
Unknown One, on your lips revive,
Here by these moss-grown stones,

"What change shall o'er the scene have cross'd;
What conquering lords anew have come;
What lore-arm'd, mightier Druid host
From Gaul or distant Rome!

"What arts of death, what ways of life,
What creeds unknown to bard or seer,
Shall round your careless steps be rife,
Who pause and ponder here;

"And, haply, where yon curlew calls
Athwart the marsh, 'mid groves and bowers
See rise some mighty chieftain's halls
With unimagined towers:

"And baying hounds, and coursers bright,
And burnish'd cars of dazzling sheen,
With courtly train of dame and knight,
Where now the fern is green.

"Or, by yon prostrate altar-stone
May kneel, perchance, and, free from blame,
Hear holy men with rites unknown
New names of God proclaim.

"Let change as may the Name of Awe,
Let rite surcease and altar fall,
The same One God remains, a law
Forever and for all.

'Let change as may the face of earth,
Let alter all the social frame,
For mortal men the ways of birth
And death are still the same.

"And still, as life and time wear on,
The children of the waning days
(Though strength be from their shoulders gone
To lift the loads we raise),

"Shall weep to do the burial rites
Of lost ones loved; and fondly found,

In shadow of the gathering nights,
The monumental mound.

"Farewell! the strength of men is worn:
The night approaches dark and chill:
Sleep, till perchance an endless morn
Descend the glittering hill."

Of Oscar and Aideen bereft,
So Ossian sang. The Fenians sped
Three mighty shouts to heaven; and left
Ben Edar to the dead.

THE WELSHMEN OF TIRAWLEY.

Several Welsh families, associates in the invasion of Strongbow, settled in the west of Ireland. Of these, the principal whose names have been preserved by the Irish antiquarians, were the Wa'shes, Joyces, Heils (*a quibus* Mac Hale), Lawlesses, Tomlyns, Lynotts, and Barretts, which last draw their pedigree from Walynes, son of Guyndally, the *Ardd Maor*, or High Steward of the Lordship of Camelot, and had their chief seats in the territory of the two Bacs, in the barony of Tirawley, and county of Mayo. *Clochán-na-n'all*, i. e., "the Blind Men's Stepping-stones," are still pointed out on the Duvowen river, about four miles north of Crossmolina, in the townland of Garraanard; and *Tubber-na-Scorney*, or "Scrag's Well," in the opposite townland of Carna, in the same barony. For a curious *terrier* or applotment of the Mac William's revenue, as acquired under the circumstances stated in the legend preserved by Mao Fírbis, see Dr. O'Donovan's highly-learned and interesting "Genealogies, &c., of Hy Flach-rach," in the publications of the *Irish Archaeological Society*—a great monument of antiquarian and topographical erudition.

SCORNA BOY, the Barretts' bailiff, lewd and lame,
To lift the Lynotts' taxes when he came,
Rudely drew a young maid to him;
Then the Lynotts rose and slew him,
And in Tubber-na-Scorney threw him—

Small your blame,
Sons of Lynott!

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Then the Barretts to the Lynotts proposed a
choice,
Saying, "Hear, ye murderous brood, men and
boys,

For this deed to-day ye lose
Sight or manhood: say and choose
Which ye keep and which refuse;

And rejoice
That our mercy

Leaves you living for a warning to Tirawley."

The plain of Bregia comprised the flat district of Meath, Dublin, Kildare, and Wicklow. In its modern form, Bray, the name is now confined to the well-known watering-place and its fine promontory of Bray Head. *Dún Almon* was, it is said, the residence of Flon, son of Comhal, the Fin Mac Cool of Irish, and Fingal of Scottish tradition. Its name is still preserved in the hill of Allen, and bardic tradition affects to give the name of the builder by whom it was constructed.—O'Curry, App. 578.

Then the little boys of the Lynotts, weeping,
said,

"Only leave us our eyesight in our head."

But the bearded Lynotts then

Made answer back again—

'Take our eyes, but leave us men,

Alive or dead,

Sons of Wattin!"

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

So the Barretts, with sewing-needles sharp and
smooth,

Let the light out of the eyes of every youth,

And of every bearded man

Of the broken Lynott clan ;

Then their darken'd faces wan

Turning south

To the river—

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

O'er the slippery stepping-stones of Clochan-na-
n'all

They drove them, laughing loud at every fall,

As their wandering footsteps dark

Fail'd to reach the slippery mark,

And the swift stream swallow'd, stark,

One and all,

As they stumbled—

From the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Of all the blinded Lynotts one alone
Walk'd erect from stepping-stone to stone :

So back again they brought you,

And a second time they wrought you

With their needles ; but never got you

Once to groan,

Emon Lynott,

For the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

But with prompt-projected footsteps sure as ever,

Emon Lynott again cross'd the river,

Though Duvowen was rising fast,

And the shaking stones o'ercast

By cold floods boiling past ;

Yet you never,

Emon Lynott,

Falter'd once before your foemen of Tirawley !

But, turning on Ballintubber bank, you stood,
And the Barretts thus bespoke o'er the flood—

"Oh, ye foolish sons of Wattin,

Small arends are these you've gotten,

For, while Scorna Boy lies rotten,

I am good

For vengeance!"

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

For 'tis neither in eye nor eyesight that a man

Bears the fortunes of himself and his clan,

But in the manly mind,

These darken'd orbs behind,

That your needles could never find,

Though they ran

Through my heart-strings!"

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley

"But, little your women's needles do I reckon :

For the night from heaven never fell so black,

But Tirawley, and abroad

From the Moy to Cuan-an-fod,¹

I could walk it, every sod,

Path and track,

Ford and togher,

Seeking vengeance on you, Barretts of Tirawley

"The night when Dathy O'Dowda broke your
camp,

What Barrett among you was it held the lamp—

Show'd the way to those two feet,

When, through wintry wind and sleet,

I guided your blind retreat,

In the swamp

Of Beál-an-asa ?

O ye vengeance-destined ingrates of Tirawley!"

So, leaving loud-shriek-echoing Garranard

The Lynott, like a red dog hunted hard,

With his wife and children seven,

'Mong the beasts and fowls of heaven,

In the hollows of Glen Nephin,

Light-debarr'd,

Made his dwelling,

Planning vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And ere the bright-orb'd year its course had run,

On his brown round-knotted knee he nursed a son,

A child of light, with eyes

As clear as are the skies

In summer, when sunrise

¹ That is, from the river Moy to Blacksod Haven, in Irish, *Cuan-an-fod-duith*. The names of the baronies in this part of Mayo and Sligo are taken from the son and grandson of Dathi, the progenitor of the families of O'Dowda. Tir Eera, in Sligo, is so called by a softened pronunciation from Fiachra, son of Dathi and Tir-Awley, in like manner, from Ambalgaid, son of Fiachra.

Has begun;
 So the Lynott
 Nursed his vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And, as ever the bright boy grew in strength
 and size,
 Made him perfect in each manly exercise,
 The salmon in the flood,
 The dun deer in the wood,
 The eagle in the cloud
 To surprise,
 On Ben Nephin,
 Far above the foggy fields of Tirawley.

With the yellow-knotted spear-shaft, with the
 bow,
 With the steel, prompt to deal shot and blow,
 He taught him from year to year,
 And train'd him, without a peer,
 For a perfect cavalier,
 Hoping so—
 Far his forethought—
 For vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And, when mounted on his proud-bounding
 steed,
 Emon Oge sat a cavalier indeed;
 Like the ear upon the wheat,
 When winds in autumn beat
 On the bending stems, his seat;
 And the speed
 Of his courser
 Was the wind from Barna-na-gee¹ o'er Tirawley!

Now when fifteen sunny summers thus were
 spent
 (He perfected in all accomplishment),
 The Lynott said: "My child,
 We are over-long exiled
 From mankind in this wild—
 Time we went
 Through the mountain
 To the countries lying over-against Tirawley."

So, out over mountain-moors, and mosses brown,
 And green stream-gathering vales, they jour-
 ney'd down;
 Till, shining like a star,
 Through the dusky gleams afar,
 The bailey of Castlebar

And the town
 Of Mac William
 Rose bright amidst the wanderers of Tirawley.

"Look southward, my boy, and tell me, as we go,
 What seest thou by the loch-head below."
 "Oh, a stone-house, strong and great,
 And a horse-host at the gate,
 And their captain in armor of plate—
 Grand the show!
 Great the glancing!
 High the heroes of this land below Tirawley!

"And a beautiful Woman-chief by his side,
 Yellow gold on all her gown-sleeves wide;
 And in her hand a pearl
 Of a young, little, fair-hair'd girl."—
 Said the Lynott, "It is the Earl!
 Let us ride
 To his presence!"
 And before him came the exiles of Tirawley

"God save thee, Mac William," the Lynott thus
 began;
 "God save all here besides of this clan;
 For gossips dear to me
 Are all in company—
 For in these four bones ye see
 A kindly man
 Of the Britons—
 Emon Lynott of Garra-nard of Tirawley.

"And hither, as kindly gossip-law allows,
 I come to claim a scion of thy house
 To foster; for thy race
 Since William Conquer's² days,
 Have ever been wont to place,
 With some spouse
 Of a Briton,
 A Mac William Oge, to foster in Tirawley.

"And to show thee in what sort our youth are
 taught,
 I have hither to thy home of valor brought
 This one son of my age,
 For a sample and a pledge
 For the equal tutelage,
 In right thought,
 Word, and action,
 Of whatever son ye give into Tirawley."

¹ Barna-na-gee, i. e., the gap of the winds, is a pass on the south-
 ern side of Nephin mountain, on the road to Castlebar.

² "William Conquer," i. e., William Fitz Adelm de Burghes,
 conqueror of Connaught.

When Mac William beheld the brave boy ride
and run,
Saw the spear-shaft from his white shoulder
spun—
With a sigh, and with a smile,
He said : " I would give the spoil
Of a county, that Tibbot¹ Moyle,
My own son,
Were accomplish'd
Like this branch of the kindly Britons of Tiraw-
ley."

When the Lady Mac William she heard him
speak,
And saw the ruddy roses on his cheek,
She said : " I would give a purse
Of red gold to the nurse
That would rear my Tibbot no worse ;
But I seek
Hitherto vainly—
Heaven grant that I now have found her in Ti-
rawley !"

So they said to the Lynott : " Here, take our bird !
And as pledge for the keeping of thy word,
Let this scion here remain
Till thou comest back again :
Meanwhile the fitting train
Of a lord
Shall attend thee
With the lordly heir of Connaught into Tiraw-
ley."

So back to strong-throng-gathering Garranard,
Like a lord of the country with his guard,
Came the Lynott, before them all.
Once again over Clochan-na-n'all,
Steady-striding, erect, and tall,
And his ward
On his shoulders ;
To the wonder of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Then a diligent foster-father you would deem
The Lynott, teaching Tibbot, by mead and stream,
To cast the spear, to ride,
To stem the rushing tide,
With what feats of body beside
Might beseem
A Mac William,
Foster'd free among the Welshmen of Tirawley.

But the lesson of hell he taught him in heart
and mind ;
For to what desire soever he inclined,
Of anger, lust, or pride,
He had it gratified,
Till he ranged the circle wide
Of a blind
Self-indulgence,
Ere he came to youthful manhood in Tirawley.

Then, even as when a hunter slips a hound,
Lynott loosed him—God's leashes all unbound—
In the pride of power and station,
And the strength of youthful passion,
On the daughters of thy nation,
All around,
Wattin Barrett !
Oh, the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley !

Bitter grief and burning anger, rage and shame,
Fill'd the houses of the Barretts where'er he
came ;
Till the young men of the Bac
Drew by night upon his track,
And slew him at Cornassack—²
Small your blame,
Sons of Wattin !
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Said the Lynott : " The day of my vengeance is
drawing near,
The day for which, through many a long dark
year,
I have toil'd through grief and sin—
Call ye now the Brehons in,
And let the plea begin
Over the bier
Of Mac William,
For an eric upon the Barretts of Tirawley."³

¹ " This is still vividly remembered in the country, and the spot is pointed out where Teabold Maol Burke was killed by the Barretts. The recollection of it has been kept alive in certain verses, which were composed on the occasion, of which the following quatrain is often repeated in the barony of Tirawley :

Tungadar Baireadaigh, &c.

" The Barretts of the country came ;
They perpetrated a deed which was not just ;
They shed blood which was nobler than wine,
At the narrow brook of Cornassack."

O'Donovan, *Tr. and Cust. Hy. Fiach.*, 388 n.

The territory of the Bao lies over against Nephin mountain, along the eastern shore of Loch Con, between it and the river Moy.

² The eric was the fine for maimings and homicides. When the first sheriff was sent into Tyrone, O'Neill demanded to know

¹ Tibbot, that is, Theobald.

Then the Brehons to Mac William Burke decreed
An eric upon Clan Barrett for the deed;
And the Lynott's share of the fine,
As foster-father, was nine
Ploughlands and nine score kine;

But no need

Had the Lynott,

Neither care, for land or cattle in Tirawley.

But rising, while all sat silent on the spot,
He said: "The law says—doth it not?—

If the foster-sire elect

His portion to reject,

He may then the right exact

To applot

The short eric."

"'Tis the law," replied the Brehons of Tirawley.

Said the Lynott: "I once before had a choice

Proposed me, wherein law had little voice;

But now I choose, and say,

As lawfully I may,

I applot the mulct to-day;

So rejoice

In your ploughlands

And your cattle which I renounce throughout
Tirawley.

"And thus I applot the mulct: I divide

The land throughout Clan Barrett on every side

Equally, that no place

May be without the face

Of a foe of Wattin's race—

That the pride

Of the Barretts

May be humbled hence forever throughout Ti-
rawley.

I adjudge a seat in every Barrett's hall

To Mac William: in every stable I give a stall

To Mac William: and, beside,

Whenever a Burke shall ride

Through Tirawley, I provide

At his call

Needful grooming,

Without charge from any hostler of Tirawley.

his eric beforehand, in the event, reasonably anticipated, of personal injury befalling him. Singular, that while modern tenderness of human life would abolish the punishment of death in cases of homicide, it ignores the barbarian wisdom which gave compensation to the family of the victim.

"Thus lawfully I avenge me for the throes
Ye lawlessly caused me and caused those
Unhappy shamefaced ones,
Who, their mothers expected once,
Would have been the sires of sons—

O'er whose woes

Often weeping,

I have groan'd in my exile from Tirawley.

"I demand not of you your manhood; but I
take—

For the Burkes will take it—your Freedom! for
the sake

Of which all manhood's given,

And all good under heaven,

And, without which, better even

Ye should make

Yourselves barren,

Than see your children slaves throughout Tiraw-
ley!

"Neither take I your eyesight from you; as you
took

Mine and ours: I would have you daily look

On one another's eyes,

When the strangers tyrannize

By your hearths, and blushes arise,

That ye brook,

Without vengeance,

The insults of troops of Tibbots throughout Ti-
rawley!

"The vengeance I design'd, now is done,

And the days of me and mine nearly run—

For, for this, I have broken faith,

Teaching him who lies beneath

This pall, to merit death;

And my son

To his father

Stands pledged for other teaching in Tirawley.'

Said Mac William, "Father and son, hang there
high!"

And the Lynott they hang'd speedily;

But across the salt sea water,

To Scotland, with the daughter

Of Mac William—well you got her!—

Did you fly,

Edmund Lindsay,

The gentlest of all the Welshmen of Tirawley!

'Tis thus the ancient Ollaves of Erin tell¹
 How, through lewdness and revenge, it befell
 That the sons of William Conquer
 Came over the sons of Watin,
 Throughout all the bounds and borders
 Of the land of Auley Mac Fiacra;²
 Till the Saxon Oliver Cromwell,
 And his valiant, Bible-guided,
 Eree heretics of Clan London
 Coming in, in their succession,
 Rooted out both Burke and Barrett,
 And in their empty places
 New stems of freedom planted,
 With many a goodly sapling
 Of manliness and virtue;
 Which while their children cherish,
 Kindly Irish of the Irish,
 Neither Saxons nor Italians,
 May the mighty God of Freedom
 Speed them well,
 Never taking
 Further vengeance on his people of Tirawley.

OWEN BAWN.

William de Burgho, third Earl of Ulster, pursued the Anglican policy of his day with so much severity, that the native Irish generally withdrew from the counties of Down and Antrim, and established themselves in Tyrone, with Hugh Boy O'Neill. William's rigid prohibition of intermarriages with the natives led to his assassination by his own relatives, the Mandevilles, at the Ford of Belfast, A. D. 1833. The Irish then returned from beyond the river Bann, and expelled the English from all Ulster, except Oarickfergus and the barony of Ards in Down; and so continued until their subjugation by Sir Henry Sidney and Sir Arthur Chichester, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Simultaneously with the return of the Clan Hugh-Boy in the north, the great Anglo-Norman families of Connaught adopted Irish names and manners, the De Burghos assuming the name of Mac William, and all accommodating themselves to the Irish system of life and government, in which, with few exceptions, they continued until their subjugation by Sir Richard Bingham, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth.

¹ The writer has hardly caught the full pathos of that remarkable passage translated below, with which Duald Mac Firis, the chronicler of Lecan, winds up his account of the retribution thus singularly brought on the descendants of Watin Barrett. "It was in eric for him (Teaboid Maol Burke) that the Barretts gave up to the Burkes eighteen quarters of land; and the share which Lynott, the adopted father of Teaboid, asked of this eric, was the distribution of the mulet; and the distribution he made of it was, that it should be divided throughout all Tir-Amhaldaidh, in order that the Burkes might be stationed in every part of it as plagues to the Barretts, and to draw the country from them. And thus the Burkes came over the Barretts in Tir-Amhaldaidh, and took nearly the whole of their lands from them; but at length the Saxon heretics of Oliver Cromwell took it from them all in the year of our Lord 1652; so that now there is neither Barrett nor Burke, not to mention the Clan Fiacrach, in possession of any lands there."—O'Donovan, *Tr. and Cust. Hy. Fiach.*, p. 339.

² Pronounced, Mac Eeára.

My Owen Bawn's hair is of thread of gold spun;
 Of gold in the shadow, of light in the sun;
 All curl'd in a coolun the bright tresses are—
 They make his head radiant with beams like a star!

My Owen Bawn's mantle is long and is wide,
 To wrap me up safe from the storm by his side;
 And I'd rather face snow-drift and winter-wind
 there,
 Than lie among daisies and sunshine elsewhere.

My Owen Bawn Quin is a hunter of deer,
 He tracts the dun quarry with arrow and spear—
 Where wild woods are waving, and deep waters
 flow,
 Ah, there goes my love with the dun-dappled roe.

My Owen Bawn Quin is a bold fisherman,
 He spears the strong salmon in midst of the
 Bann;
 And rock'd in the tempest on stormy Lough
 Neagh,
 Draws up the red trout through the bursting of
 spray.

My Owen Bawn Quin is a bard of the best,
 He wakes me with singing, he sings me to rest;
 And the cruit 'neath his fingers rings up with a
 sound,
 As though angels harp'd o'er us, and fays under-
 ground.

They tell me the stranger has given command
 That cromosomeal and coolun shall cease in the
 land,

That all our youths' tresses of yellow be shorn,
 And bonnets, instead, of a new fashion, worn;

That mantles like Owen Bawn's shield us no
 more,

That hunting and fishing henceforth we give o'er,
 That the net and the arrow aside must be laid,
 For hammer and trowel, and mattock and spade;

That the echoes of music must sleep in their
 caves,

That the slave must forget his own tongue for a
 slave's,

That the sounds of our lips must be strange in
 our ears,

And our bleeding hands toil in the dew of our
 tears.

O sweetheart and comfort! with thee by my
side,
I could love and live happy, whatever betide;
But *thou*, in such bondage, wouldst die ere a
day—

Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen, away!

There are wild woods and mountains, and streams
deep and clear,
There are loughs in Tir-oën as lovely as here;
There are silver harps ringing in Yellow Hugh's
hall,
And a bower by the forest side, sweetest of all!

We will dwell by the sunshiny skirts of the brake,
Where the sycamore shadows glow deep in the
lake;
And the snowy swan, stirring the green shadows
there,
Afloat on the water, seems floating in air.

Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen, away!
We will leave them the dust from our feet for a
prey,
And our dwelling in ashes and flames for a spoil—
'Twill be long ere they quench them with streams
of the Foyle!

GRACE O'MALY.

The return to English rule and habits of the Anglo-Norman families of Connaught who had Hibernicised after the murder of William de Burgho, was not effected without a long alienation of the popular affections, which had been bestowed upon them as freely as on native rulers: "for," to use the words of a contemporary Irish chronicler, "the old chieftains of Erin prospered under these princely English lords who were our chief rulers, and who had given up their foreignness for a pure mind, and their surliness for good manners, and their stubbornness for sweet mildness, and who had given up their perverseness for hospitality."¹ During this troubled period of transition, Grace O'Maly, lady of Sir Rickard Burke, styled Mac William *Eightier*, distinguished herself by a life of wayward adventure, which has made her name, in its Gaelic form, *Grana Uaile* (i. e., *Grana Ua Mhaile*) a personification, among the Irish peasantry, of that social state which they still consider preferable to the results of a more advanced civilization. The real acts and character of the heroine are hardly seen through the veil of imagination under which the personified idea exists in the popular mind, and is here presented.

SHE left the close-air'd land of trees
And proud Mac William's palace,
For clear, bare Clare's health-salted breeze,
Her oarsmen and her galleys:

And where, beside the bending strand,
The rock and billow wrestle,
Between the deep sea and the land,
She built her Island Castle.

The Spanish captains, sailing by
For Newport, with amazement
Beheld the cannon'd longship lie
Moor'd to the lady's casement;
And, covering coin and cup of gold
In haste their hatches under,
They whisper'd, "'Tis a pirate's hold;
She sails the seas for plunder!"

But no: 'twas not for sordid spoil
Of bark or seaboard borough
She plough'd, with unfatiguing toil,
The fluent-rolling furrow;
Delighting, on the broad-back'd deep,
To feel the quivering galley
Strain up the opposing hill, and sweep
Down the withdrawing valley:

Or, sped before a driving blast,
By following seas uplifted,
Catch, from the huge heaps heaving *past*,
And from the spray they drifted,
And from the winds that toss'd the crest
Of each wide-shouldering giant,
The smack of freedom and the zest
Of rapturous life defiant.

For, oh! the mainland time was pent
In close constraint and striving:—
So many aims together bent
On winning and on thriving;
There was no room for generous ease,
No sympathy for candor;
And so she left Burke's buzzing trees,
And all his stony splendor.

For Erin yet had fields to spare,
Where Clew her cincture gathers
Isle-gemm'd; and kindly clans were there,
The fosterers of her fathers:—
Room there for careless feet to roam
Secure from minions' peeping,
For fearless mirth to find a home
And sympathetic weeping;

And generous ire and frank disdain
To speak the mind, nor ponder

¹ O'Donovan, *Tr. and Cust. of Hy. Many*, p. 186.

How this in England, that in Spain,
 Might suit to tell; as yonder,
 Where daily on the slippery dais,
 By thwarting interests chequer'd,
 State gamesters play the social chess
 Of politic Clanrickard.

Nor wanting quite the lonely isle
 In civic life's adornings:
 The Brehon's Court might well beguile
 A learned lady's mornings.
 Quaint though the clamorous claim, and rude
 The pleading that convey'd it,
 Right conscience made the judgment good,
 And loyal love obey'd it.

And music sure was sweeter far
 For ears of native nurture,
 Than virginals at Castlebar
 To tinkling touch of courtier,
 When harpers good in hall struck up
 The planxty's gay commotion,
 Or pipers scream'd from pennon'd poop
 Their piobroch over ocean.

And sweet to see, their ruddy bloom
 Whom ocean's friendly distance
 Preserved still unenslaved; for whom
 No tasking of existence
 Made this one rich, and that one poor,
 In gold's illusive treasure,
 But all, of easy life secure,
 Were rich in wealth of leisure.

Rich in the Muse's pensive hour,
 In genial hour for neighbor,
 Rich in young mankind's happy power
 To live with little labor;
 The wise, free way of life, indeed,
 That still, with charm adaptive,
 Reclaims and tames the alien greed,
 And takes the conqueror captive.

Nor only life's unclouded looks
 To compensate its rudeness;
 Amends there were in holy books,
 In offices of goodness,

In cares above the transient scene
 Of little gains and honors,
 That well repaid the Island Queen
 Her loss of urban manners.

Sweet, when the crimson sunsets glow'd,
 As earth and sky grew grander,
 Adown the grass'd, unechoing road
 Atlanticward to wander,
 Some kinsman's humbler hearth to seek,
 Some sick-bed side, it may be,
 Or, onward reach, with footsteps meek,
 The low, gray, lonely abbey:

And, where the storied stone beneath
 The guise of plant and creature,
 Had fused the harder lines of faith
 In easy forms of nature;
 Such forms as tell the master's pains
 'Mong Roslin's carven glories,
 Or hint the faith of Pictish Thanes
 On standing stones of Forres;

The Branch; the weird cherubic Beasts;
 The Hart by hounds o'ertaken;
 Or, intimating mystic feasts,
 The self-resorbent Dragon;—
 Mute symbols, though with power endow'd
 For finer dogmas' teaching,
 Than clerk might tell to carnal crowd
 In homily or preaching;—

Sit; and while heaven's refulgent show
 Grew airier and more tender,
 And ocean's gleaming floor below
 Reflected loftier splendor,
 Suffused with light of lingering faith
 And ritual light's reflection,
 Discourse of birth, and life, and death,
 And of the resurrection.

But chiefly sweet from morn to eve,
 From eve to clear-eyed morning,
 The presence of the felt reprieve
 From strangers' note and scorning.
 No prying, proud, intrusive foes
 To pity and offend her:
 Such was the life the lady chose;
 Such choosing, we commend her.

Ballads and Poems.

THE FAIRY THORN.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

"Get up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning-wheel ;

For your father's on the hill, and your mother is asleep :

Come up above the crags, and we'll dance a high-land reel

Around the fairy thorn on the steep."

At Anna Grace's door 'twas thus the maidens cried,

Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green ;

And Anna laid the rock and the weary wheel aside,

The fairest of the four, I ween.

They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,

Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare ;

The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,

And the crags in the ghostly air :

And linking hand and hand, and singing as they go,

The maids along the hill-side have ta'en their fearless way,

Till they come to where the rowan-trees in lonely beauty grow

Beside the Fairy Hawthorn gray.

The Hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,

Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her knee ;

The rowan-berries cluster o'er her low head gray and dim,

In ruddy kisses sweet to see.

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,

Between each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,

And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds they go :

Oh, never caroll'd bird like them !

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze

That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,

And dreamily the evening has still'd the haunted braes,

And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky

When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,

Are hush'd the maidens' voices, as cowering down they lie

In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,

And from the mountain-ashes and the old White-thorn between,

A Power of faint enchantment doth through their beings breathe,

And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together silent, and stealing side to side,

They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks so fair,

Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,

For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasp'd and prostrate all, with their heads together bow'd,

Soft o'er their bosom's beating—the only human sound—

They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy
crowd,
Like a river in the air, gliding round.

No scream can any raise, nor prayer can any
say,
But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless
three—
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently
away,
By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting
locks of gold,
And the curls elastic falling, as her head with-
draws;
They feel her sliding arms from their tranced
arms unfold,
But they may not look to see the cause:

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment
lies
Through all that night of anguish and perilous
amaze;
And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quiv-
ering eyes,
Or their limbs from the cold ground raise,

Till out of night the earth has roll'd her dewy
side,
With every haunted mountain and streamy
vale below;
When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morn-
ing tide,
The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends
in vain—
They pined away and died within the year and
day,
And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

WILLY GILLILAND.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

Up in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel
ring,
He has worshipp'd God upon the hill, in spite of
church and king;

And seal'd his treason with his blood on Both-
well bridge he hath;
So he must fly his father's land, or he must die
the death;
For comely Claverhouse has come along, with
grim Dalzell,
And his smoking roof-tree testifies they've done
their errand well.

In vain to fly his enemies he fled his native land;
Hot persecution waited him upon the Carrick
strand;
His name was on the Carrick cross, a price was
on his head,
A fortune to the man that brings him in alive or
dead!
And so on moor and mountain, from the Lagan
to the Bann,
From house to house and hill to hill, he lurk'd
an outlaw'd man.

At last, when in false company he might no
longer bide,
He stay'd his houseless wanderings upon the
Collon side,
There, in a cave all underground, he lair'd his
heathy den:
Ah, many a gentleman was fain to earth like hill-
fox then!
With hound and fishing-rod he lived on hill and
stream by day;
At night, betwixt his fleet greyhound and his
bonny mare he lay.

It was a summer evening, and, mellowing and
still,
Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill
to hill;
For all that valley pastoral held neither house
nor tree,
But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight
to see,
From Slemish foot to Collon top lay one unbroken
green,
Save where, in many a silver coil, the river
glanced between.

And on the river's grassy bank, even from the
morning gray,
He at the angler's pleasant sport had spent the
summer day:

Ah ! many a time and oft I've spent the summer
day from dawn,
And wonder'd; when the sunset came, where
time and care had gone,
Along the reaches curling fresh, the wimpling
pools and streams,
Where he that day his cares forgot in those de-
lightful dreams.

His blithe work done, upon a bank the outlaw
rested now,
And laid the basket from his back, the bonnet
from his brow ;
And there, his hand upon the Book, his knee
upon the sod,
He fill'd the lonely valley with the gladsome
word of God ;
And for a persecuted kirk, and for her martyrs
dear,
And against a godless church and king he spoke
up loud and clear.

And now, upon his homeward way, he cross'd
the Collon high,
And over bush and bank and brae he sent abroad
his eye ;
But all was darkening peacefully in gray and
purple haze,
The thrush was silent in the banks, the lark upon
the braes—
When suddenly shot up a blaze, from the cave's
mouth it came ;
And troopers' steeds and troopers' caps are
glancing in the same !

He couch'd among the heather, and he saw them,
as he lay,
With three long yells at parting, ride lightly
east away :
Then down with heavy heart he came, to sorry
cheer came he,
For ashes black were crackling where the green
whins used to be,
And stretch'd among the prickly coomb, his
heart's blood smoking round,
From slender nose to breast-bone cleft, lay dead
his good greyhound !

"They've slain my dog, the Philistines ! they've
ta'en my bonny mare !"—
He plunged into the smoky hole ; no bonny
beast was there—

He groped beneath his burning bed (it burn'd
him to the bone),
Where his good weapon used to be, but broad-
sword there was none ;
He reel'd out of the stifling den, and sat down
on a stone,
And in the shadows of the night 'twas thus he
made his moan—

"I am a houseless outcast ; I have neither bed
nor board,
Nor living thing to look upon, nor comfort save
the Lord :
Yet many a time were better men in worse ex-
tremity ;
Who succor'd them in their distress, He now
will succor me,—
He now will succor me, I know ; and, by His
holy Name,
I'll make the doers of this deed right dearly rue
the same !

"My bonny mare ! I've ridden you when Claver'se
rode behind,
And from the thumbscrew and the boot you
bore me like the wind ;
And, while I have the life you saved, on your
sleek flank, I swear,
Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair !
Though sword to wield they've left me none—
yet Wallace wight, I wis,
Good battle did on Irvine side wi' waur weapon
than this."—

His fishing-rod with both his hands he griped it
as he spoke,
And, where the butt and top were spliced, in
pieces twain he broke ;
The limber top he cast away, with all its gear
abroad,
But, grasping the tough hickory butt, with spike
of iron shod,
He ground the sharp spear to a point ; then
pull'd his bonnet down,
And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Car-
rick town.

The sun shines bright on Carrick wall and Car-
rick Castle gray,
And up thine aisle, St. Nicholas, has ta'en his
morning way,
And to the North-Gate sentinel displayeth, far
and near,

Sea, hill, and tower, and all thereon, in dewy
freshness clear,
Save where, behind a ruin'd wall, himself alone
to view,
Is peering from the ivy green a bonnet of the
blue.

The sun shines red on Carrick wall and Carriek
Castle old,
And all the western buttresses have changed their
gray for gold;
And from thy shrine, Saint Nicholas, the pilgrim
of the sky
Has gone in rich farewell, as fits such royal
votary;
But, as his last red glance he takes down past
black Slieve-a-true,
He leaveth where he found it first the bonnet of
the blue.

Again he makes the turrets gray stand out before
the hill;
Constant as their foundation-rock, there is the
bonnet still!
And now the gates are open'd, and forth, in gal-
lant show,
Prick jeering grooms and burghers blythe, and
troopers in a row;
But one has little care for jest, so hard bested is
he
To ride the outlaw's bonny mare, for this at last
is she!

Down comes her master with a roar, her rider
with a groan,
The iron and the hickory are through and
through him gone!
He lies a corpse; and where he sat, the outlaw
sits again,
And once more to his bonny mare he gives the
spur and rein;
Then some with sword, and some with gun, they
ride and run amain;
But sword and gun, and whip and spur, that day
they plied in vain!

Ah! little thought Willy Gilliland, when he on
Skerry side
Drew bridle first, and wiped his brow after that
weary ride,

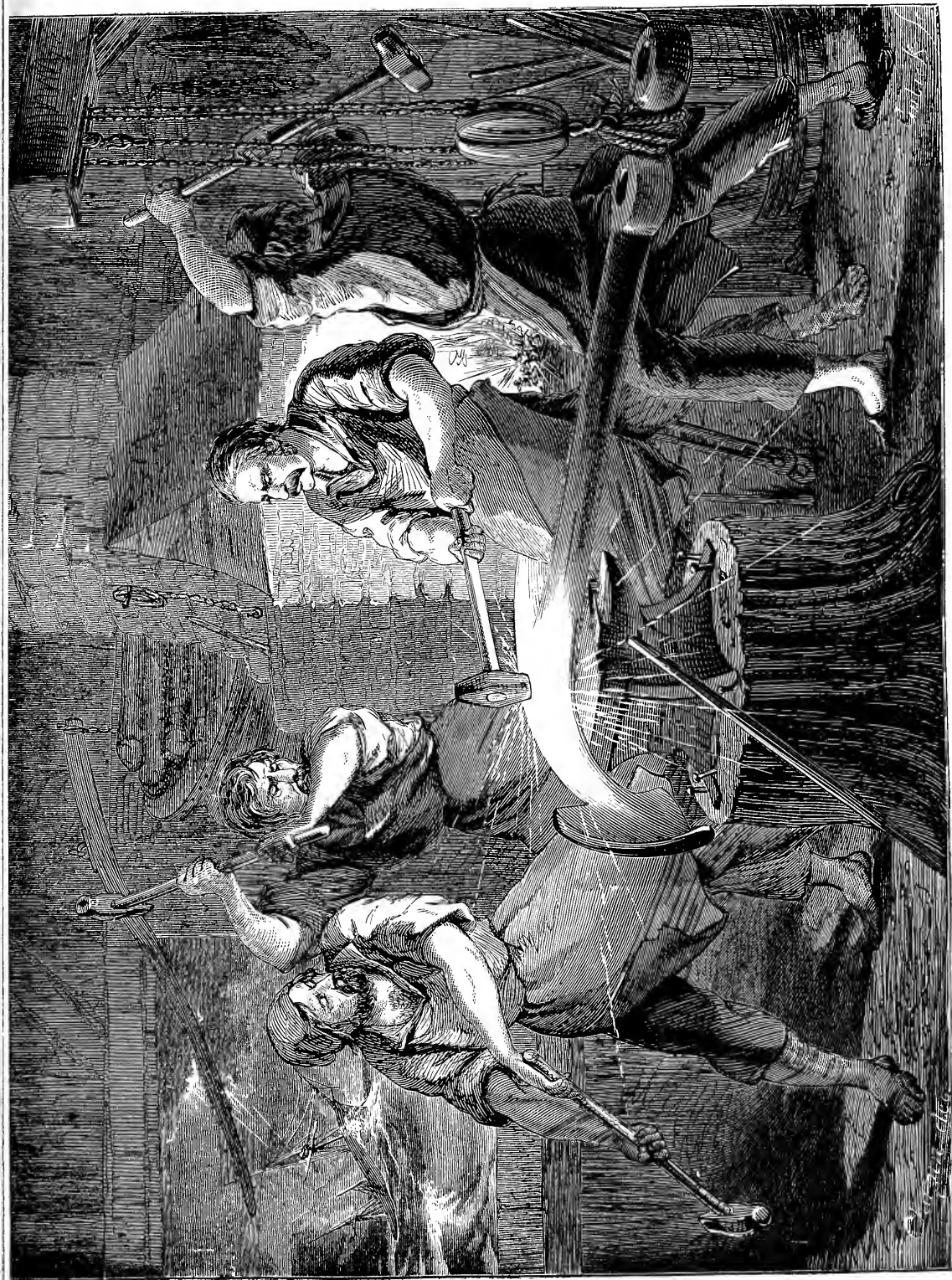
That where he lay like hunted brute, a cavern'd
outlaw lone,
Broad lands and yeoman tenantry should yet be
there his own:
Yet so it was; and still from him descendants
not a few
Draw birth and lands, and, let me trust, draw
love of Freedom too.

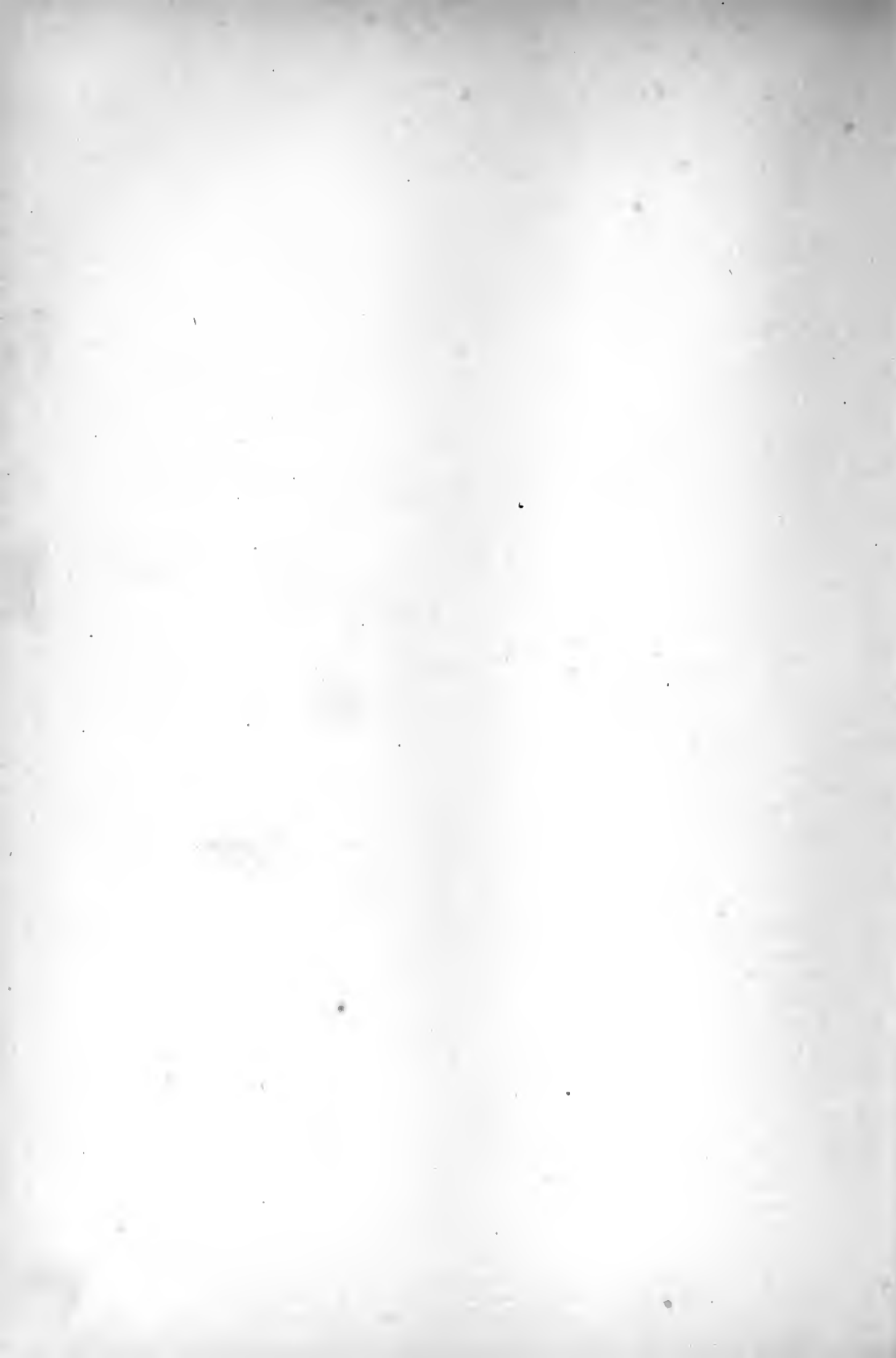
THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged—'tis at a
white heat now:
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—though
on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the
sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths
ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands
only bare:
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work
the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black
mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at
every throe:
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan,
what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high
sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery
fearful show,
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the
ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men
before the foe,
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the
sailing monster, slow
Sinks on the anvil:—all about the faces fiery
grow;
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out;"
bang, bang the sledges go:
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high
and low—
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squash-
ing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling
cinders strow

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.





The ground around; at every bound, the sweltering fountains flow,
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!

Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode:

I see the good ship riding all in a perilous road—

The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean pour'd

From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board,

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!

But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet remains,

And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky high;

Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I."

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;

Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime:

But, while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the burthen be,

The anchor is the anvil-king, and royal craftsmen we!

Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;

O'er hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.

O'er anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array

For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here

For the yeo-heave-o', and the heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;

When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and home;

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

And vivid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last:

A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast:

O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,

What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!

O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?

The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now

To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,

And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,

And send him foil'd and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn:

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;

And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn:

To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles;

Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;

Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astounding shoals

Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply, in a cove,

Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,

To find the long-hair'd mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,

To wrestle with the Sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-arm'd Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;

And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,

Through sable sea and breaker white the giant game to play—

But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave—

A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou
 but understand
 Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who
 that dripping band,
 Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round
 about thee bend,
 With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing
 their ancient friend—
 Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with
 larger steps round thee,
 Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst
 leap within the sea!
 Give honor to their memories who left the pleas-
 ant strand,
 To shed their blood so freely for the love of
 Fatherland—
 Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy
 churchyard grave,
 So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing
 wave—
 Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have
 fondly sung,
 Honor him for their memory, whose bones he
 goes among!

THE FORESTER'S COMPLAINT.

THROUGH our wild wood-walks here,
 Sun-bright and shady,
 Free as the forest deer,
 Roams a lone lady:
 Far from her castle-keep,
 Down in the valley,
 Roams she, by dingle deep,
 Green holm and alley,
 With her sweet presence bright
 Gladd'ning my dwelling—
 Oh, fair her face of light,
 Past the tongue's telling!
 Woe was me
 E'er to see
 Beauty so shining;
 Ever since, hourly,
 Have I been pining!

In our blithe sports' debates,
 Down by the river,

I, of my merry mates,
 Foremost was ever;
 Skilfullest with my flute,
 Leading the maidens
 Heark'ning, by moonlight, mute,
 To its sweet cadence:
 Sprightliest in the dance
 Tripping together—
 Such a one was I once
 Ere she came hither!
 Woe was me
 E'er to see
 Beauty so shining;
 Ever since, hourly,
 Have I been pining!

Loud now my comrades laugh
 As I pass by them;
 Broadsword and quarter-staff,
 No more I ply them:
 Coy now the maidens frown,
 Wanting their dances;
 How can their faces brown
 Win one, who fancies
 Even an angel's face
 Dark to be seen would
 Be, by the Lily-grace
 Gladd'ning the greenwood?
 Woe was me
 E'er to see
 Beauty so shining;
 Ever since, hourly,
 Have I been pining!

Wolf, by my broken bow,
 Idle is lying,
 While through the woods I go,
 All the day, sighing,
 Tracing her footsteps small
 Through the moss'd cover,
 Hiding then, breathless all,
 At the sight of her,
 Lest my rude gazing should
 From her haunt scare her—
 Oh, what a solitude
 Wanting her, there were!
 Woe was me
 E'er to see
 Beauty so shining;
 Ever since, hourly,
 Have I been pining!

THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

THE shades of eve had cross'd the glen
That frowns o'er infant Avonmore,
When, nigh Loch Dan, two weary men,
We stopp'd before a cottage door.

"God save all here," my comrade cries,
And rattles on the raised latch-pin ;
"God save you kindly," quick replies
A clear, sweet voice, and asks us in.

We enter ; from the wheel she starts,
A rosy girl, with soft, black eyes ;
Her fluttering courtesies takes our hearts,
Her blushing grace and pleased surprise.

Poor Mary, she was quite alone,
For, all the way to Glenmalure,
Her mother had that morning gone,
And left the house in charge with her.

But neither household cares, nor yet
The shame that startled virgins feel,
Could make the generous girl forget
Her wonted hospitable zeal.

She brought us, in a beechen bowl,
Sweet milk, that smack'd of mountain thyme,
Oat cake, and such a yellow roll
Of butter—it gilds all my rhyme !

And, while we ate the grateful food
(With weary limbs on bench reclined),
Considerate and discreet, she stood
Apart, and listen'd to the wind.

Kind wishes both our souls engaged,
From breast to breast spontaneous ran
The mutual thought—we stood and pledged
THE MODEST ROSE ABOVE LOCH DAN.

"The milk we drink is not more pure,
Sweet Mary—bless those budding charms !—
Than your own generous heart, I'm sure,
Nor whiter than the breast it warms !"

She turn'd and gazed, unused to hear
Such language in that homely glen ;
But, Mary, you have naught to fear,
Though smiled on by two stranger men.

Not for a crown would I alarm
Your virgin pride by word or sign,

Nor need a painful blush disarm
My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.

Her simple heart could not but feel
The words we spoke were free from guile ;
She stoop'd, she blush'd—she fix'd her wheel :
'Tis all in vain—she can't but smile !

Just like sweet April's dawn appears
Her modest face—I see it yet—
And though I lived a hundred years,
Methinks I never could forget

The pleasure that, despite her heart,
Fills all her downcast eyes with light,
The lips reluctantly apart,
The white teeth struggling into sight,

The dimples eddying o'er her cheek—
The rosy cheek that won't be still !—
Oh ! who could blame what flatterers speak,
Did smiles like this reward their skill ?

For such another smile, I vow,
Though loudly beats the midnight rain,
I'd take the mountain-side e'en now,
And walk to Luggelaw again !

HUNGARY.

AUGUST, 1849.

AWAY ! would you own the dread rapture of war
Seek the host-rolling plain of the mighty Mag-
yar ;

Where the giants of yore from their mansions
come down,
O'er the ocean-wide floor play the game of re-
nown.

Hark ! hark ! how the earth 'neath their arma-
ment reels,
In the hurricane-charge—in the thunder of
wheels ;
How the hearts of the forests rebound as they
pass,
In their mantle of smoke, through the quaking
morass !

God! the battle is join'd! Lord Sabaoth, re-
joice!
Freedom thunders her hymn in the battery's
voice—
In the soaring hurrah—in the blood-stifled
moan—
Sends the voice of her praise to the foot of thy
throne.

Oh! hear, God of freedom, thy people's appeal;
Let the edges of slaughter be sharp on their
steel,
And the weight of destruction, and swiftness of
fear,
Speed death to his mark in their bullets' career!

Holy Nature, arise! from thy bosom in wrath
Shake the pestilence forth on the enemy's path,
That the tyrant invaders may march by the road
Of Sennacherib invading the city of God!

As the stars in their courses 'gainst Sisera strove,
Fight, mists of the fens, in the sick air above;
As Scamander his carcasses flung on the foe,
Fight, floods of the Theiss, in your torrents be-
low!

As the snail of the Psalmist consuming away,
Let the moon-melted masses in silence decay;
Till the track of corruption alone in the air
Shall tell sicken'd Europe the Scythian was there!

Stay! stay!—in thy fervor of sympathy pause,
Nor become inhumane in humanity's cause;
If the poor Russian slave have to wrong been
abused,
Are the ties of Christ's brotherhood all to be
loosed?

The mothers of Moscow who offer the breast
To their orphans, have hearts, as the mothers of
Pest;
Nor are love's aspirations more tenderly drawn
From the bosoms of youth by the Theiss than
the Don.

God of Russian and Magyar, who ne'er hast de-
sign'd
Save one shedding of blood for the sins of man-
kind,
No demon of battle and bloodshed art thou,
To the war-wearied nations be pitiful now!

Turn the hearts of the kings—let the Magyar
again
Reap the harvests of peace on his bountiful plain;
And if not with renown, with affections and
lives,
Send the driven serfs home to their children and
wives!—

But you fill all my bosom with tumult once
more—
What! Görgey surrender'd! What! Bem's
battles o'er!
What! Haynau victorious!—Inscrutable God!
We must wonder, and worship, and bow to thy
rod.

ADIEU TO BRITTANY.

RUGGED land of the granite and oak,
I depart with a sigh from thy shore,
And with kinsman's affection a blessing invoke
On the maids and the men of Arvôr.

For the Irish and Breton are kin,
Though the lights of antiquity pale
In the point of the dawn where the parting
begin
Of the Bolg, and the Kymro, and Gael.

But, though dim in the distance of time
Be the low-burning beacons of fame,
Holy Nature attests us, in writing sublime,
On heart and on visage, the same.

In the dark-eye-lash'd eye of blue-gray.
In the open look, modest and kind,
In the face's fine oval reflecting the play
Of the sensitive, generous mind,

Till, as oft as by meadow and stream
With thy Maries and Josephs I roam,
In companionship gentle and friendly I seem,
As with Patrick and Brigid at home.

Green, meadow-fresh, streamy-bright land!
Though greener meads, valleys as fair,
Be at home, yet the home-yearning heart will
demand,
Are they blest as in Brittany there?

Demand not—repining is vain :
 Yet, would God, that even as thou
 In thy homeliest homesteads, contented Bretagne,
 Were the green isle my thoughts are with
 now !

But I call thee not golden : let golden
 Deck the coronal troubadours twine,
 Where the waves of the Loire and Garonna are
 roll'd

Through the land of the white wheat and
 vine,

And the fire of the Frenchman goes up
 To the quick-thoughted, dark-flashing eye :
 While Glory and Change, quaffing Luxury's cup,
 Challenge all things below and on high.

Leave to him—to the vehement man
 Of the Loire, of the Seine, of the Rhone—
 In the Idea's high pathways to march in the van,
 To o'erthrow, and set up the o'erthrown :

Be it thine in the broad beaten ways
 That the world's simple seniors have trod,
 To walk with soft steps, living peaceable days,
 And on earth not forgetful of God.

Nor repine that thy lot has been cast
 With the things of the old time before,
 For to thee are committed the keys of the past,
 O gray, monumental Arvôr !

Yes, land of the great Standing Stones,
 It is thine at thy feet to survey,
 From thy earlier shepherd-kings' sepulchre-
 thrones

The giant, far-stretching array ;

Where, abroad o'er the gorse-cover'd *lande*,
 Where, along by the slow-breaking wave,
 The hoary, inscrutable sentinels stand
 In their night-watch by History's grave.

Preserve them, nor fear for thy charge ;
 From the prime of the morning they sprung,
 When the works of young Mankind were lasting
 and large,
 As the will they embodied was young.

I have stood on Old Sarum :¹ the sun,
 With a pensive regard from the west,

Lit the beech-tops low down in the ditch of the
 Dun,
 Lit the service-trees high on its crest :

But the walls of the Roman were shrunk
 Into morsels of ruin around,
 And palace of monarch, and minster of monk,
 Were effaced from the grassy-foss'd ground.

Like bubbles in ocean, they melt,
 O Wilts, on thy long-rolling plain,
 And at last but the works of the hand of the
 Celt
 And the sweet hand of Nature remain.

Even so : though, portentous and strange,
 With a rumor of troublesome sounds,
 On his iron way gliding, the Angel of Change
 Spread his dusky wings wide o'er thy bounds—

He will pass ; there'll be grass on his track,
 And the pick of the miner in vain
 Shall search the dark void : while the stones of
 Carnac
 And the word of the Breton remain.

Farewell : up the waves of the Rance,
 See, we stream back our pennon of smoke ;
 Farewell, russet skirt of the fine robe of France,
 Rugged land of the granite and oak !

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON HEARING WEEK-DAY SERVICE THERE, SEP-
 TEMBER, 1858.

FROM England's gilded halls of state
 I cross'd the Western Minster's gate,
 And, 'mid the tombs of England's dead,
 I heard the Holy Scriptures read.

The walls around and pillar'd piers
 Had stood well-nigh seven hundred years ;
 The words the priest gave forth had stood
 Since Christ, and since before the Flood.

A thousand hearts around partook
 The comfort of the Holy Book ;
 Ten thousand suppliant hands were spread
 In lifted stone above my head.

¹ *Sorbiadunum*, i. e., Service-tree fort.

In dust decay'd, the hands are gone
That fed and set the builders on;
In heedless dust the fingers lie
That hew'd and heaved the stones on high;

And back to earth and air resolved
The brain that plann'd and poised the vault:
But undecay'd, erect, and fair,
To heaven ascends the builded Prayer,

With majesty of strength and size,
With glory of harmonious dyes,
With holy airs of heavenward thought,
From floor to roof divinely fraught.

Fall down, ye bars: enlarge, my soul!
To heart's content take in the whole;
And, spurning pride's injurious thrall,
With loyal love embrace them all!

Yet hold not lightly home; nor yet
The graves on Dunagore forget;
Nor grudge the stone-gilt stall to change
For humble bench of Gorman's Grange.

The self-same Word bestows its cheer
On simple creatures there as here;

And thence, as hence, poor souls do rise
In social flight to common skies.

For in the Presence vast and good
That bends o'er all our livelihood,
With humankind in heavenly cure,
We all are like, we all are poor.

His poor, be sure, shall never want
For service meet or seemly chant,
And for the Gospel's joyful sound
A fitting place shall still be found;

Whether the organ's solemn tones
Thrill through the dust of warriors' bones,
Or voices of the village choir
From swallow-haunted caves aspire,

Or, sped with healing on its wings,
The Word solicit ears of kings,
Or stir the souls, in moorland glen,
Of kingless covenanted men.

Enough for thee, indulgent Lord,
The willing ear to hear Thy Word—
The rising of the burthen'd breast—
And thou suppliest all the rest.

Versions and Adaptations.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SCYTHIANS.

HERODOTUS ("MELPOMENE").

WHEN, o'er Riphæan wastes, the son of Jove
Slain Geryon's beeves from Erytheia drove,
Sharp nipp'd the frost, and feathery whirls of
snow

Fill'd upper air and hid the earth below.
The hero on the ground, his steeds beside,
Spread, shaggy-huge, the dun Nemean hide,
And, warmly folded, while the tempest swept
The dreary Hyperborean desert, slept.

When Hercules awoke and look'd around,
The milk-white mares were nowhere to be found.

Long search'd the hero all the neighboring plain,
The brakes and thickets; but he search'd in vain.
At length he reach'd a gloomy cave, and there
He found a woman as a goddess fair;
A perfect woman downward to the knee,
But all below, a snake, in coil'd deformity.

With mutual wonder each the other eyed:
He question'd of his steeds, and she replied:
"Hero, thy steeds within my secret halls
Are safely stabled in enchanted stalls;
But if thou thence my captives wouldst remove,
Thou, captive too, must yield me love for love."

Won by the price, perchance by passion sway'd,
Alcides yielded to the monster maid.

The steeds recover'd, and the burnish'd car
 Prepared, she said: "Remember, when afar,
 That, sprung from thee, three mighty sons shall
 prove
 Me not unworthy of a hero's love.
 But when my babes are grown to manhood,
 where
 Wouldst thou thy sons should seek a father's
 care?"

The soft appeal e'en stern Alcides felt—
 And, "Take," he said, "this bow and glittering
 belt"—
 From his broad breast the baldrick he unsung
 (A golden phial from its buckle hung),—
 "And, when my sons are grown to man's estate,
 Him whom thou first shalt see decline the weight
 Of the great belt, or fail the bow to bend,
 To Theban Hercules, his father, send
 For tutelage; but him whom thou shalt see
 Thus bear the belt, thus bend the bow, like me,
 Naught further needing, by thy side retain,
 The destined monarch of the northern plain."

He went: the mighty mother, at a birth,
 Gave Gelon, Agathys, and Scyth' to earth.
 To early manhood grown, the former twain
 Essay'd to bear the belt and bow in vain;
 And, southward banish'd from their mother's
 face,
 Sought lighter labors in the fields of Thrace:
 While, far refulgent over plain and wood,
 Herculean Scyth the glittering belt indued,
 And, striding dreadful on his fields of snow,
 With aim unerring twang'd his father's bow.
 From him derived, the illustrious Scythian name,
 And all the race of Scythian monarchs came.

THE DEATH OF DERMID.

IRISH ROMANCE.

King Cormac had affianced his daughter Grania to Finn, son of Combal, the Finn Mac Coole of Irish, and Fingal of Scottish tradition. In addition to his warlike accomplishments, Finn was reported to have obtained the gifts of poetry, second-sight, and healing, in the manner referred to below. On his personal introduction, his age and aspect proved displeasing to Grania, who threw herself on the gallantry of Dermid, the handsomest of Finn's attendant warriors, and induced him reluctantly to fly with her. Their pursuit by Finn forms the subject of one of the most popular native Irish romances. In the course of their wanderings,

Dermid, having pursued a wild boar, met the fate of Adonis, who appears to have been his prototype in the Celtic imagination. Finn, arriving on the scene just before his rival's death, gives occasion to the most pathetic passage of the tale, which, at this point, is comparatively free from the characteristics of vulgarity and extravagance attaching to the rest of the composition. The incidents of the original are followed in the piece below, which however, does not profess to be a translation. The original may be perused in the spirited version of Mr. O'Grady: "Publications of the Irish Ossianic Society," vol. iii., p. 185. It is from this Dermid that Highland tradition draws the genealogy of the Clan Campbell—

"The race of brown Dermid who slew the wild boar."

FINN on the mountain found the mangled man,
 The slain boar by him. "Dermid," said the king,
 "It likes me well at last to see thee thus.
 This only grieves me, that the womankind
 Of Erin are not also looking on:
 Such sight were wholesome for the wanton eyes
 So oft enamor'd of that specious form:
 Beauty to foulness, strength to weakness turn'd."

"Yet in thy power, if only in thy will,
 Lies it, O Finn, even yet to heal me."

"How?"

"Feign not the show of ignorance, nor deem
 I know not of the virtues which thy hand
 Drew from that fairy's half-discover'd hall,
 Who bore her silver tankard from the fount—
 So closely follow'd, that ere yet the door
 Could close upon her steps, one arm was in;
 Wherewith, though seeing naught, yet touching
 all,
 Thou graspedst half the spiritual world;
 Withdrawing a heap'd handful of its gifts—
 Healing, and sight prophetic, and the power
 Divine of poesy: but healing most
 Abides within its hollow:—virtue such
 That but so much of water as might wet
 These lips, in that hand brought, would make
 me whole.
 Finn, from the fountain fetch me in thy palms
 A draught of water, and I yet shall live."

"How at these hands canst thou demand thy life,
 Who took'st my joy of life?"

"She loved thee not:
 Me she did love, and doth; and were she here
 She would so plead with thee, that, for her sake,
 Thou wouldst forgive us both, and bid me live."

"I was a man had spent my prime of years
 In war and council, little bless'd with love;

¹ In Celtic tradition, the progenitors of the Firbolga, Picts, and Scots respectively.

Though poesy was mine, and, in my hour,
 The seer's burthen not desirable;
 And now at last had thought to have man's
 share
 Of marriage blessings; and the King supreme,
 Cormac, had pledged his only daughter mine;
 When thou, with those pernicious beauty-gifts
 The flashing white tusk there hath somewhat
 spoil'd,
 Didst win her to desert her father's house,
 And roam the wilds with thee."

"It was herself,

Grania, the Princess, put me in the bonds
 Of holy chivalry to share her flight.
 'Behold,' she said, 'he is an aged man
 (And so thou art, for years will come to all),
 And I so young; and, at the Beltane games,
 When Carbry Liffacher did play the men
 Of Brea, I, unseen, saw thee snatch a hurl,
 And thrice on Tara's champions' win the goal;
 And gave thee love that day, and still will give.
 So she herself avow'd. Resolve me, Finn,
 For thou art just, could youthful warrior, sworn
 To maiden's service, have done else than I?
 No: hate me not—restore me—give me drink."

"I will not."

"Nay, but, Finn, thou hadst not said
 'I will not,' though I'd ask'd a greater boon,
 That night we supp'd in Breendacoga's lodge.
 Remember: we were faint and hunger-starved
 From three days' flight; and even as on the
 board

They placed the viands, and my hand went forth
 To raise the wine-cup, thou, more quick of ear,
 O'erheard'st the stealthy leaguer set without;
 And yet shouldst eat or perish. Then 'twas I,
 Fasting, that made the sally; and 'twas I,
 Fasting, that made the circuit of the court;
 Three times I coursed it, darkling, round and
 round;

From whence returning, when I brought thee in
 The three lopp'd heads of them that lurk'd with-
 out—

Thou hadst not then, refresh'd and grateful, said
 'I will not,' had I ask'd thee, 'Give me drink.'"

"There springs no water on this summit bald."

"Nine paces from the spot thou standest on,
 The well-eye—well thou know'st it—bubbles
 clear."

Abash'd, reluctant, to the bubbling well
 Went Finn, and scoop'd the water in his palms;
 Wherewith returning, half-way, came the thought
 Of Grania, and he let the water spill.

"Ah me," said Dermid, "hast thou then forgot
 Thy warrior-art, that oft, when helms were split,
 And buckler-bosses shatter'd by the spear,
 Has satisfied the thirst of wounded men?
 Ah, Finn, these hands of thine were not so slack
 That night, when, captured by the King of Thule,
 Thou lay'st in bonds within the temple gate
 Waiting for morning, till the observant king
 Should to his sun-god make thee sacrifice.
 Close-pack'd thy fingers then, thong-drawn and
 squeezed,

The blood-drops oozing under every nail,
 When, like a shadow, through the sleeping
 priests

Came I, and loosed thee: and the hierophant
 At day-dawn coming, on the altar-step,
 Instead of victim straighten'd to his knife,
 Two warriors found, erect, for battle arm'd."

Again abash'd, reluctant to the well
 Went Finn, and scoop'd the water in his palms,
 Wherewith returning, half-way, came the thought
 That wrench'd him; and the shaken water
 spill'd.

"False one, thou didst it purposely! I swear
 I saw thee, though mine eyes do fast grow dim.
 Ah me, how much imperfect still is man!
 Yet such were not the act of Him, whom once
 On this same mountain, as we sat at eve—
 Thou yet mayest see the knoll that was our couch,
 A stone's throw from the spot where now I lie—
 Thou show'dst me, shuddering, when the seer's
 fit,

Sudden and cold as hail, assail'd thy soul
 In vision of that Just One crucified
 For all men's pardoning, which, once again,
 Thou saw'st, with Cormac, struck in Rossnaree."

¹ "On Tara's champions," *ar ghaora Tbamhrach*. The idiom is preserved.

Fiin trembled, and a third time to the well
Went straight, and scoop'd the water in his
palms ;
Wherewith in haste half-way return'd, he saw
A smile on Dermid's face relax'd in death.

THE INVOCATION.

LUCRETIVS.

Joy of the world, divine delight of Love,
Who with life-sowing footsteps soft dost move
Through all the still stars from their sliding
stands
See, fishy seas, and fruit-abounding lands ;
Bringing to presence of the gracious sun
All living things : thee blights and vapors shun,
And thine advent : for thee the various earth
Glow with the rose : for thee the murmurous
mirth
Of ocean sparkles ; and, at thy repair,
Diffusive bliss pervades the placid air.
For, see, forthwith the blandness of the Spring
Begins, and Zephyr's seasonable wing
Wantons abroad in primal lustihood,
Smit with sweet pangs the wing'd aerial brood
Of pairing birds proclaim thy reign begun ;
Thence through the fields where pasturing cattle
run,
Runs the soft frenzy, all the savage kind,
Touch'd with thy tremors in the wanton wind,
Prancing the plains, or through the rushing
floods
Cleaving swift ways : thou, who through waving
woods,
Tall mountains, fishful seas, and leafy bowers
Of nestling birds, keep'st up the joyous hours,
Making from age to age, bird, beast, and man
Perpetuate life and time ;—aid thou my plan.

ARCHYTAS AND THE MARINER.

HORAT. OD. I. 28.

MARINER.

THEE, of the sea and land and unsumm'd sand
The Mensurator

The dearth of some poor earth from a friend's
hand
Detains, a waiter
For sepulture, here on the Matine strand ;
Nor aught the better
Art thou, Archytas, now, in thought to have
spann'd
Pole and equator !

ARCHYTAS.

The sire of Pelops, too, though guest and host
Of Gods, gave up the ghost :
Beloved Tithonus into air withdrew :
And Minos, at the council-board of Jove
Once intimate above,
Hell holds ; and hell with strict embrace anew
Constrains Panthoides, for all his lore,
Though by the shield he bore
In Trojan jousts, snatch'd from the trophied
fane,
He testified that death slays naught within
The man, but nerve and skin ;
But bore his witness and his shield in vain.
For one night waits us all ; one downward road
Must by all feet be trod :
All heads at last to Prosperine must come :
The furious Fates to Mars's bloody shows
Cast these : the seas whelm those :
Commix'd and close, the young and old troop
home.
Me also, prone Orion's comrade swift,
The South-wind, in the drift
Of white Illyrian waves, caught from the day :
But, shipmate, thou refuse not to my dead
Bones and unburied head,
The cheap poor tribute of the funeral clay !
So, whatsoe'er the East may foam or roar
Against the Hesperian shore,
Let crack Venusia's woods, thou safe and free ;
While great God Neptune, the Tarentine's trust,
And Jupiter the just,
With confluent wealth reward thy piety.
Ah ! wouldst thou leave me ? wouldst thou
leave, indeed,
Thy unoffending seed
Under the dead man's curse ! Beware ! the day
May come when thou shalt suffer equal wrong :
Give—'twill not keep thee long—
Three handfuls of sea-sand, and go thy way.

Versions from the Irish.

An apology is needed for the rudeness of some of the following pieces. Irish poetical remains consist chiefly of bardic compositions and songs of the country, of which the examples here given could not be candidly rendered without some reflection of certain faults of the originals. The former class have inherent vices, resulting from the conditions of their production. The office of the bard required skill in music, a retentive memory, and a knowledge of the common forms of panegyric, rather than original genius. A large proportion of these compositions consisted of adulatory odes addressed to protectors and patrons. Many of the best musical performances of Carolan are associated with words of this character, and exhibit an incongruous union of noble sounds and mean ideas. It has been usual, in giving him and the later harpers the credit which they well merit for originality and fertility in the production of melodies, to include their odes and songs, as efforts of poetic genius, in the commendation: but these portions of the compositions are generally made up of gross flatteries and the conventionalities of the Pantheon. The images and sentiments are in all much alike; and it is rarely that an original thought repays the trouble of the translator. In celebrating some of the ladies of families who patronized him, Carolan has, however, produced a few pieces in which the words are not unworthy of the music. He was sensible of the charms of grace and virtue, and although incapable of distinguishing between elegant and vulgar forms of praise, has in these instances expressed genuine sentiments of admiration with a great degree of natural and affectionate tenderness—united, it must be remembered, with original and beautiful music. One of these pieces, "Grace Nugent,"¹ although too full of the stock phrases of the adulatory school, is perhaps the most pleasing of its class. In addressing one of his male patrons also, in "The Cup of O'Hara,"² he exhibits some originality in transferring to his friend's wassail-cup the praises which were usually lavished on personal excellencies. It is among the country songs, however, that the greatest amount and variety of characteristic composition is found. In these we must not expect quite so much refinement as is found in the pieces composed by the bards and harpers, most of which have been transmitted in writing: for the songs have only been preserved orally by the peasantry, who would naturally prefer such versions as suited their more homely tastes. If others of a more refined character have ever existed, they are not now forthcoming: but it is probable that at all times the songs of the native Irish have been of the same homely description as those which remain: for, before the introduction of English manners, there existed an almost complete personal equality among individuals of all ranks. It is still usual in some parts of the west of Ireland for the native population to use the Christian names of those to whom they speak, whatever may be the rank of the person addressed. These primitive manners admitted of but little difference in the modes of expressing ideas common to all; and, if we make a moderate allowance for the corruptions which most of these pieces have undergone in their transmission through more or less numerous generations of the populace, we shall probably be safe in taking them as approximate indexes of the tone and taste of native Irish society, in the castle as well as in the cabin. It has been the opinion of many judges in criticism that such a state of manners is the one most favorable to the development of the poetic faculty. Certainly, the lyrical pieces produced during such a phase of society afford a fuller insight into the humors and genius of a people than the offspring of any other period in its progress. It is not probable that the rural

populace will ever again produce any thing comparable to these effusions of a ruder age; though the cultivated intellect and taste of the upper class, using the vehicle of a more copious though less fluent language, and applying itself to the wider range of ideas incident to an advanced state of civilization, may fairly hope to attain a much greater excellence: for, to say the truth, notwithstanding the strength of passion and abundance of sentiment and humor expressed in the country songs of the Irish, they have little vigor of thought and but a moderate degree of art in their structure: but not even the songs of Burns express sentiment more charmingly. Even in those dedicated to festivity and the chase, a sweet and delicate pathos mingles with the ordinary topics, which it is as difficult to catch in translation, as it is in music to define or analyze the characteristic tones and turns of the melody. The general structure of the melody is, with few exceptions, the same in all. A writer to whom Ireland is largely indebted in almost all the departments of art and literature, Dr. Petrie, thus describes their peculiar arrangement: "They are formed, for the most part, of four strains of equal length. The first soft, pathetic, and subdued; the second ascends in the scale, and becomes bold, energetic, and impassioned; the third, a repetition of the second, is sometimes a little varied and more florid, and leads, often by a graceful or melancholy passage, to the fourth, which is always a repetition of the first." The same writer has beautifully and truly compared the effect of the last part following the bold and surcharged strains of the second and third, to the dissolution in genial showers of a summer cloud. This progress of the melody is often reflected in the structure of the song, which, beginning plaintively and tenderly, mounts with the music in vehemence, and subsides with it in renewed tenderness at the conclusion of the stanza. This analogy between the sentiment and melody runs through many of the following pieces, as, for example, the *naïve* and rustic but tender song of "The Coolinn,"³ and may be observed in the passionate old strain "Cean Dnubh Deelish,"⁴ where the energy of the middle part of the piece is also associated with one of those duplications of the rhythm which constitute a peculiar characteristic of Irish song-writing. It is difficult in English to imitate these duplications and crassitudes, which give so much of its effect to the original, where, owing to the pliancy of the sounds, several syllables are often, as it were, fused together, and internal rhymes and correspondences produced within the body of the line: such as, for example, in "The Boatman:"⁵

O Whillan, rough, bold-faced rock, that stoop'at o'er the bay,
Look forth at the new bark beneath me cleaving her way;
Saw ye ever, on sea or river, 'mid the mounting of spray,
Boat made of a tree that urges through the surges like mine to-day
On the tide-top, the tide-top?

"I remember," says Whillan, "a rock I have ever been;
And constant my watch, each day, o'er the sea-wave green;
But of all that I ever of barks and of galleys have seen,
This that urges through the surges beneath you to-day is queen
On the tide-top, the tide-top."

It is a significant fact that some of the best of the native amatory songs appear to have been the compositions of men in outlawry and in misery. In the "County Leitrim," the fear of famine mingles with the ardor of desire; and scarcity and poverty enter

¹ See page 195.

² See page 196.

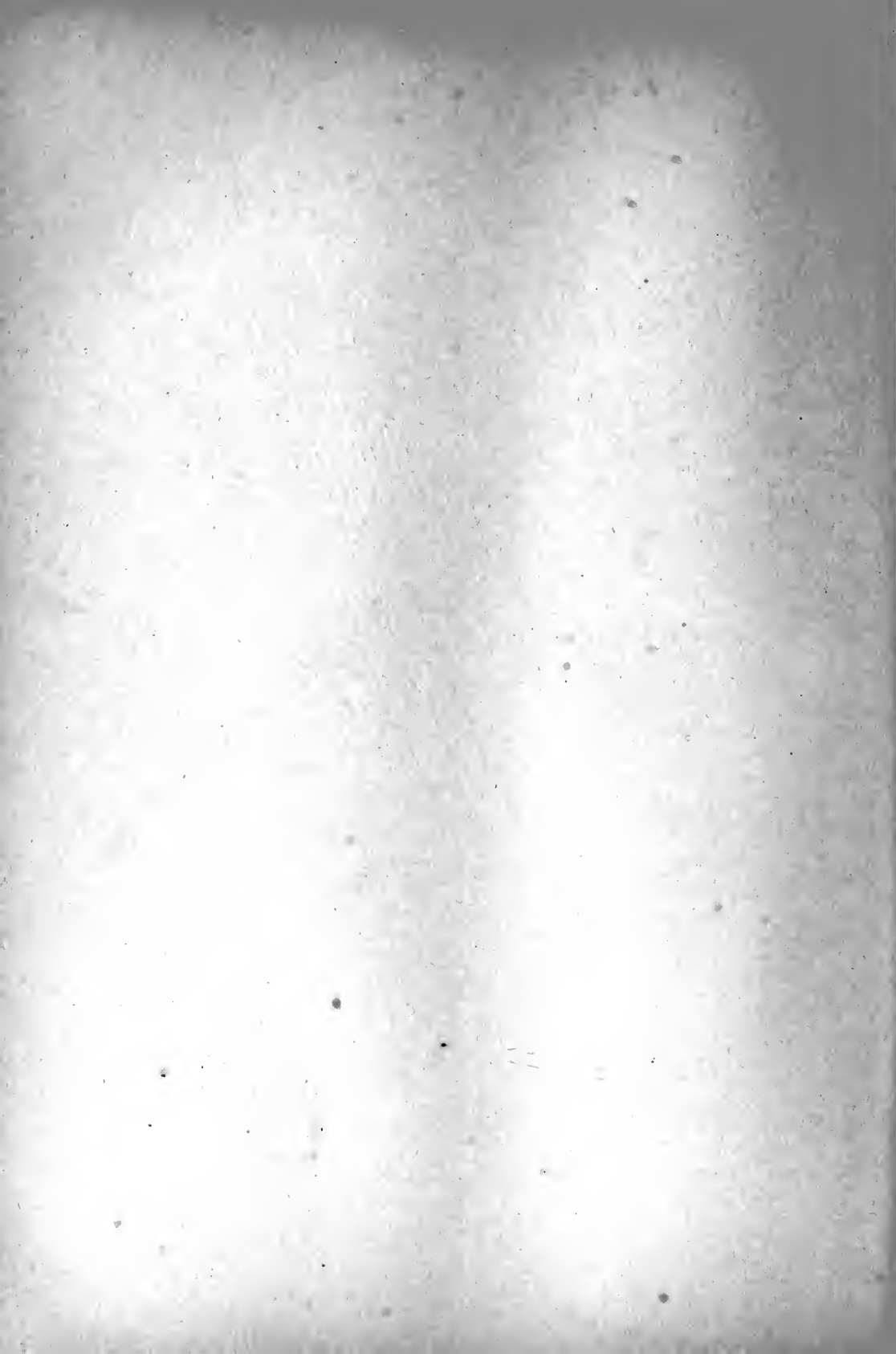
³ See page 198.

⁴ See page 199.

See page 199



CAROLAN



largely into the sentiment of "Cashel of Munster."¹ A large number also of this class of compositions are songs of humble life. Some of these, such as "Youghall Harbor,"² despite the rusticity of the topics, bespeak much generous feeling and sensibility; and, as regards all, the observation may be made that they are wedded to strains of music wonderfully various, expressive, and sweet to native ears. The production, either of melodies or of accompanying words has now wholly ceased; and the language itself, within another generation, will probably be no longer spoken in Ireland.

DEIRDRA'S FAREWELL TO ALBA.

OLD IRISH ROMANCE.³

FAREWELL to fair Alba, high house of the sun,
Farewell to the mountain, the cliff, and the dun;
Dun Sweeny, adieu! for my love cannot stay,
And tarry I may not when love cries away.

Glen Vashan! Glen Vashan! where roebucks
run free,
Where my love used to feast on the red deer
with me,
Where rock'd on thy waters while stormy winds
blew,
My love used to slumber—Glen Vashan, adieu!

Glendaro! Glendaro! where birchen boughs
weep
Honey dew at high noon o'er the nightingale's
sleep,
Where my love used to lead me to hear the
cuckoo
'Mong the high hazel bushes—Glendaro, adieu!

Glen Urchy! Glen Urchy! where loudly and
long
My love used to wake up the woods with his song,
While the son of the rock,⁴ from the depths of
the dell,
Laugh'd sweetly in answer—Glen Urchy, farewell!

Glen Etive! Glen Etive! where dappled does
roam,
Where I leave the green sheeling I first call'd a
home;
Where with me and my true love delighted to
dwell,
The sun made his mansion—Glen Etive, farewell!

Farewell to Inch Draynach, adieu to the roar
Of the blue billows bursting in light on the shore;
Dun Fiagh, farewell! for my love cannot stay,
And tarry I may not when love cries away.

DEIRDRA'S LAMENT FOR THE SONS OF USNACH.

OLD IRISH ROMANCE.

THE lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone—alone:
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick, and fain would sleep!

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone—alone:
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping:
Dig the grave, and make it ready;
Lay me on my true-love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright;
Many a day the three before me
On their linked bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore;
Many a time the noble three
Redden'd these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet;
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw
Hook and arrow, line and bow;
Never again by stream or plain
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions ye were ever—
Harsh to me, your sister, never;
Woods and wilds and misty valleys
Were, with you, as good's a palace.

Oh! to hear my true love singing,
Sweet as sound of trumpets ringing:

¹ See page 112.

² See page 112.

³ The tale of the tragical fate of the sons of Usnach, from which this and the following piece have been taken, may be seen in the "Transactions of the Ibero-Celtic Society," Dublin, 1808; and in the "Atlantis," Dublin, 1860.

⁴ Son of the rock, i. e., Echo.

Like the sway of ocean swelling
Roll'd his deep voice round our dwelling.

Oh ! to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy sheeling,
When the three, with soaring chorus,
Pass'd the silent skylark o'er us.

Echo, now sleep, morn and even—
Lark alone enchant the heaven !—
Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
Neesa's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain—
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain—
Heron, in the free air warm ye—
Usnach's sons no more will harm ye !

Erin's stay no more you are,
Rulers of the ridge of war ;
Never more 'twill be your fate
To keep the beam of battle straight !

Woe is me ! by fraud and wrong,
Traitors false and tyrants strong,
Fell Clan Usnach, bought and sold,
For Barach's feast and Conor's gold !

Woe to Eman, roof and wall !—
Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall !—
Tenfold woe and black dishonor
To the foul and false Clan Couor !

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
Sick I am, and fain would sleep !
Dig the grave and make it ready,
Lay me on my true love's body !

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GAEL.

O'GNIVE,¹ BARD OF O'NEILL.

Cir. 1580.

My heart is in woe,
And my soul deep in trouble,—
For the mighty are low,
And abased are the noble :

The Sons of the Gael
Are in exile and mourning,
Worn, weary, and pale,
As spent pilgrims returning ,

Or men who, in flight
From the field of disaster,
Beseech the black night
On their flight to fall faster ;

Or seamen aghast
When their planks gape asunder,
And the waves fierce and fast
Tumble through in hoarse thunder ;

Or men whom we see
That have got their death-omen—
Such wretches are we
In the chains of our foemen !

Our courage is fear,
Our nobility vileness,
Our hope is despair,
And our comeliness foulness.

There is mist on our heads,
And a cloud chill and hoary
Of black sorrow, sheds
An eclipse on our glory.

From Boyne to the Linn
Has the mandate been given,
That the children of Finn
From their country be driven.

That the sons of the king—
Oh, the treason and malice !—
Shall no more ride the ring
In their own native valleys ;

No more shall repair
Where the hill foxes tarry,
Nor forth to the air
Fling the hawk at her quarry

For the plain shall be broke
By the share of the stranger,
And the stone-mason's stroke
Tell the woods of their danger ;

The green hills and shore
Be with white keeps disfigured,
And the Mote of Rathmore
Be the Saxon churl's haggard !

¹ O'Gnive, now Agnew.

The land of the lakes
Shall no more know the prospect
Of valleys and brakes—
So transform'd is her aspect !

The Gael cannot tell,
In the uprooted wildwood
And red ridgy dell,
The old nurse of his childhood :

The nurse of his youth
Is in doubt as she views him,
If the wan wretch, in truth,
Be the child of her bosom.

We starve by the board,
And we thirst amid wassail—
For the guest is the lord,
And the host is the vassal !

Through the woods let us roam,
Through the wastes wild and barren ;
We are strangers at home !
We are exiles in Erin !

And Erin's a bark
O'er the wide waters driven !
And the tempest howls dark,
And her side planks are riven !

And in billows of might
Swell the Saxon before her,—
Unite, oh, unite !
Or the billows burst o'er her !

O'BYRNE'S BARD TO THE CLANS OF WICKLOW.

Cir. 1580.

God be with the Irish host,
Never be their battle lost !
For, in battle, never yet
Have they basely earn'd defeat.

Host of armor red and bright,
May ye fight a valiant fight !
For the green spot of the earth,
For the land that gave you birth.

Who in Erin's cause would stand,
Brothers of the avenging band,
He must wed immortal quarrel,
Pain and sweat and bloody peril.

On the mountain bare and steep,
Snatching short but pleasant sleep,
Then, ere sunrise, from his eyrie,
Swooping on the Saxon quarry.

What although you've fail'd to keep
Liffey's plain or Tara's steep,
Cashel's pleasant streams to save,
Or the meads of Croghan Maev ;

Want of conduct lost the town,
Broke the white-wall'd castle down,
Moira lost, and old Taltin,
And let the conquering stranger in.

'Twas the want of right command,
Not the lack of heart or hand,
Left your hills and plains to-day
'Neath the strong Clan Saxon's sway.

Ah, had heaven never sent
Discord for our punishment,
Triumphs few o'er Erin's host
Had Clan London now to boast !

Woe is me, 'tis God's decree
Strangers have the victory :
Irishmen may now be found
Outlaws upon Irish ground.

Like a wild beast in his den
Lies the chief by hill and glen,
While the strangers, proud and savage,
Criffan's richest valleys ravage.

Woe is me, the foul offence,
Treachery and violence,
Done against my people's rights—
Well may mine be restless nights !

When old Leinster's sons of fame,
Heads of many a warlike name,
Redden their victorious hilts
On the Gaul, my soul exults.

When the grim Gaul, who have come
Hither o'er the ocean foam,

From the fight victorious go,
Then my heart sinks deadly low.

Bless the blades our warriors draw,
God be with Clan Ranelagh !
But my soul is weak for fear,
Thinking of their danger here.

Have them in thy holy keeping,
God be with them lying sleeping,
God be with them standing fighting,
Erin's foes in battle smiting !

LAMENT OVER THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY OF TIMOLEAGUE.

JOHN COLLINS—DIED 1816.

LONE and weary as I wander'd
By the bleak shore of the sea,
Meditating and reflecting
On the world's hard destiny ;

Forth the moon and stars 'gan glimmer,
In the quiet tide beneath,—
For on slumbering spray and blossom
Breathed not out of heaven a breath.

On I went in sad dejection,
Careless where my footsteps bore,
Till a ruin'd church before me
Open'd wide its ancient door,—

Till I stood before the portals,
Where of old were wont to be,
For the blind, the halt, and leper,
Alms and hospitality.

Still the ancient seat was standing,
Built against the buttress gray,
Where the clergy used to welcome
Weary travellers on their way.

There I sat me down in sadness,
'Neath my cheek I placed my hand,
Till the tears fell hot and briny
Down upon the grassy land.

There, I said in woeful sorrow,
Weeping bitterly the while,
Was a time when joy and gladness
Reign'd within this ruin'd pile;—

Was a time when bells were tinkling,
Clergy preaching peace abroad,
Psalms a-singing, music ringing,
Praises to the mighty God.

Empty aisle, deserted chancel,
Tower tottering to your fall,
Many a storm since then has beaten
On the gray head of your wall !

Many a bitter storm and tempest
Has your roof-tree turn'd away,
Since you first were form'd a temple
To the Lord of night and day.

Holy house of ivied gables,
That wert once the country's pride,
Houseless now in weary wandering
Roam your inmates far and wide.

Lone you are to-day, and dismal,—
Joyful psalms no more are heard
Where, within your choir, her vesper
Screeches the cat-headed bird.

Ivy from your eaves is growing,
Nettles round your green hearth-stone,
Foxes howl, where, in your corners,
Dropping waters make their moan.

Where the lark to early matins
Used your clergy forth to call,
There, alas ! no tongue is stirring,
Save the daw's upon the wall.

Refectory cold and empty,
Dormitory bleak and bare,
Where are now your pious uses,
Simple bed and frugal fare ?

Gone your abbot, rule and order,
Broken down your altar-stones ;
Naught see I beneath your shelter,
Save a heap of clayey bones.

Oh ! the hardship, oh ! the hatred,
Tyranny, and cruel war,
Persecution and oppression,
That have left you as you are !

I myself once also prosper'd ;—
Mine is, too, an alter'd plight ;
Trouble, care, and age have left me
Good for naught but grief to-night.

Gone, my motion and my vigor,—
 Gone, the use of eye and ear;
 At my feet lie friends and children,
 Powerless and corrupting here:

Woe is written on my visage,
 In a nut my heart would lie—
 Death's deliverance were welcome—
 Father, let the old man die.

TO THE HARPER O'CONNELLAN.

ENCHANTER who reignest
 Supreme o'er the North,
 Who hast wiled the coy spirit
 Of true music forth;
 In vain Europe's minstrels
 To honor aspire,
 When thy swift slender fingers
 Go forth on the wire!

There is no heart's desire
 Can be felt by a king,
 That thy hand cannot match
 From the soul of the string,
 By its conquering, capturing,
 Magical sway,
 For, charmer, thou stealest
 Thy notes from a fay!

Enchanter, I say,—
 For thy magical skill
 Can soothe every sorrow,
 And heal every ill:
 Who hear thee they praise thee;
 They weep while they praise;
 For, charmer, from Fairyland
 Fresh are thy lays!

GRACE NUGENT.

CAROLAN.

BRIGHTEST blossom of the Spring,
 Grace, the sprightly girl I sing:
 Grace, who bore the palm of mind
 From all the rest of womankind.

Whomsoe'er the fates decree,
 Happy fate! for life to be
 Day and night my Coolun near,
 Ache or pain need never fear!

Her neck outdoes the stately swan,
 Her radiant face the summer dawn:
 Ah, happy thrice the youth for whom
 The fates design that branch of bloom!
 Pleasant are your words benign,
 Rich those azure eyes of thine:
 Ye who see my queen, beware
 Those twisted links of golden hair!

This is what I fain would say
 To the bird-voiced lady gay,—
 Never yet conceived the heart
 Joy which Grace cannot impart:
 Fold of jewels! case of pearls!
 Coolun of the circling curls!
 More I say not, but no less
 Drink you health and happiness!

MILD MABEL KELLY.

CAROLAN.

WHOEVER the youth who by Heaven's decree
 Has his happy right hand 'neath that bright
 head of thine,
 'Tis certain that he
 From all sorrow is free
 Till the day of his death, if a life so divine
 Should not raise him in bliss above mortal de-
 gree:
 Mild Mabel-ni-Kelly, bright Coolun of curls,
 All stately and pure as the swan on the lake;
 Her mouth of white teeth is a palace of pearls,
 And the youth of the land are love-sick for
 her sake!

No strain of the sweetest e'er heard in the land
 That she knows not to sing, in a voice so en-
 chanting,

That the cranes on the strand
 Fall asleep where they stand;
 Oh, for her blooms the rose, and the lily ne'er
 wanting
 To shed its mild radiance o'er bosom or hand:

The dewy blue blossom that hangs on the spray,
 More blue than her eye, human eye never saw,
 Deceit never lurk'd in its beautiful ray,—
 Dear lady, I drink to you, *slainte go bragh!*

THE CUP OF O'HARA.

CAROLAN.

WERE I west in green Arran,
 Or south in Glanmore,
 Where the long ships come laden
 With claret in store;
 Yet I'd rather than shiploads
 Of claret, and ships,
 Have your white cup, O'Hara,
 Up full at my lips.

But why seek in numbers
 Its virtues to tell,
 When O'Hara's own chaplain
 Has said, saying well,—
 "Turlogh,¹ bold son of Brian,
 Sit ye down, boy, again,
 Till we drain the great *cupaun*
 In another health to Keane."²

THE FAIR-HAIR'D GIRL.

IRISH SONG.

THE sun has set, the stars are still,
 The red moon hides behind the hill;
 The tide has left the brown beach bare,
 The birds have fled the upper air;
 Upon her branch the lone cuckoo
 Is chanting still her sad adieu;
 And you, my fair-hair'd girl, must go
 Across the salt sea under woe!

I through love have learn'd three things,
 Sorrow, sin, and death it brings;
 Yet day by day my heart within
 Dares shame and sorrow, death and sin:
 Maiden, you have aim'd the dart
 Rankling in my ruin'd heart:

Maiden, may the God above
 Grant you grace to grant me love!

Sweeter than the viol's string,
 And the notes that blackbirds sing;
 Brighter than the dewdrops rare
 Is the maiden wondrous fair:
 Like the silver swans at play
 Is her neck, as bright as day!
 Woe is me, that e'er my sight
 Dwelt on charms so deadly bright!

PASTHEEN FIN.

IRISH RUSTIC SONG.

OH, my fair Pastheen is my heart's delight,
 Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright;
 Like the apple blossom her bosom white,
 And her neck like the swan's on a March morn
 bright!

Then, Oro, come with me! come with me!
 come³ with me!

Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
 And, oh! I would go through snow and sleet,
 If you would come with me, brown girl,
 sweet!

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen!
 Her cheeks are red as the rose's sheen,
 But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
 Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen!

Then, Oro, come with me! come with me!
 come with me!

Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!

And, oh! I would go through snow and
 sleet,

If you would come with me, brown girl,
 sweet!

Were I in the town, where's mirth and glee,
 Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,
 With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
 'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly!

Then, Oro, come with me! come with me!
 come with me!

Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!

¹ Turlogh Carolan, the composer.

² Keane O'Hara, the patron.

³ The emphasis is on "come."

And, oh! I would go through snow and
sleet,
If you would come with me, brown girl,
sweet!

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
Thinking to see you, love, once again;
But whistle and call were all in vain!

Then, Oro, come with me! come with me!
come with me!

Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
And, oh! I would go through snow and
sleet,
If you would come with me, brown girl,
sweet!

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe;
From all the girls in the world I'll go;
But from you, sweetheart, oh, never! oh, no!
Till I lie in the coffin, stretch'd cold and low!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me!
come with me!

Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
And, oh! I would go through snow and
sleet,
If you would come with me, brown girl,
sweet!

MOLLY ASTORE.

IRISH SONG.

Oh, Mary dear, oh, Mary fair,
Oh, branch of generous stem,
White blossom of the banks of Nair,
Though lilies grow on them!
You've left me sick at heart for love,
So faint I cannot see,
The candle swims the board above,—
I'm drunk for love of thee!
Oh, stately stem of maiden pride,
My woe it is, and pain,
That I, thus sever'd from thy side,
The long night must remain!

Through all the towns of Innisfail
I've wander'd far and wide;
But from Downpatrick to Kinsale,
From Carlow to Kilbride,

'Mong lords and dames of high degree,
Where'er my feet have gone,
My Mary, one to equal thee
I've never look'd upon;
I live in darkness and in doubt
Whene'er my love's away,
But, were the blessed sun put out,
Her shadow would make day!

'Tis she indeed, young bud of bliss,
And gentle as she's fair,
Though lily-white her bosom is,
And sunny-bright her hair,
And dewy-azure her blue eye,
And rosy-red her cheek,—
Yet brighter she in modesty,
More beautifully meek!
The world's wise men from north to south
Can never cure my pain;
But one kiss from her honey mouth
Would make me whole again!

CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

IRISH RUSTIC BALLAD.

I'd wed you without herds, without money, or
rich array,
And I'd wed you on a dewy morning at day-
dawn gray;
My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far
away
In Cashel town, though the bare deal board were
our marriage-bed this day!

Oh, fair maid, remember the green hill side,
Remember how I hunted about the valleys wide;
Time now has worn me; my locks are turn'd to
gray,
The year is scarce and I am poor, but send me
not, love, away!

Oh, deem not my blood is of base strain, my
girl,
Oh, deem not my birth was as the birth of the
churl;
Marry me, and prove me, and say soon you will,
That noble blood is written on my right side
still!

My purse holds no red gold, no coin of the silver
white,
No herds are mine to drive through the long
twilight!
But the pretty girl that would take me, all bare
though I be and lone,
Oh, I'd take her with me kindly to the county
Tyrone.

Oh, my girl, I can see 'tis in trouble you are,
And, oh, my girl, I see 'tis your people's reproach
you bear:
"I am a girl in trouble for his sake with whom
I fly,
And, oh, may no other maiden know such re-
proach as I!"

THE COOLUN.

IRISH RUSTIC BALLAD.

Oh, had you seen the Coolun,
Walking down by the cuckoo's street,
With the dew of the meadow shining
On her milk-white twinkling feet!
My love she is, and my *coleen oge*,
And she dwells in Bal'nagar;
And she bears the palm of beauty bright
From the fairest that in Erin are.

In Bal'nagar is the Coolun,
Like the berry on the bough her cheek;
Bright beauty dwells forever
On her fair neck and ringlets sleek:
Oh, sweeter is her mouth's soft music
Than the lark or thrush at dawn,
Or the blackbird in the greenwood singing
Farewell to the setting sun.

Rise up, my boy! make ready
My horse, for I forth would ride,
To follow the modest damsel,
Where she walks on the green hill side:
For, ever since our youth were we plighted,
In faith, troth, and wedlock true—
She is sweeter to me nine times over,
Than organ or cuckoo!

For, ever since my childhood
I loved the fair and darling child;

But our people came between us,
And with lucre our pure love defiled:
Oh, my woe it is, and my bitter pain,
And I weep it night and day,
That the *coleen bawn* of my 'early love
Is torn from my heart away.

Sweetheart and faithful treasure,
Be constant still, and true;
Nor for want of herds and houses
Leave one who would ne'er leave you:
I'll pledge you the blessed Bible,
Without and eke within,
That the faithful God will provide for us,
Without thanks to kith or kin.

Oh, love, do you remember
When we lay all night alone
Beneath the ash in the winter-storm,
When the oak wood round did groan?
No shelter then from the blast had we,
The bitter blast or sleet,
But your gown to wrap about our heads,
And my coat round our feet.

YOUGHALL HARBOR.

IRISH RUSTIC BALLAD.

One Sunday morning, into Youghall walking,
I met a maiden upon the way;
Her little mouth sweet as fairy music,
Her soft cheeks blushing like dawn of day!
I laid a bold hand upon her bosom,
And ask'd a kiss: but she answer'd, "No:
Fair sir, be gentle; do not tear my mantle;
'Tis none in Erin my grief can know.

"'Tis but a little hour since I left Youghall,
And my love forbade me to return;
And now my weary way I wander
Into Cappoquin, a poor girl forlorn:
Then do not tempt me; for, alas! I dread them
Who with tempting proffers teach girls to
roam,
Who'd first deceive us, then faithless leave us,
And send us shame-faced and barefoot home."

"My heart and hand here! I mean you marriage!
I have loved like you and known love's pain;
And if you turn back now to Youghall Harbor,
You ne'er shall want house or home again:

You shall have a lace cap like any lady,
 Cloak and capuchin, too, to keep you warm,
 And if God please, maybe, a little baby,
 By and by to nestle within your arm."

CEAN DUBH DEELISH.¹

Put your head, darling, darling, darling,
 Your darling black head my heart above ;
 Oh, mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,
 Who, with heart in breast, could deny you love ?
 Oh, many and many a young girl for me is pining,
 Letting her locks of gold to the cold wind free,
 For me, the foremost of our gay young fellows ;
 But I'd leave a hundred, pure love, for thee !
 Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,
 Your darling black head my heart above ;
 Oh, mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,
 Who, with heart in breast, could deny you love ?

BOATMAN'S HYMN.

BARK that bear me through foam and squall,
 You in the storm are my castle wall :
 Though the sea should redden from bottom to top,
 From tiller to mast she takes no drop ;
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 Wherry *aroon*, my land and store !
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 She is the boat can sail *go leor*.²

She dresses herself, and goes gliding on,
 Like a dame in her robes of the Indian lawn ;
 For God has bless'd her, gunnel and whale,
 And oh ! if you saw her stretch out to the gale,
 On the tide-top, the tide-top, &c.

Whillan,³ ahoy ! old heart of stone,
 Stooping so black o'er the beach alone,

Answer me well—on the bursting brine
 Saw you ever a bark like mine ?
 On the tide-top, the tide-top, &c.

Says Whillan : " Since first I was made of stone,
 I have look'd abroad o'er the beach alone—
 But till to-day, on the bursting brine,
 Saw I never a bark like thine,"
 On the tide-top, the tide-top, &c.

" God of the air !" the seamen shout,
 When they see us tossing the brine about ;
 " Give us the shelter of strand or rock,
 Or through and through us she goes with a shock !"

On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 Wherry *aroon*, my land and store,
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 She is the boat can sail *go leor* !

THE DEAR OLD AIR.

MISFORTUNE's train may chase our joys,
 But not our love ;
 And I those pensive looks will prize,
 The smiles of joy above :
 Your tender looks of love shall still
 Delight and console ;
 Even though your eyes the tear-drops fill
 Beyond your love's control.

Of troubles past we will not speak,
 Or future woe :
 Nor mark, thus leaning cheek to cheek,
 The stealing tear-drops flow :
 But I'll sing you the dear old Irish air,
 Soothing and low,
 You loved so well when, gay as fair,
 You won me long ago.

THE LAPFUL OF NUTS.

WHENE'ER I see soft hazel eyes
 And nut-brown curls,
 I think of those bright days I spent
 Among the Limerick girls ;
 When up through Cratla woods I went,
 Nutting with thee ;

¹ Pronounced *Cavan dhu deelish*, i. e., dear black head

² *go leor*, i. e., abundantly well.

³ Whillan, a rock on the shore near Blacksod Harbor

And we pluck'd the glossy clustering fruit
From many a bending tree.

Beneath the hazel boughs we sat,
Thou, love, and I,
And the gather'd nuts lay in thy lap,
Beneath thy downcast eye :
But little we thought of the store we'd won,
I, love, or thou ;
For our hearts were full, and we dare not own
The love that's spoken now.

Oh, there's wars for willing hearts in Spain,
And high Germanie !
And I'll come back, ere long, again,
With knightly fame and fee :
And I'll come back, if I ever come back,
Faithful to thee,
That sat with thy white lap full of nuts
Beneath the hazel tree.

MARY'S WAKING.

SOFT be the sleep, and sweet the dreams,
And bright be the awaking,
Of Mary this mild April morn,
On my pale vigil breaking :
May weariness and wakefulness
And unrepaid endeavor,
And aching eyes like mine this day,
Be far from her forever !

The quiet of the opening dawn,
The freshness of the morning,
Be with her through the cheerful day
Till peaceful eve returning
Shall put an end to household cares
And dutiful employment,
And bring the hours of genial mirth
And innocent enjoyment.

And whether in the virgin choir,
A joyous sylph, she dances,
Or o'er the smiling circle sheds
Her wit's sweet influences ;
May he by favoring fate assign'd
Her partner or companion,
Be one that with an angel's mind
Is fit to hold communion.

Ah me ! the wish is hard to frame !
But should some youth, more favor'd,
Achieve the happiness which I
Have fruitlessly endeavor'd,
God send them love and length of days,
And health and wealth abounding
And long around their hearth to hear
Their children's voices sounding !

Be still, be still, rebellious heart ;
If he have fairly won her,
To bless their union I am bound
In duty and in honor :
But, out alas ! 'tis all in vain ;
I love her still too dearly
To pray for blessings which I feel
So hard to give sincerely.

HOPELESS LOVE.

SINCE hopeless of thy love I go,
Some little mark of pity show ;
And only one kind parting look bestow,—

One parting look of pity mild
On him, through starless tempest wild,
Who lonely hence to-night must go, exiled.

But even rejected love can warm
The heart through night and storm :
And unrelenting though they be,
Thine eyes beam life on me.

And I will bear that look benign
Within this darkly-troubled breast to shine,
Though never, never can thyself, ah me, be mine !

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

OLD IRISH SONG.

A PLENTIOUS place is Ireland for hospita
cheer,

Uileacan dubh O !

Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the
yellow barley ear ;

Uileacan dubh O !

There is honey in the trees where her misty vale
expand,

And her forest paths, in summer, are by falling
waters fann'd,
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs
i' the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curl'd he is and ringleted, and plaited to the
knee,

Uileacan dubh O!

Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish
sea;

Uileacan dubh O!

And I will make my journey, if life and health
but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fra-
grant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth
and high command,
For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the
ground,

Uileacan dubh O!

The butter and the cream do wondrously abound,
Uileacan dubh O!

The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at
hand,

And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music
bland,

And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i'
the forests grand,

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

TORNA'S LAMENT FOR CORC AND NIALL.

Torna, chief doctor and archbard of Ireland, was the last great bard of pagan Ireland. Among the poems which have reached us is his lament over Corc and Niall of the nine hostages, to whom he was bound by the tie of fosterage. In its native simplicity, it presents a touching picture of mingled affection, devoted loyalty, and desolate bereavement. With what natural touches the bard portrays the character of the royal youths, and dwells with justifiable pride on the honor of his own position—placed between them—Niall on the right side, the seat of dignity; and Corc, to whom pride was unknown, on his left, appropriately nearer his heart. The present version of this ancient relic is as nearly literal as possible, and expressly made in deprecation of that spirit of refining upon the original by which many of the poetical translations of the bards are characterized.

My foster-children were not slack;
Corc or Neal ne'er turn'd his back;
Neal, of Tara's palace hoar,
Worthy seed of Owen More;

Corc, of Cashel's pleasant rock,
Con-cead-cáhá's¹ honored stock.
Joint exploits made Erin theirs—
Joint exploits of high compeers;
Fierce they were, and stormy strong
Neal, amid the reeling throng,
Stood terrific; nor was Corc
Hindmost in the heavy work.
Neal Mac Eochy Vivahain
Ravaged Albin, hill and plain;
While he fought from Tara far,
Corc disdained unequal war.
Never saw I man like Neal,
Making foreign foemen reel;
Never saw I man like Corc,
Swinging at the savage work;²
Never saw I better twain,
Search all Erin round again—
Twain so stout in warlike deeds—
Twain so mild in peaceful weeds.

These the foster-children twain
Of Torna, I who sing the strain;
These they are, the pious ones,
My sons, my darling foster-sons!
Who duly every day would come
To glad the old man's lonely home
Ah, happy days I've spent between
Old Tara's hall and Cashel-green!
From Tara down to Cashel ford,
From Cashel back to Tara's lord.
When with Neal, his regent, I
Dealt with princes royally.
If with Corc perchance I were,
I was his prime counsellor.

Therefore Neal I ever set
On my right hand—thus to get
Judgments grave, and weighty words,
For the right hand loyal lords;
But, ever on my left-hand side,
Gentle Corc, who knew not pride,
That none other so might part
His dear body from my heart.
Gone is generous Corc O'Yeon—woe is me!
Gone is valiant Neal O'Con—woe is me!

¹ Con of the hundred battles.

² In the paraphrase of this elegy, by Mr. D'Alton, in the "Min-strelay":—

"The eye of heaven ne'er looked on one
So God-like in the field as Tara's lord,
Save him the comrade of his youth alone—
Brave Corc, terrific wielder of the sword."

Gone the root of Tara's stock—woe is me!
 Gone the head of Cashel rock—woe is me!
 Broken is my witless brain—
 Neal, the mighty king, is slain!
 Broken is my bruised heart's core—
 Corc, the Righ More, is no more!¹
 Mourns Lea Con, in tribute's chain,
 Lost Mac Eochy Vivahain,
 And her lost Mac Lewy true—
 Mourns Lea Mogha,² ruined too!

UNA PHELMY.

AN ULSTER BALLAD, A. D. 1641.

"Awaken, Una Phelimy,
 How canst thou slumber so!
 How canst thou dream so quietly
 Through such a night of woe!
 Through such a night of woe," he said,
 "How canst thou dreaming lie,
 When the kindred of thy love lie dead,
 And he must fall or fly?"

She rose and to the casement came;
 "Oh, William dear, speak low;
 For I should bear my brothers' blame
 Did Hugh or Angus know."
 "Did Hugh or Angus, know, Una!
 Ah, little dreamest thou
 On what a bloody errand bent
 Are Hugh and Angus now."

"Oh, what has chanced my brothers dear!
 My William, tell me true!
 Our God forbode that what I fear
 Be that they're gone to do!"
 "They're gone on bloody work, Una,
 The worst we feared is done!
 They've taken to the knife at last,
 The massacre's begun!

"They came upon us while we slept
 Fast by the sedgy Bann;
 In darkness to our beds they crept,
 And left me not a man!
 Bann rolls my comrades even now
 Through all his pools and fords;
 And their hearts' best blood is warm, Una,
 Upon thy brothers' swords!

"And mine had borne them company,
 Or the good blade I wore,
 Which ne'er left foe in victory
 Or friend in need before,
 In theirs as in their fellows' hearts
 Also had dimm'd its shine,
 But for these tangling curls, Una,
 And witching eyes of thine!

"I've borne the brand of flight for these
 For these the scornful cries
 Of loud insulting enemies;
 But busk thee, love, and rise,
 For Ireland's now no place for us;
 'Tis time to take our flight
 When neighbor steals on neighbor thus,
 And stabbers strike by night.

"And black and bloody the revenge
 For this dark midnight's sake
 The kindred of my murder'd friends
 On thine and thee will take,
 Unless thou rise and fly betimes,
 Unless thou fly with me,
 Sweet Una, from this land of crimes
 To peace beyond the sea.

"For trustful pillows wait us there,
 And loyal friends beside,
 Where the broad lands of my father are,
 Upon the banks of Clyde.
 In five days hence a ship will be
 Bound for that happy home;
 Till then we'll make our sanctuary
 In sea-cave's sparry dome.
 Then busk thee, Una Phelimy,
 And o'er the waters come!"

* * * *

The midnight moon is wading deep,
 The land sends off the gale,
 The boat beneath the sheltering steep
 Hangs on a seaward sail;
 And, leaning o'er the weather-rail,
 The lovers, hand in hand,

¹ The beautiful definition of the different feeling experienced by the loss of each, here conveyed—his reason being affected by the great national loss sustained by the death of Niall; while his heart is bruised by the loss of Corc, his favorite—is thus expressed in Mr. D'Alton's version:—

"In Niall's fall my reason felt the shock;
 But, oh, when Corc expired, my heart was broken."

² Leath Culin, or Con, and Leath Mogha—the names of the great northern and southern divisions of the island, of which these princes were the respective representatives. This territorial division was made in the reign of Conn of the hundred battles, A. D. 160, and marked by a great wall which extended from Galway to Dublin.

Take their last look of Innisfail—
 "Farewell, doom'd Ireland!"

"And art thou doomed to discord still?
 And shall thy sons ne'er cease
 To search and struggle for thine ill,
 Ne'er share thy good in peace?
 Already do thy mountains feel
 Avenging Heaven's ire;
 Hark—hark—this is no thunder peal,
 That was no lightning fire!"

It was no fire from heaven he saw,
 For, far from hill and dell,
 O'er Gobbin's brow the mountain flaw
 Bears musket-shot and yell,
 And shouts of brutal glee, that tell
 A foul and fearful tale,
 While over blast and breaker swell
 Thin shrieks and woman's wail.

Now fill they far the upper sky,
 Now down 'mid air they go,
 The frantic scream, the piteous cry,
 The groan of rage and woe;
 And wilder in their agony
 And shriller still they grow—
 Now cease they, choking suddenly,
 The waves boom on below.

"A bloody and a black revenge!
 Oh, Una, bless'd are we
 Who this sore-troubled land can change
 For peace beyond the sea;
 But for the manly hearts and true
 That Antrim still retain,
 Or be their banner green or blue
 For all that there remain,
 God grant them quiet freedom too,
 And blithe homes soon again!"

POEMS OF JOHN BANIM.

AILLEEN.

'Tis not for love of gold I go,
'Tis not for love of fame;
Though fortune should her smile bestow
And I may win a name,
Ailleen,
And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame,
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name,
Ailleen,
And bless another name.

For this—but this, I go; for this
I lose thy love awhile,
And all the soft and quiet bliss
Of thy young, faithful smile,
Ailleen,
Of thy young, faithful smile.

I go to brave a world I hate,
And woo it o'er and o'er,
And tempt a wave, and try a fate
Upon a stranger shore,
Ailleen,
Upon a stranger shore.

Oh! when the bays are all my own,
I know a heart will care!
Oh! when the gold is wooed and won,
I know a brow shall wear,
Ailleen,
I know a brow shall wear!

And when, with both return'd again,
My native land to see,
I know a smile will meet me there,
And a hand will welcome me,
Ailleen,
And a hand will welcome me.

SOGGARTH AROON.

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon?¹
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be no slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,—
Nor, out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you—
Och! out of fear to you!
Soggarth aroon!

Who in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cowl'd blast did bite
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin-door,
And on my earthen-flure
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage-day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon—

¹ Priest dear.

And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon ?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon ?
And when my hearth was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,¹
Soggarth aroon ?

Och ! you, and only you,
Soggarth aroon !
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon ;
In love they'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon !

THE FETCH.

[In Ireland, a Fetch is the supernatural *fac-simile* of some individual, which comes to insure to its original a happy longevity or immediate dissolution. If seen in the morning, the one event is predicted ; if in the evening, the other.—*Author's note.*]

The mother died when the child was born,
And left me her baby to keep ;
I rock'd its cradle the night and morn,
Or, silent, hung o'er it to weep.

'Twas a sickly child through its infancy,
Its cheeks were so ashy pale ;
Till it broke from my arms to walk in glee,
Out in the sharp, fresh gale.

And then my little girl grew strong,
And laugh'd the hours away ;
Or sung me the merry lark's mountain song,
Which he taught her at break of day.

¹ The Irish Roman Catholic priest is supported by voluntary contributions from his flock ; but here, (as in many cases,) the priest reverses the order of giving, and bestows charity on the poor peasant.

When she wreathed her hair in thicket bow-
ers,
With the hedge-rose and hare-bell blue,
I call'd her my May, in her crown of flowers
And her smile so soft and new.

And the rose, I thought, never shamed her
cheek,
But rosy and rosier made it ;
And her eye of blue did more brightly break,
Thro' the blue-bell that strove to shade it.

One evening I left her asleep in her smiles,
And walk'd through the mountains lonely ;
I was far from my darling, ah ! many long
miles,
And I thought of her, and her only !

She darken'd my path like a troubled dream
In that solitude far and drear ;
I spoke to my child ! but she did not seem
To hearken with human ear.

She only look'd with a dead, dead eye,
And a wan, wan cheek of sorrow,
I knew her Fetch ! she was call'd to die,
And she died upon the morrow.

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.²

You know it, now—it is betray'd
This moment—in mine eye—
And in my young cheek's crimson shade
And in my whisper'd sigh ;
You know it, now—yet listen, now—
Though ne'er was love more true,
My plight and troth, and virgin vow,
Still, still I keep from you,
Ever—

Ever, until a proof you give
How oft you've heard me say
I would not e'en his empress live,
Who idles life away

² In these lines we see again Mr. Banim's inequality and want of mastery in lyric composition ; but he is happier than usual throughout the last verse, particularly in the two final lines, which are exquisitely touching in feeling, and perfect in execution.

Without one effort for the land,
 In which my fathers' graves
 Were hollow'd by a despot hand—
 To darkly close on slaves——
 Never!

See! round yourself the shackles hang,
 Yet come you to Love's bowers,
 That only he may soothe their pang,
 Or hide their links in flowers;—
 But try all things to snap them, first,
 And should all fail, when tried,
 The fated chain you cannot burst
 My twining arms shall hide——
 Ever!

THE RECONCILIATION.

[This ballad is said to have been founded on a fact which occurred in a remote country chapel at the time when exertions were made to put down faction-fights among the peasantry.]

THE old man he knelt at the altar
 His enemy's hand to take,
 And at first his weak voice did falter,
 And his feeble limbs did shake;

For his only brave boy, his glory,
 Had been stretch'd at the old man's
 feet,
 A corpse, all so haggard and gory,
 By the hand which he now must greet

And soon the old man stopp'd speaking
 And rage which had not gone by,
 From under his brows came breaking
 Up into his enemy's eye—
 And now his limbs were not shaking,
 But his clench'd hands his bosom cross'd,
 And he look'd a fierce wish to be taking
 Revenge for the boy he had lost!

But the old man he look'd around him,
 And thought of the place he was in,
 And thought of the promise which bound
 him,

And thought that revenge was sin—
 And then, crying tears, like a woman,
 "Your hand!" he said—"aye *has*
 hand!
 And I do forgive you, foeman,
 For the sake of our bleeding land

POEMS OF CHARLES JAMES LEVER.

BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING.

AIR—"Paddy O'Carroll."

BAD luck to this marching,
Pipeclaying and starching;
How neat one must be to be kill'd by the
French!
I'm sick of parading,
Through wet and cold wading,
Or standing all night to be shot in a trench.
To the tune of a fife
They dispose of your life,
You surrender your soul to some illigant
lilt;
Now I like "Garryowen"
When I hear it at home,
But its not half so sweet when you're going
to be kilt.

Then, though up late and early
Our pay comes so rarely,
The devil a farthing we've ever to spare;
They say some disaster
Befell the paymaster;
Or my conscience I think that the money's
not there.
And, just think, what a blunder,
They won't let us plunder,
While the convents invite us to rob them,
'tis clear;
Though there isn't a village
But cries, "Come and pillage!"
Yet we leave all the mutton behind for
Mounseer.¹

Like a sailor that's nigh land,
I long for that Island

¹ A favorite Irish air, and also a celebrated locality in the city of Limerick.

² A capital line this—the natural comment of a hungry soldier,—illustrating a fact honorable to the British army in the Peninsular war.

Where even the kisses we steal if we please;
Where it is no disgrace
If you don't wash your face,
And you've nothing to do but to stand at
your ease.
With no sergeant to abuse us,
We fight to amuse us,
Sure it's better beat Christians than kick a
baboon;
How I'd dance like a fairy
To see ould Dunleary,²
And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a
dragoon!

IT'S LITTLE FOR GLORY I CARE.

It's little for glory I care;
Sure ambition is only a fable;
I'd as soon be myself as Lord Mayor,
With lashins of drink on the table.
I like to lie down in the sun,
And drame when my faytures is scorchin',
That when I'm too ould for more fun,
Why, I'll marry a wife with a fortune.

And in winter, with bacon and eggs,
And a place at the turf-fire basking,
Sip my punch as I roasted my legs,
Oh! the devil a more I'd be asking.
For I haven't a jaynius for work,—
It was never the gift of the Bradies,—
But I'd make a most illigant Turk,
For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies.

² A landing-place in Dublin Bay—now called Kingstown, in commemoration of the visit of George IV., as "Passage," in the Cove of Cork, goes by the higher "style and title" of "Queenstown," since the visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Dunleary, of old, could afford shelter but to a few fishing-boats under a small pier. The harbor of Kingstown has anchorage within its capacious sweep of masonry for ships of war; in fact it is one of the finest works in the British dominions.

LARRY M'HALE.

Oh! Larry M'Hale he had little to fear,
 And never could want when the crops
 didn't fail;
 He'd a house and demesne and eight hundred
 a year,
 And the heart for to spend it, had Larry
 M'Hale!

The soul of a party,—the life of a feast,
 And an illigant song he could sing, I'll be
 bail;
 He would ride with the rector, and drink
 with the priest,
 Oh! the broth of a boy was old Larry
 M'Hale.

It's little he cared for the judge or recorder,¹
 His house was as big and as strong as a
 jail;
 With a cruel four-pounder, he kept all in
 great order,
 He'd murder the country, would Larry
 M'Hale.

He'd a blunderbuss too; of horse-pistols a
 pair;
 But his favorite weapon was always a flail:
 I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,
 For he handled it nately, did Larry M'Hale.

¹ I forget the name of the quaint old chronicler, who, speaking of the unsettled state of Ireland, writes, "They say the King's writ runneth not here, but to that I say nay: the King's writ doth runne,—but it runneth awaye."

Once upon a time it was nearly as much as a bailiff's life was worth to cross the Shannon westward with a writ. If he escaped with his life, he was sure to get rough treatment anyhow. One fine morning, for example, a bailiff returned to the solicitor who had sent him into Galway with the king's parchment, and his aspect declared discomfiture: he looked singularly bilious, moreover. "I see," said the attorney, "you did not serve it."

"No, faith."

"Then you will return it, with an affidavit that—"

"I can't return it," said the bailiff.

"Why not?"

"They catch me and made me ate it."

"Is it eat the parchment?"

"Every scrap of it."

"And what did you do with the seal?"

"They made me ate that too, the villains!"

Let it not be imagined, however, that we had all the fun to ourselves in Ireland, or that we can even claim originality in our boluses for bailiffs; for it is recorded that a certain "Roger Lord Clifford, who died 1327, was so obstinate and careless of the king's displeasure, as that he caused a purgative that served a writ upon him in the Baron's chamber, there to eat and swallow down part of the wax that the said writ was sealed with, as it were in contempt of the said king."—*Memoir of the Countess of Pembroke, MS.*

His ancestors were kings before Moses was
 born,
 His mother descended from great Grana
 Uaile;
 He laugh'd all the Blakes and the Frenches
 to scorn:
 They were mushrooms compared to old
 Larry M'Hale.

He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,
 With cousins and uncles enough for a tail;
 And, though loaded with debt, oh! the devil
 a thinner
 Could law or the sheriff make Larry
 M'Hale.

With a larder supplied, and a cellar well-
 stored,
 None lived half so well, from Fair-Head
 to Kinsale,
 And he piously said, "I've a plentiful board,
 And the Lord he is good to old Larry
 M'Hale."

So fill up your glass, and a high bumper give
 him,
 It's little we'd care for the tithes or repale;
 For ould Erin would be a fine country to
 live in,
 If we only had plenty, like Larry M'Hale.

MARY DRAPER.

Don't talk to me of London dames,
 Nor rave about your foreign flames,
 That never lived—except in drames,
 Nor shone, except on paper:
 I'll sing you 'bout a girl I knew,
 Who lived in Ballywhackmacrew,
 And, let me tell you, mighty few
 Could equal Mary Draper.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,
 Her hair was brown of deepest hue,
 Her foot was small and neat to view,
 Her waist was slight and taper;
 Her voice was music to your ear,
 A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,

Oh, the like I ne'er again shall hear
As from sweet Mary Draper.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
Or may-be sing you "Rousseau's dream,"
For nothing could escape her;
I've seen her, too—upon my word—
At sixty yards bring down her bird—
Oh! she charm'd all the Forty-third!
Did lovely Mary Draper.

And, at the spring assizes ball,
The junior bar would, one and all,
For all her favorite dances call,
And Harry Deane¹ would caper;
Lord Clare² would then forget his lore;
King's counsel, voting law a bore,
Were proud to figure on the floor
For love of Mary Draper.

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff too,
Were all her slaves, and so would you,
If you had only but one view
Of such a face or shape, or
Her pretty ankles—but, alone,
It's only west of old Athlone
Such girls were found—and now they're
gone—
So, here's to Mary Draper!

NOW CAN'T YOU BE AISY?

Arrah—“Arrah, Katty, now can't you be aisy?”

Oh! what stories I'll tell when my sodger-
ing's o'er,
And the gallant Fourteenth is disbanded!
Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no more,
When safely in Ireland landed.

¹ Harry Deane Grady, a distinguished lawyer on the Western Circuit.

² Lord Chancellor of Ireland, celebrated for his hatred of Curran. He carried this feeling to the unjust and undignified length of always treating him with disrespect in Court, to the great injury of Curran's practice. On one occasion, when that eminent man was addressing him, Lord Clare turned to a pet dog beside him on the bench, and gave all the attention to his canine favorite which he should have bestowed on the counsel. Curran suddenly stopped. Lord Clare observing this, said, "You may go on, Mr. Curran—I'm listening to you." "I beg pardon for my mistake, my Lord," replied Curran; "I stopped, my Lord, because I thought *your Lordships were consulting.*"

With the blood that I spilt—the Frenchmen
I kilt,

I'll drive all the girls half crazy;
And some 'cute one will cry, with a wink of
her eye,
"Mr. Free, now—why can't you be aisy?"

I'll tell how we routed the squadrons in fight,
And destroy'd them all at "Talavera,"
And then I'll just add how we finish'd the
night,

In learning to dance the "Bolera;"
How by the moonshine we drank raal wine,
And rose next day fresh as a daisy;
Then some one will cry, with a look mighty
sly,

"Arrah, Mickey—now can't you be aisy?"

I'll tell how the nights with Sir Arthur we
spent,

Around a big fire in the air too,
Or may-be enjoying ourselves in a tent,
Exactly like Donnybrook fair too;
How he'd call out to me—"Pass the wine,
Mr. Free,

For you're a man never is lazy!"
Then some one will cry, with a wink of hereye,
"Arrah, Mickey dear—can't you be aisy?"

I'll tell, too, the long years in fighting we
pass'd,

Till Mounseer ask'd Bony to lead him.
And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at last,
Begg'd of one Mickey Free to succeed him.
But, "acushla," says I, "the truth is, I'm shy!
There's a lady in Ballynacrazy!

And I swore on the book—"she gave me a
look,

And cried, "Mickey—now can't you be
aisy?"

OH! ONCE WE WERE ILLIGANT PEOPLE.

Oh! once we were illigant people,
Though we now live in cabins of mud;
And the land that ye see from the steeple
Belong'd to us all from the flood.
My father was then king of Connaught,
My grandaunt viceroy of Tralee;

But the Sassenach came, and, signs on it !
The devil an acre have we.

The least of us then were all earls,
And jewels we wore without name ;
We drank punch out of rubies and pearls—
Mr. Petrie,¹ can tell you the same.
But, except some turf-mould and potatoes,
There's nothing our own we can call :
And the English—bad luck to them !—hate
us,
Because we've more fun than them all !²

My grandaunt was niece to St. Kevin,
That's the reason my name's Mickey Free !
Priest's nieces—but sure he's in heaven,
And his failins is nothin' to me.
And we still might get on without doctors,
If they'd let the ould island alone ;
And if purplemen, priests, and tithe-proctors
Were cramm'd down the great gun of
Athlone.

POTTEEN, GOOD LUCK TO YE, DEAR.

Av I was a monarch in state,
Like Romulus or Julius Caysar,
With the best of fine victuals to eat,
And drink like great Nebuchadnezzar,
A rasher of bacon I'd have,
And potatoes the finest was seen, sir ;
And for drink, it's no claret I'd crave,
But a keg of old Mullen's potteen, sir.
With the smell of the smoke on it still.

They talk of the Romans of ould,
Whom they say in their own times was
frisky :

¹ Now Dr. Petrie. The song was written by my esteemed friend, the author, before my other esteemed friend, the distinguished antiquary alluded to, had the academic honor of LL.D. appended to his name—a name which has laid the alphabet under many more contributions of the same sort.

² This is a capital idea, and most characteristic of the queer fellow that utters it, Mister "Mickey Free,"* to whose acquaintance I would recommend the reader—if there be any who does not know him already. For my own part, I will add a wish that all the rivalries between the sister isles, for the future, may be in the pursuit of happiness—in obtaining what shall give cause to laugh the most.

* Vide "Charles O'Malley"

But trust me, to keep out the cowl'd,
The Romans' at home here like whisky.
Sure it warms both the head and the heart,
It's the soul of all readin' and writin' ;
It teaches both science and art,
And disposes for love or for fightin'.
Oh, potteen, good luck to ye, dear.

THE BIVOUAC.

AIR—"Garryowen."

Now that we've pledged each eye of
blue,
And every maiden fair and true,
And our green island home—to yov
The ocean's wave adorning,
Let's give one hip, hip, hip, hurra !
And drink e'en to the coming day,
When squadron square
We'll all be there !
To meet the French in the morning.

May his bright laurels never fade,
Who leads our fighting fifth brigade,
Those lads so true in heart and blade,
And famed for danger scorning ;
So join me in one hip, hurra !
And drink e'en to the coming day,
When squadron square
We'll all be there !
To meet the French in the morning

And when with years and honors crown'd
You sit some homeward hearth around,
And hear no more the stirring sound
That spoke the trumpet's warning ;
You fill, and drink, one hip, hurra !
And pledge the memory of the day,
When squadron square
They all were there
To meet the French in the morning.

* An abbreviation of Roman Catholic. The Irish peasant used the word "Roman" in contradistinction to that of "Protestant." An Hibernian, in a religious wrangle with a Scotchman, said, "Ah, don't bother me any more, man ! I'll prove to ye mine is the real ould religion by one word. St. Paul wrote an epistle to *The Romans* ;—but he never wrote one to *The Protestants*. Answer me that !"

THE GIRLS OF THE WEST.

Air—"Thady ye Gander."

You may talk, if you please,
 Of the brown Portuguese,
But, wherever you roam, wherever you roam,
 You nothing will meet
 Half so lovely or sweet
As the girls at home, the girls at home.
 Their eyes are not sloes,
 Nor so long is their nose,
But between me and you, between me and
 you,
 They are just as alarming,
 And ten times more charming,
 With hazel and blue, with hazel and blue.

They don't ogle a man
 O'er the top of their fan
 Till his heart's in a flame, his heart's in a
 flame;
 But though bashful and shy,
 They've a look in their eye,
That just comes to the same, just comes to
 the same.
 No mantillas they sport,
 But a petticoat short
 Shows an ankle the best, an ankle the best,
 And a leg—but, oh murther!
 I dare not go further,
So here's to the West, so here's to the West.

THE IRISH DRAGOON.

Air—"Sprig of Shillelah."

Oh, love is the soul of an Irish dragoon,
 In battle, in bivouac, or in a saloon—
 From the tip of his spur to his bright
 sabertasche.
 With his soldierly gait and his bearing so
 high,
 His gay laughing look and his light speaking
 eye,
 He frowns at his rival, he ogles his wench,
 He springs on his saddle and *chasses* the
 French—
 With his jingling spur and his bright
 sabertasche.

His spirits are high and he little knows
 care,
 Whether sipping his claret or charging a
 square—
 With his jingling spur and his bright
 sabertasche.
 As ready to sing or to skirmish he's found,
 To take off his wine or to take up his ground:
 When the bugle may call him, how little he
 fears
 To charge forth in column and beat the
 Mounseers—
 With his jingling spur and his bright
 sabertasche.

When the battle is over he gayly rides back
 To cheer every soul in the night bivouac—
 With his jingling spur and his bright
 sabertasche.
 Oh! there you may see him in full glory
 crown'd,
 And he sits 'mid his friends on the hardly-
 won ground,
 And hear with what feeling the toast he will
 give,
 As he drinks to the land where all Irishmen
 live—
 With his jingling spur and his bright
 sabertasche.

THE MAN FOR GALWAY.

To drink a toast,
 A proctor roast,
 Or bailiff, as the case is;
 To kiss your wife,
 Or take your life
 At ten or fifteen paces;
 To keep game cocks, to hunt the fox,
 To drink in punch the Solway,
 With debts galore, but fun far more;
 Oh, that's "the man for Galway."
 With debts, &c.

The King of Oude
 Is mighty proud,
 And so were onest the Caysars;

But ould Giles Eyre
 Would make them stare,
 Av he had them with the Blazers.¹
 To the divil I fling ould Runjeet Sing,
 He's only a prince in a small way,
 And knows nothing at all of a six-foot wall;
 Oh, he'd never "do for Galway."
 With debts, &c.

Ye think the Blakes
 Are no "great shakes;"
 They're all his blood relations;
 And the Bodkins sneeze
 At the grim Chinese,
 For they come from the Phenaycians.
 So fill to the brim, and here's to him
 Who'd drink in punch the Solway;
 With debts galore, but fun far more;
 Oh! that's "the man for Galway."
 With debts, &c.

THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE.²

(From the German.)

THE Pope he leads a happy life,
 He knows no cares nor marriage strife;
 He drinks the best of Rhenish wine—
 I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But yet not happy is his life—
 He loves no maid or wedded wife,
 Nor child hath he to cheer his hope—
 I would not wish to be the Pope.

¹ This generally implies the arbitrament of the "*duello*," blazers being a figurative term for pistols; but in the present case, if I remember rightly, the *Blazers* allude to a very break-neck pack of hounds, so called.

² Whether this is a close or a free translation, I know not; but I do know it was originally written for, and sung at, the festive meetings of the "*Burschen Club*" of Dublin, by the author; and I cannot name that Club without many a reminiscence of bright evenings, and of bright friends that made them such. Brightest among them all was my early and valued friend Charles Lever—by title "*King*" of the *Burschenschaft*, while my humbler self was honored with the title of their "*Minstrel*," they having recognized in me some qualities which the world was afterward good enough to acknowledge. Many, indeed most of the men of that Club, have since become distinguished; and what songs were written for occasions by all of them! What admirable fooling of the highest class was there! In the words of Hamlet, we fooled each other to the top of our bent; but over all the wildest mirth there was a presiding good taste I never once saw violated. A distinguished old barrister, who had known much

The Sultan better pleases me,
 He leads a life of jollity,
 Has wives as many as he will—
 I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But yet he's not a happy man—
 He must obey the Alcoran:
 And dares not taste one drop of wine—
 I would not that his lot were mine.

So here I take my lowly stand,
 I'll drink my own, my native land;
 I'll kiss my maiden's lips divine,
 And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

And when my maiden kisses me
 I'll fancy I the Sultan be;
 And when my cheering glass I tope,
 I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

THE PICKETS ARE FAST RETREAT- ING, BOYS.

AIR—"The Young May Moon."

THE pickets are fast retreating, boys,
 The last tattoo is beating, boys;
 So let every man
 Finish his can,
 And drink to our next merry meeting,
 boys!

The colonel so gayly prancing, boys,
 Has a wonderful trick of advancing, boys;
 When he sings out so large,
 "Fix bayonets and charge!"
 He sets all the Frenchmen a-dancing, boys!

of the former bright days of Dublin, was our guest on one occasion, and he said that he never had witnessed anything like our festive board, since the famous "*Monks of the Screw*." Oh! merry times of the *Burschenschaft*, how often I recall you!—and yet there is sometimes a dash of sadness in the recollection. Too truly says the song—

"The walks where we've roam'd without tiring,
 The songs that together we've sung,
 The jest, to whose merry inspiring
 Our mingling of laughter hath rung;
 Oh, trifles like these become precious,
 Embalm'd in the memory of years;
 The smiles of the past, so remember'd,
 How often they waken our tears!"

Let Mounseer look ever so big, my boys,
 Who cares for fighting a fig, my boys?
 When we play "Garryowen"
 He'd rather go home,
 For somehow he's no taste for a jig, my boys.

WIDOW MALONE.

Did you hear of the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!
 Who lived in the town of Athlone?
 Ohone!
 Oh, she melted the hearts
 Of the swains in them parts,
 So lovely the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!
 So lovely the Widow Malone.
 Of lovers she had a full score,
 Or more,
 And fortunes they all had galore,
 In store;
 From the minister down
 To the clerk of the crown,
 All were courting the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!
 All were courting the Widow Malone.
 But so modest was Mistress Malone,
 'Twas known,
 That no one could see her alone,
 Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,
 They could ne'er catch her eye,
 So bashful the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!
 So bashful the Widow Malone.

'Till one Mister O'Brien, from Clare,—
 How quare!
 It's little for blushing they care
 Down there,
 Put his arm round her waist—
 Gave ten kisses at last—
 "Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
 My own!"
 "Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."
 And the widow they all thought so shy,
 My eye!
 Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
 For why?
 But, "Lucius," says she,
 "Since you've now made so free,
 You may marry your Mary Malone,
 Ohone!
 You may marry your Mary Malone."
 There's a moral contained in my song,
 Not wrong,
 And one comfort, it's not very long,
 But strong,—
 If for widows you die,
 Learn to kiss, not to sigh,
 For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
 Ohone!
 Oh, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

POEMS OF JOHN STERLING.

THE MARINERS.

RAISE we the yard, ply the oar,
The breeze is calling us swift away;
The waters are breaking in foam on the
shore;
Our boat no more can stay, can stay.

When the blast flies fast in the clouds on high,
And billows are roaring loud below,
The boatman's song, in the stormy sky,
Still dares the gale to blow, to blow.

The timber that frames his faithful boat,
Was dandled in storms on the mountain
peaks; [float,
And in storms, with bounding keel, 'twill
And laugh when the sea-fiend shrieks,
and shrieks.

And then on the calm and glistening nights,
We have tales of wonder, and joy, and fear,
The deeds of the powerful ocean sprites,
With our hearts we cheer, we cheer.

For often the dauntless mariner knows
That he must sink to the land beneath,
Where the diamond on trees of coral grows,
In emerald halls of Death, of Death.

Onward we sweep through smooth and storm;
We are voyagers all in shine or gloom;
And the dreamer who skulks by his chimney
warm.
Drifts in his sleep to doom, to doom.

THE DREAMER ON THE CLIFF.

ONCE more, thou darkly rolling main,
I bid thy lonely strength adieu;
And sorrowing leave thee once again,
Familiar long, yet ever new!

And while, thou changeless, boundless sea,
I quit thy solitary shore,
I sigh to turn away from thee,
And think I ne'er may greet thee more.

Thy many voices which are one,
The varying garbs that robe thy night,
Thy dazzling hues at set of sun,
Thy deeper loveliness by night;

The shades that flit with every breeze
Along thy hoar and aged brow,—
What has the universe like these?
Or what so strong, so fair as thou?

And when yon radiant friend of earth
Has bridged the waters with her rays,
Pure as those beams of heavenly birth,
That round a seraph's footsteps blaze—

While lightest clouds at times o'ercast
The splendor gushing from the spheres,
Like softening thoughts of sorrow past,
That fill the eyes of joy with tears;

The soul, methinks, in hours like these,
Might pant to flee its earthly doom,
And freed from dust to mount the breeze,
An eagle soaring from the tomb.

Or mix'd in stainless air, to roam
Where'er thy billows know the wind,—
To make all climes my spirit's home,
And leave the woes of all behind.

Or wandering into worlds that beam
Like lamps of hope to human eyes,
Wake 'mid delights we now but dream,
And breathe the rapture of the skies.

But vain the thought; my feet are bound
To this dim planet,—clay to clay,—
Condemn'd to tread one thorny round,
And chain with links that ne'er decay.

Yet while thy ceaseless current flows,
 Thou mighty main, and shrinks again,
 Methinks thy rolling floods disclose
 A refuge safe, at least from men.

Within thy gently heaving breast,
 That hides no passions dark and wild,
 My weary soul might sink to rest,
 As in its mother's arms a child ;

Forget the world's eternal jars,
 In murmurous caverns cool and dim,
 And long, o'ertold with angry wars,
 Hear but thy billow's distant hymn !

THE DEAREST.

Oh that from far-away mountains,
 Over the restless waves,
 Where bubble enchanted fountains,
 Rising from jewell'd caves,
 I could call a fairy bird,
 Who, whenever thy voice was heard,
 Should come to thee, dearest !

He should have violet pinions,
 And a beak of silver white,
 And should bring from the sun's dominions
 Eyes that would give thee light.
 Thou shouldst see that he was born
 In a land of gold and morn,
 To be thy servant, dearest !

Oft would he drop on thy tresses
 A pearl or a diamond stone,
 And would yield to thy light caresses
 Blossoms in Eden grown.
 Round thy path his wings would shower
 Now a gem and now a flower,
 And dewy odors, dearest !

He should fetch from his eastern island
 The songs that the Peris sing,
 And when evening is clear and silent,
 Spells to thy ear would bring,
 And with his mysterious strain
 Would entrance thy weary brain ;—
 Love's own music, dearest !

No Phœnix, alas ! will hover,
 Sent from the morning star ;
 And thou must take of thy lover
 A gift not brought so far :
 Wanting bird, and gem, and song,
 Ah ! receive and treasure long
 A heart that loves thee, dearest !

LAMENT FOR DÆDALUS.

[The subject of this poem was a celebrated sculptor of Greece, who lived, as we are told, three generations before the Trojan war. Mankind is indebted to him, it appears, for the discovery of several of the mechanical powers. Dædalus was the most ingenious artist of his time, having made statues to which he communicated the power of motion, like animated beings. They were of two kinds, one sort having a spring which stopped them when one pleased ; while the others, having no such contrivance, went along to the end of their line, and could not be stopped. Plato and Socrates used these different statues in illustration of some of their theories. With regard to *opinion*, they taught that so far as it was human, it was founded only on probabilities ; but that when God enlightened men, that which was opinion before, now became science. They compared opinion to those statues which could not be stopped in consequence of its instability and constant change ; but when it is restrained and fixed by reasoning drawn from sources which Divine Light discovers to us, then opinion becomes science, like those statues of Dædalus which had the governing spring added to them.—This lament is taken from an unassuming little volume of "Poems," published by our author in 1840, and contains some genuine poetry. Most of the pieces appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the signature of "Archæus."]

WAIL for Dædalus, all that is fairest !
 All that is tuneful in air or wave !
 Shapes whose beauty is truest and rarest,
 Haunt with your lamps and spells his
 grave !

Statues, bend your heads in sorrow,
 Ye that glance 'mid ruins old,
 That know not a past, nor expect a morrow
 On many a moonlight Grecian wold !

By sculptured cave and darken'd river,
 Thee, Dædalus, oft the nymphs recall ;
 The leaves with a sound of winter quiver,
 Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

Yet are thy visions in soul the grandest
 Of all that crowd on the tear-dimm'd eye,
 Though, Dædalus, thou no more commandest
 New stars to that ever-widening sky.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,
 Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
 By bed and table they lord it o'er us
 With looks of beauty and words of good.

They tell us and show us of man victorious
 O'er all that's aimless, blind, and base;
 Their presence has made our nature glorious,
 And given our night an illumined face.

Thy toil has won them a godlike quiet;
 Thou hast wrought their path to a lovely
 sphere;

Their eyes to calm rebuke our riot,
 And shape us a home of refuge here.

For Dædalus breathed in them his spirit;
 In them their sire his beauty sees;
 We too, a younger brood, inherit
 The gifts and blessings bestow'd on these.

But, ah! their wise and bounteous seeming
 Recalls the more that the sage is gone;
 Weeping we wake from deceitful dreaming,
 And find our voiceless chamber lone.

Dædalus, thou from the twilight fleést,
 Which thou with visions hast made so
 bright;
 And when no more those shapes thou seest,
 Wanting thine eye they lose their light.

Ev'n in the noblest of man's creations,
 Those fresh worlds round those old of
 ours,

When the seer is gone, the orphan'd nations
 Know but the tombs of perish'd Powers.

Wail for Dædalus, Earth and Ocean!
 Stars and Sun, lament for him!
 Ages, quake in strange commotion!
 All ye realms of life, be dim!

Wail for Dædalus, awful voices,
 From earth's deep centre mankind appal;
 Seldom ye sound, and then Death rejoices,
 For he knows that then the mightiest
 fall.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
 Feeds him still with corn and wine;
 He who best would aid a brother,
 Shares with him these gifts divine.
 Many a power within her bosom,
 Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
 Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
 Golden ear and cluster'd wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty,
 Is the royal task of man;
 Man's a king, his throne is Duty,
 Since his work on earth began.
 Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
 These, like man, are fruits of earth;
 Stamp'd in clay, a heavenly mintage,
 All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill and wine-vat's treasures,
 Earthly goods for earthly lives,
 These are Nature's ancient pleasures,
 These her child from her derives.
 What the dream but vain rebelling,
 If from earth we sought to flee?
 'Tis our stored and ample dwelling,
 'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
 Land and water, sun and shade,
 Work with these as bids thy reason,
 For they work thy toil to aid.
 Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
 Man himself is all a seed;
 Hope and hardship, joy and sadness
 Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

LOUIS XV.

THE King with all the kingly train had left
 his Pompadour behind,
 And forth he rode in Senart's wood the royal
 beasts of chase to find.
 That day by chance the Monarch mused,
 and turning suddenly away,
 He struck alone into a path that far from
 crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play upon
the brown untrodden earth;
He saw the birds around him flit as if he
were of peasant birth;
He saw the trees that know no king but him
who bears a woodland axe;
He thought not, but he look'd about like
one who still in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell, and glad
of human sound was he,
For truth to say he found himself but mel-
ancholy companie;
But that which he would ne'er have guess'd,
before him now most plainly came;
The man upon his weary back a coffin bore
of rudest frame.

"Why, who art thou?" exclaim'd the King,
"and what is that I see thee bear?"
"I am a laborer in the wood, and 'tis a coffin
for Pierre.
Close by the royal hunting-lodge you may
have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again, and I for him
must dig the soil."

The laborer ne'er had seen the King, and
this he thought was but a man,
Who made at first a moment's pause and
then anew his talk began;
"I think I do remember now,—he had a
dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his sturdy arm with won-
drous strokes the pickaxe ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident can
thus have kill'd our good Pierre?"
"O! nothing more than usual, sir, he died
of living upon air.
'Twas hunger kill'd the poor good man, who
long on empty hopes relied;
He could not pay *Gabelle* and tax and feed
his children, so he died."

The man stopp'd short, and then went on—
"It is, you know, a common story,
Our children's food is eaten up by courtiers,
mistresses, and glory."
The King look'd hard upon the man, and
afterward the coffin eyed,
Then spurr'd to ask of Pompadour, how
came it that the peasants died?

POEMS OF REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

GO! FORGET ME.

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow tinge?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile, and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee:
Sing—though I shall never hear thee:
May thy soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the meanest things in light,
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things look'd so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem without thee;
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming—
Hope and Beauty! fare ye well!
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted;
Glory's burning, generous swell,
Fancy and the Poet's shell.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral-note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that
was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow
bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for re-
tiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and
gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone in his glory!

THE CHAINS OF SPAIN ARE BREAKING.

THE chains of Spain are breaking !
Let Gaul despair, and fly ;
Her wrathful trumpet's speaking,
Let tyrants hear, and die.

Her standard, o'er us arching,
Is burning red and far ;
The soul of Spain is marching,
In thunders to the war—

Look around your lovely Spain,
And say, shall Gaul remain ?—
Behold yon burning valley ;
Behold yon naked plain—
Let us hear their drum—
Let them come, let them come !
For vengeance and freedom rally,
And, Spaniards ! onward for Spain.

Remember ! remember Barossa ;
Remember Napoleon's chain—
Remember your own Saragossa,
And strike for the cause of Spain—
Remember your own Saragossa,
And onward ! onward ! for Spain.

OH ! SAY NOT THAT MY HEART IS COLD.

OH ! say not that my heart is cold
To aught that once could warm it ;
That nature's form, so dear of old,
No more has power to charm it ;
Or that the ungenerous world can chill,
One glow of fond emotion,
For those, who made it dearer still,
And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view,
In rapt and dreamy sadness ;
Oft look on those, who loved them too,
With fancy's idle gladness ;
Again I long'd to view the light,
In nature's features glowing ;
Again to tread the mountain's height,
And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern duty rose, and frowning flung
Her leaden chain around me ;
With iron look, and sullen tongue,
He mutter'd, as he bound me—
“The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
Unfit for toil the creature ;
These for the free, alone, are given—
But, what have slaves with nature ?”

GONE FROM HER CHEEK.

GONE from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her cheek has lost its faint perfume,
And the gloss has dropp'd from her raven
hair,
And her forehead is pale, though no longer
fair ;
And the spirit, that set in her soft, blue eye,
Is sunk in cold mortality ;
And the smile that play'd on her lip is fled,
And every grace has left the dead.

Like slaves, they obey'd her in height of
power,
But left her, all, in her winter-hour ;
And the crowds that swore for her love to
die,
Shrunk from the tone of her parting sigh—
And this is man's fidelity !

'Tis woman alone, with a firmer heart,
Can see all those idols of life depart ;
And love the more, and soothe, and bless
Man in his utter wretchedness.

OH, MY LOVE HAS AN EYE OF THE SOFTEST BLUE.

OH, my love has an eye of the softest blue,
Yet it was not that that won me ;
But a little bright drop from her soul was
there,
'Tis that that has undone me.

I might have pass'd that lovely cheek,
 Nor perchance my heart have left me;
 But the sensitive blush that came trembling
 there,
 Of my heart it forever bereft me.

I might have forgotten that red, red lip,
 Yet how from that thought to sever?
 But there was a smile from the sunshine
 within,
 And that smile I'll remember forever.

Think not 'tis nothing but lifeless clay,
 The elegant form that haunts me;
 'Tis the gracefully elegant mind that moves
 In every step, that enchants me.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,
 Though I once in its notes delighted;
 The feeling and mind that comes whispering
 forth
 Has left me no music beside it.

Who could blame had I loved that face,
 Ere my eye could twice explore her;
 Yet it is for the fairy intelligence there,
 And her warm, warm heart, I adore her.

IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDEST
 HAVE DIED.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
 I might not weep for thee;

But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be.
 It never through my mind had pass'd
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again;
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain.
 But when I speak, thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er leftst unsaid,
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary! thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
 All cold, and all serene,
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been!
 While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own,
 But there I lay thee in thy grave--
 And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
 In thinking too of thee;
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore

POEMS OF JOHN ANSTER.

DIRGE SONG.

From the Irish.

LIKE the oak of the vale was thy strength
and thy height,
Thy foot like the erne of the mountain in
flight:
Thy arm was the tempest of Loda's fierce
breath,
Thy blade, like the blue mist of Lego, was
death!

Alas, how soon the thin cold cloud
The hero's bloody limbs must shroud!
I see thy father, full of days;
For thy return behold him gaze;
The hand, that rests upon the spear,
Trembles in feebleness and fear—
He shudders, and his bald, gray brow
Is shaking, like the aspen bough;
He gazes, till his dim eyes fail
With gazing on the fancied sail:
Anxious he looks—what sudden streak
Flits, like a sunbeam, o'er his cheek!
"Joy, joy, my child, it is the bark,
That bounds on yonder billow dark!"
His child looks forth with straining
eye,
And sees—the light cloud sailing by:
His gray head shakes; how sad, how
weak
That sigh! how sorrowful that cheek!

His bride from her slumbers will waken and
weep,
But when shall the hero arouse him from
sleep?
The yell of the stag-hound—the clash of the
spear,
May ring o'er his tomb—but the dead cannot
hear.
Once he wielded the sword, once he cheer'd
to the hound,

But his pleasures are past, and his slumber
is sound:

Await not his coming, ye sons of the
chase,
Day dawns! but it nerves not the dead for
the race;
Await not his coming, ye sons of the
spear,
The war-song ye sing—but the dead will not
hear.

Oh! blessing be with him who sleeps in the
grave,
The leader of Lochlin! the young and the
brave!
On earth didst thou scatter the strength of
our foes,
Then blessing be thine, in thy cloud of repose!
Like the oak of the vale was thy strength
and thy might,
Thy foot, like the erne of the mountain in
flight;
Thy arm was the tempest of Loda's fierce
breath,
Thy blade, like the blue mist of Lego, was
death.

THE HARP.

CLARA, hast thou not often seen, and smiled,
A rosy child,
Deeming that none were near,
Touch with a trembling hand
Some fine-toned instrument;
Then gaze, with sparkling eye, as on her
ear
The murmurs died, like gales, that having
fann'd
Soft summer flowers, sink spent.

Half fearing, still she lingers,
 Till o'er the strings again she flings,
 Less tremblingly, her fingers!—
 But if a stranger eye
 The timid sport should spy,
 Oh! then, with pulses wild,
 This rosy child
 Will throb, and fly,
 Turn pale and tremble, tremble and turn red,
 And in thy bosom hide her head.

Even thus the harp to me
 Hath been a plaything strange,
 A thing of fear, of wonder, and of glee;
 Yet would I not exchange
 This light harp's simple gear for all that
 man holds dear;
 And should the stranger's ear its tones re-
 gardless hear,
 It still is sweet to *thee*!

THE EVERLASTING ROSE.

EMBLEM of hope! enchanted flower,
 Still breathe around thy faint perfume,
 Still smile amid the wintry hour,
 And boast, even now, a spring-tide bloom:
 Thine is, methinks, a pleasant dream,
 Lone lingerer in the icy vale,
 Of smiles that hail'd the morning beam,
 And sighs more sweet for evening's gale!

Still are thy green leaves whispering
 Low sounds to fancy's ear, that tell
 Of mornings when the wild-bee's wing
 Shook dew-drops from thy sparkling cell!
 With thee the graceful lily vied,
 As summer breezes waved her head;
 And now the snow-drop at thy side
 Meekly contrasts thy cheerful red.

Well dost thou know each varying voice
 That wakes the seasons, sad or gay;
 The summer thrush bids thee rejoice,
 And wintry robin's dearer lay.
 Sweet flower! how happy dost thou seem,
 'Mid parching heat, 'mid nipping frost!
 While gathering beauty from each beam,
 No hue, no grace, of thine is lost!

Thus hope, 'mid life's severest days,
 Still soothes, still smiles away despair;
 Alike she lives in pleasure's rays,
 And cold affliction's winter air:
 Charmer alike in lordly bower
 And in the hermit's cell, she glows;
 The poet's and the lover's flower,
 The bosom's everlasting rose!

IF I MIGHT CHOOSE.

If I might choose where my tired limbs
 shall lie
 When my task here is done, the oak's green
 crest
 Shall rise above my grave—a little mound,
 Raised in some cheerful village cemetery.
 And I could wish, that, with unceasing
 sound,
 A lonely mountain rill was murmuring by—
 In music—through the long soft twilight
 hours.
 And let the hand of her, whom I love best,
 Plant round the bright green grave those
 fragrant flowers
 In whose deep bells the wild-bee loves to
 rest;
 And should the robin from some neighbor-
 ing tree
 Pour his enchanted song—oh! softly tread,
 For sure, if aught of earth can soothe the
 dead,
 He still must love that pensive melody!

OH! IF, AS ARABS FANCY.

Oh! if, as Arabs fancy, the traces on thy
 brow
 Were symbols of thy future state, and I
 could read them now,
 Almost without a fear would I explore the
 mystic chart,
 Believing that the world were weak to
 darken such a heart.

As yet to thy untroubled soul, as yet to thy
 young eyes,
 The skies above are very heaven—the earth
 is paradise;
 The birds that glance in joyous air—the
 flowers that happiest be,
 They toil not, neither do they spin, are they
 not types of thee?
 And yet, and yet—belovéd child—to thy
 enchanted sight,
 Blest as the present is, the days to come seem
 yet more bright,

For thine is hope, and thine is love, and
 thine the glorious power
 That gives to hope its fairy light, to love its
 richest dower.

For me that twilight time is past—those
 sunrise colors gone—
 The prophecies of childhood—and the
 promises of dawn;
 And yet what is, though scarcely heard, will
 speak of what has been,
 While love assumes a gentler tone, and hope
 a calmer mien.

A POEM BY WILLIAM CONGREVE.

A CATHEDRAL.

*Almeria meeting her husband Alphonso, whom she had imagined to be dead, now disguised as the captive Osmyn,
 at the tomb of his father Anselmo.*

Enter Almeria and Leonora.

Alm. It was a fancied noise, for all is
 hush'd.

Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Alm. It was thy fear, or else some tran-
 sient wind

Whistling through hollows of this vaulted
 aisle.

We'll listen—

Leon. Hark!

Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as death
 —'tis dreadful!

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
 Whose ancient pillars rear their marble
 heads,

To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
 By its own weight made steadfast and im-
 movable,

Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
 And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
 And monumental caves of death look cold,
 And shoot a chillness to my trembling
 heart.

Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy
 voice;

Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear

Thy voice—my own affrights me with its
 echoes.¹

Leon. Let us return; the horror of this
 place,

And silence, will increase your melancholy.

Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to
 that.

No, I will on: show me Anselmo's tomb,
 Lead me o'er bones and skulls, and mouldering
 ing earth

Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them,
 Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
 Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
 Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
 Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
 Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then show
 me,

Lead me, for I am bolder grown: lead on
 Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
 To him, to Heaven, and my Alphonso's soul

Leon. I go; but Heaven can tell with
 what regret.

¹ This is the passage that Johnson admired so much.
 "Congreve," he said, "has one finer passage than any that
 can be found in Shakespeare."

POEMS OF JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

OH! SLEEP.

Oh! sleep, awhile thy power suspending,
Weigh not my eyelids down;
For memory, see! with eve attending,
Claims a moment for her own.
I know her by her robe of mourning,
I know her by her faded light,
When faithful, with the gloom returning,
She comes to bid a sad good-night.

Oh! let me here, with bosom swelling,
While she sighs o'er the time that's past—
Oh! let me weep, while she is telling
Of joys that pine, and pangs that last.
And now, oh! sleep, while grief is streaming,
Let thy balm sweet peace restore,
While fearful hope, through tears is beaming,
Soothe to rest, that wakes no more.

THE DESERTER'S LAMENTATION.

If, sadly thinking,
With spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking
Our griefs compose—
A cure for sorrow,
From grief I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow
Might end my woes.

But since in wailing
There's naught availing,
For death unfailing
Will strike the blow;

Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry
Before we go!
A way-worn ranger,
To joy a stranger,
Through every danger
My course I've run:
Now death befriending,
His last aid lending,
My griefs are ending,
My woes are done.

No more a rover,
Or hapless lover,
Those cares are over—
My cup runs low;
Then, for that reason,
And for the season,
Let us be merry
Before we go.

THE MONKS OF THE ORDER OF ST. PATRICK, COMMONLY CALLED THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.¹

WHEN St. Patrick this order establish'd,
He call'd us the "Monks of the Screw;"
Good Rules he reveal'd to our Abbot,
To guide us in what we should do;

¹ This celebrated Society was partly political and partly com-
vivial: it consisted of two parts—professed and lay brother

But first he replenish'd our fountain
With liquor the best in the sky;
And he said, on the word of a saint,
That the fountain should never run dry.

Each year, when your octaves approach,
In full chapter convened let me find you;
And when to the Convent you come,
Leave your favorite temptation behind
you.
And be not a glass in your Convent,
Unless on a festival, found;
And, this rule to enforce, I ordain it
One festival all the year round.

My brethren, be chaste, till you're tempted;
While sober, be grave and discreet;

As the latter had no privileges except that of commons in the refectory, they are unnoticed here.

The professed (by the constitution) consisted of members of either house of Parliament, and barristers, with the addition from the other learned professions of any numbers not exceeding a third of the whole. They assembled every Saturday in Convent (in St. Kevin Street, Dublin), during term-time, and commonly held a chapter before commons, at which the Abbot presided, or in his (very rare) absence, the Prior, or senior officer present. Upon such occasions all the members appeared in the habit of the order, a black tabinet domino. Temperance and Sobriety always prevailed.

Mr. Curran (who was Prior of the order) being asked one day to sing a song, after commons, said he would give them one of his own, and sang the following, which was adopted at once as the charter song of the Society, and was called "The Monks of the Screw."

This Society consisted of 56 members; and Mr. Wm. Henry Curran, in the Memoir of his father, adds, "most of them distinguished men." We think it worth while to give a few of their names and titles. Earl of Charlemont; Earl of Arran; Earl of Mornington (Duke of Wellington's father); Hussey Burgh, Chief Baron; Judge Robert Johnson; Henry Grattan; John Philpot Curran; Woolfe, Lord Kilwarden; Lord Avonmore; Rev. Arthur O'Leary (Hon.). The Marquis of Townsend joined the Society while he was Viceroy of Ireland.

That the festive meetings of men of such high mark must have been of more than ordinary brilliancy, one may well conceive, but the most eloquent evidence of that fact was given by Curran in a touching address to Lord Avonmore, while sitting on the judicial bench; so touching, and so eloquent, as well as happily illustrative of Curran's style, that it is worth recording:—

"This soothing hope I draw from the dearest and tenderest recollections of my life—from the remembrance of those attic nights, and those reflections of the gods, which we have spent with those admired, and respected, and beloved companions who have gone before us; over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. [Here Lord Avonmore could not refrain from bursting into tears.] Yes, my good Lord, I see you do not forget them. I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory. I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings, where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth became expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of man—where the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose—where my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and redundant fountain

And humble your bodies with fasting,
As oft as you've nothing to eat.
Yet, in honor of fasting, one lean face
Among you I'd always require;
If the Abbot should please, he may wear it,
If not, let it come to the Prior."

Come, let each take his chalice, my brethren,
And with due devotion prepare,
With hands and with voices uplifted,
Our hymn to conclude with a prayer.
May this chapter oft joyously meet,
And this gladsome libation renew,
To the Saint, and the Founder, and Abbot,
And Prior, and Monks of the Screw!

of yours. Yes, my Lord, we can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can never more return, for

'We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine!'"—
COWLEY.

Lord Avonmore, in whose breast political resentment was easily subdued, by the same noble tenderness of feeling which distinguished Mr. Fox upon a more celebrated occasion, could not withstand this appeal to his heart. At this period (1804) there was a suspension of intercourse between him and Mr. Curran; but the moment the court rose, his Lordship sent for his friend, and threw himself into his arms, declaring that unworthy artifices had been used to separate them, and that they should never succeed in future.

And now for an instance of Mr. Curran's humor; and as it arises, like the foregoing gush of eloquence, from allusions to "The Monks of the Screw," it is evident that Society held a very cherished place in his memory. Mr. Curran visited France in 1787, and was received with distinguished welcome everywhere. Among such receptions was one at a Convent, thus recorded. "He was met at the gates by the Abbot and his brethren in procession; the keys of the Convent were presented to him, and his arrival hailed in a Latin oration, setting forth his praise, and their gratitude for his noble protection of a suffering brother of their Church (alluding to his legal defence of a Roman Catholic clergyman). Their Latin was so bad, that the stranger without hesitation replied in the same language. After expressing his general acknowledgment for their hospitality, he assured them that nothing could be more gratifying to him than to reside a few days among them; that he should feel himself perfectly at home in their society; for that he was by no means a stranger to the habits of a monastic life, being himself no less than the Prior of an order in his own country, the order of St. Patrick, or the Monks of the Screw. Their fame, he added, might not have reached the Abbot's ears, but he would undertake to assert for them, that, though the brethren of other orders might be more celebrated for learning how to die, the Monks of the Screw were, as yet, unsurpassed for knowing how to live. As, however, humility was their great tenet and uniform practice, he would give an example of it upon the present occasion, and instead of accepting all the keys which the Abbot so liberally offered, would merely take charge, while he stayed, of the key of the wine-cellar."

Curran's Life, by his son Wm. Henry Curran.

² William Doyle (Master in Chancery), the Abbot, had a remarkably large full face. Mr. Curran's was the very reverse.

**THE GREEN SPOT THAT BLOOMS
O'ER THE DESERT OF LIFE.**

O'er the desert of life, where you vainly pursued
Those phantoms of hope, which their
promise disown,

Have you e'er met some spirit, divinely endued,
That so kindly could say, you don't suffer
alone?

And, however your fate may have smiled, or
have frown'd,

Will she deign, still, to share as the friend
or the wife?

Then make her the pulse of your heart; for
you've found

The green spot that blooms o'er the desert
of life.

Does she love to recall the past moments, so
dear,

When the sweet pledge of faith was con-
fidingly given,

When the lip spoke the voice of affection
sincere,

And the vow was exchanged, and recorded
in heaven?

Does she wish to re-bind, what already was
bound,

And draw closer the claim of the friend
and the wife?

Then make her the pulse of your heart; for
you've found

The green spot that blooms o'er the desert
of life.

POEMS OF DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE SACK OF MAGDEBURGH.¹

WHEN the breach was open laid, bold we
mounted to the attack;

Five times the assault was made,—four times
were we beaten back.

Many a gallant comrade fell, in the desper-
ate *melée* there;

Sped their spirits ill or well—know I not,
nor do I care.

But the fifth time, up we strode o'er the
dying and the dead;

Hot the western sunbeam glow'd, sinking in
a blaze of red.

Redder in the gory way, our deep-plashing
footsteps sank,

As the cry of "Slay, slay, slay!" echoed
fierce from rank to rank.

And we slew, and slew, and slew—slew them
with un pitying sword:

Negligently could we do the commanding
of the Lord?

¹ The sack of this ill-fated city occurred during the Thirty Years' War. The partisans of the Reformation formed a union as early as 1608; and the Catholics in opposition established a league in 1609. Here were the elements of an inevitable contest, and in 1618 the struggle commenced. For 30 years, Europe was the battlefield of religious factions, and Germany was reduced to a wilderness. Fire and sword desolated it from end to end. The only result was the improvement of the art of war, by the genius of Gustavus Adolphus, and the terrible warning it affords to those who stir up the religious animosities of a nation.—The defence of Magdeburgh was confided to Christian William of Brandenburg, and the gallant Colonel Falkenberg, who was sent by Gustavus Adolphus to its support. The investing army of the League was commanded by Tilly, a stern soldier, whose boast was that he never tasted wine, never lost his chastity, nor ever suffered defeat. Gustavus, however, conquered him ultimately; but he had no occasion to retract his boast, for he fell with his defeat. At the sack of Magdeburgh, Tilly was before the city from March, 1631, and was about to raise the siege, in expectation of Gustavus to its assistance, but he was overruled by the fiery Pappenheim, who proposed an immediate attack. Preparations were made forthwith, and the storming commenced. In about six weeks the city fell, notwithstanding the bravery of the garrison, and it is estimated that upwards of 25,000 persons perished.

Fled the coward—fought the brave,—wail'd
the mother, wept the child,
But not one escaped the glaive, man who
frown'd or babe who smiled.

There were thrice ten thousand men, when
the morning sun arose;
Lived not thrice three hundred when sunk
that sun at evening close.

Then we spread the wasting flame, fann'd to
fury by the wind;
Of the city, but the name—nothing more is
left behind!

Hall and palace, dome and tower, lowly shed
and soaring spire,

Fell in that victorious hour which consign'd
the town to fire.

All that rose at craftman's call—to its pris-
tine dust had gone,

For, inside the shatter'd wall, left we never
stone on stone—

For it burnt not till it gave all it had to yield
of spoil;

Should not brave soldadoes have some re-
warding for their toil?

What the villain sons of trade had amass'd
by years of care,

Prostrate at our bidding laid, by one mo-
ment won, was there.

Then, within the burning town, 'mid the
steaming heaps of dead,

Cheer'd by sounds of hostile moan, did we
the joyous banquet spread.

Laughing loud and quaffing long, with our
glorious labors o'er;

To the sky our jocund song, told *the city*
was no more!

THE SOLDIER-BOY.

I GIVE my soldier-boy a blade,
 In fair Damascus fashion'd well;
 Who first the glittering falchion sway'd,
 Who first beneath its fury fell,
 I know not, but I hope to know
 That for no mean or hireling trade,
 To guard no feeling base or low,
 I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood
 In which its tempering work was done;
 As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
 Be thou whene'er it sees the sun.
 For country's claim, at honor's call,
 For outraged friend, insulted maid,
 At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
 I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which mark'd its peerless edge,
 The hand that weigh'd its balanced poise,
 Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
 Are gone with all their flame and noise—
 And still the gleaming sword remains:
 So, when in dust I low am laid,
 Remember, by those heartfelt strains,
 I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

THE BEATEN BEGGARMAN.

(From the Greek.)

THERE came the public beggarman, who all
 throughout the town
 Of Ithaca, upon his quest for alms, begged
 up and down;
 Huge was his stomach, without cease for
 meat and drink craved he;
 No strength, no force his body had, though
 vast it was to see.

He got as name from parent dame, Arnæus,
 at his birth,
 But Irus was the nickname given by gallants
 in their mirth;

For he, where'er they chose to send, their
 speedy errands bore,
 And now he thought to drive away Odys-
 seus from his door.

"Depart, old man! and quit the porch," he
 cried, with insult coarse,
 "Else quickly by the foot thou shalt be
 dragg'd away by force:
 Dost thou not see, how here on me their
 eyes are turn'd by all,
 In sign to bid me stay no more, but drag
 thee from the hall?"

"'Tis only shame that holds me back; so
 get thee up and go!
 Or ready stand with hostile hand to combat
 blow for blow."
 Odysseus said, as stern he look'd, with
 angry glance, "My friend,
 Nothing of wrong in deed or tongue do I to
 thee intend.

"I grudge not whatsoever is given, how great
 may be the dole,
 The threshold is full large for both; be not of
 envious soul.
 It seems 'tis thine, as well as mine, a wan-
 derer's life to live,
 And to the gods alone belongs a store of
 wealth to give.

"But do not dare me to the blow, nor rouse
 my angry mood;—
 Old as I am, thy breast and lips might stain
 my hands with blood.
 To-morrow free I then from thee the day in
 peace would spend,
 For nevermore to gain these walls thy beaten
 limbs would bend."

"Heavens! how this glutton glibly talks!"
 the vagrant Irus cried;
 "Just as an old wife loves to prate, smoked
 at the chimney side.
 If I should smite him, from his mouth the
 shatter'd teeth were torn,
 As from the jaws of plundering swine,
 caught rooting up the corn.

"Come, gird thee for the fight, that they
our contest may behold,
If thou'lt expose to younger arms thy body
frail and old."
So in debate engaged they sate upon the
threshold stone,
Before the palace' lofty gate wrangling in
angry tone.

Antonious mark'd, and with a laugh the
suitors he address'd:
"Never, I ween, our gates have seen so gay
a cause of jest;
Some god, intent on sport, has sent this
stranger to our hall,
And he and Irus mean to fight: so set we on
the brawl."

Gay laugh'd the guests and straight arose,
on frolic errand bound,
About the ragged beggarman a ring they
made around.
Antonious cries, "A fitting prize for the
combat I require,
Paunches of goat you see are here now lying
on the fire:

"This dainty food all full of blood, and fat
of savory taste,
Intended for our evening's meal there to be
cook'd we placed.
Whichever of these champions bold may
chance to win the day,
Be he allow'd which paunch he will to
choose and bear away;
And he shall at our board henceforth par-
take our genial cheer,
No other beggarman allow'd the table to
come near."

They all agreed, and then upspeak the chief
of many a wile:
"Hard is it when ye match with youth age
overrun with toil;
The belly, counsellor of ill, constrains me
now to go,
Sure to be beaten in the fight with many a
heavy blow.

"But plight your troth with solemn oath,
that none will raise his hand
My foe to help with aid unfair, while I before
him stand."
They took the covenant 'it had pleased
Odysseus to propose;
And his word to plight the sacred might of
Telemachus arose.

"If," he exclaim'd, "thy spirit bold, and
thy courageous heart,
Should urge thee from the palace gate to
force this man to part,
Thou needst not fear that any here will
strike a fraudful blow;
Who thus would dare his hand to rear must
fight with many a foe.

"Upon me falls within these halls the
stranger's help to be;
Antonious and Eurymachus, both wise, will
join with me."
All gave assent, and round his loins his rage
Odysseus tied;
Then was display'd each shoulder-blade of
ample form and wide.

His shapely thighs of massive size were all to
sight confess'd,
So were his arms of muscle strong, so was
his brawny breast;
Athene, close at hand, each limb to nobler
stature swell'd;
In much amaze did the suitors gaze, when
they his form beheld.

"Irus un-Irused now," they said, "will catch
his sought-for woe;
Judge by the hips which from his rags this
old man stripp'd can show."
And Irus trembled in his soul; but soon the
servants came,
Girt him by force, and to the fight dragg'd
on his quivering frame.

There as he shook in every limb, Antonious
spoke in scorn:
"Twere better, bullying boaster, far, that
thou hadst ne'er been born,

If thus thou quake and trembling shake,
o'ercome with coward fear,
Of meeting with this agéd man, worn down
with toil severe.

'I warn thee thus, and shall perform full
surely what I say—
If conqueror in the fight, his arm shall
chance to win the day,
Epirus-ward thou hence shalt sail, in sable
bark consign'd
To charge of Echetus the king, terror of all
mankind.

'He'll soon deface all manly trace with un-
relenting steel,
And make thy sliced-off nose and ears for
hungry dogs a meal."
He spoke, and with those threatening words
fill'd Irus with fresh dread ;
And trembling more in every limb, he to the
midst was led.

Both raised their hands, and then a doubt
pass'd through Odysseus' brain,
Should he strike him so, that a single blow
would lay him with the slain,
Or stretch him with a gentler touch prostrate
upon the ground:
On pondering well this latter course the wiser
one he found.

For if his strength was fully shown, he knew
that all men's eyes
The powerful hero would detect, despite his
mean disguise.

Irus the king's right shoulder hit, then he
with smashing stroke
Return'd a blow beneath the ear, and every
bone was broke.

Burst from his mouth the gushing blood ;
down to the dust he dash'd,
With bellowing howl, and in the fall his
teeth to pieces crash'd.

There lay he, kicking on the earth ; mean-
while the suitors proud,
Lifting their hands as fit to die, shouted in
laughter loud.

Odysseus seized him by the foot, and dragged
him through the hall,
To porch and gate, and left him laid against
the boundary wall.
He placed a wand within his hand, and said,
"The task is thine,
There seated with this staff to drive away
the dogs and swine ;

"But on the stranger and the poor never
again presume
To act as lord ; else, villain base, thine may
be heavier doom."
So saying, o'er his back he flung his cloak
to tatters rent,
Then bound it with a twisted rope, and back
to his seat he went.

Back to the threshold, while within uprose
the laughter gay,
And with kind words was hail'd the man
who conquer'd in the fray.
"May Zeus, and all the other gods, O
stranger ! grant thee still
Whate'er to thee most choice may be, what-
ever suits thy will.

"Thy hand has check'd the beggar bold,
ne'er to return again
To Ithaca, for straight shall he be sped across
the main,
Epirus-ward, to Echetus, the terror of all
mankind."
So spoke they, and the king received the
omen glad of mind.

POEMS OF CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

THE IRISH RAPPAREES.

A PEASANT BALLAD OF 1691.

RIGH SHAMUS he has gone to France and
left his crown behind—

Ill luck be theirs, both day and night, put
runnin' in his mind !

Lord Lucan followed after, with his Slashers
brave and true,

And now the doleful knell is raised—"What
will poor Ireland do ?

What must poor Ireland do ?

Our luck," they say "has gone to France—
What *can* poor Ireland do ?"

O, never fear for Ireland, for she has so'gers
still, [on the hill,

For Rory's boys are in the wood and Remy's
And never had poor Ireland more loyal
hearts than these—

May God be kind and good to them, the
faithful Rapparees !

The fearless Rapparees ! [Rapparees !
The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish

Oh, black's your heart, Clan Oliver, and
coulder than the clay !

Oh, high's your head, Clan Sassenach, since
Sarsfield's gone away ! [ago,

It's little love you bear us, for sake of long
But hould your hand, for Ireland still can
strike a deadly blow—

Can strike a mortal blow—

Och ! *dhar-a-Chreesth* ! 'tis she that still
could strike the deadly blow !

The Master's bawn, the Master's seat, a
surly *bodagh* fills;

The Master's son, an outlawed man, is rid-
ing on the hills.

But God be praised, that round him throng,
as thick as summer bees,

The swords that guarded Limerick wall—his
loyal Rapparees !

His lovin' Rapparees !

Who dare say *no* to Rory oge, with all his
Rapparees ?

Black Billy Grimes of Latnamard, he racked
us long and sore—

God rest the faithful hearts he broke !—we'll
never see them more !

But I'll go bail he'll break no more, while
Turagh has gallows-trees.

For why ?—he met one lonesome night, the
fearless Rapparees !

The angry Rapparees !

They'll never sin no more, my boys, who
cross the Rapparee !

THE IRISH CHIEFS.

OH ! to have lived like an IRISH CHIEF,
when hearts were fresh and true,

And a manly thought, like a pealing bell,
would quicken them through and
through;

And the seed of a generous hope right soon
to a fiery action grew,

And men would have scorn'd to talk and
talk, and never a deed to do !

Oh ! the iron grasp,

And the kindly clasp,

And the laugh so fond and gay;

And the roaring board,

And the ready sword,

Were the types of that vanish'd day.

Oh ! to have lived as Brian lived, and to die
as Brian died;

His land to win with the sword, and smile,
as a warrior wins his bride,

To knit its force in a kingly hōst, and rule
it with kingly pride,

And still in the girt of its guardian swords
over victor fields to ride;

And when age was past,
And when death came fast,
To look with a soften'd eye
On a happy race
Who had loved his face,
And to die as a king should die!

Oh! to have lived dear Owen's life—to live
for a solemn end,
To strive for the ruling strength and skill
God's saints to the Chosen send;
And to come at length with that holy
strength, the bondage of fraud to rend,
And pour the light of God's freedom in where
Tyrants and Slaves were denn'd;
And to bear the brand,
With an equal hand,
Like a soldier of Truth and Right,
And, oh! Saints, to die,
While our flag flew high,
Nor to look on its fall or flight!

Oh! to have lived as Grattan lived, in the
glow of his manly years,
To thunder again those iron words that thrill
like the clash of spears;
Once more to blend for a holy end, our peas-
ants, and priests, and peers,
Till England raged, like a baffled fiend, at
the tramp of our Volunteers!
And, oh! best of all,
Far rather to fall
(With a blessed fate than he)
On a conquering field,
Than one right to yield,
Of the Island so proud and free!

Yet, scorn to cry on the days of old, when
hearts were fresh and true:
If hearts be weak, oh! chiefly *then* the Mis-
sion'd their work must do.
Nor wants our day its own fit way, the want
is in *you* and *you*;
For these eyes have seen as kingly a King
as ever dear Erin knew.
And with Brian's will,
And with Owen's skill,
And with glorious Grattan's love,
He had freed us soon—
But death darken'd his noon,
And he sits with the saints above.

Oh! could you live as Davis lived—kind
Heaven be his bed!
With an eye to guide, and a hand to rule,
and a calm and kingly head,
And a heart from whence, like a Holy Well,
the soul of his land was fed,
No need to cry on the days of old that your
holiest hope be sped.
Then scorn to pray
For a by-past day—
The whine of the sightless dumb!
To the true and wise
Let a king arise,
And a holier day is come!

INNISHOWEN.

[Innishowen (pronounced Innishone) is a wild and pictur-
esque district in the county Donegal, inhabited chiefly by the
descendants of the Irish clans, permitted to remain in Ulster
after the plantation of James I. The native language, and
the songs and legends of the country, are as universal as the
people. One of the most familiar of these legends is, that a
troop of Hugh O'Neill's horse lies in magic sleep in a cave
under the hill of Aileach, where the princes of the country
were formerly installed. These bold troopers only wait to
have the spell removed to rush to the aid of their country;
and a man (says the legend) who wandered accidentally into the
cave, found them lying beside their horses, fully armed, and
holding the bridles in their hands. One of them lifted his
head, and asked, "Is the time come?" and when he received
no answer—for the intruder was too much frightened to re-
ply—dropped back into his lethargy. Some of the old folk
consider the story an allegory, and interpret it as they desire.]

God bless the gray mountains of dark Done-
gal,
God bless Royal Aileach, the pride of them
all;
For she sits evermore like a queen on her
throne,
And smiles on the valleys of Green Innis-
hownen.
And fair are the valleys of Green
Innishowen,
And hardy the fishers that call them
their own—
A race that nor traitor nor coward have
known
Enjoy the fair valleys of Green Innis-
hownen.

Oh! simple and bold are the bosoms they bear,
Like the hills that with silence and nature
they share;

For our God, who hath planted their home
 near his own,
 Breathed His spirit abroad upon fair Innis-
 howen.
 Then praise to our Father for wild
 Innishowen,
 Where fiercely forever the surges are
 thrown—
 Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath
 blown
 Could shake the strong bosoms of brave
 Innishowen.

See the bountiful Coudah¹ careering along—
 A type of their manhood so stately and
 strong—

On the weary forever its tide is bestown,
 So they share with the stranger in fair In-
 nishowen.

God guard the kind homesteads of fair
 Innishowen,

Which manhood and virtue have chosen
 for their own ;

Not long shall that nation in slavery
 groan,

That rears the tall peasants of fair
 Innishowen.

Like that oak of St. Bride which nor Devil
 nor Dane,

Nor Saxon nor Dutchman could rend from
 her fane,

They have clung by the creed and the cause
 of their own

Through the midnight of danger in true
 Innishowen.

Then shout for the glories of old Innis-
 howen,

The stronghold that foemen have never
 o'erthrown—

The soul and the spirit, the blood and
 the bone,

That guard the green valleys of true
 Innishowen.

Nor purer of old was the tongue of the
 Gael,

When the charging *aboo* made the foreigner
 quail ;

Than it gladdens the stranger in welcome's
 soft tone,

In the home-loving cabins of kind Innis-
 howen.

Oh ! flourish, ye homesteads of kind
 Innishowen,

Where seeds of a people's redemption
 are sown ;

Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing
 have grown,

To bless the kind homesteads of green
 Innishowen.

When they tell us the tale of a spell-stricken
 band

All entranced, with their bridles and broad-
 swords in hand,

Who await but the word to give Erin her
 own,

They can read you that riddle in proud
 Innishowen.

Hurrah for the Spaemen² of proud
 Innishowen !—

Long live the wild Seers of stout Innis-
 howen !—

May Mary, our mother, be deaf to their
 moan

Who love not the promise of proud
 Innishowen !

THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

1641.

[The Irish Pale resembled the borders between Scotland and England so closely in its general character, that it is no extravagant assumption to suppose that it must have given birth to a host of poems of the same class as the Border Ballads collected by Sir Walter Scott in his own country. The same incessant feuds, the same daring adventures, the same deadly hatred, and an equally poetic people to sing their own achievements, existed in both countries ; and if there are few remains of our legendary and local ballads, the disuse of the Irish language in which they were written, and the neglect of our national literature since the Elizabethan war, will account for their loss without throwing the smallest doubt on their former existence. In fact, they may be deduced as plainly from the physical and intellectual condition of the country, without any other evidence, as the use of weapons for war or castles for defence, which it needs no ruins and no museums to establish. If they are as completely lost as the ballads on which the early history of Rome was founded, they

¹ The Coudah, or Culdaff, is the chief river in the Innishowen mountains.

² An Ulster and Scotch term signifying a person gifted with "second sight"—a prophet.

as surely existed; and we have, in lieu of a better, that remedy for our loss which Macgillay has so successfully adopted in the case of his "Lays of Ancient Rome"—to sing for our ancestors such ballads as they probably sung for themselves. Historical songs and ballads are the best nutriment for the nationality and public spirit of a country—the recollection of the men and achievements they celebrate act on its youth like a second conscience—they become ashamed to disgrace a land that was the mother of such men. The memory of Wallace does more for Scotland than the sermons of ten Dr. Chalmers, and Kosciuszko makes every Pole respectable throughout the world. Scott's own legendary ballads and poems did a thousand times more for Scotland than all he ever collected, and Burns's "Scots wha hae" was worth a hundred "Minstrelies of the Border," in its national influence. The present ballad is founded on the rising of Ulster in 1641, at the commencement of the ten years' war. We have always denied the alleged massacre of that era, and the atrocious calumnies on Sir Phelim O'Neill; but that the natives, in ejecting the English from their towns and castles, committed various excesses is undeniable—as is equally the bitter provocation—in the plunder of their properties by James I., and the long persecution that ensued. The object of the ballad is not to excuse these excesses, which we condemn and deplore, but to give a vivid picture of the feelings of an outraged people in the first madness of successful resistance.]

Joy! joy! the day is come at last, the day
of hope and pride,
And see! our crackling bonfires light old
Bann's rejoicing tide,
And gladsome bell, and bugle-horn from
Newry's captured Towers,
Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine, this
land is ours, is ours!

Glory to God! my eyes have seen the ran-
somed fields of Down,
My ears have drunk the joyful news, "Stout
Phelim hath his own."

Oh! may they see and hear no more, Oh!
may they rot to clay,
When they forget to triumph in the conquest
of to-day.

Now, now we'll teach the shameless Scot to
purge his thievish maw,
Now, now the Courts may fall to pray, for
Justice is the Law,
Now, shall the Undertaker' square, for once,
his loose accounts,
We'll strike, brave boys, a fair result, from
all his false amounts.

Come, trample down their robber rule, and
smite its venal spawn,
Their foreign laws, their foreign church,
their ermine and their lawn;

With all the specious fry of fraud that robb'd
us of our own,
And plant our ancient laws again beneath
our lineal throne.

Our standard flies o'er fifty towers, o'er
twice ten thousand men,
Down have we pluck'd the pirate Red, never
to rise agen;
The Green alone shall stream above our
native field and flood—
The spotless Green, save where its folds are
gemm'd with Saxon blood!

Pity! no, no, you dare not, Priest—not you
our Father dare
Preach to us now that godless creed—the
murderer's blood to spare;
To spare his blood, while tombless still our
slaughter'd kin implore
"Graves and revenge" from Gobbin-Cliffs
and Carrick's bloody shore!

Pity! could we "forget—forgive," if we
were clods of clay,
Our martyr'd priests, our banish'd chiefs,
our race in dark decay,
And worse than all—you know it, Priest—
the daughters of our land,
With wrongs we blush'd to name until the
sword was in our hand!

Pity! well, if you needs must whine, let pity
have its way,
Pity for all our comrades true, far from our
side to-day;
The prison-bound who rot in chains, the
faithful dead who pour'd
Their blood 'neath Temple's lawless axe or
Parson's ruffian sword.

They smote us with the swearer's oath, and
with the murderer's knife,
We in the open field will fight, fairly for
land and life;

¹ The Scotch and English adventurers planted in Ulster by James I., were called Undertakers.

² Leland, the Protestant historian, states that the Catholic Priests "labored zealously to moderate the excesses of war," and frequently protected the English by concealing them in their places of worship, and even under their altars.

³ The scene of the massacre of the unoffending inhabitants of Island Magee by the garrison of Carrickfergus.

But, by the Dead and all their wrongs, and
by our hopes to-day,
One of us twain shall fight their last, or be
it we or they—

They bann'd our faith, they bann'd our lives,
they trod us into earth,
Until our very patience stirr'd their bitter
hearts to mirth;
Even this great flame that wraps them now,
not *we* but *they* have bred,
Yes, this is their own work, and now, **THEIR**
WORK BE ON THEIR HEAD.

Nay, Father, tell us not of help from Leinster's Norman Peers,
If we but shape our holy cause to match
their selfish fears,—
Helpless and hopeless be their cause who
brook a vain delay,
Our ship is launch'd, our flag's afloat,
whether they come or stay.

Let Silken Howth, and savage Slane still
kiss their tyrant's rod,
And pale Dunsany still prefer his Master
to his God,
Little we'd miss their fathers' sons, the
Marchmen of the Pale,
If Irish hearts and Irish hands had Spanish
blade and mail?

Then, let them stay to bow and fawn, or
fight with cunning words;
I fear me more their courtly acts than
England's hireling swords,
Nathless their creed they hate us still, as the
Despoiler hates,
Could they love us, and love their prey, our
kinsmen's lost estates!

Our rude array's a jagged rock to smash the
spoiler's power,
Or need we aid, His aid we have who
doom'd this gracious hour;
Of yore he led his Hebrew host to peace
through strife and pain,
And us he leads the self-same path, the self-
same goal to gain.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a **SAINT**
communed with God,
Up from the vale where Bagnall's blood
manured the reeking sod,
Out from the stately woods of Truagh,
M'Kenna's plunder'd home,
Like Malin's waves, as fierce and fast, our
faithful clansmen come.

Then, brethren, *on!*—O'Neill's dear shade
would frown to see you pause—
Our banish'd Hugh, our martyr'd Hugh, is
watching o'er your cause—
His generous error lost the land—he deem'd
the Norman true;
Oh! forward! friends, it must not lose the
land again in you!

THE VOICE OF LABOR.

A CHANT OF THE CITY MEETINGS, A. D. 1843

YE who despoil the sons of toil, saw ye this
sight to-day,
When stalwart trade in long brigade, be-
yond a king's array,
March'd in the blessed light of Heaven
beneath the open sky,
Strong in the might of sacred **RIGHT**, that
none dare ask them why
These are the slaves, the needy knaves, ye
spit upon with scorn—
The spawn of earth, of nameless birth, and
basely bred as born;
Yet know, ye soft and silken lords, were we
the thing ye say,
Your broad domains, your coffer'd gains,
your lives were ours to-day!

Measure that rank, from flank to flank; 'tis
fifty thousand strong;
And mark you here, in front and rear,
brigades as deep and long;
And know that never blade of foe, or Arran's
deadly breeze,
Tried by assay of storm or fray more daunt-
less hearts than these;

¹ St. Patrick, whose favorite retreat was Lecale, in the County Down.

The sinewy smith, little he reck's of his own
child—the sword;
The men of gear, think you they fear *their*
handiwork—a Lord?
And undismay'd, yon sons of trade might
see the battle's front,
Who bravely bore, nor bow'd before the
deadlier face of want.

What lack we here of show or form that
lures your slaves to death?
Not serried bands, nor sinewy hands, nor
music's martial breath;
And if we broke the bitter yoke our suppli-
ant race endure,
No robbers we—but chivalry—the Army of
the Poor.
Shame on ye now, ye lordly crew, that do
your betters wrong—
We are no base and braggart mob, but mer-
ciful and strong.
Your henchmen vain, your vassal train would
fly our first defiance;
In us—in our strong, tranquil breasts—
abides your sole reliance.

Ay! keep them all, castle and hall, coffers
and costly jewels—
Keep your vile gain, and in its train the pas-
sions that it fuels.
We envy not your lordly lot—its bloom or
its decayance:
But ye *have* that we claim as ours—our
right in long abeyance:
Leisure to live, leisure to love, leisure to
taste our freedom—
O! suffering poor, O! patient poor, how bit-
terly you need them!
“Ever to moil, ever to toil,” that is your
social charter,
And city slave or peasant serf, the **TOILER** is
its martyr.

Where Frank and Tuscan shed their sweat,
the goodly crop is theirs—
If Norway's toil make rich the soil, she eats
the fruit she rears—
O'er Maine's green sward there rules no lord,
saving the Lord on high;
But we are slaves in our own land—proud
masters, tell us why?

The German burgher and his men, brother
with brothers live,
While toil must wait without *your* gate
what gracious crusts you give.
Long in your sight, for our own right we've
bent, and still we bend;—
Why did we bow? why do we now?—
proud masters, this must end.

Perish the past—a generous land is this fair
land of ours,
And enmity may no man see between its
Towns and Towers.
Come, join our bands—here take our hands
—now shame on him that lingers,
Merchant or Peer, you have no fear from
labor's blistered fingers.
Come, join at last—perish the past—its trai-
tors, its seceders—
Proud names and old, frank hearts and bold,
come join and be our Leaders;
But know, ye lords, that be your sword,
with us or with our Wronger,
Heaven be our guide, for we shall bide this
lot of shame no longer!

THE PATRIOT'S BRIDE.

O! GIVE me back that royal dream
My fancy wrought,
When I have seen your sunny eyes
Grow moist with thought,
And fondly hoped, dear Love, your heart
from mine
Its spell had caught;
And laid me down to dream that dream
divine,
But true methought,
Of how *my* life's long task would be, to
make *yours* blessed as it ought.

To learn to love sweet Nature more
For your sweet sake,
To watch with you—dear friend, with
you!—
Its wonders break;

The sparkling Spring in that bright face
to see

Its mirror make—

On summer morns 'to hear the sweet
birds sing

By linn and lake;

And know your voice, your magic voice,
could still a grander music wake!

On some old shell-strewn rock to sit

In Autumn eves,

Where gray Killiney cools the torrid air
Hot Autumn weaves:

Or by that Holy Well in mountain lone,
Where Faith believes

(Fain would I believe) its secret, darling
wish

True love achieves.

Yet, O! its Saint was not more pure than
she to whom my fond heart cleaves.

To see the dank mid-winter night

Pass like a noon,

Sultry with thought from minds that teem'd,
And glow'd like June:

Whereto would pass in sculp'd and pic-
tured train

Art's magic boon;

And Music thrill with many a haughty
strain.

And dear old tune,

Till hearts grew sad to hear the destined
hour to part had come so soon.

To wake the old weird world that
sleeps

In Irish lore;

The strains sweet foreign Spenser sung

By Mulla's shore;

Dear Curran's airy thoughts, like purple
birds

That shine and soar;

Tone's fiery hopes, and all the deathless
vows

That Grattan swore;

The songs that once our own dear Davis
sung—ah, me! to sing no more.

To search with mother-love the gifts
Our land can boast—

Soft Erna's isles, Neagh's wooded slopes,
Clare's iron coast;

Kildare, whose legions gray our bosoms
stir

With fay and ghost;

Gray Mourne, green Antrim, purple
Glenmalur—

Lene's fairy host;

With raids to many a foreign land to learn
to love dear Ireland most.

And all those proud old victor-fields

We thrill to name;

Whose memories are the stars that
light

Long nights of shame;

The Cairn, the Dun, the Rath, the
Tower, the Keep,

That still proclaim

In chronicles of clay and stone, how
true, how deep,

Was Eiré's fame.

O! we shall see them all, with her, that dear,
dear friend we two have loved the same.

Yet ah! how truer, tend'rer still

Methought did seem

That scene of tranquil joy, that happy
home,

By Dodder's stream;

The morning smile, that grew a fix'd
star,

With love-lit beam,

The ringing laugh, lock'd hands, and
all the far

And shining stream

Of daily love, that made our daily life diviner
than a dream.

For still to me, dear Friend, dear
Love,

Or both—dear Wife,

Your image comes with serious thoughts,
But tender, rife;

No idle plaything to caress or chide

In sport or strife;

But my best chosen friend, companion,
guide,

To walk through life,

Link'd hand in hand, two equal, loving
friends, true husband and true wife.

SWEET SIBYL.

My Love is as fresh as the morning sky,
My Love is as soft as the summer air,
My Love is as true as the Saints on high,
 And never was saint so fair !

O, glad is my heart when I name her
 name,

For it sounds like a song to me—
 I'll love you, it sings, nor heed their
 blame,

For you love me, *Astor Machree* !

Sweet Sibyl ! **sweet Sibyl** ! my heart is wild
 With the fairy spell that her eyes have
 lit ;

I sit in a dream where my Love has smiled—
I kiss where her name is writ !

O, darling, I fly like a dreamy boy ;
 The toil that is joy to the strong
 and true,

The life that the brave for their land
 employ,

I squander in dreams of you.

The face of my Love has the changeful light
 That gladdens the sparkling sky of spring ;
The voice of my Love is a strange delight,
 As when birds in the May-time sing.

O, hope of my heart ! O, light of my
 life !

O, come to me, darling, with peace
 and rest !

O, come like the Summer, my own
 sweet wife,

To your home in my longing breast !

Be bless'd with the home sweet Sibyl will
 sway,

With the glance of her soft and queenly
 eyes ;

O ! happy the love young Sibyl will pay
 With the breath of her tender sighs.

That home is the hope of my waking
 dreams—

That love fills my eye with pride—
 There's light in their glance, there's
 joy in their beams,

When I think of my own young
 bride.

A LAY SERMON.

BROTHER, do you love your brother ?

Brother, are you all you seem ?

Do you live for more than living ?

Has your Life a law, and scheme ?

Are you prompt to bear its duties,

As a brave man may beseeem ?

Brother, shun the mist exhaling

From the fen of pride and doubt,

Neither seek the house of bondage

Walling straiten'd souls about ;

Bats ! who from their narrow spy-hole,

Cannot see a world without.

Anchor in no stagnant shallow—

Trust the wide and wondrous sea,

Where the tides are fresh forever,

And the mighty currents free ;

There, perchance, O ! young Columbus

Your New World of truth may be.

Favor will not make deserving—

(Can the sunshine brighten clay ?)

Slowly must it grow to blossom,

Fed by labor and delay,

And the fairest bud of promise

Bears the taint of quick decay.

You must strive for better guerdons ;

Strive to *be* the thing you'd seem ;

Be the thing that God hath made you,

Channel for no borrow'd stream ;

He hath lent you mind and conscience ;

See you travel in their beam !

See you scale life's misty highlands

By this light of living truth !

And with bosom braced for labor,

Breast them in your manly youth ;

So when age and care have found you,

Shall your downward path be smooth.

Fear not, on that rugged highway,

Life may want its lawful zest :

Sunny glens are in the mountain,

Where the weary feet may rest,

Cool'd in streams that gush forever

From a loving mother's breast.

"Simple heart and simple pleasures,"
 So they write life's golden rule;
 Honor won by supple baseness,
 State that crowns a canker'd fool,
 Gleam as gleam the gold and purple
 On a hot and rancid pool.

Wear no show of wit or science,
 But the gems you've won, and weigh'd;
 Thefts, like ivy on a ruin,
 Make the rifts they seem to shade:
 Are you not a thief and beggar
 In the rarest spoils array'd?

Shadows deck a sunny landscape,
 Making brighter all the bright:
 So, my brother! care and danger
 On a loving nature light,
 Bringing all its latent beauties
 Out upon the common sight.

Love the things that God created,
 Make your brother's need your care;
 Scorn and hate repel God's blessings,
 But where love is, *they* are there;
 As the moonbeams light the waters,
 Leaving rock and sand-bank bare.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish,
 Fearing none and loving all;
 For the true man needs no patron,
 He shall climb and never crawl:
 Two things fashion their own channel—
 The strong man and the waterfall.

O'DONNELL AND THE FAIR FITZ-GERALD.

A FAWN that flies with sudden spring,
 A wild-bird fluttering on the wing,
 A passing gleam of April sun,
 She flash'd upon me, and was gone!
 No chance did that dear face restore,
 Nor then—nor now—nor evermore.
 But sure, I see her in my dreams,
 With eyes where love's first dawning beams;

And tones, like Irish Music, say—
 "You ask to love me, and you may;"
 And so I know she *will* be mine,
 That rose of princely Geraldine.

A voice that thrills with modest doubt,
 A tale of love can ill pour out;
 But, oh! when love wore manly guise,
 And warrior feats woke woman's sighs—
 With Irish sword, on Irish soil,
 I might have won that kingly spoil.
 But then, perchance, the Desmond race
 Had deem'd to mate with mine disgrace;
 For mine's that strain of native blood
 That last the Norman lance withstood;
 And still when mountain war was waged
 Their *sparths* among the Normans raged,
 And burst through many a serried line
 Of Lacy, Burke, and Geraldine.

And yet methinks in battle press,
 My love, I could not love you less,
 For, oh! 'twere sweet brave deeds to do
 For our old, sainted land, and you!
 To sweep a storm, through Barrensmore,
 With Docwra's scatter'd ranks before,
 Like chaff upon our northern blast;
 Nor rest till Bann's broad waves
 pass'd,
 Till Inbhar sees our flashing line,
 Till Darhar's lordly towers are mine,
 And backward borne, as seal and sign,
 The fairest maid of Geraldine.

But, Holy Bride,¹ how sweeter still
 A hunted chief on Faughart hill,
 With all the raging Pale behind,
 So sweet, so strange a foe to find!
 Soft love to plant where terror sprung,
 With honey speech of Irish tongue;
 Again to dare Clan-Geralt's swords
 For hope of some sweet, stolen words.
 Till many a danger pass'd and gone,
 My suit has sped, my Bride is won—
 She's proud Clan-Connell's Queen, and
 mine,
 Young Geraldine, of Geraldine.

¹ St. Bride, or Brigid.

But sure that time is dead and gone
When worth alone such love had won,
For hearts are cold, and hands are bought,
And faith, and lore, and love are naught?
Ah! trust me, no! The pure and true
The genial past may still renew;
Still love as then; and still no less
Strong hearts shall snatch a brave success

And to their end right onward go,
As Erna's tide to Assaroe.¹
Oh! Saints may strive for Martyr's crown,
And warriors watch by leaguer'd town,
But poor is all their toil to mine,
'Till won's my Bride—my Geraldine!

¹ A waterfall in Tyrconnell, the O'Donnell's county.

POEMS OF WILLIAM CARLETON.

SIR TURLOUGH, OR THE CHURCH- YARD BRIDE.¹

THE bride she bound her golden hair—

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

And her step was light as the breezy air

When it bends the morning flowers so fair,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but her eyes they danced so bright,

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

As she long'd for the dawn of to-morrow's
light,

Her bridal vows of love to plight,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

¹ In the churchyard of Erigle Truagh, in the barony of Truagh, county Monaghan, there is said to be a Spirit which appears to persons whose families are there interred. Its appearance, which is generally made in the following manner, is uniformly fatal, being an omen of death to those who are so unhappy as to meet with it. When a funeral takes place, it watches the person who remains last in the graveyard, over whom it possesses a fascinating influence. If the loiterer be a young man, it takes the shape of a beautiful female, inspires him with a charmed passion, and exacts a promise to meet in the churchyard on a month from that day ; this promise is sealed by a kiss, which communicates a deadly taint to the individual who receives it. It then disappears, and no sooner does the young man quit the churchyard, than he remembers the history of the spectre—which is well known in the parish—sinks into despair, dies, and is buried in the place of appointment on the day when the promise was to have been fulfilled. If, on the contrary, it appears to a female, it assumes the form of a young man of exceeding elegance and beauty. Some years ago I was shown the grave of a young person about eighteen years of age, who was said to have fallen a victim to it: and it is not more than ten months since a man in the same parish declared that he gave the promise and the fatal kiss, and consequently looked upon himself as lost. He took a fever, died, and was buried on the day appointed for the meeting, which was exactly a month from that of the interview. There are several cases of the same kind mentioned, but the two now alluded to are the only ones that came within my personal knowledge. It appears, however, that the spectre does not confine its operations to the churchyard, as there have been instances mentioned of its appearance at weddings and dances, where it never failed to secure its victims by dancing them into pleuritic fevers. I am unable to say whether this is a strictly local superstition, or whether it is considered peculiar to other churchyards in Ireland, or elsewhere. In its female shape it somewhat resembles the Ello maids of Scandinavia; but I am acquainted with no account

The bridegroom is come with youthful brow,

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

To receive from his Eva her virgin vow ;

"Why carries the bride of my bosom now !"

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A cry ! a cry !—'twas her maidens spoke,

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

"Your bride is asleep—she has not awoke ;

And the sleep she sleeps will be never broke,"

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Sir Turlough sank down with a heavy moan,

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

And his cheek became like the marble stone—

"Oh, the pulse of my heart is forever gone !"

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen² is loud, it comes again,

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

And rises sad from the funeral-train,

As in sorrow it winds along the plain,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

of fairies or apparitions in which the sex is said to be changed, except in that of the devil himself. The country people say it is Death.

² The Irish cry, or wailing for the dead ; properly written *Caoine*, and pronounced as if written keen. Speaking of this practice, which still prevails in many parts of Ireland, the Rev. A. Ross, rector of Dungiven, in his statistical survey of that parish, observes that "however it may offend the judgment or shock our present refinement, its affecting cadences will continue to find admirers wherever what is truly sad and plaintive can be relished or understood." It is also thus noticed in the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry:"—"I have often, indeed always, felt that there is something exceedingly touching in the Irish cry ; in fact, that it breathes the very spirit of wild and natural sorrow. The Irish peasantry, whenever a death takes place, are exceedingly happy in seizing upon any contingent circumstances that may occur, and making them subservient to the excitement of grief for the departed, or the exaltation and praise of his character and virtues. My entrance was a proof of this ; for I had scarcely advanced to the middle of the floor, when my intimacy with the deceased, our boyish sports, and even our quarrels, were adverted to with a natural eloquence and pathos, that, in spite of my firmness, occasioned me to feel the prevailing sorrow. They spoke, or chanted, mournfully, in Irish : but the sub-

And oh, but the plumes of white were fair,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 When they flutter'd all mournful in the air,
 As rose the hymn of the requiem prayer,¹
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There is a voice that but one can hear,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And it softly pours from behind the bier,
 Its note of death on Sir Turlough's ear,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen is loud, but that voice is low,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And it sings its song of sorrow slow,
 And names young Turlough's name with woe,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now the grave is closed, and the mass is said,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And the bride she sleeps in her lonely bed,
 The fairest corpse among the dead,²
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The wreaths of virgin-white are laid,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 By virgin hands, o'er the spotless maid ;
 And the flowers are strewn, but they soon
 will fade
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Oh ! go not yet—not yet away,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 Let us feel that *life* is near our clay,"
 The long-departed seem to say,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

stance of what they said was as follows:—"O, mavonmeen ! you're lying low this mornin' of sorrow ! lying low are you, and does not know who it is (alluding to me) that is standin' over you, weepin' for the days you've spent together in your youth ! It's yourself, *acushla agus ashtora machree*, (the pulse and beloved of my heart,) that would stretch out the right hand warmly to welcome him to the place of his birth, where you had both been so often happy about the green hills and valleys with each other !" They then passed on to an enumeration of his virtues as a father, a husband, son, and brother—specified his worth as he stood related to society in general, and his kindness as a neighbor and a friend."

¹ It is usual in the North of Ireland to celebrate mass for the dead in some green field between the house in which the deceased lived and the graveyard. For this the shelter of a grove is usually selected, and the appearance of the ceremony is highly picturesque and solemn.

² Another expression peculiarly Irish, "What a purty corpse !"—"How well she becomes death !" "You wouldn't meet a purtier corpse of a summer's day !" "She bears the change well !" are all phrases quite common in cases of death among the peasantry.

But the tramp and the voices of *life* are
 gone,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy
 And beneath each cold forgotten stone,
 The mouldering dead sleep all alone,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But who is he who lingereth yet ?
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 The fresh green sod with his tears is wet,
 And his heart in the bridal grave is set,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Oh, who but Sir Turlough, the young and
 brave,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,
 And to his death-bound Eva rave,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy ?

"Weep not—weep not," said a lady fair,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 "Should youth and valor thus despair,
 And pour their vows to the empty air ?"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There's charmed music upon her tongue,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 Such beauty, bright, and warm, and young,
 Was never seen the maids among,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A laughing light, a tender grace,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 Sparkled in beauty around her face,
 That grief from mortal heart might chase,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"The maid for whom thy salt tears fall,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 Thy grief or love can ne'er recall ;
 She rests beneath that grassy pall,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And now that thy plighted love is free,
 Give its unbroken pledge to me,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

The charm is strong upon Turlough's eye,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
His faithless tears are already dry,
And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"To thee," the charmed chief replied,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
"I pledge that love o'er my buried bride ;
Oh ! come, and in Turlough's hall abide,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Again the funeral voice came o'er
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
The passing breeze, as it wail'd before,
And streams of mournful music bore,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"If I to thy youthful heart am dear,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
One month from hence thou wilt meet me
here,
Where lay thy bridal, Eva's bier,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

He press'd her lips as the words were spoken,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
And his *banshee's*' wail—now far and
broken—
Murmur'd "Death," as he gave the token,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Adieu ! adieu !" said this lady bright,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
And she slowly pass'd like a thing of light
Or a morning cloud from Sir Turlough's sight,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
And there's fear and grief o'er his wide
domain,
And gold for those who will calm his brain,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

1 "Woman of the hill."—Treating of the superstitions of the Irish, Miss Balfour says, "What rank the *banshee* holds in the scale of spiritual beings, it is not easy to determine ; but her favorite occupation seems to be that of foretelling the death of the different branches of the families over which she presided, by the most plaintive cries. Every family had formerly its banshee, but the belief in her existence is now fast fading away, and in a few more years she will only be remembered in the storied records of her marvellous doings in days long since gone by."

"Come haste thee, leech, right swiftly ride,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Sir Turlough the brave, Green Truagha's
pride,
Has pledged his love to the churchyard
bride,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy

The leech groan'd loud, "Come tell me this
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
By all thy hopes of weal and bliss,
Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss ?"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"The banshee's cry is loud and long,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
At eve she weeps her funeral-song,
And it floats on the twilight breeze along,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Then the fatal kiss is given ;—the last
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Of Turlough's race and name is past,
His doom is seal'd, his die is cast,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Leech, say not that thy skill is vain ;
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Oh, calm the power of his frenzied brain,
And half his lands thou shalt retain,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy

The leech has fail'd, and the hoary priest,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
With pious shrift his soul released,
And the smoke is high of his funeral-feast.
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The *shanachies* now are assembled all
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
And the songs of praise in Sir Turlough's hall,
To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And there is trophy, banner, and plume,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
And the pomp of death, with its darkest
gloom,
O'er shadows the Irish chieftain's tomb,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The month is closed, and Green Truagha's
 pride,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 Is married to death—and, side by side,
 He slumbers now with his churchyard bride,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A SIGH FOR KNOCKMANY.

TAKE, proud ambition, take thy fill
 Of pleasures won through toil or crime ;
 Go, learning, climb thy rugged hill,
 And give thy name to future time .
 Philosophy, be keen to see
 Whate'er is just, or false, or vain,
 Take each thy meed, but, oh ! give me
 To range my mountain glens again.

Pure was the breeze that fann'd my cheek,
 As o'er Knockmany's brow I went .

When every lonely dell could speak
 In airy music, vision sent :
 False world, I hate thy cares and thee,
 I hate the treacherous haunts of men ;
 Give back my early heart to me,
 Give back to me my mountain gler

How light my youthful visions shone,
 When spann'd by fancy's radiant form !
 But now her glittering bow is gone,
 And leaves me but the cloud and storm.
 With wasted form, and cheek all pale—
 With heart long scarr'd by grief and pain,
 Dunroe, I'll seek thy native gale,
 I'll tread my mountain glens again.

Thy breeze once more may fan my blood,
 Thy valleys all are lovely still ;
 And I may stand, where oft I stood,
 In lonely musings on thy hill.
 But ah ! the spell is gone ;—no art,
 In crowded town or native plain,
 Can teach a crush'd and breaking heart
 To pipe the song of youth again.

POEMS OF EDWARD WALSH.

A MUNSTER KEEN.

ON Monday morning, the flowers were gayly
springing,
The skylark's hymn in middle air was sing-
ing,
When, grief of griefs! my wedded husband
left me,
And since that hour of hope and health be-
reft me.

Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c.¹

Above the board, where thou art low re-
clining,
Have parish priests and horsemen high been
dining,
And wine and usquebaugh, while they were
able,
They quaff'd with thee—the soul of all the
table.

Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c.

Why didst thou die? Could wedded wife
adore thee
With purer love than that my bosom bore
thee?
Thy children's cheeks were peaches ripe and
mellow,
And threads of gold, their tresses long and
yellow.

Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c.

In vain for me are pregnant heifers lowing;
In vain for me are yellow harvests growing;

Or thy nine gifts of love in beauty bloom-
ing—
Tears blind my eyes, and grief my heart's
consuming!

Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c.

Pity her complaints whose wailing voice is bro-
ken,
Whose finger holds our early wedding token,
The torrents of whose tears have drain'd
their fountain,
Whose piled-up grief on grief is past re-
counting.

Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c.

I still might hope, did I not thus behold thee,
That high Knockferin's airy peak might hold
thee,
Or Crohan's fairy halls, or Corrin's towers,
Or Lene's bright caves, or Cleana's bowers.²

Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c.

But, O! my black despair, when thou wert
dying!
O'er thee no tear was wept, no heart was
sighing—
No breath of prayer did waft thy soul to
glory;
But lonely thou didst lie, all maim'd and
gory!

Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c.

O! may your dove-like soul, on whitest
pinions,
Pursue her upward flight to God's domin-
ions,

¹ The keener alone sings the extempore death-song; the burden of the allagone, or chorne, is taken up by all the females present.

² Places celebrated in fairy topography.

Where saints' and martyrs' hands shall gifts
provide thee—
And, O, my grief! that I am not beside
thee!

Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c.

BATTLE OF CREDRAN. (1257.)

[A brilliant battle was fought by Geoffrey O'Donnell, Lord of Tirconnell, against the Lord Justice of Ireland, Maurice Fitzgerald, and the English of Connaught, at Credran Cille, Roseede, in the territory of Carburry, north of Sligo, in defence of his principality. A fierce and terrible conflict took place, in which bodies were hacked, heroes disabled, and the strength of both sides exhausted. The men of Tirconnell maintained their ground, and completely overthrew the English forces in the engagement, and defeated them with great slaughter; but Geoffrey himself was severely wounded, having encountered in the fight Maurice Fitzgerald, in single combat, in which they mortally wounded each other.—*Annals of the Four Masters.*]

From the glens of his fathers O'Donnell
comes forth,
With all Cinel-Conall,¹ fierce septs of the
North—
O'Boyle and O'Daly, O'Dugan, and they
That own, by the wild waves, O'Doherty's
sway.

Clan Connor, brave sons of the diadem'd
Niall,
Has pour'd the tall clansmen from mountain
and vale—
M'Sweeny's sharp axes, to battle oft bore,
Flash bright in the sunlight by high Dunamore.

Through Inis-Mac-Durin,² through Derry's
dark brakes,
Glentocher of tempests, Slieve-snacht of the
lakes,
Bundoran of dark spells, Loch-Swilly's rich
glen,
The red deer rush wild at the war-shout of
men!

O! why through Tir-Conall, from Cuil-
dubh's dark steep,
To Samer's³ green border the fierce masses
sweep,
Living torrents o'er-leaping their own river
shore,
In the red sea of battle to mingle their
roar?

Stretch thy vision far southward, and seek
for reply
Where blaze of the hamlets glares red on
the sky—
Where the shrieks of the hopeless rise high
to their God—
Where the foot of the Sassenach spoiler has
trod!

Sweeping on like a tempest, the Gall-Oglach⁴
stern
Contents for the van with the swift-footed
kern—
There's blood for that burning, and joy for
that wail—
The avenger is hot on the spoiler's red
trail!

The Saxon hath gathered on Credran's far
heights,
His groves of long lances, the flower of his
knights—
His awful cross-bowmen, whose long iron
hail
Finds through Cota⁵ and Sciath, the bare
heart of the Gael!

The long lance is brittle—the mailèd ranks
reel
Where the Gall-Oglach's axe hews the har-
ness of steel;
And truer to its aim in the breast of a foe-
man,
Is the pike of a Kern than the shaft of a
bowman.

¹ *Cinel-Conall*.—The descendants of Conall-Gulban, the son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, Monarch of Ireland in the fourth century. The principality was named Tir Chonaille, or Tyrconnell, which included the county Donegal, and its chiefs were the O'Donnells.

² Districts in Donegal.

³ *Samer*.—The ancient name of Loch Earne.

⁴ *Gall-Oglach* or *Gallowglass*.—The heavy-armed foot soldier. *Kern* or *Ceithernach*.—The light-armed soldier.

⁵ *Cota*.—The saffron-dyed shirt of the kern, consisting of many yards of yellow linen thickly plaited. *Sciath*.—The wicker shield, as its name imports.

One prayer to St. Columb¹—the battle-steel
clashes—
The tide of fierce conflict tumultuously
dashes;
Surging onward, high-heaving its billow of
blood,
While war-shout and death-groan swell high
o'er the flood!

As meets the wild billows the deep-centred
rock,
Met glorious Clan-Conall the fierce Saxon's
shock;
As the wrath of the clouds flash'd the axe
of Clan-Conell,
Till the Saxon lay strewn 'neath the might
of O'Donnell!

One warrior alone holds the wide bloody
field,
With barbed black charger and long lance
and shield—
Grim, savage, and gory he meets their ad-
vance,
His broad shield uplifting, and couching his
lance.

Then forth to the van of that fierce rushing
throng
Rode a chieftain of tall spear and battle-axe
strong;
His *Bracca*,² and *geochal*, and *cochal*'s red
fold,
And war-horse's housings, were radiant in
gold!

Say who is this chief spurring forth to the
fray,
The wave of whose spear holds yon armed
array?

And he who stands scorning the thousands
that sweep,
An army of wolves over shepherdless sheep?

The shield of his nation, brave Geoffrey
O'Donnell
(Clar-Fodhla's firm prop is the proud race
of Conall)³
And Maurice Fitzgerald, the scorner of dan-
ger,
The scourge of the Gael, and the strength
of the stranger.

The launch'd spear hath 'torn through target
and mail—
The couch'd lance hath borne to his crupper
the Gael—
The steeds driven backward all helplessly
reel;
But the lance that lies broken hath blood on
its steel!

And now, fierce O'Donnell, thy battle-axe
wield—
The broadsword is shiver'd, and cloven the
shield,
The keen steel sweeps griding through proud
crest and crown—
Clar-Fodhla hath triumph'd—the Saxon is
down!

MARGREAD NI CHEALLEADH.

[This ballad is founded on the story of Daniel O'Keeffe, an outlaw, famous in the traditions of the County of Cork, where his name is still associated with several localities. It is related that O'Keeffe's beautiful mistress, Margaret Kelly (*Mair-gread ni Chealleadh*), tempted by a large reward, undertook to deliver him into the hands of the English soldiers; but O'Keeffe having discovered in her possession a document revealing her perfidy, in a frenzy of indignation stabbed her to the heart with his *skian*. He lived in the time of William III., and is represented to have been a gentleman and a poet.]

At the dance in the village
Thy white foot was fleetest;
Thy voice 'mid the concert
Of maidens was sweetest;

¹ This is the translation of the first line of a poem of two hundred and forty-eight verses, written by Fírgal og Mac-an-Bhaid on Dominick O'Donnell, in the year 1655. The original line is—

"Gaibhle Fodhla faill Chonail."—O'Reilly's *Irish Writers*.

¹ *St. Colum*, or *Colum-Cille*, the dove of the Church.—The patron saint of Tyrconnell, descended from Conall Gulban.

² *Bracca*.—So called, from being striped with various colors, was the tight-fitting Tunic. It covered the ankles, legs, and thighs, rising as high as the loins, and fitted so close to the limbs as to discover every muscle and motion of the parts which it covered. *Geochal*.—The jacket made of gilded leather, and which was sometimes embroidered with silk. *Cochal*.—A sort of cloak with a large hanging collar of different colors. This garment reached to the middle of the thigh, and was fringed with a border like shaggy hair, and being brought over the shoulders, was fastened on the breast by a clasp, buckle, or brooch of silver or gold. In battle, they wrapped the *Cochal* several times round the left arm as a shield.—Walker's *Dress and Armor of the Irish*.

The swell of thy white breast
Made rich lovers follow;
And thy raven hair bound them,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Thy neck was, lost maid!
Than the ceanaban¹ whiter;
And the glow of thy cheek
Than the monadan² brighter;
But Death's chain hath bound thee,
Thine eye's glazed and hollow
That shone like a Sun-burst,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

No more shall mine ear drink
Thy melody swelling;
Nor thy beamy eye brighten
The outlaw's dark dwelling;
Or thy soft heaving bosom
My destiny hallow,
When thine arms twine around me,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

The moss couch I brought thee
To-day from the mountain,
Has drank the last drop
Of thy young heart's red fountain;
For this good *skian* beside me
Struck deep and rung hollow
In thy bosom of treason,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

With strings of rich pearls
Thy white neck was laden,
And thy fingers with spoils
Of the Sassenach maiden:
Such rich silks enrobed not
The proud dames of Mallow—
Such pure gold they wore not
As Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Alas! that my loved one
Her outlaw would injure—
Alas! that he e'er proved
Her treason's avenger!

That this right hand should make thee
A bed cold and hollow,
When in Death's sleep it laid thee,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh!

And while to this lone cave
My deep grief I'm venting,
The Saxon's keen bandog
My footsteps is scenting:
But true men await me
Afar in Duhallow.
Farewell, cave of slaughter,
And Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

O'DONOVAN'S DAUGHTER.

ONE midsummer's eve, when the Bel-fires
were lighted,
And the bag-piper's tone call'd the maidens
delighted,
I join'd a gay group by the Araglin's water,
And danced till the dawn with O'Donovan's
Daughter.

Have you seen the ripe monadan glisten in
Kerry?
Have you mark'd on the Galteys the black
whortle-berry,
Or ceanaban wave by the wells of Black-
water?—
They're the cheek, eye, and neck of O'Dono-
van's Daughter!

Have you seen a gay kidling on Claragh's
round mountain?
The swan's arching glory on Sheeling's blue
fountain?
Heard a weird woman chant what the fairy
choir taught her?
They've the step, grace, and tone of O'Dono-
van's Daughter!

Have you mark'd in its flight the black wing
of the raven?
The rose-buds that breathe in the summer
breeze waven?

¹ A plant found in bogs, the top of which bears a substance resembling cotton, and as white as snow. Pronounced Cín-aván.

² The monadan is a red berry that is found on wild marshy mountains. It grows on an humble creeping plant.

The pearls that lie hid under Lene's magic
water?

They're the teeth, lip, and hair of O'Dono-
van's Daughter!

Ere the Bel-fire was dimm'd, or the dancers
departed,

I taught her a song of some maid broken-
hearted:

And that group, and that dance, and that
love-song I taught her

Haunt my slumbers at night with O'Dono-
van's Daughter.

God grant 'tis no fay from Cnoc-Firinn that
wooes me,

God grant 'tis not Cliodhna the queen that
pursues me,

That my soul lost and lone has no witchery
wrought her,

While I dream of dark groves and O'Dono-
van's Daughter!

If, spell-bound, I pine with an airy disorder,
Saint Gobnate has sway over Musgrý's wide
border;

She'll scare from my couch, when with prayer
I've besought her,

That bright airy sprite like O'Donovan's
Daughter.

My girl hath ringlets rich and rare,
By Nature's fingers wove—

Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair

As is her breast of Love;

And when she moves, in Sunday sleet,
Beyond our cottage door,

I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen
For Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

It is not that thy smile is sweet,

And soft thy voice of song—

It is not that thou fleest to meet

My comings lone and long;

But that doth rest beneath thy breast

A heart of purest core,

Whose pulse is known to me alone,

My Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

MO CRAOIBHIN CNO.¹

My heart is far from Liffey's tide
And Dublin town;

It strays beyond the Southern side
Of Cnoc-Maol-Donn,²

Where Cappoquin³ hath woodlands green,

Where Amhan-Mhor's⁴ waters flow,

Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,

Mo craoibhin cno!

Low clustering in her leafy screen,

Mo craoibhin cno!

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
Are rich and fair,

With wavy plume, and silken gown,
And stately air;

Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair?

Can silks thy neck of snow?

BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STORE.

[*Brighidin ban mo stor* is in English *fair young bride*, or *Bridget my treasure*. The proper sound of this phrase is not easily found by the mere English-speaking Irish. It is as if written, "*Bree-dheen-bawn-mu-sthor*." The proper name Brighit, or Bride, signifies a *fiery dart*, and was the name of the goddess of poetry in the Pagan days of Ireland.]

I AM a wand'ring minstrel man,
And Love my only theme,
I've stray'd beside the pleasant Bann,
And eke the Shannon's stream;
I've piped and play'd to wife and maid
By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,
But never met a maiden yet
Like Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

¹ *Mo craoibhin cno* literally means *my cluster of nuts*; but it figuratively signifies *my nut-brown maid*. It is pronounced *Ma Creevin Kno*.

² *Cnoc-maol-Donn*—*The Brown bare hill*. A lofty mountain between the county of Tipperary and that of Waterford, commanding a glorious prospect of unrivalled scenery.

³ Cappoquin. A romantically situated town on the Blackwater, in the county of Waterford. The Irish name denotes the *head of the tribe of Conn*.

⁴ *Amhan-mhor*—*The Great River*. The Blackwater, which flows into the sea at Youghal. The Irish name is uttered in two sounds *Oan-Vore*.

Or measured pace, thine artless grace,
Mo craoibhin cno!
 When harebells scarcely show thy trace,
Mo craoibhin cno!

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
 That maidens sung—
 They sung their land the Saxon's slave,
 In Saxon tongue—
 Oh! bring me here that Gaelic dear
 Which cursed the Saxon foe,
 When thou didst charm my raptured ear,
Mo craoibhin cno!
 And none but God's good angels near,
Mo craoibhin cno!

I've wander'd by the rolling Lee!
 And Lene's green bowers—
 I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea,
 And Limerick's towers—
 And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride
 Frown o'er the flood below;
 My wild heart strays to Amhan-mhor's side,
Mo craoibhin cno!
 With love and thee for aye to hide,
Mo craoibhin cno!

AILEEN THE HUNTRESS.

[The incident related in the following ballad happened about the year 1731. Aileen, or Ellen, was daughter of M'Cartie of Clidane, an estate originally bestowed upon this respectable branch of the family of M'Cartie More, by James the seventh Earl of Desmond, and which, passing safe through the confiscations of Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William, remained in their possession until the beginning of the present century. Aileen, who is celebrated in the traditions of the people for her love of hunting, was the wife of James O'Connor, of Cluain-Tairbh, grandson of David, the founder of the *Síol-t Da*, a well-known sept at this day in Kerry. This David was grandson to Thomas MacTeige O'Connor, of Ahalahanna, head of the second house of O'Connor Kerry, who, forfeiting in 1666, escaped destruction by taking shelter among his relations, the Nagles of Monaniny.]

FAIR Aileen M'Cartie, O'Connor's young
 bride,
 Forsakes her chaste pillow with matronly
 pride,

And calls forth her maidens (their number
 was nine)
 To the bawn of her mansion, a-milking the
 kine.
 They came at her bidding, in kirtle and
 gown,
 And braided hair, jetty, and golden, and
 brown,
 And form like the palm-tree, and step like
 the fawn,
 And bloom like the wild rose that circled
 the bawn.

As the Guebre's round tower o'er the fane
 of Ardfert—
 As the white hind of Brandon by young roes
 begirt—
 As the moon in her glory 'mid bright stars
 outthung—
 Stood Aileen M'Cartie her maidens among.
 Beneath the rich kerchief, which matrons
 may wear,
 Stray'd ringleted tresses of beautiful hair;
 They waved on her fair neck, as darkly as
 though
 'Twere the raven's wing shining o'er Man-
 gerton's snow!

A circlet of pearls o'er her white bosom
 lay,
 Erst worn by thy proud Queen, O'Connor
 the gay,¹
 And now to the beautiful Aileen come
 down,
 The rarest that ever shed light in the
 Lanne.²
 The many-fringed *falluinn*³ that floated be-
 hind,
 Gave its hues to the sun-light, its folds to
 the wind—
 The brooch that refrain'd it, some forefather
 bold
 Had torn from a sea-king in battle-field old!

¹ O'Connor, surnamed "*Sugach*," or the Gay, was a celebrated chief of this race, who flourished in the fifteenth century.

² The river Lanne flows from the Lakes of Killarney, and the celebrated Kerry Pearls are found in its waters.

³ *Falluinn*.—The Irish mantle.

Around her went bounding two wolf-dogs
of speed,
So tall in their stature, so pure in their
breed;
While the maidens awake to the new-milk's
soft fall,
A song of O'Connor in Carraig's proud
hall.
As the milk came outpouring, and the song
came outsung,
O'er the wall 'mid the maidens a red deer
outsprung—
Then cheer'd the fair lady—then rush'd the
mad hound—
And away with the wild stag in air-lifted
bound!

The gem-fasten'd *falluinn* is dash'd on the
barren—
One spring o'er the tall fence—and Aileen
is gone!
But morning's roused echoes to the deep
dells proclaim
The course of that wild stag, the dogs, and
the dame!
By Cluain Tairbh's green border, o'er moor-
land and height,
The red deer shapes downward the rush of
his flight—
In sun-light his antlers all-gloriously flash,
And onward the wolf-dogs and fair huntress
dash!

By Sliabh-Mis now winding (rare hunting I
ween!)
He gains the dark valley of Scota the
queen!
Who found in its bosom a cairn-lifted
grave,
When Sliabh-Mis first flow'd with the blood
of the brave!

¹ The first battle fought between the Milesians and the Tuatha de Danann for the empire of Ireland was at Sliabh-Mis, in Kerry, in which Scota, an Egyptian princess, and the relic of Melesius, was slain. A valley on the north side of Sliabh-Mis, called Glean Scoithin, or the vale of Scota, is said to be the place of her interment. The ancient chronicles assert that this battle was fought 1300 years before the Christian era.

By Coill-Cuaigh's² green shelter, the hollow
rocks ring—
Coill-Cuaigh, of the cuckoo's first song in the
spring,
Coill-Cuaigh of the tall oak and gale-scent-
ing spray—
God's curse on the tyrants that wrought thy
decay!

Now Maing's lovely border is gloriously
won,
Now the towers of the island³ gleam bright
in the sun,
And now Ceall-an Amanach's⁴ portals are
pass'd,
Where headless the Desmond found refuge
at last!
By Ard-na greach⁵ mountain, and Avon-
more's lead,
To the Earl's proud pavilion the panting
deer fled—
Where Desmond's tall clansmen spread ban-
ners of pride,
And rush'd to the battle, and gloriously died!

The huntress is coming, slow, breathless,
and pale,
Her raven locks streaming all wild in the
gale;
She stops—and the breezes bring balm to
her brow—
But wolf-dog and wild deer, oh! where are
they now?
On Réidhlán-Tigh-an-Eárla, by Avonmore's
well,
His bounding heart broken, the hunted deer
fell,

² *Coill-Cuaigh*—the Wood of the Cuckoo,—so called from being the favorite haunt of the bird of summer, is now a bleak desolate moor. The axe of the stranger laid its honors low.

³ "Castle Island" or the "Island of Kerry,"—the stronghold of the Fitzgeralds.

⁴ It was in this churchyard that the headless remains of the unfortunate Gerald, the 16th Earl of Desmond, were privately interred. The head was carefully pickled, and sent over to the English queen, who had it fixed on London bridge. This mighty chieftain possessed more than 570,000 acres of land, and had a train of 500 gentlemen of his own name and race. At the source of the Blackwater, where he sought refuge from his inexorable foes, is a mountain called "Reidhlán-Tigh-an-Eárla," or "The Plain of the Earl's House." He was slain near Castle Island on 11th November, 1583.

⁵ *Ard na greach*,—the height of the spoils or armies

And o'er him the brave hounds all gallantly
died,

In death still victorious—their fangs in his
side.

'Tis evening—the breezes beat cold on her
breast,

And Aileen must seek her far home in the
west:

Yet weeping, she lingers where the mist-
wreaths are chill,

O'er the red deer and tall dogs that lie on
the hill!

Whose harp at the banquet told distant and
wide,

This feat of fair Aileen, O'Connor's young
bride?

O'Daly's—whose guerdon tradition hath
told,

Was a purple-crown'd wine-cup of beautiful
gold!

POEMS OF ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

FORGET ME NOT.

(FROM "BLANID.")

"THE East Wind sprang into a lovely place,
And cried, 'I'll slay the flowers and leave
no trace

Of all their blooming in this happy spot!'
And, as before his breath the sweet flowers
died,

One little bright-eyed blossom moaned and
cried,

'O woods! forget me not! forget me not!

"'O woods of waving trees! O living streams!
In all your noontide joys and starry dreams,

Let me, for love, let me be unforget!

O birds that sing your carols while I die,

O list to me! O hear my piteous cry!

Forget me not! alas! forget me not!'

"And the Gods heard her plaint and swept
away

The bitter-fanged, strong East Wind from
his prey,

And smiled upon the flower and changed
her lot,

So now that, as we mark her azure leaf,

We think of life and love and parting grief,

And sigh, 'Forget me not! forget me
not!'

THE DOVES.

(FROM "BLANID.")

"My little blue doves were born,
Were born in the windy March,
Up in the tapering larch

That laughs in the light of morn:
O, so high o'er the meadow!

O, so high o'er the glen!

And they sit in the leafy shadow,

The joy and delight of men,

Cooing, with voices flowing

In melody soft and sweet,

Their necks with the rainbow glowing,

And the pink on their silver feet.

"My little doves lived together,

Unweeting of woe and pain,

Through the days of the winds and rain

And the sunny and fragrant weather;

And the lark sang o'er them in heaven,

And the linnet from banks of flowers,

And the robin chanted at even,

And the thrush in the morning hours

Carolled to cheer their wooing,

And the blackbird merry and bold

Answered their cooing, cooing

Out from the windy wold.

"When the daisy its eye uncloses,

And the cowslip glistens with dew,

And the hyacinth pure and blue

And the lilies and pearl-bright roses

Prink themselves in the splendor

Of the delicate white-foot Dawn,

'Mid the flowers and the fragrance tender

My little dove's heart was thawed

With love by the cooing, cooing

Of the gentle mate at her side,

And they married in midst of their wooing,

My bridegroom and woodland bride!"

WHAT IS THIS LOVE?

(FROM "BLANID.")

WHAT is this love,—this love that makes

My heart's warm pulses quiver?

They say it is the power that wakes

The hyacinth 'mid hazel brakes,

The lilies by the river,

And that same thing that bids the dove
 Sit in the pine-tree high above,
 Its sweetheart wooing;
 But oh! alas! whate'er it be,
 And howsoe'er it comes to me,
 It comes for my undoing!

The lily of the river side
 By its sweet mate reposes
 Through autumn moons and winter-tide,
 To wake in love and beauty's pride
 When comes the time of roses;
 And in the springing of the year
 The doves' sweet voices you will hear
 Their vows renewing;
 But oh! alas! whate'er love be,
 And howsoe'er it comes to me,
 It comes for my undoing!

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK.

I.

HE grasped his ponderous hammer, he could
 not stand it more,
 To hear the bombshells bursting, and thun-
 dering battle's roar;
 He said, "The breach they're mounting, the
 Dutchman's murdering crew—
 I'll try my hammer on their heads, and see
 what *that* can do!

II.

"Now, swarthy Ned and Moran, make up
 that iron well,
 'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes,
 so mind not shot or shell."
 "Ah, sure," cried both, "the horse can wait
 —for Sarsfield's on the wall,
 And where you go, we'll follow, with you to
 stand or fall!"

III.

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and
 rushed into the street,
 His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless
 foe to meet—

High on the breach of Limerick, with daunt-
 less hearts they stood,
 Where bombshells burst, and shot fell thick,
 and redly ran the blood.

IV.

"Now look you, brown-haired Moran, and
 mark you, swarthy Ned,
 This day we'll prove the thickness of many
 a Dutchman's head!
 Hurrah! upon their bloody path they're
 mounting gallantly;
 And now the first that tops the breach, leave
 him to this and me!"

V.

The first that gained the rampart, he was a
 captain brave,—
 A captain of the grenadiers, with blood-
 stained dirk and glaive;
 He pointed, and he parried, but it was all in
 vain,
 For fast through skull and helmet the ham-
 mer found his brain!

VI.

The next that topped the rampart, he was a
 colonel bold,
 Bright, through the dust of battle, his hel-
 met flashed with gold.
 "Gold is no match for iron," the doughty
 blacksmith said,
 As with that ponderous hammer he cracked
 his foeman's head.

VII.

"Hurrah for gallant Limerick!" black Ned
 and Moran cried,
 As on the Dutchmen's leaden heads their
 hammers well they plied.
 A bombshell burst between them—one fell
 without a groan,
 One leaped into the lurid air, and down the
 breach was thrown.

VIII.

"Brave smith! brave smith!" cried Sarsfield,
 "beware the treacherous mine!

Brave smith! brave smith! fall backward, or
surely death is thine!"

The smith sprang up the rampart, and leaped
the blood-stained wall,
As high into the shuddering air went foe-
men, breach, and all!

IX.

Up, like a red volcano, they thundered wild
and high,—
Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foe-
men through the sky;
And dark and bloody was the shower that
round the blacksmith fell;—
He thought upon his 'prentice boys—they
were avengéd well.

X.

On foemen and defenders a silence gathered
down;
'Twas broken by a triumph-shout that shook
the ancient town,
As out its heroes sallied, and bravely charged
and slew,
And taught King William and his men what
Irish hearts could do!

XI.

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto
the river side;
He hammered on the foe's pontoon to sink
it in the tide;
The timber it was tough and strong, it took
no crack or strain;
"Mavrone! 'twon't break," the blacksmith
roared; "I'll try their heads again!"

XII.

He rushed upon the flying ranks—his ham-
mer ne'er was slack,
For in through blood and bone it crashed,
through helmet and through jack;—
He's ta'en a Holland captain, beside the red
pontoon,
And "Wait you here," he boldly cries; "I'll
send you back full soon!"

XIII.

"Dost see this gory hammer? It cracked
some skulls to-day,

And yours 'twill crack if you don't stand
and list to what I say:—
Here! take it to your curséd king, and tell
him softly too,
'Twould be acquainted with *his* skull, if he
were here, not you!"

XIV.

The blacksmith sought his smithy, and blew
his bellows strong;
He shod the steed of Sarsfield, but o'er it
sang no song.
"Ochone! my boys are dead," he cried;
"their loss I'll long deplore,
But comfort's in my heart—their graves are
red with foreign gore!"

IN LIFE'S YOUNG MORNING.

TO MY WIFE.

AIR—"The Woods in Bloom."

I.

In life's young morning I quaffed the wine
From Love's bright bowl as it sparkling
came,
And it warms me ever, that draught divine,
When I think of thee, dearest, or name
thy name.
The night may fall, and the winds may blow
From palace gardens or place of tombs,
Yet I dream of our Love-time long ago
Beneath the yellow laburnum blooms.

II.

Gay was the garden, bright shone the bower,
Like a golden tent 'neath the summer
skies,
The sunbeams glittered on leaf and flower,
And the light of heaven seemed in your
eyes;
The night may fall, and the winds may blow,
But a gladness ever my heart assumes
From that wine of love quaffed long ago
Beneath the yellow laburnum blooms.

III.

O'er vale and forest dark falls the night,
 Yet my heart goes back to the sun and
 shine
 When you stood in the glory of girlhood
 bright
 Neath the golden blossoms, your hand in
 mine;
 The night may fall, and the winds may blow,
 And the greenwoods wither 'neath winter
 glooms;
 Yet it lives forever, that long ago,
 Beneath the yellow laburnum blooms.

IV.

Through the misty night to the eye and ear
 Come the glitter of flowers and the songs
 of birds,—
 Come thy looks of fondness to me so dear,
 And thy witching smiles and thy loving
 words;
 The night may fall and the winds may blow,
 But that hour forever my soul illumines,—
 Our golden Love-time long ago,
 Beneath the yellow laburnum blooms.

THE CANNON.

AIR—"Barrack Hill."

I.

WE are a loving company
 Of soldiers brave and hearty;
 We never fought for golden fee,
 For faction, or for party;
 The will to make old Ireland free,
 That set each dauntless man on,
 And banished us beyond the sea,
 With our brave iron cannon.
 And here's the gallant company
 That fought by Boyne and Shannon,
 That never feared an enemy,
 With our brave iron cannon!

II.

Come, fill me up a pint o' wine,
 Until 'tis brimming o'er, boys,

Our gun is set in proper line,
 And we have balls galore, boys;
 Now, here's a health to good Lord Clare,
 Who'll lead us on to-morrow,
 When through the foe our balls will tear,
 And work them death and sorrow!
 And here's the gallant company
 That always forward ran on
 So boldly on the enemy,
 With our brave iron cannon!

III.

I've brought a wreath of shamrocks here,
 In memory of our own land,—
 'Tis withered like that island drear,—
 That sorrowful and lone land;
 I'll hang it nigh our cannon's mouth,
 To whet our memories fairly,
 And there's no flower in all the south
 Could deck that gun so rarely.
 And here's the gallant company
 That soon shall rush each man on,
 And plough the Saxon enemy
 With our brave iron cannon!

IV.

At Limerick how it made them run,
 The Dutchman and his crew, boys;
 'Twas then I made this gallant gun
 To plough them through and through,
 boys;
 And since that day in foreign lands
 It roared triumphant ever—
 It blazed away, yet here it stands,
 Where foeman's foot shall never!
 And here's the gallant company
 That soon shall rush each man on,
 And break and strew the enemy
 With our brave iron cannon!

V.

'Tis dinted well from mouth to breech
 With many a battle furrow;
 A fitting sermon it will preach
 At Fontenoy to-morrow.
 Then never let your spirits sink,
 But stand around, each man on
 This foreign slope, and we will drink
 One brave health to our cannon!

And here's the gallant company.
That soon shall rush each man on,
And plough the Saxon enemy
With our brave iron cannon!

THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

AIR—"The Green Ash Tree."

I.

THE mountain ash blooms in the wild,
Or droops above the wandering rill;
You ne'er can see
A fairer tree,
But I know one dear maiden mild
With witching form more lovely still.

II.

The mountain ash has berries fair,
The reddest in the woodlands green;
Sweet lips I know
With redder glow
Than ever lit those berries rare—
The red lips of my bosom's queen.

III.

The mountain ash has leaves of gold
When autumn browns the steep hill's side;
Of locks I dream
With brighter gleam
Of yellow in their braid and fold
Than e'er tinged leaf in woodland wide.

IV.

The mountain ash in winter sear
Stands bravely up when wild winds blow;
So love shall stand,
Serene and bland,
Between me and my Ellen dear,
A fadeless flower in weal or woe.

SONG.

(FROM "BLANID.")

"O WIND of the west that bringest,
O'er wood and lea,
Perfume of flowers from my lady's bowers
And a strain and a melody,—

While soft 'mid the bloom thou singest
Thy songs of laughter and sighs,
Steal in where my darling lies
With a kiss to her mouth from me!

"White Rose, when at morn thou twinest
Her lattice fair,
Wave to and fro in the fresh sun's glow
Till she wakes and beholds thee there;—
When over her brow thou shinest,
Then whisper from me, and press
On her dear head one fond caress,
And a kiss on her yellow hair!

"O Rose! and O Wind that found her
'Mid morning's glee!
While the noon goes by, keep ever nigh
With your beauty and melody;—
With your smile and your song stay round her
Till she closes her eyelids bright;
Then give her a sweet Good-night
And a kiss on the lips from me!"

SONG OF THE SUFFERER.

(FROM "BLANID.")

EARTH, air, and sun, and moon and star,
Of man's strange soul but mirrors are,
Bright when the soul is bright, and dark
As now, without one saving spark,
While the black tides of sorrow flow,
And I am suffering and I know!

To my sad eyes that sorrow dims
The greenest grass the swallow skims,
The flowers that once were fair to me,
The meadow and the blooming tree,
Dark as funereal garments grow,
And I am suffering, and I know!

The measured sounds of dancing feet,
The songs of wood-birds wild and sweet,
The music of the horn and flute,
Of the gold strings of harp and lute,
Unheeded all shall come and go,
For I am suffering, and I know!

No kindly counsel of a friend
 With soothing balm the hurt can mend.
 I walk alone in grief, and make
 My bitter moan for her dear sake,
 For loss of love is man's worst woe,
 And I am suffering, and I know!

Misery, companion dread,
 Thou art the partner of my bed.
 Soul to soul will you and I
 Ever on the same couch lie,
 While life's bitter waters flow,
 And I am suffering, and I know!

POEMS OF JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

THE V-A-S-E.

From the madding crowd they stand apart,
 The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
 In which had Culture ripest grown—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
 The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue
 Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
 With an earnest soul and a capital A.

* * * * *

Long they worshipped; but no one broke
 The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
 Who, blushing, said: "What a lovely vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
 And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
 To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
 She cries: "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vase!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
 The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
 Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vahn!"

And glances around with an anxious thrill,
 Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee
 And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!"

I did not catch your remark, because
 I was so entranced with that charming
 vahn!"

*Dies erit prægelida
 Sinistra quum Bostonia.*

ANDROMEDA.

THEY chained her fair young body to the
 cold and cruel stone:

The beast begot of sea and slime had marked
 her for his own;

The callous world beheld the wrong, and
 left her there alone.

Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen
 who denied her,
 Ye left her there alone!

My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and
 thy pain:

The night that hath no morrow was brood-
 ing on the main,

But lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee
 again.

'Tis Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of
 day proclaiming

. Across the western main,
 O Ireland! O my country! he comes to break
 thy chain.

NETCHAEFF.

[Netchaieff, a Russian Nihilist, was condemned to prison for life. Deprived of writing materials, he allowed his finger-nail to grow until he fashioned it into a pen. With this he wrote, in his blood, on the margins of a book, the story of his sufferings. Almost his last entry was a note that his jailer had just boarded up the solitary pane which admitted a little light into his cell. The "letter written in blood" was smuggled out of the prison and published, and Netchaieff died very soon after. He had been ten years in his dungeon.]

Netchaieff is dead, your Majesty.
 You knew him not, he was a common hind;
 He lived ten years in hell, and then he died,
 To seek another hell, as we must think,
 Since he was rebel to your Majesty.

Ten years! The time is long, if only spent
 In gilded courts and palaces like thine.
 E'en courtiers, courtesans, and gilded moths
 That flutter round a throne find weary hours
 And days of *ennui*. But Netchaieff
 Counted the minutes through ten dragging
 years

Of pain. His soul was God's, his body man's,
 To chain, and maim, and kill; and he is dead.
 Yet something left he that you cannot kill—
 The story of his hell, writ in his blood—
 Plebeian blood, base, ruddy, yet in hue
 And substance just such blood as once we
 saw

Baptizing the Ekatrinofsky road—

And that blood was your sainted sire's, the
 same

That fills your veins and would your face
 suffuse,

Did ever tyrant know the way to blush.

The tale? But to what end repeat
 A thrice-told tale? Netchaieff is dead.

Ten thousand others live. Go view their
 lives;

See the wan captive, in his narrow cell;
 Mark the shrunk frame and shoulders bowed
 and bent;

The thin hand trembling, shading blinded
 eyes

From unaccustomed light; the fettered
 limbs;

The shuffling tread and furtive look and
 start.

Bid the dank walls give up the treasured
 groans,

The proud lips still withheld from mortal
 ear;

Ask of the slimy stones what they have seen,
 And shrank to see, polluted with the blood
 Of martyred innocence—youth linked to age
 And both to death—the matron and the
 maid

Prey to the slaver's lust and driver's whip,
 All gladly welcoming the silent cell
 And vermin's company, less vile than man's.

See these and these in twice a score of
 hells,

And faintly guess what horrors lie behind
 That you can never see; and you shall guess
 Why we rejoice that Netchaieff is dead—
 Kings cannot harm the dead—
 Kings cannot harm the dead.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

(AS NARRATED BY THE SECOND MATE TO ONE
 OF THE MARINES.)

*This is the tale that was told to me,
 By a battered and shattered son of the sea;
 To me and my messmate, Silas Green,
 When I was a guileless young marine.*

'Twas the good ship *Gyascutus*,
 All in the China seas;
 With the wind a lee, and the capstan free,
 To catch the summer breeze.

'Twas Captain Porgie on the deck,
 To the mate in the mizzen hatch,
 While the boatswain bold, in the for'ard hold,
 Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh, how does our good ship head to-night?
 How heads our gallant craft?"

"Oh, she heads to the E. S. W. by N.,
 And the binnacle lies abaft."

"Oh, what does the quadrant indicate?
 And how does the sextant stand?"

"Oh, the sextant's down to the freezing
 point,
 And the quadrant's lost a hand."

"Oh, and if the quadrant's lost a hand,
 And the sextant falls so low.
 It's our body and bones to Davy Jones
 This night are bound to go.

"Oh, fly aloft to the garboard-strake,
 And reef the spanker boom,
 Bend a studding sail on the martingale,
 To give her weather room.

"Oh, Boatswain, down in the for'ard hold
 What water do you find?"

"Four foot and a half by the royal gaff
 And rather more behind."

"Oh, sailors, collar your marline spikes,
 And each belaying pin;
 Come, stir your stumps to spike the pumps.
 Or more will be coming in."

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the
 pumps,

They spliced the mizzen brace;
 Aloft and alow they worked, but oh!
 The water gained apace.

They bored a hole below her line
 To let the water out,
 But more and more with awful roar
 The water in did spout.

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship—
 And he was a lubber brave—
 "I've several wives in various ports,
 And my life I'd like to save."

Then up spoke the captain of marines,
 Who dearly loved his prog:
 "It's awful to die, and it's worse to be dry,
 And I move we pipes to grog."

Oh, then 'twas the gallant second-mate
 As stopped them sailors' jaw,
 'Twas the second-mate whose hand had
 weight
 In laying down the law.

He took the anchor on his back,
 And leapt into the main;
 Through foam and spray he clove his way,
 And sunk and rose again.

Through foam and spray a league away
 The anchor stout he bore,
 Till, safe at last, he made it fast,
 And warped the ship ashore.

Taint much of a deed to talk about,
 But a ticklish thing to see,
 And something to do, if I say it, too,—
 For that second mate was me!

*This is the tale that was told to me,
 By that modest and truthful son of the sea.
 And I envy the life of a second mate,
 Though captains curse him and sailors hate;
 For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen,
 As would go and lie to a poor marine.*

THE CORPORAL'S LETTER.

WHEN the sword is sheathed and the cannon
 lies

Dumb and still on the parapet,
 For the spider to weave his silken net
 And the doves to nest in its silent mouth;
 When the manly trade declines and dies,
 And hearts shrink up in ignoble drouth,
 When pitiful peace reigns everywhere,
 What is left for old Corporal Pierre?

Naught remains for an honest wight
 But to write for bread, as the poets do,
 Beggarily scrawls for paltry sous.
 The billet-doux and the angry dun
 To the writing-machine are all as one.
 What matter the word or sentiment?
 If the fee be paid he is well content.
 To have heart in one's trade, ah! one must
 fight.

"M'sieu, if you please," and a timid hand
 Is laid on the soldier's threadbare sleeve.
 Pierre was bearish that day, I grieve
 To say, and his speech was curt,
 As will happen when want or old wounds
 hurt—

"I wish you to write a letter, please."
 "All right. Ten sous." But the little boy
 Has turned away. "Morbieu! Well, then
 You haven't the money? You think that pen
 And ink and paper grow on the trees?—
 Halt! Can't a soldier his joke enjoy
 But you must flare up? I understand.

A begging letter, of course. And who
 Shall be favored to-day? Dictate—"M'sieu"
 "Pardon. 'Tis not 'M'sieu,' Madame,
 La Sainte Vierge." The writer stopped,
 And the pen from his trembling fingers
 dropped;

The desk was shut with an angry slam.
 "Sapristi! You little rascal, you
 Would jest with the Holy Virgin, too?"

But the child was weeping, and old Pierre
 Suppressed his wrath and indulged a stare.
 "My mother, M'sieu, she sleeps so long,
 These two whole days, and the room is cold,
 And she will not awake. It is very wrong,
 I know, for a boy to be afraid
 When a boy is as many as five years old.
 But I was so hungry and when I prayed
 And the Virgin did not come, I thought
 Perhaps if I sent her a letter, why"—

He paused, but old Pierre said naught,
 There was something new in the old man's
 throat,
 And something strange in the old man's eye.

At length he took up his pen and wrote.
 Long it took him to write and fold
 And seal with a hand that was far from bold;
 Then: "Courage, small comrade, wait and
 see;
 Your letter is mailed, and presently
 An answer will come, perhaps, to me.

I will open my desk. Behold 'tis there!
 'From Heaven,' it says 'À M'sieu Pierre.'
 You do not read? N'importe! I do.
 'Tis a letter from Heaven, and all about you,
 And, what? 'Mamma is in Heaven, too,
 And her little boy must be brave and good
 And live with Pierre.' That's understood.
 While Pierre has a crust or sou to spare
 There's enough for him and thee, mon cher."

Do you think that letter came from above,
 Freight with God's and a mother's love?
 The child, at least, believed it true,
 So at the last Pierre did, too,
 When the Heavenly mail came once again,
 To a grim old man on a bed of pain,
 Whose dying eyes alone could see,
 And read the missive joyfully:
 He knew the Hand, and proudly smiled,
 For it was as the hand of a little child.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

THE hands of the King are soft and fair,
 They never knew labor's stain.
 The hands of the Robber redly wear
 The bloody brand of Cain.
 But the hands of the Man are hard and
 scarred
 With the scars of toil and pain

The slaves of Pilate have washed his hands
 As white as a King's may be.
 Barabbas with wrists unfettered stands,
 For the world has made him free.
 But Thy palms toil-worn by nails are torn,
 O Christ, on Calvary!

FOR THE PEOPLE.

WE are the hewers and delvers who toil for
another's gain,

The common clods and the rabble, stunted
of brow and brain.

What do we want, the gleaners, of the har-
vest we have reaped?

What do we want, the neuters, of the honey
we have heaped?

We want the drones to be driven away from
our golden hoard;

We want to share in the harvest; we want to
sit at the board;

We want what sword or suffrage has never
yet won for man,

The fruits of his toil, God-promised, when
the curse of toil began.

Ye have tried the sword and scepter, the
cross and the sacred word,

In all the years, and the kingdom is not yet
here of the Lord.

Is it useless, all our waiting? Are they
fruitless, all our prayers?

Has the wheat, while men were sleeping,
been oversowed with tares?

What gain is it to the people that a God laid
down his life,

If, twenty centuries after, His world be a
world of strife?

If the serried ranks be facing each other
with ruthless eyes

And steel in their hands, what profits a
Saviour's sacrifice?

Ye have tried, and failed to rule us; in vain
to direct have tried.

Not wholly the fault of the ruler; not utterly
blind the guide.

Mayhap there needs not a ruler; mayhap we
can find the way.

At least ye have ruled to ruin; at least ye
have led astray.

What matter if king or consul or president
holds the rein,

If crime and poverty ever be links in the
bondman's chain?

What careth the burden-bearer that Liberty
packed his load,

If Hunger presseth behind him with a sharp
and ready goad?

There's a serf whose chains are of paper;
there's a king with a parchment crown;

There are robber knights and brigands in
factory, field and town.

But the vassal pays his tribute to a lord of
wage and rent;

And the baron's toll is Shylock's, with a
flesh-and-blood per cent.

The seamstress bends to her labor all night
in a narrow room;

The child, defrauded of childhood, tip-toes
all day at the loom;

The soul must starve; for the body can barely
on husks be fed;

And the loaded dice of a gambler settle the
price of bread.

Ye have shorn and bound the Samson and
robbed him of learning's light;

But his sluggish brain is moving; his sinews
have all their might.

Look well to your gates of Gaza, your privi-
lege, pride and caste!

The Giant is blind and thinking, and his
locks are growing fast.

POEMS OF LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

NORTH from the beautiful islands,
North from the headlands and highlands,
 The long sea-wall,
The white ships flee with the swallow;
The day-beams follow and follow,
 Glitter and fall.

The brown ruddy children that fear not,
Lean over the quay, and they hear not
 Warnings of lips;
For their hearts go a-sailing, a-sailing,
Out from the wharves and the wailing
 After the ships.

Nothing to them is the golden
Curve of the sands, or the olden
 Haunt of the town;
Little they reck of the peaceful
Chiming of bells, or the easeful
 Sport on the down:

The orchards no longer are cherished;
The charm of the meadow has perished:
 Dearer, ay me!
The solitude vast unbefriended,
The magical voice and the splendid
 Fierce will of the sea.

Beyond them, by ridges and narrows
The silver prow speed like the arrows
 Sudden and fair;
Like the hoofs of Al Borak the wondrous,
Lost in the blue and the thund'rous
 Depths of the air;

On to the central Atlantic,
Where passionate, hurrying, frantic
 Elements meet;

To the play and the calm and commotion
Of the treacherous, glorious ocean,
 Cruel and sweet.

In the hearts of the children forever
She fashions their growing endeavor,
 The pitiless sea;
Their sires in her caverns she stayeth,
The spirits that love her she slayeth,
 And laughs in her glee.

Woe, woe, for the old fascination!
The women make deep lamentation
 In starts and in slips;
Here always is hope unavailing,
Here always the dreamers are sailing
 After the ships!

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

You were a haughty beauty, Polly,
 (That was in the play,)
I was the lover melancholy;
 (That was in the play.)
And when your fan and you receded,
And all my passion lay unheeded,
If still with tenderer words I pleaded,
 That was in the play!

I met my rival at the gateway,
 (That was in the play,)
And so we fought a duel straightway;
 (That was in the play.)
But when Jack hurt my arm unduly,
And you rushed over, softened newly,
And kissed me, Polly! truly, truly,
 Was that in the play?

BROTHER BARTHOLOMEW.

BROTHER BARTHOLOMEW, working-time,
 Would fall into musing and drop his tools;
 Brother Bartholomew cared for rhyme
 More than for theses of the schools;
 And sighed, and took up his burden so,
 Vowed to the Muses, for weal or woe.

At matins he sat, the book on his knees,
 But his thoughts were wandering far away;
 And chanted the evening litanies .

Watching the roseate skies grow gray,
 Watching the brightening starry host
 Flame like the tongues at Pentecost.

"A foolish dreamer, and nothing more;
 The idlest fellow a cell could hold;"
 So murmured the worthy Isidor,
 Prior of ancient Nithiswold;
 Yet pitiful, with dispraise content,
 Signed never the culprit's banishment.

Meanwhile Bartholomew went his way
 And patiently wrote in his sunny cell;
 His pen fast travelled from day to day;
 His books were covered, the walls as well.
 "But O for the monk that I miss, instead
 Of this lazy rhymers!" the Prior said.

Bartholomew dying, as mortals must,
 Not unbelov'd of the cowl'd throng,
 Thereafter, they took from the dark and dust
 Of shelves and of corners, many a song
 That cried loud, loud to the farthest day,
 How a bard had arisen—and passed away.

Wonderful verses! fair and fine,
 Rich in the old Greek loveliness;
 The seer-like vision, half divine;
 Pathos and merriment in excess:
 And every perfect stanza told
 Of love and of labor manifold.

The King came out and stood beside
 Bartholomew's taper-lighted bier,
 And turning to his lords, he sighed:
 "How worn and wearied doth he appear,—
 Our noble poet,—now he is dead!"
 "O tireless worker!" the Prior said.

A BALLAD OF METZ.

LÉON went to the wars, true soul without a
 stain;

First at the trumpet-call; thy son, Lorraine!

Never a mighty host thrilled so with one
 desire;

Never a past crusade lit nobler fire.

And he, among the rest, marched gaily in
 the van,—

No braver blood than his since time began.

And mild and fond was he, and sensitive as
 a leaf.

Just Heaven! that he was this, is half my
 grief.

We followed where the last detachment led
 away,

At Metz, an evil-starred and bitter day;

Some of us had been hurt in the first hot
 assault,

Yet will was shaken not, nor zeal at fault.

We hurried on to the front; our banners
 were soiled and rent;

Grim riflemen, gallants all, our captain sent.

A Prussian lay by a tree rigid as ice, and
 pale,

Crawled thither, out of the reach of battle-
 hail.

His cheek was hollow and white, parched was
 his swollen lip;

Tho' bullets had fastened on their leaden
 grip,

Tho' ever he gasped and called, called faintly
 from the rear,

What of it? And all in scorn I closed mine
 ear.

The very colors he wore, they burnt and
 bruised my sight;

The greater his anguish, so was my delight.

We laughed a savage laugh, who loved our
 land too well,

Giving its enemies hate unspeakable:

But Léon, kind heart, poor heart, clutched
me around the arm:

"He faints for water!" he said; "it were no
harm

To soothe a wounded man already on death's
rack."

He seized his brimming gourd, and hurried
back.

The foeman grasped it fiercely. 'Neath his
wild eye's lid

Something coiled like a snake, glittered and
hid.

He raised his shattered frame up from the
grassy ground,

And drank with the loud, mad haste of a
thirsty hound.

Léon knelt by his side, one hand beneath
his head;

Scarce kinder the water than the words he
said.

He rose and left him, stretched at length on
the grassy plot,

The viper-like flame in his eyes remembered
not.

Léon with easy gait strode on; he bared his
hair,

Swinging his army cap, humming an air.

Just as he neared the troops, there by the
purpled stream—

Good God! a sudden snap, and a lurid gleam.

I wrenched my bandaged arm with the hor-
ror of the start:

Léon was low at my feet, shot thro' the heart.

Do you think an angel told whose hands the
deed had done? [one.

To the Prussian we dashed back, mute, every

Do you think we stopped to curse, or wail-
ing feebly, stood?

Do you think we spared who shed his friend's
sweet blood?

Ha! vengeance on the fiend! we smote him
as if hired,

I most of them, and more when they grew
tired.

I saw the deep eye lose its dastard, steely
blue:

I saw the trait'rous breast pierced thro' and
thro.'

His musket, smoking yet, unhanded, lay
beside;

Three times three thousand deaths that
Prussian died.

And he, our lad, our dearest, lies, too, upon
the plain:

O teach no more Christ's mercy, thy sons,
Lorraine!

THE RIVAL SINGERS.

Two marvellous singers of old had the city
of Florence,—

She that is loadstar of pilgrims, Florence the
beautiful,—

Who sang but thro' bitterest envy their ex-
quisite music,

Each for o'ercoming the other, as fierce as
the seraphs

At the dread battle pre-mundane, together
down-wrestling.

And once when the younger, surpassing the
best at a festival,

Thrilled the impetuous people, O singing so
rarely!

That up on their shoulders they raised him,
and carried him straightway

Over the threshold, 'mid ringing of belfries
and shouting,

Till into his pale cheek mounted a color like
morning

(For he was Saxon in blood) that made more
resplendent

The gold of his hair for an aureole round and
above him,

Seeing which, called his adorers aloud, thank-
 ing Heaven
 That sent down an angel to sing for them,
 taking their homage;—
 While this came to pass in the city, one
 marked it, and harbored
 A purpose which followed endlessly on, like
 his shadow.
 Therefore at night, as a vine that aye clam-
 bering stealthily
 Slips by the stones to an opening, came the
 assassin,
 And left the deep sleeper by moonlight, the
 Saxon hair dabbled
 With red, and the brave voice smitten to
 death in his bosom.
 Now this was the end of the hate and the
 striving and singing.
 But the Italian thro' Florence, his city
 familiar,
 Fared happily ever, none knowing the crime
 and the passion,
 Winning honor and guerdon in peaceful and
 prosperous decades,
 Supreme over all, and rejoiced with the
 cheers and the clanging.
Carissima! what? and you wonder the
 world did not loathe him?
 Child, he lived long, and was lauded, and
 died very famous.

AN EPITAPH FOR WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Of the avengers of the right,
 The city's race magnificent,
 Here sleeps the last, his splendid light
 For lives oppressed benignly spent.
 All scorn he dared, all sorrow bore:
 Now hang your bays beside his door.

Who shall in simple state endure
 Like him, thrice incorruptible?
 Who shame his valiant voice and sure,
 The strength of all our citadel?
 Or turn upon tyrannic men
 That haughty, holy glance again?

Here does he sleep; and hence in grief
 We heavily looked toward the sea,
 Nor with the passion of belief
 Descried one other such as he;
 Then shattered his great shield, and knew
 The king was dead! the kingdom, too.

THE CALIPH AND THE BEGGAR.

SCORNER of the pleading faces
 In the first year of his reign,
 From the lean crowd and its traces,

Down the open orchard-lane,
 Walked young Mahmoud in his glory,
 In his pomp and his disdain;

And above all oratory,
 Music's sweetness, ocean's might,
 Fell a voice from branches hoary:

“He whose heart is at life's height,
 Who has wisdom, fame, and riches,
 Islam's greatest, dies this night.”

And he crossed the rampart-ditches
 Blinded, and confused, and slow,
 Till, from palace nooks and niches

Frowned his ghostly sires a-row,
 And their turrets triple-jointed
 Shook with tempests of his woe.

Long past midnight, disanointed,
 Prone upon his breast he lay,
 Warring on that hour appointed.

But behold! at break of day,
 As if Heaven itself had spoken,
 Blown across the bannered bay,

Over mart and mosque outbroken,
 Came the silver, solemn chime
 For some parted spirit's token!

Mahmoud, with free breath sublime
 Summoned one whose snow-locks heaving
 Made the vision of hoar Time;

And the red tides of thanksgiving
On his brow, he rose and said:
"In my city of the living

Which, proclaimed of bells, is dead?"
And the graybeard answered: "Master,
One who yesternight for bread,

At thy gateway's bronze pilaster,
Begged in vain: blind Selim, he,
Victim of the old disaster."

And the speaker suddenly
Looked on his hard lord with wonder,
For his tears were strange to see.

Then again, where boughs asunder
Held the wavy orchard tent
Sun-empurpled clusters under

In changed mood the Caliph went;
And anew heard sounds upgather,
Chidings with caressings blent,

As the voice once of his father:
"Haughty heart! not thou wert wise,
Rich, beloved; Selim rather

Islam's prince in Allah's eyes:
Even the Meek, in his great station,
Freehold had of Paradise!"

* * * * *

Lo! when plague-winds' desolation
Pierced Bassora's burning wall,
Circled with a kneeling nation

Whom his mercies held in thrall,
Died the Caliph, whispering tender
Counsel to his liegemen tall:

"One last service, children! render
Me, whose pride the Lord forgave;
Not by our supreme Defender,

Not beside the holy wave,
Not in places where my race is
Lay me! but in Selim's grave."

POEMS OF KATHARINE TYNAN.

WAITING.

In a grey cave, where comes no glimpse of
sky,
Set in the blue hill's heart full many a
mile,
Having the dripping stone for canopy,
Missing the wind's laugh and the good
sun's smile,
I, Fionn, with all my sleeping warriors lie.

In the great outer cave our horses are,
Carved of grey stone, with heads erect,
amazed,

Purple their trappings, gold each bolt and
bar,
One fore foot poised, the quivering thin
ears raised;
Methinks they scent the battle from afar.

A frozen hound lies by each warrior's feet,
Ah, Bran, my jewel! Bran, my king of
hounds!
Deep throated art thou, mighty flanked, and
fleet;
Dost thou remember how with giant
bounds [heat?
Did'st chase the red deer in the noontide

I was a king in ages long ago,
 A mighty warrior, and a seer likewise,
 Still mine eyes look with solemn gaze of woe
 From stony lids adown the centuries,
 And in my frozen heart I know, I know.

A giant I, of a primeval race,
 These, great-limbed, bearing helm and
 shield and sword,
 My good knights are, and each still awful
 face
 Will one day wake to knowledge at a
 word—
 O'erhead the groaning years turn round
 apace.

Here with the peaceful dead we keep our
 state ;
 Some day a cry shall ring adown the
 lands :
 "The hour is come, the hour grown large
 with fate."
 He knows who hath the centuries in His
 hands
 When that shall be—till then we watch and
 wait.

The queens that loved us, whither be they
 gone,
 The sweet, large women with the hair as
 gold,
 As though one drew long threads from out
 the sun?
 Ages ago, grown tired, and very cold,
 They fell asleep beneath the daisies wan.

The waving woods are gone that once we
 knew,
 And towns grown grey with years are in
 their place ;
 A little lake, as innocent and blue
 As my queen's eyes were, lifts a baby face
 Where once my palace towers were fair to
 view.

The fierce old gods we hailed with worship-
 ing,
 The blind old gods, waxed mad with sin
 and blood,

Laid down their godhead as an idle thing
 At a God's feet, whose throne was but a
 Rood,
 His crown wrought thorns, His joy long
 travelling.

Here in the gloom I see it all again,
 As ages since in visions mystical
 I saw the swaying crowds of fierce-eyed men,
 And heard the murmurs in the judgment
 hall,
 O, for one charge of my dark warriors then !

Nay, if He willed, His Father presently
 Twelve star-girt legions unto Him had
 given.

I traced the blood-stained path to Calvary,
 And heard far off the angels weep in
 Heaven ;
 Then the Rood's arms against an awful sky.

I saw Him when they pierced Him, hands
 and feet,
 And one came by and smote Him, this
 new King,
 So pale and harmless, on the tired face,
 sweet ;

He was so lovely, and so pitying,
 The icy heart in me began to beat.

Then a strong cry—the mountain heaved
 and swayed
 That held us in its heart, the groaning
 world

Was reft with lightning, and in ruins laid,
 His Father's awful hand the red bolts
 hurled,
 And He was dead—I trembled, sore afraid.

Then I upraised myself with mighty strain
 In the gloom, I heard the tumult rage
 without,
 I saw those large dead faces glimmer plain,
 The life just stirred within them and
 went out,
 And I fell back, and grew to stone again.

So the years went—on earth how fleet they
 be, [pace,
 Here in this cave their feet are slow of

And I grow old, and tired exceedingly:
 I would the sweet earth were my dwelling-
 place—
 Shamrocks and little daisies wrapping me !

There I should lie, and feel the silence sweet
 As a meadow at noon, where birds sing
 in the trees;
 To mine ears should come the patter of little
 feet,
 And baby cries, and croon of summer
 seas,
 And the wind's laughter in the upland
 wheat.

Meantime, o'erhead the years were full and
 bright,
 With a kind sun, and gold wide fields of
 corn ;
 The happy children sang from morn to
 night,
 The blessed church bells rang, new arts
 were born,
 Strong towns rose up and glimmered fair
 and white.

Once came a wind of conflict, fierce as hail,
 And beat about my brows: on the east-
 ward shore,
 Where never since the Vikings' dark ships
 sail,
 All day the battle raged with mighty roar ;
 At night the victor's fair dead face was pale.

Ah! the dark years since then, the anguished
 cry
 That pierced my deaf ears, made my hard
 eyes weep,
 From Erin wrestling in her agony,
 While we, her strongest, in a helpless
 sleep
 Lay, as the blood-stained years trailed slowly
 by.

And often in those years the East was drest
 In phantom fires, that mocked the dis-
 tant dawn,
 Then blackest night—her bravest and her
 best

Were led to die, while I slept dumbly
 on,
 With the whole mountain's weight upon my
 breast. .

Once in my time, it chanced a peasant hind
 Strayed to this cave. I heard, and burst
 my chain
 And raised my awful face stone-dead and
 blind,
 Cried, "Is it time?" and so fell back
 again,
 I heard his wild cry borne adown the wind.

Some hearts wait with us. Owen Roe
 O'Neill,
 The kingliest king that ever went un-
 crowned,
 Sleeps in his panoply of gold and steel
 Ready to wake, and in the kindly ground
 A many another's death-wounds close and
 heal.

Great Hugh O'Neill, far off in purple Rome,
 And Hugh O'Donnell, in their stately
 tombs
 Lie, with their grand fair faces turned to
 home :
 Some day a voice will ring adown the
 glooms,
 "Arise, ye Princes, for the hour is come !"

And these will rise, and we will wait them
 here,
 In this blue hill-heart in fair Donegal;
 That hour shall sound the clash of sword
 and spear,
 The steeds shall neigh to hear their mas-
 ters' call,
 And the hounds' cry shall echo shrill and
 clear.

NOTE.—This poem treats of a legend well known among the peasantry of the north of Ireland, which recounts how a band of Irish warriors of the primeval time lie in armour, and frozen in a deathly sleep, in one of the hill-caverns of Donegal highlands, there to await the hour of Ireland's redemption, when they will come forth to do battle for her under the leadership of the giant Finn. The legend further prophesies that in the hour of victory the phantom knights and their leader will be claimed by Death, from whom they have been so long withheld, that they will receive at last burial in holy earth, and that the hill-cavern will know them no more.

TWO WAYFARERS.

ONE with a sudden cry
 Crieth: "O Lord! and whence is this to me
 That in my daily pathway I should see
 Even Thee, Lord, coming nigh,
 With Thy still face and fair,
 And the divine deep sorrow in Thine eyes,
 And Thy eternal arms stretched loving-wise
 As on the Cross they were?"

"If I had only known
 How I should meet Thee this day face to
 face,
 I had made all my life a praying-place
 For this hour's sake alone:
 Now am I poor indeed
 I who have gathered all things most forlorn,
 Pale earthly loves, and roses wan with
 thorn;—
 See how my weak hands bleed!"

ONE bendeth low, and saith:
 "Lo! My hands bleed likewise, and I am
 God.
 Come, heart of Mine! wilt tread the path
 I trod,
 The desert way of death?
 Come, bleeding hands! and take
 My thorns that bring new toil and weariness,
 Days of grey pain, and nights of sore distress,
 Come! for My great love's sake.

"Yet if thou fearest to come,
 Speak! I can give thee fairest earthly things,
 Love, and sweet peace in shelter of love's
 wings,
 By pleasant paths of home,
 And thou wilt still be Mine.
 Choose thou thy path! My way is dark, I
 know,
 Yet through the moaning wind, and rain,
 and snow
 My feet should go with thine."

One groweth wan and grey,
 Dieth a space the trembling heart in him,
 Then he doth lift his weary eyes and dim,

With ashen lips doth say:
 "With Thee the desert sands!
 How could I turn from Thee, Thou flower
 of Pain!
 Or trouble Thee with weepings loud and
 vain
 And wringing of the hands?
 "If the rose were my share,
 And Thine the thorn, how could I lift mine
 eyes
 One day, in gold-green fields of Paradise,
 To Thine eyes dreamy fair
 That muse on Calvary?
 Under the sad straight brows Thy gaze would
 say:
 'Now, heart! in what dark hour of night
 or day
 Hast thou kept watch with Me?'"

AN ANSWER.

I SAID, "The year hath nothing left to
 bring,"
 And wearied of the grey November skies,
 For that I mourned for dead and vanished
 spring,
 And rose-lit summer's flowery argosies;
 For that I yearned for golden primrose days,
 For tender skies, for thrush's passionate
 strain,
 To hear again, 'mid leafy springtide ways,
 The sweet small footsteps of the silvern
 rain.

I said, "The glory of the year is gone,
 The very sunlight hath a tinge forlorn,
 The spectral trees loom, desolate and wan,
 Of their late regal robes bereft and shorn.
 Where the white lilies plumed their radiant
 heads,
 And the geranium flashed—a scarlet
 flame—
 Stretch now all brown and bare the garden
 beds,
 Dead are all fair sweet things since winter
 came."

And as I spake, lo! in the glimmering West
 A paly streak of stormy sunset gold,
 And near me, in all beauteous colors drest
 The gentle flower that fears nor frost nor
 cold,
 The brave chrysanthemum; there, to my
 heart,
 Said I, with joy, "Though 'tis not always
 May,
 The bounteous mother tires not of her part,
 Her strong white hands bear gifts for
 every day."

FRA ANGELICO AT FIESOLE.

I.

HOME through the pleasant olive woods at
 even
 He seest the patient milk-white oxen go;
 Without his lattice doves wheel to and fro,
 A great moon climbs the wan green fields of
 heaven.
 An hour since, the sun-veil whereon are
 graven
 Gold bells and pomegranates in scarlet show
 Parted, and lo! the city's spires of snow
 Flushed like an opal, and the streets gold
 paven!
 Then the night's purple fell and hid the rest,
 And this monk's eyes filled with the happy
 tears
 That come to him beholding all things fair:
 A bird's flight over wan skies to the nest;
 The great-sad eyes of beasts, the silk wheat
 ears,
 Flowers, or the gold dust on a baby's hair.

II.

In his small cell he hath high company,—
 The angels make it their abiding-place;
 Their grave eternal eyes 'neath brows of
 grace
 Watch him at work, their great wings silently
 Wrap him around with peace; and it may
 be
 That looking from his work a minute's space,

The sudden blue eyes of an angel's face
 His happy startled eyes are raised to see.
 Down through the shadowy corridor they
 glide,
 Their wings auroral trailing soft and slow,
 Each still face like a moon-lit lily in June;
 They kiss with fair pale lips the canvas wide,
 Whereon his colours like dropped jewels
 glow
 Against a gold ground pale as the harvest
 moon.

EASTERTIDE.

To me sweet Easter cometh fair and bright,
 Bringing exceeding joyance and delight,
 For the new time comes, clothèd as a
 bride,
 And the sad grey days vanish utterly;
 Comes the young Spring, knee-deep in shin-
 ing flowers,
 And the old earth rejoiceth through the
 hours:
 She hath forgotten her fairest ones that
 died,
 When the fierce winter blighted flower
 and tree.
 Somewhere while small glad waters croon a
 song,
 And a soft wind is captive all day long,
 I know the violet's feet are lately set,
 And the pale primrose star of hope
 hath risen.
 About the land the grave large hills are blue,
 And the great trees grow emerald green of
 hue,
 For now each curled babe-leaf begins to
 fret,
 Waking and stirring in its cradle-prison.
 Now from our slow delicious northern spring,
 In paschal days my thoughts are wandering
 Unto that Orient land, bloom-bright and
 warm;
 Where the dear Jesus walked in days of
 old;

I think all things, in these dim mystic days,
Grew fair with full delight before his face,

Bloomed the grey desert, azure grew the
storm,

And the skies shone in newer rose and
gold.

The air was sweet with music of harp-strings,
And the white sudden flash of angels' wings,
As the high sentinels passed that guarded
Him.

The birds sang faint for rapture in the
sky,

The small meek flowers about His pathway
lay

Flushed with desire that in some gracious
day

He in His healing hands might gather
them,

Or that beneath His feet their hearts
might lie.

OLIVIA AND DICK PRIMROSE.

A RUSTIC maiden, delicately fair,

With sweet mute lips and eyes serene and
mild,

That look straight sunward, while with gen-
tle air

Clings to her side a little loving child,
Linking a chain of daisies; this is all,

And yet methinks old memories bestir
At sight of this maid-lily, fair and tall,

Sweet as the rose the dainty hands of her
Enclose in careless chains and happy thrall.

I see the gentle vicar, old and kind,

The good house-mother, quick to blame
and praise,

All the quaint story rises to my mind,

The meadow bank that bloomed with
flowering daisy:

And in the hay-field, now I seem to see

Olivia stand with happy downcast eyes,
Singing with simple girlish minstrelsy ;

While o'er the ethereal blue of summer
skies

Long feathery lines of cloud float restfully.

* * * * *

He sang of happy homes, who home had
none,

Of sweet hearth joys whose way was lone
and bleak,

And oft his voice rang out with truest tone
When wintry winds froze tears upon his
cheek.

A deathless fount of joy was ever springing
From out his bright child-nature pure and
sweet,

Soft comforting and surest healing bringing ;
And when earth's sharpest thorns had
pierced his feet

His way was gladdened with his inward
singing.

THE LARK'S WAKING.

O PASSIONATE heart ! before the day is born,
When the faint rose of dawn a shut bud lies,
Dost thou not wait, hid in gold spears that
rise

Sweet and bejewelled with the dews of
morn,

Till the low wind of daybreak in the corn
Moves all the silken ears with languorous
sighs,

And the fair sun rides up the Eastern skies,
Clad in bright robes of state right kingly
worn ?

Then dost thou cleave the air on rapturous
wing,

Where the far east, with roseate splendours
fraught,

Tells that no more can night enshroud thy
king,

Or the pale stars his empire set at naught—
Higher and higher, till the clear skies ring
With the wild amorous greeting thou hast
brought.

CHARLES LAMB.

DEAR heart ! from dim Elizabethan days
 Surely thy feet strayed to our garish noon ;
 Thou shouldst have walked beneath a yellowing moon,
 In some old garden's green enchanted ways,
 With Herrick and Ben Jonson ; while in praise
 Of his lady trilled the nightingale's full tune,—
 And he grown still, these sang, 'neath skies of June,
 That bent to hear, catches and roundelays.
 In fair converse, thou might'st have wandered
 With Burton's self, the master whose rare thought
 Makes Melancholy glad the heart like wine ;
 In thy earth-day, those high compeers were dead ;
 How pleasant was their laughter, had they caught
 The sallies of thy humour, quaint and fine !

AUGUST OR JUNE.

In the rich Autumn weather,
 When royal August visits the fair land,
 Coming with pomp and coloured pageantry,
 Flinging around him with a lavish hand,
 Gold on the gorse and purple on the heather,
 Across the land as far as eye can see,
 Under his tread all yellow grows the wheat,
 All purple every belt of perfumed clover,
 Purple and gold, fit carpet for his feet,
 This harmony of colouring and light,
 And all the happy space he passes over,
 Grows fruitful, fair, and pleasant to the sight.

In these luxuriant days,
 Have we no sorrow for the fair June hours
 We thought so sweet, the skies we deemed so blue,
 The glad young world so prodigal of flowers,
 Of form most perfect, and most fair of hue ?
 Have we forgotten all the leaf-hung ways ?

Ah ! never Autumn's wealth of golden dowers,
 Atones for joy that all the fresh June fills,
 The purple-hearted solemn passion-flowers,
 The slender shafts of moon-born lilies tall,
 The most fair paleness of the daffodils,
 The cool June sky which beauty sheds o'er all.

FAINT-HEARTED.

I STAND where two roads part :
 Lord ! art Thou with me in the shadows here ?
 I cannot lift my heavy eyes to see.
 Speak to me if Thou art !
 I tremble, and my heart is cold with fear ;
 Dark is the way Thou has appointed me.

From the bright face of day
 It winds far down a valley dark as death,
 And shards and thorns await my shrinking feet ;
 An icy mist and grey
 Comes to me, chilling me with awful breath ;
 How canst Thou say Thy yoke is light and sweet ?
 Nay, these are pale who go
 Down the grey shadows ; each one, tired and worn,
 Bearing a cross that galleth him full sore ;
 And blood of this doth flow,
 And that one's pallid brows are rayed with thorn,
 And eyes are blind with weeping evermore.

Still they press onward fast,
 And the shades compass them ; now, far away,
 I see a great hill shaped like Calvary ;
 Will they come there at last ?
 A reflex from some far fair perfect day
 Touches the high clear faces goldenly.

Ah ! yonder path is fair,
 And musical with many singing birds,
 Large golden fruit and rainbow-coloured
 flowers
 The wayside branches bear ;
 The air is murmurous with sweet love-
 words,
 And hearts are singing through the
 happy hours.

Nay, I shall look no more.

Take Thou my hands between Thy firm
 fair hands

And still their trembling, and I shall
 not weep.

Some day, the journey o'er,

My feet shall tread the still safe evening-
 lands,

And Thou canst give to Thy beloved,
 sleep.

And though Thou dost not speak,

And the mists hide Thee, now I know
 Thy feet

Will tread the path my feet walk
 wearily ;

Some day the veil will break,

And sudden looking up, mine eyes shall
 meet

Thine eyes, and lo ! Thine arms shall
 gather me.

THOREAU AT WALDEN.

I.

A LITTLE log-hut in the woodland dim,
 A still lake, like a bit of summer sky,
 On the glad heart of which great lilies lie.
 "Ah !" he had said, "the Naiads, white
 of limb."

In those green glooms fair shapes did come
 to him,

He saw a Dryad's sheeny drapery
 Shimmer at dusk, he heard Pan pipe hereby
 A lusty strain to fauns and satyrs grim.
 For that he was fair Nature's leal knight

She loved him, taught him all her gram-
 marye,
 All the quaint secrets of her magic clime ;
 He heard the unborn flowers' springing
 footsteps light,
 And the wind's whisper of the enchanted
 sea,
 And the birds sing of love, and pairing-
 time.

II.

Seeking this sage in fair fraternity
 Came Hawthorne here and Emerson, I know.
 O happy woods, that watched them to and
 fro !

Thrice happy woods, that hearkened to the
 three !

Yet, my rare Thoreau ! a thought comes
 to me

Of one sweet soul you missed, who long ago
 When through Assisi's streets, with eyes
 aglow

And worn meek face, and lips curved ten-
 derly.

So for God's dumb things was this great
 heart stirred,

Called he the happy birds his sisters sweet,
 The fish his brethren, blessed them, prayed
 with them.

Now, my sweet-hearted Pagan ! had you
 heard,

You would have wept upon his wounded
 feet,

And craved a blessing from the hands of
 him.

A SAD YEAR.

1882.

THE last month being come,
 December, in sad guise of deathly white,
 I counted with sore heart the sons of light
 Whose wise lips had grown dumb
 Since the last New Year's morn,
 And thought Death's harvest had been full
 and wide,

And fair and rich the grain his sweeping
Had gathered to the barn. [scythe

Three poets died in Spring—

We wept the dear dead singer of the West,
Who lay with sweet wet violets on his breast
When leaves were bourgeoning;
A poet spirit fled

From Irish shores, in Resurrection days;
And England twined wan immortelles with
For one beloved grey head.* [bays

And, as the year went by, [feast—
Death called our best and dearest to his
Poet and artist, ruler, sage and priest,
A goodly company.

The Spring's flowers waxed pale,
Summer cast rue for roses in her path,
And the lone Autumn brought its meed of
And sad was Winter's tale. [death,

And so my heart was tired [gain.
Counting the loss, and knowing not the
In the year's cradles many a babe hath lain;
And who shall be inspired
To tell our hearts that weep
What gifts the sweet small hands bring far-
off years? [tears
We know but this—that "they who sow in
In shining joy shall reap."

A SONG OF SUMMER.

OH, sweet it is in summer,
When leaves are fair and long,
To lie amid lush, scented grass,
Where gold and grey the shadows pass,
A swift, unresting throng;
And hear low river voices
Sing o'er the shining sands,
That seem a glory garb to wear
Of emerald and jacinth rare,
The work of fairy hands;
And see afar the mountains, heaven-kissed,
Shine through the white rain's silvery-
sheeted mist.

Oh, fair the balmy morning,
When gay the sun doth ride,
And white plumes sail against the blue,
And all the land is fresh with dew,
And sweet the hay-fields wide!
Yet fairer windless evening
When the pale vesper star
Parts her long veil of dusky hair,
And looks with gentle eyes and fair
From palaces afar,
And sings the nightingale to transcended skies
Of love and pain and all high mysteries.

A BIRD'S SONG.

CHILL was the air, for yet the year was
young, [with rain;
Wan was the sky, the clouds were fresh
A bird, from where his small, soft nest was
hung,
Sang very joyously a tender strain.
For he had seen, near where a giant oak
Stretched out its Titan branches, strong
and sure,
Close-sheltered, in a quiet moss-grown nook,
A dainty April garden bloom secure.

And there he saw the sun-born crocus, tall,
Shine out in 'broidered bravery of gold;
The violet—no longer Winter's thrall—
Begin her purple mantle to unfold.
He saw the primrose star rise palely fair
From where the mosses thickly, softly
grow,
And, delicately gleaming in the air, [snow.
The snowdrop's fairy robe of green and
And oh! with sudden flush of life and
heat,
The grey March world for him was
charmed to May; [sweet,
And then rang out in bird-notes, fresh and
A jocund carol in the clear cold day.
He heard the soft wind whisper from the
West—
The promise of the Summer's blossoming;
And gleefully he sang from out his nest
A herald welcome to the coming Spring.

* The world lost in this year Longfellow, D. F. McCarthy,
and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

POEMS OF ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

(WILLIAM EDGAR.)

ODE.

WE are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation;
A wondrous thing of our dreaming
Unearthly, impossible seeming—
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present,
And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they are raising:
They had no divine foreshowing
Of the land to which they are going;

But on one man's soul it hath broken,
A light that doth not depart;
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man's heart.

And therefore to-day is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling;
And the multitudes are enlisted
In the faith that their fathers resisted,
And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,
Are bringing to pass, as they may,
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
The dream that was scorned yesterday.

But we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious futures we see:
Our souls with high music ringing,
O men! it must ever be
That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,
A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning
And the suns that are not yet high,
And out of the infinite morning
Intrepid you hear us cry—
How, spite of your human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling unknown shore;
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore;
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before:
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers,
And a singer who sings no more.

SONG OF A FELLOW-WORKER.

I FOUND a fellow-worker when I deemed
I toiled alone:

My toil was fashioning thought and sound,
and his was hewing stone;

I worked in the palace of my brain, he in
the common street,

And it seemed his toil was great and hard,
while mine was great and sweet.

I said, O fellow-worker, yea, for I am a
worker too,

The heart nigh fails me many a day, but
how is it with you?

For while I toil great tears of joy will some-
times fill my eyes,

And when I form my perfect work it lives
and never dies.

I carve the marble of pure thought until
the thought takes form,

Until it gleams before my soul and makes
the world grow warm;

Until there comes the glorious voice and
words that seem divine,

And the music reaches all men's hearts and
draws them into mine.

And yet for days it seems my heart shall
blossom never more,

And the burden of my loneliness lies on me
very sore:

Therefore, O hewer of the stones that pave
base human ways,

How canst thou bear the years till death,
made of such thankless days?

Then he replied: Ere sunrise, when the
pale lips of the day

Sent forth an earnest thrill of breath at
warmth of the first ray,

A great thought rose within me, how, while
men asleep had lain,

The thousand labours of the world had
grown up once again.

The sun grew on the world, and on my soul
the thought grew too—

A great appalling sun, to light my soul the
long day through.

I felt the world's whole burden for a moment,
then began

With man's gigantic strength to do the
labour of one man.

I went forth hastily, and lo! I met a hun-
dred men,

The worker with the chisel and the worker
with the pen—

The restless toilers after good, who sow and
never reap,

And one who maketh music for their souls
that may not sleep.

Each passed me with a dauntless look, and
my undaunted eyes

Were almost softened as they passed with
tears that strove to rise

At sight of all those labours, and because
that every one,

Ay, the greatest, would be greater if my
little were undone.

They passed me, having faith in me, and in
our several ways, [days:

Together we began to-day as on the other
I felt their mighty hands at work, and as

the day wore through,
Perhaps they felt that even I was helping

somewhat too:

Perhaps they felt, as with those hands they
lifted mightily

The burden once more laid upon the world
so heavily,

That while they nobly held it as each man
can do and bear,

It did not wholly fall my side as though no
man were there.

And so we toil together many a day from
morn till night,

I in the lower depths of life, they on the
lovely height;

For though the common stones are mine,
and they have lofty cares,

Their work begins where this leaves off, and
mine is part of theirs.

And 'tis not wholly mine or theirs I think
of through the day,

But the great eternal thing we make together, I and they;
 For in the sunset I behold a city that Man owns,
 Made fair with all their nobler toil, built of my common stones.

Then noonward, as the task grows light with all the labour done,
 The single thought of all the day becomes a joyous one;
 For, rising in my heart at last, where it hath lain so long,
 It thrills up seeking for a voice, and grows almost a song.

But when the evening comes, indeed, the words have taken wing,
 The thought sings in me still, but I am all too tired to sing;
 Therefore, O you, my friend, who serve the world with minstrelsy,
 Among our fellow-workers' songs make that one song for me.

A PARABLE OF GOOD DEEDS.

A WOMAN, sweet, but humble of estate,
 Had suddenly, by Providence or fate,
 Good fortune; for a rich man made her wife,
 And raised her to a high and sumptuous life,
 With gold to spare and pleasurable things.
 Himself being great, in the employ of kings,
 Earning an ample wage and fair reward,
 He led his days like any lord,
 That made him rank among that country's lords;
 But little pity had he for the poor,
 Nor cared to help them: rather from his door
 Bidding his servants drive them shamefully,
 Till all knew better than from such as he
 To beg for food; and only year by year
 Some wanderer out of other lands drew near

His hated house. Riches corrode the heart
 That hath not its own sweetness set apart.
 But in his wife no inward change was wrought—

Sweet she remained, and humble in her thought.

And lo! one day, when, at the king's behest,
 This man was gone, there came and asked for rest

A certain traveller, sad and very worn
 With wayfaring, whose coat, ragged and torn

By rock and bramble, showed the fashion strange

Of distant countries where the seasons change
 A different way, and men and customs too
 Are strange; and though the woman hardly knew

His manner of speech, seeing his weary face,

She thought of toiling kinsfolk in the place
 Where she was born, and knew what heaviness

It was to fare all day beneath the stress
 Of burning suns, and never stay to slake
 The bitter thirst or lay one down to take
 A needful rest, the natural due of toil;
 So she dealt kindly, and gave wine and oil,
 And bade the stranger comfort him and stay
 And sleep beneath that roof upon his way:
 That hour the sweetness of her fettered soul
 Was like the stored-up honey of a whole
 Summer in one rich hive; and secretly
 She wept for joy to think that she might be
 Helpful to one in need. So when her lord
 Returning chided her, she bore his word
 Meekly, and in her spirit had content.

A long while after that, a poor man, bent
 And weak with hunger, wandered there,
 and prayed

A little succour for God's sake, who made
 The rich and poor alike, and every man
 To love his fellow. But the servants ran
 And beat him from the house, along the lane,

Back to the common road. Ah! with what pain

She saw it, but durst never raise her voice

Against her husband's rule! Then with no
 noise
 She went out from the house into the street,
 And, like a simple serving-maid, bought
 meat
 And bread, and hurried to and fro to find
 And feed the starving man. That day the
 kind,
 Pitiful heart within her ached full sore,
 And much she grieved, thus little and no
 more
 'Twas hers to do to ease so great a woe,
 As home she went again, that none might
 know.
 Then at another time it chanced that one,
 Whose brother, if 'twas truth he told, had
 run
 Into the den of robbers unawares,
 And lay a prisoner, sought that house of
 theirs,
 Having fared thus and thus with others
 first,
 To gather gold enough to go and burst
 His bonds. And lo! her husband gave him
 nought,
 But bade him lie again to those he caught
 With such a shallow tale. But she was
 stirred
 Greatly within; and rather would have
 erred,
 And been a trickster's dupe, than let depart,
 Unhelped, a brother with a bleeding heart.
 And so when none was nigh, she gathered
 all
 The store of gifts and gold that she could
 call
 Her own, and gave it to the man. Ah, dear
 And blissful seemed that brother's thanks
 to hear.

 A good wife with her husband now some
 span
 Of years she dwelt, and had one fair child
 born,
 And life grew easier to her every morn;
 For living with such sweetness day by day,
 The hardest heart will change, and put away
 Some of its meanness. So it did not fail
 But that her husband softened, and the tale

Of poor folks' wrongs would strike upon his
 ear
 With a new sound that once he could not
 [hear.

 At length he died, and riches with him
 ceased;
 The king's pay came no more, and scarce
 From greedy creditors: when all was sold,
 The woman and the child with little gold,
 A meagre sum against hard want and shame,
 Went forth, to find the land from whence
 she came.
 The world was drear to them, and very hard,
 E'en as to others. Luckless or ill-starred
 Their wanderings seemed. One day their
 gold was spent,
 And helpless, in a sad bewilderment,
 The woman sat her down in sore distress
 In the lone horror of the wilderness.

 Then the child cried for food, and soon
 again
 More piteously for drink, and all in vain.

 And the poor woman's heart of love was
 wrung
 With agony; all hopelessly she hung
 Her head upon her breast, and said "Ah me!
 Life is no longer, child, for such as we;
 For I am penniless, and men give nought
 To those that cannot buy!"

 Then there was brought
 An answer in her ear which said, "Not so,
 But thou art even rich: look up and know!"

 Therewith she looked and saw three persons,
 fair
 And shining as God's angels, standing there
 Beside her in the way.

 One gave the child
 Drink from a jewelled cup; one held high,
 piled
 With richest foods and fruit, a goodly tray,
 And bade him eat; the third did stoop and lay
 A purse upon her lap, the gold in which
 Sufficient was to make a poor man rich.
 And when o'erwhelmed with joy, and in
 amaze,

Seeing the loveliness beyond all praise
 Of those three persons, on her knees she sank
 To worship them for angels, and to thank
 The God that sent them to her in her need,
 They said, "O woman, kneel not to us in-
 deed,
 But thank thyself; for we were wrought
 by thee,
 And this the loveliness that thou dost see,
 Half wondering, is thine own, the very light
 And beauty of thy soul, for just so bright
 We are as thou didst make us; and at last
 Dost thou not know us? is all memory past
 Of three good deeds that in prosperity
 Thou didst? Those three good deeds of
 thine are we."

And then they walked before her, and she
 went
 And found her home, and lived in great
 content.

A FALLEN HERO.

THEY found him dead upon the battle-field.

One said, "A hard man, and with scarce a
 heart;

There lay his strength, a man who could not
 yield.

For, after all, too many, playing a part
 Of judge or warrior in the world, strong-
 armed,

Or with the mental sinews stoutly set
 To the far-reaching thought, have faltered,
 charmed

To softness and half purpose when they
 met

The sweet appeal of individual lives,

Or vanquished by the look of wounded
 foes.

This man was iron. Who has striven strives
 Where the cause leads him; where that
 is, who knows?

Content with partial good the cooler crowd,
 Using its heroes, step aside, well served,
 Waits for another; and the applause, so
 loud,

So general once, grows fainter—more re-
 served

Around his steps who, holding first the flag
 In a well-honoured fight, is left to wage
 The war alone, above him a red rag

With now his name upon it. So, 'twas a
 rage

Urged this man on; good, evil, grew but in
 dreams,

The changeless opposites; and to com-
 rades, shamed

Or timely fallen away, the man now seems
 Well-nigh the contrary of the thing he
 named."

Another said, "Ay, seems to such as these
 Who fought for half the goal—the goal
 was good,

Immense, remote, a blessing that may ease
 The world some ages hence; half-way
 was food,

Content, a crumb for lesser lives to gain
 He gained and spurned it to them. For
 the rest,

The future man may count his death not
 vain,

Finding him in Time's strata, as with
 crest

Frenzied and straining jaws and limbs, some
 old

Imbedded dragon lies defiant still

In an unfinished fight. If such pass cold
 Mid the dwarfed folk whose generations
 fill

Their striding steps, their soul is all the sun
 Gilding the dawn and lengthening out the
 span

Of yet unrisen days, when men may run
 To greater heights and distances of man."

A third said, "Yet to fall, as this one hath,
 Not with the earlier laurel newly earned,
 Nor having cleared the later doubtful path,
 But with a red sword firmly clutched and
 turned

Against the heart of his time, is no fair fate.
 He who now drives a hundred men to
 death

Is bound to show the thousand saved; else
 [hate

And scorn will quickly blow him such a
breath
No flowers will grow about his memory,
No goodly praise sit well upon his name.
The men, who for his shadow could not see
The peaceful sun of half their days, cry
shame
Against him; lives he stinted of their love,
Denying his own, lopping the tender
boughs
And leaflets that the trunk might rise above
Its fellows, spoil the glory on his brows,
Accuse him just as surely with their tears
And ruin as with words that seemed too
weak.

"Better, perhaps, out of the hopes and fears
That round the generation's life, to speak
And win assent of every lesser man,
Or, fighting, only wrest from that dark
foe,
The Future, jealous holding all she can
For hers unborn, some moderate trophy,
no
Abiding portion; dazzled, men will praise,
While that great gift the dream-led seeker
strives [raise
To gain and give them, scarcely they may
Their hearts to the great love of all their
lives."

So spake they round one fallen in a fight,
Whence most had turned away, deeming
the good
A doubtful one, the further path too rife
With thrusts across the common ground,
where stood
Friend and foe mingled. Half praise, almost
blame
One and another uttered, as they gazed
Down at the dead set face, and named the
name
That once upon their foremost banner
blazed,
But late flashed fitfully on distant quest
Strained past endurance. Bitterness still
wrought
Somewhat within their hearts, or memory
prest

Maybe upon them with some late look
fraught
With passing scorn, and these—the feet that
rushed
Onward, too reckless of weak lives that
hide
Along the wayside of the world—had
crushed.

But lo! a woman wrung her hands and cried,
"Ah, my beloved! ah, the good, the
true!"
And clasped him lying on the ground, and
kept
Her arms about him there. She only knew
The passion of the man, and when he wept.

BLACK MARBLE.

Sick of pale European beauties, spoiled
By false religions, all the cant of priests
And mimic virtues, far away I toiled
In lawless lands, with savage men and
beasts
Across the bloom-hung forest, in the way
Widened by lions or where the winding
snake
Had pierced, I counted not each night and
day,
Till, gazing through a flower-encumbered
brake,
I crouched down like a panther watching
prey—
Black Venus stood beside a sultry lake.

The naked negress raised on high her arms.
Round as palm-saplings; cup-shaped either
breast,
Unchecked by needless shames or cold
alarms,
Swelled, like a burning mountain, with
the zest
Of inward life, and tipped itself with fire:
Fashioned to crush a lover or a foe,
Her proud limbs owned their strength,
her waist its span,

Her fearless form its faultless curves. And
 lo!—
 The lion and the serpent and the man
 Watched her the while with each his own
 desire.

IN THE OLD HOUSE.

In the old house where we dwelt
 No care had come, no grief we knew,
 No memory of the Past we felt,
 No doubt assailed us when we knelt;
 It is not so in the new.

In the old house where we grew
 From childhood up, the days were dreams,
 The summers had unwonted gleams,
 The sun a warmer radiance threw
 Upon the stair. Alas! it seems
 All different in the new!

Our mother still could sing the strain
 In earlier days we listened to;
 The white threads in her hair were few,
 She seldom sighed or suffered pain.
 Oh, for the old house back again!
 It is not so in the new.

POEMS OF REV. ABRAM J. RYAN,

“THE POET-PRIEST OF THE SOUTH.”

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FURL that Banner, for 'tis weary;
 Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
 Furl it, fold it, it is best;
 For there's not a man to wave it,
 And there's not a sword to save it,
 And there's not one left to lave it
 In the blood which heroes gave it;
 And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
 Broken is its staff and shattered;
 And the valiant hosts are scattered
 Over whom it floated high.
 Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
 Hard to think there's none to hold it;
 Hard that those who once unrolled it
 Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
 Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
 And ten thousands wildly, madly,
 Swore it should forever wave;
 Swore that foeman's sword should never
 Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
 Till that flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
 And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low;
 And that Banner—it is trailing!
 While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
 Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
 Weep for those who fell before it!

Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust:
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!

SENTINEL SONGS.

WHEN falls the soldier brave,
Dead at the feet of wrong,
The poet sings and guards his grave
With sentinels of song.

Songs, march! he gives command,
Keep faithful watch and true;
The living and dead of the conquered land
Have now no guards save you.

Gray ballads! mark ye well!
Thrice holy is your trust!
Go! halt by the fields where warriors fell;
Rest arms! and guard their dust.

List! Songs! your watch is long,
The soldiers' guard was brief;
Whilst right is right, and wrong is wrong,
Ye may not seek relief.

Go! wearing the gray of grief!
Go! watch o'er the dead in gray!
Go! guard the private and guard the chief,
And sentinel their clay!

And the songs, in stately rhyme
And with softly-sounding tread,
Go forth, to watch for a time—a time—
Where sleep the Deathless Dead.

And the songs, like funeral dirge,
In music soft and low,
Sing round the graves, whilst hot tears surge
From hearts that are homes of woe.

What tho' no sculptured shaft
Immortalize each brave?
What tho' no monument epitaphed
Be built above each grave?

When marble wears away
And monuments are dust,
The songs that guard our soldiers' clay
Will still fulfill their trust.

With lifted head and steady tread,
Like stars that guard the skies,
Go watch each bed where rest the dead,
Brave songs, with sleepless eyes.

* * * *

When falls the cause of Right,
The poet grasps his pen,
And in gleaming letters of living light
Transmits the truth to men.

Go! Songs! he says who sings;
Go! tell the world this tale;
Bear it afar on your tireless wings;
The Right will yet prevail.

Songs! sound like the thunder's breath!
Boom o'er the world and say:
Brave men may die—Right has no death!
Truth never shall pass away!

Go! sing thro' a nation's sighs!
Go! sob thro' a people's tears!
Sweep the horizons of all the skies,
And throb through a thousand years!

And the songs, with brave, sad face,
Go proudly down their way,
Wailing the loss of a conquered race
And waiting an Easter-day.

Away! away! like the birds,
 They soar in their flight sublime;
 And the waving wings of the poet's words
 Flash down to the end of time.

When the flag of justice fails,
 Ere its folds have yet been furled,
 The poet waves its folds in wails
 That flutter o'er the world.

MARCH OF THE DEATHLESS DEAD.

GATHER the sacred dust
 Of the warriors tried and true,
 Who bore the flag of a Nation's trust
 And fell in a cause, though lost, still just,
 And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all,
 From the private to the chief,
 Come they from hovel or princely hall,
 They fell for us, and for them should fall
 The tears of a Nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn
 O'er many a battle plain;
 From many a grave that lies so lone,
 Without a name and without a stone,
 Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came
 Dear in their lifeless clay!
 Whether unknown, or known to fame,
 Their cause and country still the same;
 They died—and wore the Gray.

Wherever the brave have died,
 They should not rest apart;
 Living, they struggled side by side,
 Why should the hand of Death divide
 A single heart from heart?

Gather their scattered clay,
 Wherever it may rest;
 Just as they marched to the bloody fray,
 Just as they fell on the battle day,
 Bury them breast to breast.

The foeman need not dread
 This gathering of the brave;
 Without sword or flag, and with soundless
 tread,
 We muster once more our deathless dead,
 Out of each lonely grave.

The foeman need not frown,
 They all are powerless now;
 We gather them here and we lay them down,
 And tears and prayers are the only crown
 We bring to wreath each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
 While the living o'er them weep;
 And the men by Lee and Stonewall led,
 And the hearts that once together bled,
 Together still shall sleep.

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I WALK down the Valley of Silence—
 Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
 And I hear not the fall of a footstep
 Around me, save God's and my own;
 And the hush of my heart is as holy
 As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
 Whose music my heart could not win;
 Long ago was I weary of noises
 That fretted my soul with their din;
 Long ago was I weary of places
 Where I met but the human—and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
 I craved what the world never gave;
 And I said: "In the world each Ideal,
 That shines like a star on life's wave,
 Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
 And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
 And still found the False with the True;
 I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
 But caught a mere glimpse of its Blue:
 And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
 Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human;
 And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men;
 Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar
 And I heard a voice call me :—since then
 I walk down the Valley of Silence
 That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
 'Tis my Trysting Place with the Divine.
 And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
 And above me a voice said: "Be mine."
 And there arose from the depths of my spirit
 An echo—"My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
 I weep—and I dream—and I pray.
 But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
 That fall on the roses in May;
 And my prayer, like a perfume from Censers,
 Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
 I dream all the songs that I sing;
 And the music floats down the dim Valley,
 Till each finds a word for a wing,
 That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,
 A message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
 That never shall break on the beach;
 And I have heard songs in the Silence,
 That never shall float into speech;
 And I have had dreams in the Valley,
 Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—
 Ah! me, how my spirit was stirred!
 And they wear holy veils on their faces,
 Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:
 They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
 Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
 Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care?
 It lieth afar between mountains
 And God and His angels are there:
 And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
 And one the bright mountain of Prayer!

LINES—1875.

Go down where the wavelets are kissing the
 shore,
 And ask of them why do they sigh?
 The poets have asked them a thousand times
 o'er,
 But they're kissing the shore as they kissed
 it before,
 And they're sighing to-day and they'll sigh
 evermore. [reply,
 Ask them what ails them: they will not
 But they'll sigh on forever and never tell why!
 Why does your poetry sound like a sigh? [I.
 The waves will not answer you; neither shall

Go stand on the beach of the blue boundless
 deep,
 When the night stars are gleaming on high,
 And hear how the billows are moaning in
 sleep,
 On the low-lying strand by the surge-beaten
 steep. [sweep.
 They're moaning forever wherever they
 Ask them what ails them: they never reply;
 They moan, and so sadly, but will not tell
 why!
 Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
 The waves will not answer you; neither
 shall I.

Go list to the breeze at the waning of day,
 When it passes and murmurs "Good-bye."
 The dear little breeze—how it wishes to stay
 Where the flowers are in bloom, where the
 singing birds play; [way.
 How it sighs when it flies on its wearisome
 Ask it what ails it; it will not reply,
 Its voice is a sad one, it never told why.
 Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
 The breeze will not answer you; neither
 shall I.

Go watch the wild blasts as they spring from
 their lair,
 When the shout of the storm rends the sky;
 They rush o'er the earth and they ride thro'
 the air
 And they blight with their breath all the
 lovely and fair,

And they groan like the ghosts in the "land
of despair."

Ask them what ails them: they never reply;
Their voices are mournful, they will not tell
why.

Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
The blasts will not answer you; neither shall
I.

Go stand on the rivulet's lily-fringed side,
Or list where the rivers rush by;
The streamlets which forest trees shadow
and hide,

And the rivers that roll in their oceanward
tide,

Are moaning forever wherever they glide;
Ask them what ails them: they will not
reply.

On—sad-voiced—they flow, but they never
tell why.

Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
Earth's streams will not answer you; neither
shall I.

Go list to the voices of air, earth and sea,
And the voices that sound in the sky;
Their songs may be joyful to some, but to me
There's a sigh in each chord and a sigh in
each key,

And thousands of sighs swell their grand
melody.

Ask them what ails them: they will not
reply.

They sigh—sigh forever—but never tell why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
Their lips will not answer you; neither will
I!

THE SONG OF THE DEATHLESS VOICE.

'Twas the dusky Hallowe'en—
Hour of fairy and of wraith,
When in many a dim-lit green,
'Neath the stars' prophetic sheen
As the olden legend saith,
All the future may be seen,—

And when,—an older story hath—
Whate'er in life hath ever been
Loveful, hopeful, or of wrath,
Cometh back upon our path.
I was dreaming in my room,
'Mid the shadows,—still as they;
Night, in veil of woven gloom
Wept and trailed her tresses gray
O'er her fair, dead sister—Day.
To me from some far-away
Crept a voice—or seemed to creep—
As a wave-child of the deep,
Frightened by the wild storm's roar.
Creeps low-sighing to the shore.
Very low and very lone
Came the voice with song of moan.
This, weak-sung in weaker word,
Is the song that night I heard.

* * *

How long, alas! How long!
How long shall the Celt chant the sad song
of hope

That a sunrise may break on the long
starless night of our past?

How long shall we wander and wait on the
desolate slope

Of Tabor that promise our Transfigura-
tion at last?

How long, O Lord! How long!

How long, O Fate! How long!
How long shall our sunburst reflect but the
sunset of Right

When gloaming still lights the dim imme-
morial years?

How long shall our harp's strings, like winds
that are wearied of night,

Sound sadder than moanings in tones all
a-trembling with tears?

How long, O Lord! How long!

How long, O Right! How long!
How long shall our banner, the brightest that
ever did flame

In battle with wrong, droop furled like a
flag o'er a grave?

How long shall we be but a nation with only
a name

Whose history clanks with the sounds of
the chains that enslave?

How long, O Lord! How long!

How long! Alas, how long!

How long shall our isle be a Golgotha, out
in the sea

With a Cross in the dark,—oh, when shall
our Good Friday close?

How long shall thy sea that beats round thee
bring only to thee

The wailings, O Erin! that float down the
waves of thy woes?

How long, O Lord! How long!

How long! Alas, how long!

How long shall the cry of the wronged, O
Freedom! for thee

Ascend all in vain from the valleys of sor-
row below?

How long ere the dawn of the day in the
ages to be

When the Celt will forgive,—or else tread
on the heart of his foe?

How long, O Lord! How long!

* * *

Whence came the voice? Around me gray
silences fall:

And without in the gloom not a sound is
astir 'neath the sky;

And who is the singer? Or hear I a singer
at all?

Or, hush! Is't my heart a thrill with some
deathless old cry?

Ah! blood forgets not in its flowing its fore-
fathers' wrongs—

They are the heart's trust, from which
we may ne'er be released:

Blood keeps in its throbs the echoes of all
the old songs,

And sings them the best when it flows
thro' the heart of a priest.

Am I not in my blood as old as the race
whence I sprung?

In the cells of my heart feel I not all its
ebb and its flow?

And old as our race is, is it not still forever
as young

As the youngest of Celts in whose breast
Erin's love is aglow?

The blood of a race that is wronged beats the
longest of all;

For long as the wrong lasts, each drop of
it quivers with wrath:

And sure as the race lives—no matter what
fates may befall

There's a Voice with a Song that forever
is haunting its path.

Aye, this very hand that trembles thro' this
very line

Lay hid, ages gone, in the hand of some
forefather-Celt,

With a sword in its grasp—if stronger not
truer than mine—

And I feel, with my pen, what the old
hero's sworded-hand felt—

The heat of the hate that flashed into flames
against wrong—

The thrill of the hope that rushed like a
storm on the foe;

And the sheen of that sword is hid in the
sheath of the song

As sure as I feel thro' my veins the pure
Celtic blood flow.

The ties of our blood have been strained o'er
thousands of years,

And still are not severed, how mighty
soever the strain;

The chalice of time o'erflows with the streams
of our tears,—

Yet just as the shamrocks, to bloom, need
the clouds and their rain,

The faith of our fathers, our hopes and the
love of our isle

Need the rain of our hearts that falls from
our grief-clouded eyes

To keep them in bloom, while for ages we
wait for the smile

Of Freedom that some day—ah, some day!
shall light Erin's skies.

Our dead are not dead who have gone, long
ago, to their rest ;
They are living in us whose glorious race
will not die—
Their brave buried hearts are still beating on
in each breast
Of the child of each Celt in each clime
'neath the infinite sky.

Many days yet to come may be dark as the
days that are past,
Many voices may hush,—while the great
years sweep patiently by.
But the voice of our race shall live sounding
down to the last,
And our blood is the bard of the song that
never shall die.

POEMS OF FANNY PARNELL.

IRELAND, MOTHER !

VEIN of my heart, light of mine eyes,
Pulse of my life, star of my skies,
Dimmed is thy beauty, sad are thy sighs,
Fairest and saddest, what shall I do for thee?
Ireland, mother!

Vain, ah, vain is a woman's prayer;
Vain is a woman's hot despair;
Naught can she do, naught can she dare,—
I am a woman, I can do naught for thee;
Ireland, mother!

Hast thou not sons, like the ocean-sands?
Hast thou not sons with brave hearts and
hands?
Hast thou not *heirs* for thy broad, bright
lands?
What have they done,—or what will they do
for thee?
Ireland, mother!

Were I a man from thy glorious womb,
I'd hurl the stone from thy living tomb;
Thy grief should be joy, and light thy gloom,

The rose should gleam 'mid thy golden
broom,
Thy marish wastes should blossom and
bloom;
I'd smite thy foes with thy own long doom,
While God's heaped judgments should round
them loom;
Were I a man, lo! this would I do for thee,
Ireland, mother!

SHE IS NOT DEAD !

'Ireland is a corpse on the dissecting-table.'

WHO said that thou wast dead, O darling of
my heart?
My fairest one amid the daughters,
My lily brooding on the waters,—
Who said that thou wast dead, and I from
thee must part?

Who said that thou wast dead, and called me
from thy side?
Bright saint and queen of my devotion,

My spotless, priceless pearl of ocean,—
My bitter ban shall rest upon the knaves who
lied!

They said that thou wast dead, tho' fair thy
beauty shone,
My sweet Undine gently gleaming
Thro' crystal mists of tear-drops stream-
ing,
That catch the iris-tints from Aphrodite's
zone.

They said that thou wast dead, oh, chosen
one of Fate,—
My sovereign lady proud and peerless,
My swan-like Valkyr wild and fearless,
My deathless maid whose soul recks not for
love or hate.

They said that thou wast dead, they wiled me
far from thee;
But ah! my heart was sadly pining,—
Its tendrils still around thee twining,
Drew back my soul in bonds, as uoonbeams
draw the sea.

And then I saw that still the life was in thine
eyes,
O sweet! most loved, most sorrow-laden!
The flashes from thy ravished Aidenn
Played o'er thy face like lightnings o'er the
twilight skies.

And then I knew at last that thou could'st
never die,
O sister of the great Immortals,
That standest hard by Freedom's portals,
Until an unseen Hand shall open from on
high.

Lo! roses red thy lovers strew before thy
shrine,
Dipped deep in blood from heart-veins
flowing,
With hues of death and passion glowing,
Yet thou regardest not, for thou wast born
divine.

Lo! roses white thy lovers strew before thy
feet,
Bright blossoms of pure lives and holy;
But thy firm eyes look upward solely,—
Our love can bring no offerings that for thee
are meet.

Thou art our queen,—we bare our bosoms to
thy tread;
Thy empty throne for thee is waiting;
Tread on, all heedless still of love or hat-
ing!
Enough for us who kneel, to know thou art
not dead.

IRELAND.

SHE turns and tosses on her couch of pain,
Where cruel hands have stretched her,
spent and worn;
And by her side the weary watchers strain
Sad eyes to catch a gleam of halting morn.

She moans,—and every moan a true heart
rends,—
She sighs,—the fever hot in every limb,—
“Ah, God, whose love the humblest wretch
befriends,
Bid daylight break upon my eyelids dim!”

Oh! long the night!—and many a time and
oft,
We've thought, with throbbing pulse,—
“The dawn draws nigh!”
We've seen the clouds, illusive, break aloft,
And then with tenfold blackness mock
the eye.

Oh, long the night, and fierce the fever's
pain!
Once more we see pale glimmerings, far
off, play;—
We've hoped so oft, we dare not hope again,—
And yet,—if *this* indeed, at last, were *Day*?

WHAT SHALL WE WEEP FOR?

"Woe is me now! for my soul is wearied because of murderers.—*Jeremiah*.

SHALL we weep for thee, O my mother,—
shall we weep for the martyred land,—
For the queen that is prone in ashes, struck
down by a robber's hand?

Shall we weep for the fair green banner,
drowned deep in a sea of tears,—
For the golden harp that is broken, and
dumb with the rust of years?

Shall we weep for the children banished, or
for those crushed down to the brute,—
Crushed out of the semblance of human,
while Justice sits blind and mute?

For the peasant that died in torments,—for
the hero that battling fell,
For the martyr that slowly rotted in the
voiceless dungeon cell?

For the famine, the filth, and fever, the lash,
and the pitchcap, and sword,
For the homeless, coffinless corpses, flung
out on their native sward?

For the strong man that crept from prison,
old, helpless, and blind, to die,
For the soldier that bled for England, 'neath
many a hostile sky,—

Whom England, delighting to honor, gifts of
chains and a dungeon gave,
Till his brave heart broke with its anguish,
and he staggered from cell to grave?

Shall we weep for these, O my brothers?—
my brothers in pain and in love,—
For these who have suffered and perished,
and shine as the stars above?

Lo! yonder, like white-hot beacons, they
light up the path we should tread;
Pure flames on the heavenly watch-towers,—
shall we weep for those happy dead?

Nay, not for mother or children, nor for
centuries' woes we'll weep,
But we'll weep for the vengeance coming,
that waits, but shall never sleep.

Let us weep for the hand that's bloody with
many an innocent life;
Let us weep for those who have trampled
the defenceless down in the strife;

For the heart the Lord hath hardened, with
triumph, and spoil, and crown,
For the robber whose plundered kingdoms
never see the sun go down;

For the Scarlet Woman that's drunken with
the blood and tears of her slaves,
Who goes forth to slay with a psalm-tune,
and builds her churches on graves;

For her sons who rush out to murder, and
return with plunder and prayer,
Lifting up to the gentle Saviour, the red
hands that never spare;

For these, and the doom that is on them,
the spectre ghastly and gray,
Looming far in the haunted future, where
Nemesis waits her prey—

Let us weep, let us weep, my brothers! We
have heard but a whisper fall,
But we know the voice of the tempest, be it
ever so still and small.

To their God of Cant and Slaughter, they
shall cry in their hour of need,
But the true God shall rise and break them
as one that breaketh a reed.

Weep not for the wronged, but the wronger,
—the despot whom God hath cursed—
Holding off awhile till the floodgates of His
gathering wrath have burst,

For the wronged a moment's anguish,—for
the wronger damnation deep,—
He that soweth the wind shall surely for
harvest the whirlwind reap.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

Out from the grip of the slayer,
 Out from the jaws of hate,
 Out from the den of bloodhounds,
 Out from Gehenna's gate;
 Out from the felon's bondage,
 Out from the dungeon keep,
 Out from the valley of shadows,
 Out from the starless deep,
 Out from the purging tortures,
 Out from the sorrow and stress,
 Out from the roaring furnace,
 Out from the trodden press,—

He has come for a savior of men,
 He has come on a mission of glory,
 He has come to tell us again
 The olden evangelist's story !
 Now blessed the poor upon earth,
 Now blessed the hungry and weeping,
 For they shall have plenty for dearth,
 With joy returning and reaping;
 Now blessed the outcast and slave,
 Now blessed the scorned and the hated,
 The knights of the Gibbet and Grave,
 The mourners in ashes prostrated;
 For they shall arise from the dust,
 Though scattered and buried for æons;
 They shall know that Jehovah is just,—
 From Golgotha coming with pæans.

Back to the grip of the slayer,
 Back to the jaws of hate,
 Back to the den of bloodhounds,
 Back to Gehenna's gate;
 Back to the dungeon's threshold—
 Now may Christ the brave soul keep!—
 Back to the valley of shadows,
 Back to the starless deep,
 Back to the doom of martyrs,
 Back to the sorrow and stress,
 Back to the fiery furnace,
 Back to the bloody press,—

He has gone for a leader of men,
 He has gone on a kingly mission, [pen,
 With the prophet's fate-driven tongue and
 Heralding all our hopes' fruition.
 Thrice blessed the looser of chains !
 Thrice blessed the friend of the friendless !

The High-Priest whom Heaven ordains
 To sacrifice bitter and endless.
 Thrice blessed the loved of the vile,
 The mean and the abject and lowly !
 On him shall the Highest One smile,
 The earth that he treads shall be holy;
 Thrice blessed the consecrate hands
 That beckon to Liberty's portal
 The poor and despised of the lands,
 'Mid raptures and splendors immortal !

Out of the slime and the squalor,
 Out of the slough of despond,
 Out of the yoke of Egypt,
 Out of the gyve and bond;
 Out of the Stygian darkness,
 Out of the place of tombs,
 Out of the pitiful blindness,
 Out of the gulfs and glooms,
 Up to the heights of freedom,
 Up to the hills of light,
 Up to the holy places,
 Where the dim eyes see aright,—
 Up to the glory man hides from man,
 Up to the banned and shrouded altar,
 Rending the veil and breaking the ban,
 With the hands that shall never falter,
 Up to the truth in its inmost shrine,
 Leading the serfs that crouch and grovel,
 Turning the troubled waters to wine,
 Building a fane in every hovel;
 Ever and ever facing the day,
 Up and on to the radiance o'er him,
 He has gone to tread the martyr's way,
 With the martyr's cross before him;
 But the great white Star of Freedom's birth,
 Shall arise for the darkest nation,
 And the bound, the blind, the maimed of
 earth,
 From his ashes shall draw salvation.

TO MY FELLOW-WOMEN.

O LAST at the Cross, and first at the Grave,
 and first at the Rising too !
 Is there nothing left for your hearts to feel,
 or left for your hands to do ?

Have you lost your crown of the days of old,
as the mates of noble men?
Are you faint and fearful and witless now,
who were bold as the she-lions then?

Are you playthings now, who were heroes'
guides? are you dolls, who were
queens on earth?

Have you stepped with a simper from your
thrones, and strangled your souls at
birth?

Priestess and prophetess shrined of yore,—
have you naught of their breath di-
vine?

Vala of North and Sybil of South,—have
they perished in all their line?

Have you heard of the warrior queens who
shed on your country's dawn a glow?
Of Scota and Eirè and Meabhdh, who flash
from the shadows of long ago?—

When the mothers of Erin fed their babes
from the sword-point bright and bare,
And the Druidess flew in the battle's van, by
the burning torches' glare?

Have you heard of the maiden saints who
bore the Lamp of the Holy Chrism,
While the glory streamed from their hal-
lowed hands o'er the heathen's dark
abysm?

Of the "Mary of Ireland," pure and wise,
and Ida, the blessed nun,

Like the Heralds of Pars,* sent forth be-
fore, to usher the bursting sun?

Have you heard of the woman fair and foul,
o'er whose shame no softening veil
Shall ever be drawn by the mournful years,
while they hear her lost land's wail?

Yea, hers was the crime, and *yours* is the
stain till Erin shall rise up crowned,
When the women of Erin loose the chain
that the hands of a woman bound.

But bitter the ban, and black the brand,
that is heavy upon your brows,
While your country cries and your sisters
starve, and never an hour ye rouse;

But ye sweep in your silks and laces here,
in your new-found honors proud,
While "over the stream" the corpse-lips
call, from many a woman's shroud.

Remember the olden times, when the Lord
looked down on the Hebrew dames,
Who walked with the tinkling feet, and
loved the glory that only shames;
How He gave them for robes a sackcloth, for
a girdle He gave a rent,
And for beauty He gave a burning, and a
stench for a delicate scent.

They heard not the groans of the poor, and
they saw not the wreck of their land,
They smiled to the lordly oppressor, and
fawned to the plunderer's hand;
Till God rose up in His wrath, and smote
the crown of each haughty head,
And on the road that the beggar had trod,
made the mincing feet to tread.

The Lord is living, the Lord that judged,
that humbled the wanton then;
Each speeding moment His word goes out,
like the clarion's peal to men.
But their ears are deaf,—they will not hear,
till the stars shall topple and fall,
And the pride of earth shall shrivel and
pass, and be seen no more at all.

Then the Voices that tempt, the Voices that
stun, shall be mute for evermore,—
The Voices that drown the shriek of the
poor, when the burden presses sore,—
They shall cease,—the quibble and gibe and
lie, the casuist's bloodless sneers,
And the voice of God shall speak on alone,
thro' the everlasting years.

O sisters! tenderest hearts on earth, are
your bosoms turned to stone?
O cruel sisters! have you no ears for a dy-
ing people's moan?
O cruel sisters! have you no eyes for the
tears pressed out by wrong?—
The tears that the world is weary to see,
they have flowed so fast and long.

* Pars—Persia.

The dropping of tears—the dripping of blood
—oh, the world is sick at heart !
It points to us with an angry scorn, saying,
—“ See how they stand apart !
’Tis all for glitter, or all for greed, or all for
a mushroom’s rise;
Shall strangers pity or help when these go
by with averted eyes ? ”

Far down the echoing aisles of the Past
comes the tread of stately feet,
Where Jewess and Pagan and Christian
shrined in an equal glory meet;
There Judith walks with the virgin Joan,
and Miriam chants of Egypt’s seas,
And she that bore the Gracchi is there, and
she that suckled the Maccabees.

Is there never a name on all our roll of noble
women and fair,
That is worthy the lustre of such as these to
grandly win and wear ?
Shall a woman’s hand be the first to raise
the banner that leads the free
In every land that hath rent its bonds, save
alone, O Erin, in thee ?

The sisters whose palms ye would scarcely
touch, whose palms are rugged with
toil,
From penury’s store they have given like
queens, and poured out the wine and
oil;
The hot Irish heart, is it dead in the breasts
of you who have gold and power ?
Can never a *lady* of all put on the *woman*
again for an hour ?

Nay, well I know that the patriot’s path
hath naught of delight to show;
Nay, well I know that for woman and man
the thorns of the martyr grow;
The trail of blood from the pilloried feet
that climb ’mid cursing and scorn,
Points ever the way, and the one straight
way, that leads to the hills of morn.

The King of the children of men hath spread
His feast for you and for me;
Ye must eat of an ashen bread, and drink
the wine from a bitter tree;

Who would sup with the Lord in Paradise
must taste of the pariah’s food,
Who would rest with the Lord in Paradise,
must carry with Him the Rood.

Oh, women of Ireland, make you a name that
the world shall hear and thrill !
Oh, women of Ireland, this is no time for
babbling or sitting still;
No time is it now to doubt and quail,—there
is holiest work to do,—
The harvest of Fate is ripe this day, and God
and your country have need of you.

JOHN DILLON.

“ Pater nobilis, filius nobilior.”

LIKE Spain’s young Cid of yore, methought
I saw thee rise,
The mystic inner glow thro’ thy pale fea-
tures shining;
Rodrigo’s fiery soul was leaping from thine
eyes,—
Spain’s Red-Cross flag with blazoned sham-
rocks round thee twining.

I heard thee speak, and dreamed of Galahad
the chaste,
Of Launcelot the brave, and Arthur’s
kingly glory;
Mailed shadows on thy form the helm and
hauberk placed,
And bade thee forth, to take up knight-
hood’s broken story.

The voice of Art McMurrough thundered
thro’ thy tongue,
Of John the Proud, whose true heart—
Bloody Bess disdaining—
By those twin snakes of craft and greed to
death was stung
Whose rank trail still the banners of the
Scot is staining.

Methought the murdered Desmond raised
his blood-scored throat
Uptowered the Three Great Earls, who
fought and fled despairing;

Forth gleamed our Owen Roe who first the
Roundheads smote,
Then died, with single arm his country's
flag upbearing.

Around thee still I saw the great souls
thronging fast,—
Grattan, the golden-tongued, whose breast
with storms was swelling;
The Geraldine, of all his race's heroes, *last*,
With wild Norse blood against the Saxon
churl rebelling.

Wolfe Tone!— ah! let the head be bowed,
the voice be hushed!
See you the livid veins that gape with
mournful quiver?
Martyr, self-slain! the blood that from thy
sad heart gushed,
'Twixt Celt and Saxon flows, a black and
bridgeless river.

Tread softly yet again! we stand on holy
ground!
Emmet, our nation's Bayard, 'gainst for-
lorn hope hoping;
In him some knight of Aiteach's grot, long
slumber-bound,
Woke up, with baffled fingers for the dead
Past groping,

A giant Form I saw that loomed out dim
and vast,
A great, broad brow of might, yet stamped
with endless yearning;
O'Connell! thou whose labors all men's have
o'er-past,
Though for thy guerdon only failure's
anguish earning.

Fret not thy noble heart! no hero *fails in vain*;
Lo! Sampson in his wreck the Pagan hosts
o'er-throwing;
Lo! Herakles, the half-god, rent with such
vast pain,
As only they who serve their race win right
of knowing.

Behold Prometheus! lover of the darkened
world;
The grim gods cursed with death the flame
he gave for blessing,
Yet—to his rock of torture by their ven-
geance hurled—
He only smiled,— his soul in triumph still
possessing.

And on they came!—Lo, Davis! he whose
meteor soul
As in Elijah's fiery chariot, heavenward
sweeping,
Threw down the patriot's mantle and the
poet's scroll,
That Erin's mournful Genius still un-
touched is keeping.

Yet more! the men who thro' the white-hot
furnace walked,
Like Rome's live torches, quenched in
pain's last radiation—
Mitchel, whose tongue the thunders of the
war-god talked,
Teaching the one old way where lies the
serf's salvation.

O'Brien, he who smote his fellows on the
face,—
The clan of lordlings, born from rapine
and oppression,—
And, turning, stung with grand disdain of
caste and race,
Went out and joined the patriots' pariah
procession.

And still they came,—till space shall fail to
tell their names;
Thousands of hero shades around thy
young head sweeping;
The air was filled with splendors, as when
heavenly flames
O'er apostolic brows the Spirit's watch
were keeping

Thy sponsors these, young chief, thy com-
rades to the fray;
In all their pangs and joys thou shalt be
made partaker;

They shall be there to choke the landlord
from his prey,
They shall be there to give the lie to peer
and Quaker.

The path before thy feet climbs brightening
to the stars;
These champion souls that fell shall never
bid thee falter;
Better to strive and fall, decked but with
warfare's scars,
And immolate e'en Fame, on Freedom's
holy altar.

Ah! darkly lies Gethsemane around thee
now!
In bloody sweat the kings of earth must
write their story,
But on the Mount, high o'er the clouds, thy
wounded brow,
Like Gabriel's who slew the Worm, shall
shine in glory.

BUCKSHOT FORSTER.

"Your hands are defiled with blood, and your
fingers with iniquity; your lips have spoken lies,
your tongue hath uttered perversities."—*Isaiah*.

O **FALLEN** inheritor of a glorious faith,
By martyr souls unspotted handed down,
Behold up-looming sadly Fox's stern-browed
wraith,
Sore stricken for his blood-polluted crown!

Behold the tongue-pierc'd Naylor of the fiery
heart,
And brain with sacred frenzy all dis-
traught!

The stately shade of Penn, who chose the
outcast's part,
So hotly in his breast Love's magic
wrought!

Penn, who has taught a wolfish world that
love can reign
Where hate and rapine gnash decrepit jaws;

Penn, who has taught a knavish world that
truth can gain
The savage mind to serve her own sweet
laws.

O clean-lipped founder of a race of Nature's
kings!

Men of the steadfast will and gentle word,
Men to whose helping hands the crushed
wretch ever clings,

Whose feet in mercy's ways are ever
spurred,—

From them the red-skin learned *some* white
men could be true,

Some Christians yet could scorn the tongue
of guile;

Not *They* betrayed the heathen of the tawny
hue,

To add new treasures to the Christian's
pile.

Far o'er the ocean rose a cry from myriad
lips,

From myriad dying lips that moaned for
bread;

Oh! fast on Irish backs fell England's scor-
pion whips,

And hard on Irish hearts the crushing
Saxon tread.

But these men heard;—their sires had fled
from England's hate,

That cruel Motherland that knew them
not,—

With feet love-shod and hands to bounty
consecrate,

They fought back death in many a helot's
cot.

O men of men! not tongue of mine can tell
your praise,

True servants of the Christ, you shone for
all;

Yet as in loveliest rose-hearts, oft our startled
gaze

On some foul birth of wriggling slime will
fall,—

So falls our gaze on one, who on your snowy
roll

Leaves thick and dark a blot of lasting
shame,—

He who for power's tenure sells his faith and
soul,

And bears a bloody label to his name,—

The man of peace, the man of truth, 'mid
Saxon friends,

Who bless the day they found their smooth-
faced tool;

The man of lies, the man of blood, when
Saxon ends

Demand that force and fraud again shall
rule!

The man of murder! hark, from many a
reddened field,

I hear the shrieks of butchered serfs up-
rise:

Stand forth, Assassin! with thy crimson
hands revealed;

That guiltless blood *thy* name to Heaven
cries.

Ay, Buckshot Forster! baptized thus in bit-
ter jest,

Angels at God's stern bar shall call thee
so;

With measure thou hast meted, God shall
fill thy breast,

And mercy such as thine, thy soul shall
know.

"'Twere more humane," thus *meant* thy
pharisaic speech,

"To slay a hundred than to slay but one!"
New doctrines to delight thy masters thou

canst preach;

Let Cromwell blush, and own himself out-
done!

That grim old warrior slew, but never whined
that love,

Love for his victims, drove him forth to
slay;

'Twas not the gentle mercy dropping from
above,

That urged him raging on his helpless
prey.

Go on, O Friend! and make our land one
peaceful grave;

Thus shall the lustre of thy greatness
blaze;

A little buckshot thus a suffering land shall
save,

And wreathe thy Quaker hat with Hay-
nau's bays.

POEMS OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE FAME OF THE CITY.

A GREAT rich city of power and pride,
With streets full of traders, and ships on the
tide;
With rich men and workmen and judges
and preachers,
The shops full of skill and the schools full
of teachers.

The people were proud of their opulent town:
The rich men spent millions to bring it re-
nown,
The strong men built and the tradesmen
planned,
The shipmen sailed to every land,
The lawyers argued, the schoolmen taught,
And a poor shy Poet his verses brought,
And cast them into the splendid store.

The tradesmen stared at his useless craft;
The rich men sneered and the strong men
laughed;
The preachers said it was worthless quite;
The schoolmen claimed it was theirs to write;
But the songs were spared, though they
added nought
To the profit and praise the people sought,
That was wafted at last from distant climes;
And the townsmen said: "To remotest
times
We shall send our name and our greatness
down!"

The boast came true; but the famous town
Had a lesson to learn when all was told:
The nations that honored cared nought for
its gold,
Its skill they exceeded an hundred-fold;
It had only been one of a thousand more,
Had the songs of the Poet been lost to its
store.

Then the rich men and tradesmen and
schoolmen said
They had never derided, but praised instead;
And they boast of the Poet their town has
bred.

HEART-HUNGER.

THERE is no truth in faces, save in children:
They laugh and frown and weep from na-
ture's keys;
But we who meet the world give out false
notes,
The true note dying muffled in the heart.

O, there be woful prayers and piteous wail-
ing,
That spirits hear, from lives that starve for
love!
The body's food is bread; and wretches' cries
Are heard and answered: but the spirit's
food
Is love; and hearts that starve may die in
agony
And no physician mark the cause of death.

You cannot read the faces; they are masks,—
Like yonder woman, smiling at the lips,
Silk-clad, jewelled, lapped with luxury,
And beautiful and young—ay, smiling at
the lips,
But never in the eyes from inner light:
A gracious temple hung with flowers with-
out—
Within, a naked corpse upon the stones!

O, years and years ago the hunger came—
The desert-thirst for love—she prayed for
love—

She cried out in the night-time of her soul
for love!

The cup they gave was poison whipped to
froth.

For years she drank it, knowing it for death;
She shrieked in soul against it, but must
drink:

The skies were dumb—she dared not swoon
or scream.

As Indian mothers see babes die for food,
She watched dry-eyed beside her starving
heart,

And only sobbed in secret for its gasps,
And only raved one wild hour when it died !

O Pain, have pity ! Numb her quivering
sense;

O Fame, bring guerdon ! Thrice a thousand
years

Thy boy-thief with the fox beneath his cloak
Hath let it gnaw his side unmoved, and held
the world;

And she, a slight woman, smiling at the lips,
With repartee and jest—a corpse-heart in
her breast !

JACQUEMINOTS.

I MAY not speak in words, dear, but let my
words be flowers,

To tell their crimson secret in leaves of
fragrant fire;

They plead for smiles and kisses as summer
fields for showers,

And every purple veinlet thrills with ex-
quisite desire.

O, let me see the glance, dear, the gleam of
soft confession

You give my amorous roses for the tender
hope they prove;

And press their heart-leaves back, love, to
drink their deeper passion,

For their sweetest, wildest perfume is the
whisper of my love !

My roses, tell her, pleading, all the fondness
and the sighing,

All the longing of a heart that reaches
thirsting for its bliss,

And tell her, tell her, roses, that my lips
and eyes are dying

For the melting of her love-look and the
rapture of her kiss.

MY NATIVE LAND.

It chanced to me upon a time to sail

Across the Southern Ocean to and fro;

And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale

Of sensuous blessing did we ofttimes go.

And months of dreamy joys, like joys in
sleep,

Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy
stone,

Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless
sweep,

And left us yearning still for lands un-
known.

And when we found one,—for 'tis soon to find

In thousand-isled Cathay another isle,—

For one short noon its treasures filled the
mind,

And then again we yearned, and ceased
to smile—

And so it was, from isle to isle we passed,

Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or
lips;

And when that all was tasted, then at last

We thirsted sore for draughts instead of
sips.

I learned from this there is no Southern land

Can fill with love the hearts of Northern
men.

Sick minds need change; but, when in health
they stand

'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home
again.

And thus with me it was: the yearning
turned

From laden airs of cinnamon away,

And stretched far westward, while the full
heart burned

With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay !

My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief !

My land, that has no peer in all the sea
For verdure, vale, or river, flower or leaf,—

If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the
first

Is deepest yet,—the mother's breath and
smiles:

Like that kind face and breast where I was
nursed

Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

O BEAUTEOUS Southland ! land of yellow air,
That hangeth o'er thee slumbering, and
doth hold

The moveless foliage of thy valleys fair
And wooded hills, like aureole of gold.

O thou, discovered ere the fitting time,
Ere Nature in completion turned thee
forth !

Ere aught was finished but thy peerless clime,
Thy virgin breath allured the amorous
North.

O land, God made thee wondrous to the eye !
But His sweet singers thou hast never
heard;

He left thee, meaning to come by-and-by,
And give rich voice to every bright-winged
bird.

He painted with fresh hues thy myriad
flowers,

But left them scentless: ah ! their woful
dole,

Like sad reproach of their Creator's pow-
ers,—

To make so sweet fair bodies, void of soul.

He gave thee trees of odorous, precious wood;
But midst them all, bloomed not one tree
of fruit.

He looked, but said not that His work was
good,

When leaving thee all perfumeless and
mute.

He blessed thy flowers with honey: every
bell

Looks earthward, sunward, with a yearn-
ing wist;

But no bee-lover ever notes the swell

Of hearts, like lips, a-hungering to be kist.

O strange land, thou art virgin ! thou art
more

Than fig-tree barren ! Would that I could
paint

For others' eyes the glory of the shore

Where last I saw thee; but the senses
faint

In soft delicious dreaming when they drain
Thy wine of color. Virgin fair thou art,
All sweetly fruitful, waiting with soft pain
The spouse who comes to wake thy sleep-
ing heart.

WAITING.

HE is coming ! he is coming ! in my throb-
bing breast I feel it;

There is music in my blood, and it whis-
pers all day long,

That my love unknown comes toward me !

Ah, my heart, he need not steal it,

For I cannot hide the secret that it mur-
murs in its song !

O the sweet bursting flowers ! how they
open, never blushing,

Laying bare their fragrant bosoms to the
kisses of the sun !

And the birds—I thought 'twas poets only
read their tender gushing,

But I hear their pleading stories, and I
know them every one.

"He is coming!" says my heart; I may
raise my eyes and greet him;
I may meet him any moment—shall I
know him when I see?

And my heart laughs back the answer—I
can tell him when I meet him,

For our eyes will kiss and mingle ere he
speaks a word to me.

O, I'm longing for his coming—in the dark
my arms outreaching;

To hasten you, my love, see, I lay my
bosom bare!

Ah, the night-wind! I shudder, and my
hands are raised beseeching—

It wailed so light a death-sigh that passed
me in the air!

LIVING.

To toil all day and lie worn-out at night;
To rise for all the years to slave and sleep,
And breed new broods to do no other thing
In toiling, bearing, breeding—life is this
To myriad men, too base for man or brute.

To serve for common duty, while the brain
Is hot with high desire to be distinct;
To fill the sand-grain place among the stones
That build the social wall in million same-
ness,

Is life by leave, and death by insignificance.

To live the morbid years, with dripping blood
Of sacrificial labor for a Thought;

To take the dearest hope and lay it down
Beneath the crushing wheels for love of
Freedom;

To bear the sordid jeers of cant and trade,
And go on hewing for a far ideal,—
This were a life worth giving to a cause,
If cause be found so worth a martyr life.

But highest life of man, nor work nor sacri-
fice,

But utter seeing of the things that be!
To pass amid the hurrying crowds, and watch

The hungry race for things of vulgar use;
To mark the growth of baser lines in men;
To note the bending to a servile rule;
To know the natural discord called disease
That rots like rust the blood and souls of
men;

To test the wisdoms and philosophies by
touch

Of that which is immutable, being clear,
The beam God opens to the poet's brain;
To see with eyes of pity laboring souls
Strive upward to the Freedom and the
Truth,

And still be backward dragged by fear and
ignorance;

To see the beauty of the world, and hear
The rising harmony of growth, whose shade
Of undertone is harmonized decay;
To know that love is life—that blood is one
And rushes to the union—that the heart
Is like a cup athirst for wine of love;

Who sees and feels this meaning utterly,
The wrong of law, the right of man, the
natural truth,

Partaking not of selfish aims, withholding
not

The word that strengthens and the hand that
helps;

Who waits and sympathizes with the pettiest
life,

And loves all things, and reaches up to God
With thanks and blessing—he alone is living.

HER REFRAIN.

"Do you love me?" she said, when the skies
were blue,

And we walked where the stream through
the branches glistened;

And I told and retold her my love was true,
While she listened and smiled, and smiled
and listened.

"Do you love me?" she whispered, when days
were drear,

And her eyes searched mine with a patient
yearning;

And I kissed her, renewing the words so dear,

While she listened and smiled, as if slowly learning.

"Do you love me?" she asked, when we sat at rest

By the stream enshadowed with autumn glory;

Her cheek had been laid as in peace on my breast,

But she raised it to ask for the sweet old story.

And I said: "I will tell her the tale again—

I will swear by the earth and the stars above me!" [prove

And I told her that uttermost time should The fervor and faith of my perfect love;

And I vowed it and pledged it that nought should move;

While she listened and smiled in my face, and then

She whispered once more, "Do you truly love me?"

A SAVAGE.

DIXON, a Choctaw, twenty years of age,

Had killed a miner in a Leadville brawl;

Tried and condemned, the rough-beards curb their rage,

And watch him stride in freedom from the hall.

"Return on Friday, to be shot to death!"

So ran the sentence—it was Monday night. The dead man's comrades drew a well-pleased breath;

Then all night long the gambling dens were bright.

The days sped slowly; but the Friday came, And flocked the miners to the shooting-ground;

They chose six riflemen of deadly aim

And with low voices sat and lounged around.

"He will not come." "He's not a fool."

"The men

Who set the savage free must face the blame."

A Choctaw brave smiled bitterly, and then Smiled proudly, with raised head, as Dixon came.

Silent and stern—a woman at his heels;

He motions to the brave, who stays her tread.

Next minute—flame the guns; the woman reels

And drops without a moan—Dixon is dead.

LOVE'S SECRET.

Love found them sitting in a woodland place,

His amorous hand amid her golden tresses;

And Love looked smiling on her glowing face

And moistened eyes upturned to his caresses.

"O sweet," she murmured, "life is utter bliss!"

"Dear heart," he said, "our golden cup runs over!"

"Drink, love," she cried, "and thank the gods for this!"

He drained the precious lips of cup and lover.

Love blessed the kiss; but, ere he wandered thence,

The mated bosoms heard this benediction:

*"Love lies within the brimming bowl of sense:
Who keeps this full has joy—who drains,
affliction."*

They heard the rustle as he smiling fled:

She reached her hand to pull the roses blowing.

He stretched to take the purple grapes o'er-head;

Love whispered back, "*Nay, keep their
beauties growing.*"

They paused, and understood: one flower
alone

They took and kept, and Love flew smil-
ing over.

Their roses bloomed, their cup went brim-
ming on—

She looked for Love within, and found
her lover.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

Love's Herald flew o'er all the fields of
Greece,

Crying: "Love's altar waits for sacrifice!"
And all folk answered, like a wave of peace,
With treasured offerings and gifts of price.

Toward high Olympus every white road filled
With pilgrims streaming to the blest
abode;

Each bore rich tribute, some for joys fulfilled,
And some for blisses lingering on the road.

The pious peasant drives his laden car;
The fisher youth bears treasure from the
sea;

A wife brings honey for the sweets that are;
A maid brings roses for the sweets to be.

Here strides the soldier with his wreathèd
sword,

No more to glitter in his country's wars;
There walks the poet with his mystic word,
And smiles at Eros' mild recruit from
Mars.

But midst these bearers of propitious gifts,
Behold where two, a youth and maiden,
stand:

She bears no boon; his arm no burden lifts,
Save her dear finger pressed within his
hand.

Their touch ignites the soft delicious fire,
Whose rays the very altar-flames eclipse;
Their eyes are on each other—sweet desire
And yearning passion tremble on their lips.

So fair—so strong! Ah, Love! what errant
wiles

Have brought these two so poor and so
unblest?

But see! Instead of anger, Cupid smiles;
And lo! he crowns their sacrifice as best!

Their hands are empty, but their hearts are
filled;

Their gifts so rare for all the host suffice:
Beore the altar is their life-wine spilled—
The love they long for is their sacrifice.

AT FREDERICKSBURG.—DEC. 13,
1862.

God send us peace, and keep red strife away;
But should it come, God send us men and
steel!

The land is dead that dare not face the day
When foreign danger threatens the common
weal.

Defenders strong are they that homes defend;
From ready arms the spoiler keeps afar.
Well blest the country that has sons to lend
From trades of peace to learn the trade of
war.

Thrice blest the nation that has every son
A soldier, ready for the warning sound;
Who marches homeward when the fight is
done,
To swing the hammer and to till the
ground.

Call back that morning, with its lurid light,
When through our land the awful war-
bell tolled;
When lips were mute, and women's faces
white
As the pale cloud that out from Sumter
rolled.

Call back that morn: an instant all were
dumb,
As if the shot had struck the Nation's life;

Then cleared the smoke, and rolled the calling drum,
And men streamed in to meet the coming strife.

They closed the ledger and they stilled the loom,
The plough left rusting in the prairie farm;
They saw but "Union" in the gathering gloom;
The tearless women helped the men to arm;

Brigades from towns—each village sent its band:

German and Irish—every race and faith;
There was no question then of native land,
But—love the Flag and follow it to death.

No need to tell their tale: through every age
The splendid story shall be sung and said;
But let me draw one picture from the page—
For words of song embalm the hero dead.

The smooth hill is bare, and the cannons are planted,

Like Gorgon fates shading its terrible brow;

The word has been passed that the stormers are wanted,

And Burnside's battalions are mustering now.

The armies stand by to behold the dread meeting;

The work must be done by a desperate few;

The black-mouthed guns on the height give them greeting—

From gun-mouth to plain every grass blade in view.

Strong earthworks are there, and the rifles behind them

Are Georgian militia—an Irish brigade—

Their caps have green badges, as if to remind them

Of all the brave record their country has made.

The stormers go forward—the Federals cheer them;

They breast the smooth hillside—the black mouths are dumb;

The riflemen lie in the works till they near them,

And cover the stormers as upward they come.

Was ever a death-march so grand and so solemn?

At last, the dark summit with flame is enlined;

The great guns belch doom on the sacrificed column,

That reels from the height, leaving hundreds behind.

The armies are hushed—there is no cause for cheering:

The fall of brave men to brave men is a pain.

Again come the stormers! and as they are nearing

The flame-sheeted rifle-lines, reel back again.

And so till full noon come the Federal masses—

Flung back from the height, as the cliff flings a wave;

Brigade on brigade to the death-struggle passes,

No wavering rank till it steps on the grave.

Then comes a brief lull, and the smoke-pall is lifted,

The green of the hillside no longer is seen;
The dead soldiers lie as the sea-weed is drifted,

The earthworks still held by the badges of green.

Have they quailed? is the word. No: again they are forming—

Again comes a column to death and defeat!

What is it in these who shall now do the storming

That makes every Georgian spring to his feet?

"O God! what a pity!" they cry in their cover,

As rifles are readied and bayonets made tight;

"'Tis Meagher and his fellows! their caps
 have green clover;
 'Tis Greek to Greek now for the rest of
 the fight!"

Twelve hundred the column, their rent flag
 before them,
 With Meagher at their head, they have
 dashed at the hill!

Their foemen are proud of the country that
 bore them;
 But, Irish in love, they are enemies still.
 Out rings the fierce word, "Let them have
 it!" the rifles
 Are emptied point-blank in the hearts of
 the foe:

It is green against green but a principle
 stifles
 The Irishman's love in the Georgian's
 blow.

The column has reeled, but it is not de-
 feated;
 In front of the guns they re-form and at-
 tack;

Six times they have done it, and six times
 retreated;
 Twelve hundred they came, and two hun-
 dred go back.

Two hundred go back with the chivalrous
 story;
 The wild day is closed in the night's sol-
 emn shroud;

A thousand lie dead, but their death was a
 glory
 That calls not for tears—the Green Badges
 are proud!

Bright honor be theirs who for honor were
 fearless,
 Who charged for their flag to the grim
 cannon's mouth;

And honor to them who were true, though
 not tearless,—
 Who bravely that day kept the cause of
 the South.

The quarrel is done—God avert such another;
 The lesson it brought we should evermore
 heed:

Who loveth the Flag is a man and a brother,
 No matter what birth or what race or what
 creed.

RELEASED—JANUARY, 1878.*

THEY are free at last! They can face the
 sun;
 Their hearts now throb with the world's
 pulsation;

Their prisons are open—their night is done;
 'Tis England's mercy and reparation!

The years of their doom have slowly sped—
 Their limbs are withered—their ties are
 riven;

Their children are scattered, their friends
 are dead—
 But the prisons are open—the "crime"
 forgiven.

God! what a threshold they stand upon:
 The world has passed on while they were
 buried;

In the glare of the sun they walk alone
 On the grass-grown track where the crowd
 has hurried.

Haggard and broken and seared with pain,
 They seek the remembered friends and
 places:

Men shuddering turn, and gaze again
 At the deep-drawn lines on their altered
 faces.

What do they read on the pallid page?
 What is the tale of these woful letters?
 A lesson as old as their country's age,
 Of a love that is stronger than stripes and
 fetters.

In the blood of the slain some dip their blade,
 And swear by the stain to follow:
 But a deadlier oath might here be made,
 On the wasted bodies and faces hollow.

Irishmen! You who have kept the peace—
 Look on these forms diseased and broken:
 Believe, if you can, that their late release,
 When their lives are sapped, is a good-will
 token.

* On the 5th of January, 1878, three of the Irish political prisoners, who had been confined since 1866, were set at liberty. The released men were received by their fellow-countrymen in London. "They are well," said the report, "but they look prematurely old."

Their hearts are the bait on England's hook;
 For this are they dragged from her hope-
 less prison;
 She reads her doom in the Nations' book—
 She fears the day that has darkly risen;

She reaches her hand for Ireland's aid—
 Ireland, scourged, contemned, derided;
 She begs from the beggar her hate has made;
 She seeks for the strength her guile di-
 vided.

She offers a bribe—ah, God above !
 Behold the price of the desecration:
 The hearts she has tortured for Irish love
 She brings as a bribe to the Irish nation !

O, blind and cruel ! She fills her cup
 With conquest and pride, till its red wine
 splashes:
 But shrieks at the draught as she drinks it
 up—
 Her wine has been turned to blood and
 ashes.

We know her—our Sister ! Come on the
 storm !
 God send it soon and sudden upon her:
 The race she has shattered and sought to
 deform
 Shall laugh as she drinks the black dis-
 honor.

A NATION'S TEST.

READ AT THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL IN BOSTON,
 ON AUGUST 6, 1875,

I.

A NATION's greatness lies in men, not acres;
 One master-mind is worth a million hands.
 No royal robes have marked the planet-
 shakers,
 But Samson-strength to burst the ages'
 bands.
 The might of empire gives no crown super-
 nal—
 Athens is here—but where is Macedon?

A dozen lives make Greece and Rome eter-
 nal,
 And England's fame might safely rest on
 one.

Here test and text are drawn from Nature's
 preaching:

Afric and Asia—half the rounded earth—
 In teeming lives the solemn truth are teach-
 ing,

That insect-millions may have human
 birth.

Sun-kissed and fruitful, every clod is breed-
 ing

A petty life, too small to reach the eye:
 So must it be, with no Man thinking, lead-
 ing,

The generations creep their course and die.

Hapless the lands, and doomed amid the
 races,

That give no answer to this royal test;
 Their toiling tribes will droop ignoble faces,
 Till earth in pity takes them back to rest,
 A vast monotony may not be evil,

But God's light tells us it cannot be good;
 Valley and hill have beauty—but the level
 Must bear a shadeless and a stagnant
 brood.

II.

I bring the touchstone, Motherland, to thee,
 And test thee trembling, fearing thou
 shouldst fail;

If fruitless, sonless, thou wert proved to be,
 Ah, what would love and memory avail?

Brave land ! God has blest thee !

Thy strong heart I feel,

As I touch thee and test thee—

Dear land ! As the steel

To the magnet flies upward, so rises thy
 breast,

With a motherly pride to the touch of the
 test.

III.

See ! she smiles beneath the touchstone,
 looking on her distant youth,
 Looking down her line of leaders and of
 workers for the truth.

Ere the Teuton, Norseman, Briton, left the
 primal woodland spring,
 When their rule was might and rapine, and
 their law a painted king;
 When the sun of art and learning still was
 in the Orient;
 When the pride of Babylonia under Cyrus'
 hand was shent;
 When the sphinx's introverted eye turned
 fresh from Egypt's guilt;
 When the Persian bowed to Athens; when
 the Parthenon was built;
 When the Macedonian climax closed the
 Commonwealths of Greece;
 When the wrath of Roman manhood burst
 on Tarquin for Lucrece—
 Then was Erin rich in knowledge—thence
 from out her Ollamh's store—
 Kenned to-day by students only—grew her
 ancient *Senchus More*;^{*}
 Then were reared her mighty builders, who
 made temples to the sun—
 There they stand—the old Round Towers—
 showing how their work was done:
 Thrice a thousand years upon them—sham-
 ing all our later art—
 Warning fingers raised to tell us we must
 build with reverent heart.

Ah, we call thee Mother Erin! Mother thou
 in right of years;
 Mother in the large fruition—mother in the
 joys and tears.
 All thy life has been a symbol—we can only
 read a part:
 God will flood thee yet with sunshine for
 the woes that drench thy heart.
 All thy life has been symbolic of a human
 mother's life:
 Youth's sweet hopes and dreams have van-
 ished, and the travail and the strife
 Are upon thee in the present; but thy work
 until to-day
 Still has been for truth and manhood—and
 it shall not pass away:

Justice lives, though judgment lingers—an-
 gels' feet are heavy shod—
 But a planet's years are moments in th' eter-
 nal day of God!

IV.

Out from the valley of death and tears,
 From the war and want of a thousand years,
 From the mark of sword and the rust of
 chain,
 From the smoke and blood of the penal laws,
 The Irish men and the Irish cause
 Come out in the front of the field again!

What says the stranger to such a vitality?
 What says the statesman to this nationality?
 Flung on the shore of a sea of defeat,
 Hardly the swimmers have sprung to their
 feet,

When the nations are thrilled by a clarion-
 word,
 And Burke, the philosopher-statesman, is
 heard.

When shall his equal be? Down from the
 stellar height

Sees he the planet and all on its girth—
 India, Columbia, and Europe—his eagle-
 sight

Sweeps at a glance all the wrong upon
 earth.

Races or sects were to him a profanity:

Hindoo and Negro and Kelt were as one;
 Large as mankind was his splendid humanity,
 Large in its record the work he has done.

V.

What need to mention men of minor note,
 When there be minds that all the heights
 attain?

What school-boy knoweth not the hand that
 wrote

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the
 plain?"

What man that speaketh English e'er can
 lift

* "*Senchus More*," or *Great Law*, the title of the Brehon Laws, translated by O'Donovan and O'Curry. Ollamh Fola, who reigned 900 years B. C., organized a triennial parliament at Tara, of the chiefs, priests, and bards, who digested the laws into a record called the Psalter of

Tara. Ollamh Fola founded schools of history, medicine, philosophy, poetry, and astronomy, which were protected by his successors. Kimbath (450 B.C.) and Hugony (300 B.C.) also promoted the civil interests of the kingdom in a remarkable manner.

His voice 'mid scholars, who hath missed
 the lore
 Of Berkeley, Curran, Sheridan, and Swift,
 The art of Foley and the songs of Moore?
 Grattan and Flood and Emmet—where is he
 That hath not learned respect for such as
 these?
 Who loveth humor, and hath yet to see
 Lover and Prout and Lever and Maclise?

VI.

Great men grow greater by the lapse of time:
 We know those least whom we have seen
 the latest;
 And they, 'mong those whose names have
 grown sublime,
 Who worked for Human Liberty, are
 greatest.

And now for one who allied will to work,
 And thought to act, and burning speech
 to thought;
 Who gained the prizes that were seen by
 Burke—
 Burke felt the wrong—O'Connell felt, and
 fought.

Ever the same—from boyhood up to death
 His race was crushed—his people were de-
 famed;
 He found the spark, and fanned it with his
 breath,
 And fed the fire, till all the nation flamed!

He roused the farms—he made the serf a
 yeoman;
 He drilled his millions and he faced the
 foe;
 But not with lead or steel he struck the foe-
 man:
 Reason the sword—and human right the
 blow.

He fought for home—but no land-limit
 bounded
 O'Connell's faith, nor curbed his sympa-
 thies;

All wrong to liberty must be confounded,
 Till men were chainless as the winds and
 seas.

He fought for faith—but with no narrow
 spirit;
 With ceaseless hand the bigot laws he
 smote;
 One chart, he said, all mankind should in-
 herit,—
 The right to worship and the right to
 vote.

Always the same—but yet a glinting prism:
 In wit, law, statecraft, still a master-hand;
 An "uncrowned king," whose people's love
 was chrisim;
 His title—Liberator of his Land!

"His heart's in Rome, his spirit is in heav-
 en"—
 So runs the old song that his people sing;
 A tall Round Tower they builded in Glas-
 nevin—
 Fit Irish headstone for an Irish king!

VII.

O Motherland! there is no cause to doubt
 thee;
 Thy mark is left on every shore to-day.
 Though grief and wrong may cling like robes
 about thee,
 Thy motherhood will keep thee queen al-
 way.
 In faith and patience working, and believing
 Not power alone can make a noble state:

Whate'er the land, though all things else
 conceiving,
 Unless it breed great men, it is not great.
 Go on, dear land, and midst the generations
 Send out strong men to cry the word aloud;
 Thy niche is empty still amidst the nations—
 Go on in faith, and God must raise the
 cloud.

POEMS OF LADY WILDE.

THE BROTHERS.*

A SCENE FROM '98.

———"Oh! give me *truths*,
For I am weary of the surfaces,
And die of inanition."—EMERSON.

I.

'Tis midnight, falls the lamp-light dull and
sickly

On a pale and anxious crowd,
Through the court, and round the judges,
thronging thickly,

With prayers, they dare not speak aloud.
Two youths, two noble youths, stand pris-
oners at the bar—

You can see them through the gloom—
In the pride of life and manhood's beauty,
there they are
Awaiting their death doom.

II.

All eyes an earnest watch on them are keep-
ing,

Some, sobbing, turn away,
And the strongest men can hardly see for
weeping,

So noble and so loved were they.
Their hands are locked together, those young
brothers,

As before the judge they stand—
'They feel not the deep grief that moves the
others,
For they die for Fatherland.

III.

'They are pale, but it is not fear that whitens
On each proud, high brow,
For the triumph of the martyr's glory
brightens
Around them even now.

They sought to free their land from thrall
of stranger;

'Was it treason? Let them die;
But their blood will cry to Heaven—the
Avenger
Yet will hearken from on high.

IV.

Before them, shrinking, cowering, scarcely
human,

The base Informer bends,
Who, Judas-like, could sell the blood of true
men,

While he clasped their hand as friends.
Aye, could fondle the young children of his
victim—

Break bread with his young wife
At the moment that for gold his perjured
dictum

Sold the husband and the father's life.

V.

There is silence in the midnight—eyes are
kæeping

Troubled watch till forth the jury come;
There is silence in the midnight—eyes are
weeping—

Guilty!—is the fatal uttered doom.
For a moment, o'er the brothers' noble faces,
Came a shadow sad to see;
Then, silently, they rose up in their places,
And embraced each other fervently.

VI.

Oh! the rudest heart might tremble at such
sorrow,

The rudest cheek might blanch at such a
scene:

Twice the judge essayed to speak the word
—to-morrow—

Twice faltered, as a woman he had been.

* The patriot brothers John and Henry Sheares, who were
"hanged, drawn and quartered" in 1798.

To-morrow!—Fain the elder would have spoken,
 Prayed for respite, tho' it is not Death he fears;
 But, thoughts of home and wife his heart hath broken,
 And his words are stopped by tears.

VII.

But the youngest—oh, he spake out bold and clearly:—
 I have no ties of children or of wife;
 Let me die—but spare the brother who more dearly
 Is loved by me than life.—
 Pale martyrs, ye may cease, your days are numbered;
 Next noon your sun of life goes down;
 One day between the sentence and the scaffold—
 One day between the torture and the crown!

VIII.

A hymn of joy is rising from creation;
 Bright the azure of the glorious summer sky;
 But human hearts weep sore in lamentation,
 For the Brothers are led forth to die.
 Aye, guard them with your cannon and your lances—
 So of old came martyrs to the stake;
 Aye, guard them—see the people's flashing glances,
 For those noble two are dying for their sake.

IX.

Yet none spring forth their bonds to sever;
 Ah! methinks, had I been there,
 I'd have dared a thousand deaths ere ever
 The sword should touch their hair.
 It falls!—there is a shriek of lamentation
 From the weeping crowd around;
 They're stilled—the noblest hearts within the nation—
 The noblest heads lie bleeding on the ground.

X.

Years have passed since that fatal scene of dying,
 Yet, lifelike to this day,
 In their coffins still those severed heads are lying,
 Kept by angels from decay.
 Oh! they preach to us, those still and pallid features—
 Those pale lips yet implore us, from their graves,
 To strive for our birthright as God's creatures,
 Or die, if we can but live as slaves.

THE VOICE OF THE POOR.

I.

WAS sorrow ever like to our sorrow?
 Oh, God above!
 Will our night never change into a morrow
 Of joy and love?
 A deadly gloom is on us waking, sleeping,
 Like the darkness at noontide,
 That fell upon the pallid mother, weeping
 By the Crucified.

II.

Before us die our brothers of starvation:
 Around are cries of famine and despair!
 Where is hope for us, or comfort, or salvation—
 Where—oh! where?
 If the angels ever hearken, downward bending,
 They are weeping, we are sure,
 At the litanies of human groans ascending
 From the crushed hearts of the poor.

III.

When the human rests in love upon the human,
 All grief is light;
 But who bends one kind glance to illumine
 Our life-long night?

The air around is ringing with their laughter—

God has only made the rich to smile;
But we—in our rags, and want, and woe—
we follow after,
Weeping the while.

IV.

And the laughter seems but uttered to deride us.

When—oh! when
Will fall the frozen barriers that divide us
From other men?
Will ignorance for ever thus enslave us?
Will misery for ever lay us low?
All are eager with their insults, but to save us,
None, none, we know.

V.

We never knew a childhood's mirth and gladness,
Nor the proud heart of youth, free and brave;
Oh! a deathlike dream of wretchedness and sadness,
Is life's weary journey to the grave.
Day by day we lower sink and lower,
Till the Godlike soul within,
Falls crushed, beneath the fearful demon power
Of poverty and sin.

VI.

So we toil on, on with fever burning
In heart and brain;
So we toil on, on through bitter scorning,
Want, woe, and pain:
We dare not raise our eyes to the blue Heaven,
Or the toil must cease—
We dare not breathe the fresh air God has given
One hour in peace.

VII.

We must toil, though the light of life is burning,
Oh, how dim!

We must toil on our sick bed, feebly turning
Our eyes to Him
Who alone can hear the pale lip faintly saying,
With scarce moved breath,
While the paler hands, uplifted, aid the praying,
“Lord, grant us *Death!*”

BUDRIS AND HIS SONS.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

I.

SPRING to your saddles, and spur your fleet horses;
Time for ye, children, to seek your life courses.
(Thus spake old Budris, the Lithuan brave.)
Never your father's sword rusted in leisure,
Never his hand failed to grasp the rich treasure; [grave.
But now my feeble frame sinks to the

II.

Three paths from Wilna to plunder will lead ye;
Ride forth, my sons—each a path I aread ye—
Thus will your booty be varied and rare.
Olgard, go thou and despoil the proud Prussian;
Woiwod, Kiestut, be thy prey the Russian—
Vitald the lances of Poland may dare.

III.

From Novgorod Veliki* come back to me never
Without the rich dust of the Tartar's gold river;
Bring the sables of Yakutsk, so costly and fine,
And the silver of Argun they dig from the mine,
The gems of Siberia and far Koliván—
So saints speed the ride of the bold Lithuán!

* Novgorod, the great.

IV.

In the cursed Prussian land there is wealth
 for the bold: [gold;
 Ha, boy ! never shrink from their ducats of
 Take their costly brocades, where the golden
 thread flashes, [dashes:
 The amber that lies where the Baltic wave
 Be the prize but as rich as your forefathers
 won, [my son.
 And the gods of old Litwa* will guard thee,

V.

No gold, my young Vitold, will fall to thy
 share, [bare;
 Where the plains of the Polac lie level and
 But their lances are bright, and their sabres
 are keen, [seen:
 And their maidens the loveliest ever were
 So speed forth, my son, and good luck to
 the ride [bride.
 That brings a fair Polenese home for thy

VI.

Not the azure of ocean, or stars of the sky,
 Can rival the color or light of her eye;
 Like the lily in hue, when its first leaves
 unfold, [gold;
 Is the bosom on which fall her tresses of
 Fine and slender her form as the pines of
 the grove, [and love.
 And her cheek and her lips glow with beauty

VII.

By three paths from Wilna, the young men
 are roaming,
 Day after day Budris looks for their coming—
 But day after day he watcheth in vain.
 No steed from the high-road, no lance from
 the forest,
 He watcheth and waiteth in anguish the
 sorest—
 “Alas ! for my brave sons, I fear they are
 slain !”

VIII.

The snow in the valley falls heavy and fast—
 Through the forest a horseman comes dash-
 ing at last,

* Lithuania

With his mantle wrapped closely to guard
 from the cold:

“Ha, Olgard ! hast brought me the ducats
 of gold ?

Let's see—is it amber thou'st won for thy
 ride ?” [bride !”

“Oh, father—no, father—a young Polish

IX.

The snow on the valley falls heavier still,
 A horseman is seen rushing down from the
 hill;

Wrapped close in his mantle some rich
 treasure lies—

“How now, my brave son—hast thou
 brought me a prize ?

Is it silver of Argun thou'st won for thy ride ?
 Come show me !” “No, father—a young
 Polish bride !”

X.

Faster and thicker the snow-showers fall—
 A horseman rides fiercely through snow-
 flakes and all;

Budris sees how his mantle is clasped to his
 breast— [the feast !

“Ho, slaves ! 'tis enough, bid our friends to
 I'll ask no more questions, whatever betides,
 We'll drain a full cup to the three Polish
 brides !”

SULEIMA TO HER LOVER.

FROM THE TURKISH.

THOU reck'nest seven Heavens; I but one:
 And thou art it, Beloved ! Voice and hand,
 And eye and mouth, are but the angel band
 Who minister around that highest throne—
 Thy godlike heart. And there I reign su-
 preme,

And choose, at will, the angel who I deem
 Will sing the sweetest, words I love to hear—
 That short, sweet song, whose echo clear
 Will last throughout eternity:

“I love thee

How I love thee !”

A LA SOMBRA DE MIS CABELLOS.

FROM THE SPANISH.—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

My love lay there,
 In the shadow of my hair,
 As my glossy raven tresses downward flow;
 And dark as midnight's cloud,
 They fell o'er him like a shroud:
 Ah! does he now remember it or no?

With a comb of gold each night
 I combed my tresses bright; [fro;
 But the sportive zephyr tossed them to and
 So I pressed them in a heap,
 For my love whereon to sleep:
 Ah! does he now remember it or no?

He said he loved to gaze
 On my tresses' flowing maze,
 And the midnight of my dark Moorish eyes;
 And he vowed 'twould give him pain
 Should his love be all in vain;
 So he won me with his praises and his sighs.

Then I flung my raven hair
 As a mantle o'er him there,
 Encircling him within its mazy flow;
 And pillowed on my breast,
 He lay in sweet unrest.
 Ah! does he now remember it or no?

THE ITINERANT SINGING GIRL.

FROM THE DANISH.

FATHERLESS and motherless, no brothers
 have I,
 And all my little sisters in the cold grave lie;
 Wasted with hunger I saw them falling
 dead—

Lonely and bitter are the tears I shed.

Friendless and loverless I wander to and fro,
 Singing while my faint heart is breaking fast
 with woe,
 Smiling in my sorrow, and singing for my
 bread—

Lonely and bitter are the tears I shed.

Harp clang and merry song by stranger door
 and board,
 None ask wherefore tremble my pale lips at
 each word;
 None care why the color from my wan cheek
 has fled—
 Lonely and bitter are the tears I shed.

Smiling and singing still, tho' hunger, want,
 and woe,
 Freeze the young life-current in my veins as
 I go;
 Begging for my living, yet wishing I were
 dead—
 Lonely and bitter are the tears I shed

THE POET AT COURT.

I.

HE stands alone in the lordly hall—
 He, with the high, pale brow;
 But never a one at the festiva'
 Was half so great I trow.
 They kiss the hand, and they bend the knee,
 Slaves to an earthly king;
 But the heir of a loftier dynasty
 May scorn that courtly ring.

II.

They press, with false and flattering words,
 Around the blood-bought throne;
 But the homage never yet won by swords
 Is his—the anointed one!
 His sway over every nation
 Extendeth from zone to zone;
 He reigns as a god o'er creation—
 The universe is his own.

III.

No star on his breast is beaming,
 But the light of his flashing eye
 Reveals, in its haughtier gleaming,
 The conscious majesty.
 For the Poet's crown is the godlike brow—
 Away with that golden thing!
 Your fealty was never yet due till now—
 Kneel to the god-made King!

POEMS OF KATHARINE CONWAY.

TWO VINES.

By the garden-gate sprang a flowering vine,
And it sprouted and strengthened in shower
and shine.

It reached out tendrils on every side—
There was none to prune, there was none to
guide.

So it wavered and fell from its tender trust
And trailed its bright blossoms down in the
dust.

Within the garden its sister-vine
O'er many a friendly branch did twine.

Both were fed with the same sweet dew,
Both in the same kind sunlight grew.

But one was tended with fondest care,
And its blooming gladdened the garden fair:

While the other, as fragrant and pure and
sweet,
Was trodden under by passing feet.

Days go by till the summer is fled.
The year is waning, and both are dead.

THE FIRST RED LEAF.

It gleams amid the foliage green,
While earth is fair and skies serene:—
A little, fluttering, scarlet leaf,
The herald of a coming grief.

It saith to summer—Even so.
Thy fading-time is near, I trow;
And I am come to whisper thee
Of gloomy days that yet must be.

A little longer wear thy crown,
Nor lay thy blooming sceptre down,
And in the sun's benignant smile
Forget thy fears a little while.

I shall not see thee pass away—
Swift is my coming, brief my stay.
Scarce doth the blessed daylight shine
On beauty shorter-lived than mine.

But know that thou art past thy prime:
It draweth near thy fading-time—
I am the herald of thy grief,
The first red leaf, the first red leaf.

REMEMBERED.

REMEMBERED thus, my dearest! remem-
bered! can it be
That, after all my waywardness, I'm still so
dear to thee?
Though changed thy outward seeming, that
thy heart no change hath known,
And the love I thought had left me is still
my own—my own?

O I remembered! but I said, "I, too, can
be unheeding."
With smiling eyes and aching heart I stilled
sweet memory's pleading—
Or dreamed I stilled it—murmuring, "Soon
shall my strength atone
For the cares and joys he shares not, and the
triumphs won alone."

One word from thee, beloved, and the pent-
up fount's unsealed,
And all my self-deceiving to sense and soul
revealed,

And all that lonesome, toilsome past clear-
 pictured unto me,— [for thee !
 O it never had a day, dear, unlit by prayer
 Fore'er divided?—yea, for earth; but our
 lives have wider scope,
 And the bonds between us strengthen with
 our strong supernal hope.
 For oh, my friend, my dearest, how God's
 love halloweth [face of Death !
 This love that, unaffrighted, looks in the

IN EXTREMIS.

DYING ! who says I am dying?—Come here,
 come close to the bed,
 Look at me—don't speak in whispers;—
 there's worse than death to dread.
 I'm weak, but that is the pain; and O this
 fluttering breath !
 But 'twas often the same before;—it surely
 is not death.

Raise the curtain a little; it can't be dusk,
 I know, [an hour ago.
 For I heard the bells ring noontime scarcely
 Why are you here alone?—'Tis passing
 strange indeed,
 If there's none but you to tend me in my
 saddest, sorest need.

Only a year since I came here, a proud and
 happy bride,
 Scorning for you all else on earth—yea, and
 in Heaven, beside;
 False to the Faith of my fathers, my child-
 hood's blessed Faith,
 And all for the short-lived love of a man—
 and now the end is death.

Is this fast-ripened harvest too bitter for
 your reaping,
 That you stand like a very woman, wringing
 your hands and weeping?
 You love me?—Would I had never listened
 to lover's vow ! [now?
 What is your love to me if it cannot help me

Pray?—Do *you* bid me pray?—A seemly
 counsel, ay,
 Sweet prayer ! ah, not for me !—Do you
 know what it is to die?
 Do you know my rending pain !—this chill
 fast-gathering gloom?
 Or my helpless, desperate fear of the Judg-
 ment and the Doom?
 Mock me not with your tears ! O leave me
 —don't you see
 How I yearn for the light, and all the while
 you are keeping the light from me !
 The love that we called undying in this aw-
 ful shadow dies:
 O lost, lost years when I craved no light but
 the baneful light of your eyes !

Hark to the rushing of wings !—O shapes of
 horror and dread,
 What would ye have of me that ye crowd
 around my bed?
 Closer, closer !—Ah, God,—but in vain I
 cry to Thee,
 Even as I forsook Thee hast Thou forsaken
 me !

THE HEAVIEST CROSS OF ALL.

I'VE borne full many a sorrow, I've suffered
 many a loss—
 But now, with a strange, new anguish, I
 carry this last dread cross;
 For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever
 thy life befall,
 The cross that our own hands fashion is the
 heaviest cross of all.

Heavy and hard I made it in the days of my
 fair strong youth,
 Veiling mine eyes from the blessed light,
 and closing my heart to truth.
 Pity me, Lord, whose mercy passeth my
 wildest thought,
 For I never dreamed of the bitter end of the
 work my hands had wrought !

In the sweet morn's flush and fragrance I
 wandered o'er dewy meadows
 And I hid from the fervid noontide glow in
 the cool, green, woodland shadows;
 And I never recked as I sang aloud in my
 weird and wilful glee,
 Of the mighty woe that was drawing near
 to darken the world for me.

But it came at last, my dearest,—what need
 to tell thee how?

Mayst never know of the wild, wild woe that
 my heart is bearing now!

Over my summer's glory crept a damp and
 chilling shade,
 And I staggered under the heavy cross that
 my sinful hands had made.

I go where the shadows deepen, and the end
 seems far off yet—

God keep thee safe from the sharing of this
 woful late regret!

For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever
 thy life befall,

The crosses we make for ourselves, alas! are
 the heaviest ones of all!

POEMS OF MARY E. BLAKE.

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

HEART of the Patriot touched by Freedom's
 kindling breath,

Pouring its burning words from lips by
 passion fired! [of death!

Sword of the Soldier drawn in the awful face
 Bounteous pen of the Scholar tracing its
 theme inspired!

Wealth of the rich man's coffers, help of the
 poor man's dole!

Strength of the sturdy arm and might of
 the Statesman's fame,

These be fit themes for praise, in days that
 tried the soul. [of woman's name?

But where in the list is room for mention

For hers are the virtues cast in finer and
 gentler mould;

In quiet and peaceful paths her nature
 finds its scope.

Stronger in loving than hating, fond where
 the man is bold,

She works with the tools of patience and
 wonderful gifts of hope!

Hers are the lips that kiss, the hands that
 nurse and heal,

The tender voice that speaks in accents
 low and sweet;

What hath her life to do with clash of mus-
 ket and steel,

Who sits at the gate of home with chil-
 dren about her feet?

Nay! In the sturdy tree is there one sap at
 the root,

That mounts to the stately trunk and fills
 it with power and pride,

And one for the tender branch that bour-
 geons in flower and fruit,

Casting its welcome shadow on all who
 rest beside?

Nay! When the man is called the woman
 must swiftly rise.

Ready to strengthen and bless, ready to
 follow or wait;

Ready to crush in her heart the anguish of
 tears and sighs,

Reading the message of God in the blind
 decrees of Fate!

So, in days of the past, when Liberty raised
her voice,

Weak as a new-born babe in the cradle
who wakes and calls,

And the tremulous accents ran through the
beautiful land of her choice—

As into the heart of the mother the cry of
her infant falls—

So did hand of the woman reach to hand of
the man,

Helping with comfort and love, steeling
his own for the strife;

Till the calm of his steadfast soul through his
wavering pulses ran,

And the blow of the husband's arm was
nerved from the heart of the wife.

Wearing a homespun gown, or ruling with
easy sway

The world of fashion and pride, gilded by
fortune's sun,

Rich or poor, who asks, as we read the record
to-day?

Lowly or great, who cares how the poor
distinctions run?

Hallowed be every name in the roll of honor
and fame,

Since on hearthstone and field they kindled
the sacred fire,

Since with fostering breath they nurtured
Liberty's flame

And set it aloft on the heights to which
heroes' feet aspire.

Molly of Monmouth, staunch in the place of
her fallen brave,

Drowning the cry of defeat in the lusty
roar of her gun;

Rebecca, the Lady of Buckhead, who, eager
for Freedom, gave

Home of her heart to the burning, and
smiled when the work was done;

Abigail Adams of Quincy, noble of soul and
race, [taff and pen;

Reader of men and books, wielder of dis-
Martha Wilson of Jersey, moving with
courtly grace;

Deborah Samson, fighting side by side
with the men;

Frances Allen, the Tory, choosing the better
part

Led by Ethan the daring, to follow his
glorious way;

Elizabeth Zane of Wheeling, timid, yet brave
of heart,

Bearing her burden of powder through
smoke and flame of the fray!

Each, on the endless list, through length
and breadth of the land,

Winning her deathless place on the golden
scroll of time,

Fair as in old Greek days the women of
Sparta stand

Linked with the heroes' fame and sharing
their deeds sublime.

Stronger than we of to-day, in nerve and
muscle and will,

Braver than we of to-day the burden of
women to bear,

Glad from their wholesome breasts the soft
mouths of children to fill,

Holding the crown of the mother as
proudest that women could wear;

Asking no larger sphere than that in which
bravely shine

Sunshine of home and heart, stars of duty
and love;

Full of a purer faith that rested in Trust
Divine [Heaven above.

And lifted their simple lives to glory of

Plain of speech and of dress, as fitted their
age and place,

Meet companions for men of sterner creed
and frame;

Yet knowing the worth of a word, and fair
with the old-time grace,

That perfumes like breath of a flower the
page that holds their name;

Trained within closer bounds to question
issue and cause,

Small the reach of their thought to the
modern student looks;

But the stream within narrower banks runs
deeper by nature's laws,

And theirs was a wiser lore than the shal-
low knowledge of books.

Not in the Forum's seats and aping the
 wrangler's course
 Did they strive with barbèd word the tar-
 get of right to reach,
 But moulding the will of their kind with
 eloquent, silent force,
 Stronger than sting of the pen, deeper
 than clamor of speech;
 Honor they taught, and right, and noble
 courage of truth.
 Strength to suffer and bear in holy Lib-
 erty's need;
 Framing through turbulent years and fiery
 season of youth,
 Soul for the valor of thought—hand for
 the valor of deed.

Well that with praise of the brave song of
 their triumph should blend!
 Well that in joy of the land fame of their
 glory find part!
 For theirs is the tone of the chord that holds
 its full strength to the end,
 When music that dies on the ear still lin-
 gers and sings in the heart.
 Letter and word may die, but still the spirit
 survives,
 Rounding in ages unborn each frail dis-
 tortèd plan;
 And fittest survival is that when souls of
 mothers and wives
 Bloom in immortal deeds through life of
 child and man.

HOW IRELAND ANSWERED.

A TRADITION OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WHERE'SO'ER in song or story
 Runs one theme of ancient glory,
 Whereso'er in word or action lives one spark
 for Freedom's shrine,
 Read it out before the people,
 Ring it loud in street and steeple,
 'Till the hearts of those who listen thrill be-
 neath its power divine!

And, as lives immortal, gracious,
 The great deed of young Horatius,
 Or that gauntlet of defiance flung by Tell in
 Gessler's face,
 So for him who claims as sireland
 The green hills of holy Ireland,
 Let the speech of old John Parnell speak its
 lesson to his race

* * * * *

'Twas in days when, sore tormenting,
 With a malice unrelenting,
 England pushed her youngest step-child past
 endurance into strife,
 'Till with weak, frail hands uplifted—
 With but hate and courage gifted—
 She began the desperate struggle that should
 end in death—or life.

'Twas the fourth long year of fighting;
 Want, and woe, and famine, biting,
 Nipped the heart-strings of the "Rebels,"
 chilled their pulse with cold despair;
 Southern swamp and Northern mountain
 Fed full streams to war's red fountain,
 And the gloom of hopeless struggle darkened
 all the heavy air.

Lincoln's troops in wild disorder,
 Beaten on the Georgian border;
 Five score craft, off Norfolk harbor, scuttled
 deep beneath the tide;
 Hessian thieves, in swaggering sallies,
 Raiding fair New England valleys,
 While before Savannah's trenches, brave
 Pulaski, fighting, died!

Indian allies warwhoops raising
 Where Wyoming's roofs are blazing;
 Clinton, full of pomp and bluster, sailing
 down on Charleston;
 And the people, faint with striving,
 Worn with aimless, sad contriving,
 Tired at last of Freedom's battle, heedless if
 'tis lost or won!

Shall now England pause in mercy,
 When the frozen plains of Jersey
 Tracked with blood, show pathways trodden
 by bare feet of wounded men?

When the drained and tortured nation
Holds no longer gold or ration
To upbuild her broken fortune, or to fill her
veins again?

Nay! but striking swift and surely,
Now to gain the end securely,
Stirling asks for re-inforcements—volunteers
to speed the cause;
And King George, in mandate royal,
Speeds amid his subjects loyal,
Calls for dutiful assistance to avenge his
outraged laws.

In the name of law and order,
Sends across the Irish border
To the wild and reckless spirits of whose
daring well he knows:
“Ho! brave fools who fight for pleasure!
Here is chance for fame and treasure;
Teach those brazen Yankee devils the full
force of Irish blows.”

Old John Parnell, cool and quiet,—
Strange result on Celtic diet—
Colonel he of volunteers, and well beloved
chief of men,
Reads the royal proclamation,
Answers for himself and nation—
Ye who heed the voice of honor, list the
ringing words again:

“Still, as in her ancient story,
Ireland fights for right and glory!
Still her sons, through blood and danger,
hold unstained their old renown;
But by God who reigneth o’er me,
By the Motherland that bore me,
Never Irish gold or valor helps to strike a
patriot down!”

* * * * *

Thus, mid themes immortal, gracious,
Like the deed of young Horatius,
Or that gauntlet of defiance flung by Tell in
Gessler’s face,
Let the Celt who claims as sireland
The green hills of holy Ireland,
Place the speech of old John Parnell, for the
glory of his race.

WITH A FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

Love, be true to her! Life, be dear to her!
Health, stay close to her! Joy, draw near to
her!

Fortune, find what your gifts can do for her;
Search your treasure-house through and
through for her;
Follow her steps the wide world over,—
You must! for here is the Four-leaved
clover!

THE FIRST STEPS.

To-NIGHT as the tender gloaming
Was sinking in evening’s gloom,
And only the blaze of the firelight
Brightened the dark’ning room,
I laughed with the gay heart gladness
That only to mothers is known,
For the beautiful brown-eyed baby
Took his first steps alone!

Hurriedly running to meet him
Came trooping the household band,
Joyous, loving, and eager
To reach him a helping hand,
To watch him with silent rapture,
To cheer him with happy noise,—
My one little fair-faced daughter
And four brown romping boys.

Leaving the sheltering arms
That fain would bid him rest
Close to the love and the longing,
Near to the mother’s breast,—
Wild with daring and laughter,
Looking askance at me,
He stumbled across through the shadows
To rest at his father’s knee.

Baby, my dainty darling,
Stepping so brave and bright
With flutter of lace and ribbon
Out of my arms to-night,
Helped in thy pretty ambition
With tenderness blessed to see,
Sheltered, upheld, and protected—
How will the last steps be?

See, we are all beside you
 Urging and beckoning on,
 Watching lest aught betide you
 Till the safe, near goal is won,
 Guiding the faltering footsteps
 That tremble and fear to fall—
 How will it be, my darling,
 With the last sad step of all?

Nay! shall I dare to question,
 Knowing that One more fond
 Than all our tenderest loving
 Will guide the weak feet beyond!
 And knowing beside, my dearest,
 That whenever the summons, 'twill be
 But a stumbling step through the shadow,
 Then rest—at the Father's knee!

THE LITTLE SAILOR KISS.

O KISSES they are plenty
 As blossoms on the tree!
 And be they one or twenty
 They're sweet to you and me;
 And some are for the forehead, and some are
 for the lips,
 And some are for the rosy cheeks, and some
 for finger tips,
 And some are for the dimples,—but the
 sweetest one is this,
 When the bonny, bonny bairnie, gives his
 little sailor kiss.

O I will kiss this sailor,
 This sailor lad so true!
 I would not kiss a tailor,
 A carpenter, or nailer,
 But I will kiss this sailor
 With bonny eyes of blue!
 With a sonsy smile, and yellow hair to snare
 the sunbeams in,
 With a laughing mouth, and a rosy cheek,
 and a dimple in the chin,
 Three years old, and a heart of gold—ah,
 who would want to miss
 The chance to meet my darling with his little
 sailor kiss.

For then the tiny fingers
 Creep softly to your face,
 With a touch that thrills and lingers;
 And the rosy palms find place
 To come pressing and caressing with sweet
 and clinging touch,
 Not teasing you too little, and yet not over
 much;
 While full of love and laughter the pretty
 blue eyes glow,
 And red lips tightly puckered pout roguishly
 below,
 —O tell me, ye who know it, is there in this
 world such bliss
 As when the bonny bairnie gives his little
 sailor kiss!

OUR RECORD.

Who casts a slur on Irish worth, a stain on
 Irish fame,—
 Who dreads to own his Irish blood or wear
 his Irish name,—
 Who scorns the warmth of Irish hearts, the
 clasp of Irish hands?
 Let us but raise the vail to-night and shame
 him as he stands.

The Irish fame! It rests enshrined within
 its own proud light,
 Wherever sword or tongue or pen has fash-
 ioned deed of might;
 From battle charge of Fontenoy to Grattan's
 thunder tone,
 It holds its storied past on high, unrivaled
 and alone.

The Irish blood! Its crimson tide has
 watered hill and plain
 Wherever there were wrongs to crush, or
 freemen's rights to gain;
 No dastard thought, no coward fear, has
 held it tamely by
 When there were noble deeds to do, or noble
 deaths to die!

The Irish heart! The Irish heart! God
 keep it fair and free,
 The fullness of its kindly thought, its wealth
 of honest glee,
 Its generous strength, its ardent faith, its
 uncomplaining trust,
 Though every worshiped idol breaks and
 crumbles into dust.

And Irish hands,—aye, lift them up; em-
 browned by honest toil,
 The champions of our western world, the
 guardians of the soil;
 When flashed their battle swords aloft, a
 waiting world might see
 What Irish hands could do and dare to keep
 a nation free.

They bore our starry flag above through bas-
 tion, gate, and wall,
 They stood before the foremost rank, the
 bravest of them all;
 And when before the cannon's mouth they
 held the foe at bay,
 O never could old Ireland's heart beat
 prouder than that day!

So when a craven fain would hide the birth-
 mark of his race,
 Or slightly speak of Erin's sons before her
 children's face,
 Breathe no weak word of scorn or shame,
 but crush him where he stands
 With Irish worth and Irish fame, as won by
 Irish hands.

A DEAD SUMMER.

WHAT lacks the summer?

Not roses blowing,
 Nor tall white lilies with fragrance rife,
 Nor green things gay with the bliss of grow-
 ing,
 Nor glad things drunk with the wine of
 life,
 Nor flushing of clouds in blue skies shining,
 Nor soft wind murmurs to rise and fall,

Nor birds for singing, nor vines for twin-
 ing,—

Three little buds I miss, no more,
 That blossomed last year at my garden
 door,—

And that is all.

What lacks the summer?

Not waves a-quiver
 With arrows of light from the hand of
 dawn,

Nor drooping of boughs by the dimpling
 river,

Nor nodding of grass on the windy lawn,
 Nor tides unswept upon silver beaches,

Nor rustle of leaves on tree-tops tall,
 Nor dapple of shade in woodland reaches,—

Life pulses gladly on vale and hill,
 But three little hearts that I love are
 still,—

And that is all.

What lacks the summer?

O light and savor,
 And message of healing the world above!
 Gone is the old-time strength and flavor,
 Gone is its old-time peace and love!
 Gone is the bloom of the shimmering mead-
 ows,

Music of birds as they sweep and fall,—
 All the great world is dim with shadow,
 Because no longer mine eyes can see
 The eyes that made summer and life for
 me,—

And that is all.

SONNET.

TO-DAY amid the sobbing of the rain,
 While gaunt November with pale finger
 tips
 Proffers the cup of doom to Nature's lips
 And scowling mocks her bitter moan of pain,
 I cannot mark the strife 'twixt life and death
 For joy of one fair thought that dwells
 with me,—
 A summer hillside, sleeping by the sea,

Made glad with bloom and song-birds' voice-
ful breath;
Fair as a dream that fills a winter's night
With peace and love, it stirs my waking
hours
With hum of brown bees deep in chalice'd
flowers,
With blue waves dancing in the golden light,
And one swift flight of swallows drifting
by,
Blown like a cloud across the summer sky !

DEAD.

DEAD ! That is the word
That rings through my brain till it crazes !
Dead, while the Mayflowers bud and
blow,
While the green creeps over the white
of the snow,
While the wild woods ring with the song of
the bird,
And the fields are a-bloom with daisies !

See ! Even the clod
Thrills, with life's glad passion shaken;
The vagabond weeds with their vagrant
train
Laugh in the sun and nod in the rain,
The blue sky smiles like the eye of God,—
Only my dead do not waken !

Dead !—There is the word
That I sit in the darkness and ponder !
Why should the river, the sky, and the
sea
Babble of summer and joy to me,
While a strong true heart with its pulse un-
stirred
Lies hushed in the silence yonder ?

Lord ! Lord ! How long
Ere we rise to Thy heights supernal
Ere the soul may read what Thy spirit
saith;
“Life that must fade, is not life but
death.
Lift up thine eyes, O soul ! Be strong;
For Death is the Life Eternal !”

POEMS OF O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

JILLEN ANDY.

When O'Donovan Rossa was in prison in England, he wrote the powerful and deeply pathetic poem of "Jillen Andy," a study from Irish life which he who reads can never forget. In his "Prison Life," Rossa says: "Jillen Andy lived at the other side of the street in Rosscarberry when I was a child. Her husband, Andy Hayes, was a linen weaver and worked for my father ere I was born. He died, too, before I came into the world, but when I did come I think I formed the acquaintance of Jillen as soon as I did that of my mother. Jillen was left a widow with four helpless children, and all the neighbors were kind to her. The eldest of the sons 'listed, and the first sight I got of a 'red-coat' was when he came home on furlough. The three other sons were Charley, Thade and Andy. Charley died in '65. Andy 'listed, and died in Bombay, and Thade and his mother fell victims to the famine of '47. Thade met me one day, and spoke to me as I state in the following lines. I went to the graveyard with him. I dug, and he shovelled up the earth till the grave was about two feet deep. Then he talked about its being deep enough, that there would be too great a load on her, and that he could stay up and 'watch' her for some time. By-and-by we saw four or five men coming in the church-gate with a door on their shoulders bearing the coffinless Jillen. She was laid in the grave. Her head did not rest firmly on the stone on which it was pillowed, and as it would turn aside and rest on the cheek when I took my hands away from it, one of the men asked me to hand him the stone. I did so, and covering it with a red spotted handkerchief he took out of his pocket, he gave it to me again and I settled Jillen's head steadily on it. Then I was told to loose the strings, to take out a pin that appeared, to lay her apron over her face, and come up. To this day I can see how softly the man handled the shovel, how quietly he laid the earth down at her feet, how the heap kept rolling and creeping up until it covered her head, and how the big men pulled their hats over their eyes."

"It takes an Irishman or Irishwoman," Rossa says, "brought up among the Irish-speaking people, to understand several passages in 'Jillen Andy'—"

"He'd walk the 'eerie' place a moonlight night,"

On a moonlight night the fairies are out most.

"He'd whistle in the dark—even in bed."

Whistling in the dark brings on the fairies—particularly whistling in bed.

"Untie the night-cap string, unloose that lace,
Take out that pin," &c.

To tie anything, or pin anything around a corpse, and bury the corpse so pinned or tied, prevents the spirit from coming to see us—keeps the spirit tied and in prison in the other world.

"Tears would disturb poor Jillen in her last long sleep."

If you cry over a corpse in Ireland, every tear you drop on the corpse's clothes will burn a hole in those clothes in the other world. All strings are cut or loosed and all pins taken out before the corpse is put in the coffin.

"COME to the graveyard, if you're not afraid,
I'm going to dig my mother's grave, she's dead,
And I want some one that will bring the spade,
For Andy's out of home, and Charlie's sick in bed."

Thade Andy was a simple-spoken fool,
With whom in early days I loved to stroll,
He'd often take me on his back to school,
And make the master laugh himself, he was so droll.

In songs and ballads he took great delight,
And prophecies of Ireland yet being freed,
And singing them by our fireside at night,
I learned songs from Thade before I learned to read.

And I have still "by heart" his "Colleen
Fhune,"

His "Croppy Boy," his "Phoenix of the
Hall,"

And I could "rise" his "Rising of the
Moon,"

If I could sing in prison cell—or sing at all.

He'd walk the "eerie" place a moonlight
night,

He'd whistle in the dark—even in bed;
In fairy fort or graveyard, Thade was quite
As fearless of a ghost as any ghost of
Thade.

Now in the dark churchyard we work away,
 The shovel in his hand, in mine the spade,
 And seeing Thade cry I cried myself that
 day,
 For Thade was fond of me and I was fond
 of Thade.

But after twenty years why now will such
 A bubbling spring up to my eyelids start?
 Ah! there be things that ask not leave to
 touch
 The fountain of the eyes or feelings of the
 heart.

"This load of clay will break her bones, I
 fear,
 For when alive she was't over strong.
 We'll dig no deeper, I can watch her here
 A month or so, sure nobody will do me
 wrong."

Four men bear Jillen on a door—'tis light,
 They have not much of Jillen but her
 frame.

No mourners come, for 'tis believed the sight
 Of any death or sickness now begets the
 same.

And those brave hearts that volunteer to
 touch

Plague-stricken death are tender as they're
 brave,

They raise poor Jillen from her tainted
 couch,

And shade their swimming eyes while lay-
 ing her in the grave.

I stand within that grave, nor wide nor deep,
 The slender, wasted body at my feet;
 What wonder is it if strong men will weep
 O'er famine-stricken Jillen in her winding-
 sheet.

Her head I try to pillow on a stone,
 But it will hang one side, as if the breath
 Of famine gaunt into the corpse had blown,
 And blighted in the nerves the rigid
 strength of death.

"Hand me that stone, child." In his hands
 'tis placed;
 Down-channelling his cheeks are tears like
 rain;

The stone within his handkerchief is cased,
 And then I pillow on it Jillen's head again.

"Untie the nightcap string," "Unloose that
 lace,"

"Take out that pin," "There, now, she's
 nicely—rise,

But lay the apron first across her face,
 So that the earth won't touch her lips or
 blind her eyes.

"Don't grasp the shovel too tightly—there,
 make a heap,

Steal down each shovelful quietly—there,
 let it creep

Over her poor body lightly; friend, do not
 weep,

Tears would disturb old Jillen in her last,
 long sleep."

And Thade was faithful to his watch and
 ward; [haste

Where'er he'd spend the day, at night he'd
 With his few sods of turf to that churchyard,

Where he was laid himself before the
 month was past.

Then Andy died a soldiering in Bombay,
 And Charlie died in Ross the other day,

Now, no one lives to blush because I say
 That Jillen Andy went uncoffined to the

clay.

E'en all are gone that buried Jillen, save
 One banished man who dead alive remains,

The little boy that stood within the grave
 Stands for his country's cause in England's

prison chains.

How oft in dreams that burial scene appears,
 Through death, eviction, prison, exile,

home,
 Through all the suns and moons of twenty
 years—

And oh! how short these years compared
 with years to come.

Some things are strongly on the mind im-
pressed,

And others faintly imaged there, it seems;
And this is why, when reason sinks to rest,
Phases of life do show and shadow forth
in dreams.

And this is why in dreams I see the face
Of Jillen Andy looking in my own,
'The poet-hearted man—the pillow case,
The spotted handkerchief that softened
the hard stone.

Welcome those memories of scenes of youth,
That nursed my hate of tyranny and
wrong,
That helmed my manhood in the path of
truth,
And help me now to suffer calmly and be
strong.

And suffering calmly is a trial test,
When at the tyrant's foot and felon-drest,
When State and master jailer do their best,
To make you feel degraded, spiritless, op-
prest.

When barefoot before Dogberry, and when
He mocks your cause of 'prisonment, and
speaks
Of "Thieves," "State orders," "No dis-
tinctions"—then,
Because you speak at work—hard bread
and board for weeks.

Or when he says, "Too well you're treated,
for

Times were you'd hang;" "You were
worse fed at home;"

"You can't be more degraded than you are;"
"You should be punished also in the world
to come."

When sneer, and jeer, and insult follow fast,
And heavenward you look, or look him
down,

He rages and commands you to be classed
And slaved amongst the slaves of infamied
renown.

When England—worthy of the mean and
base—

Smites you when bound, flings outrage in
your face,

When hand to hand with thieves she gives
you place,

To scoff at freedom for your land and
scattered race:

To suffer calmly when the cowardly wound,
From wanton insult, makes the veins to
swell

With burning blood, is hard, though doubly
bound

In prison within prison—a blacker hell in
hell.

The body starved to break the spirit down,
That will not bend beneath the scourging
rod;

The dungeon dark that pearls the prisoner's
crown,

And stars the suffering that awakens Free-
dom's God.

Thus all who ever won had to endure
Thus human suffering proves good at last,

The painful operation works the cure,

The health-restoring draught is bitter to
the taste.

'Tis suffering for a trampled land, that suf-
fering

Bears heavenly fruit, and all who ever trod
In Freedom's path, found heavenly help
when offering

Their sacrifice of suffering to Freedom's
God.

MY PRISON CHAMBER IS IRON LINED.

"The following verses," says Rossa, "strung together
during the cold nights and hungry days in the blackhole of
Chatham Prison, will show how much my mind was filled
with the Englishmen's Bible hypocrisy :

My prison chamber now is iron lined,
An iron closet and an iron blind.

But bars, and bolts, and chains can never
bind

To tyrant's will the freedom-loving mind.

Beneath the tyrant's heel we may be trod,
We may be scourged beneath the tyrant's
rod,

But tyranny can never ride rough-shod
O'er the immortal spirit-work of God.

And England's Bible tyrants are, O Lord !
Of any tyrants out the cruelest horde,
Who'll chain their Scriptures to a fixture
board
Before a victim starved, and lashed, and
gored.

They tell such tales of countries far away,
How in Japan, and Turkey, and Cathay,
A man when scourged is forced salaams to
pay,
While they themselves do these same things
to-day.

The bands, the lash, the scream, the swoon,
the calm,
The minister, the Bible, and the psalm,
The doctor then the bloody seams to balm,
"Attention, 'tention," now for the salaam.

I don't salaam them and their passions roll,
Again they stretch me in the damp black-
hole,
Again they deal to me the famine dole,
To bend to earth the heaven-created soul.

Without a bed or board on which to lie,
Without a drink of water if I'm dry,
Without a ray of light to strike the eye,
But a ne vacant, dreary, dismal sky.

The bolts are drawn, the drowsy hinges
creak,
The doors are groaning, and the side walls
shake,
The light darts in, the day begins to break,
Ho, prisoner! from your dungeon dreams
awake.

Attention, "'tention," "'tention," now is
cried,
The English master jailer stands outside,
And he's supposed to wear the lion's hide,
But I will not salaam his royal pride.

"Rossa, salute the Governor," cries one,
The Governor cries out—"Come on, come
on,"

My tomb is closed, I'm happy they are gone,
Well—as happy as I ever feel alone.

Be calm, my soul, let state assassins frown,
'Tis chains and dungeons pearl a prisoner's
crown,
'Tis suffering draws God's choicest blessings
down,
And gives to freedom's cause its fair re-
nown.

Rossa adds the following "Secret instructions from the
authorities to the prison governor:"

That we are base assassins—he says so—
And liars and hypocrites:—'tis well to know
That he's at least an unrepenting foe.
To cast him out as far as we can throw,
Is now our bounden duty. This we owe
To England's Majesty. Then keep him low,
Yet treat him doctorly—be sure and slow
Leaving no record anywhere to show
That aught but nature gave the conquering
blow;
And once cast out from this our heaven be-
low,
What care we if to heaven above he go!

A VISIT FROM MY WIFE.

In July, 1870, while O'Donovan Rossa was in Chatham Prison, England, he was allowed a visit from his wife. He says: "It was as curious a position as ever a married couple were seen in, to see us sitting in this glass house with Principal Warder King as sentry outside the glass door; and was it not a curious place for her to reproach me with ingratitude because I never wrote a line of poetry for her since we were married? When I went to my cell that evening I wrote the following lines."

A SINGLE glance, and that glance the first,
And her image was fixed in my mind and
nursed;
And now it is woven with all my schemes,
And it rules the realm of all my dreams.

One of Heaven's best gifts in an earthly
mould,
With a figure Appelles might paint of old—

All a maiden's charms with a matron's
grace,
And the blossom and bloom of the peach in
her face.

And the genius that flashes her bright black
eye
Is the face of the sun in a clouded sky;
She has noble thoughts—she has noble
aims
And these thoughts on her tongue are spark-
ling gems.

With a gifted mind and a spirit meek
She would right the wronged and assist the
weak;
She would scorn dangers to cheer the brave,
She would smite oppression and free the
slave.

Yet a blighted life is my loved one's part,
And a death-cold shroud is around her heart,
For winds from the "clouds of fate" have
blown
That force her to face the hard world alone.

And a daughter she of a trampled land,
With its children exiled, prisoned, banned;
And she vowed her love to a lover whom
The tyrant had marked for a felon's doom.

And snatched from her side ere the honey-
moon waned:
In the dungeons of England he lies en-
chained; [slave
And the bonds that bind him "for life" a
Are binding his love to his living grave.

He would sever the link of such hopeless
love,
Were that sentence "for ever" decreed
above. [life—
For the pleasures don't pay for the pains of
To be *living* in *death* with a *widowed wife*.

A single glance, and that glance the first,
And her image was fixed in my mind and
nursed,
And now she's the woof of my worldly
schemes, [dreams.
And she sits enthroned as the queen of my

A VISIT TO MY HUSBAND IN PRISON.

MAY, 1866.

WITHIN the precincts of the prison bounds,
Treading the sunlit courtyard to a hall,
Roomy and unadorned, where the light
Thro' screenless windows glaringly did fall.

Within the precincts of the prison walls,
With rushing memories and bated breath,
With heart elate and light swift step that
smote
Faint echoes in this house of living death.

Midway I stood in bright expectancy,
Tightly I clasped my babe, my eager sight
Restlessly glancing down the long, low room
To where a door bedimmed the walls' pure
white.

They turned—the noiseless locks; the portal
fell [room
With clank of chain wide open, and the
Held him—my wedded love. My heart stood
still [doom.
With sudden shock, with sudden sense of

My heart stood still that had with gladsome
bound [pear—
Counted the moments ere he should ap-
Drew back at sight so changed, and shivering
waited,
Pulselessly waited while his steps drew
near!

Oh! for a moment's twilight that might hide
The harsh tanned features once so soft
and fair!

The shrunken eyes that with a feeble flash
Smiled on my presence and his infant's
there!

Oh! for a shadow on the cruel sun
That mocked thy father, Baby, with his
glare;

Oh! for the night of nothingness or death
Ere thou, my love, this felon garb should
wear!

* Written by Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa after a visit to her husband in Millbank Prison, London.

It needed not these passionate, pain-wrung
words, [lips,
Falling with sad distinctness from thy
To tell a tale of insult, abject toil,
And day-long labor hewing Portland
steppes!

It needed not, my love, this anguished
glance,
This fading fire within thy gentle eyes,
To rouse the torpid voices of my heart,
Till all the sleeping heavens shall hear
their cries.

God of the wronged, and can Thy vengeance
sleep? [day?
And shall our night of anguish know no
And can Thy justice leave our souls to weep
Yet, and yet longer o'er our land's decay!

Must we still cry—"How long, O Lord, how
long?"

For seven red centuries a country's woe
Has wept the prayer in tears of blood, and
still

Our tears to-night for fresher victims flow!

EDWARD DUFFY.*

THE world is growing darker to me—darker
day by day,
The stars that shone upon life's paths are
vanishing away,
Some setting and some shifting, only one
that changes never,
'Tis the guiding star of liberty that blazes
bright as ever.

Liberty sits mountain high, and slavery has
birth
In the hovels, in the marshes, in the lowest
dens of earth;
The tyrants of the world pitfall-pave the
path between,
And o'ershadow it with scaffold, prison,
block and guillotine.

The gloomy way is brightened when we walk
with those we love,
The heavy load is lightened when we bear
and they approve;
The path of life grows darker to me as I
journey on,
For the truest hearts that travelled it are
falling one by one.

The news of death is saddening even in fes-
tive hall,
But when 'tis heard through prison bars, 'tis
saddest then of all,
Where there's none to share the sorrow in
the solitary cell,
In the prison, within prison—a blacker hell
in hell.

That whisper through the grating has
thrilled through all my veins,
"Duffy is dead!" a noble soul has slipped
the tyrant's chains,
And whatever wounds they gave him, their
lying books will show,
How they very kindly treated him, more like
a friend than foe.

For these are Christian Pharisees, the hypo-
crites of creeds,
With the Bible on their lips, and the devil
in their deeds,
Too merciful in public gaze to take our lives
away,
Too anxious here to plant in us the seed of
life's decay.

Those Christians stand between us and the
God above our head,
The sun and moon they prison, and with-
hold the daily bread,
Entomb, enchain, and starve us, that the
mind they may control,
And quench the fire that burns in the ever-
living soul.

To lay your head upon the block for faith in
Freedom's God,
To fall in fight for Freedom in the land your
fathers trod;

* An Irish patriot and fellow-prisoner who died in an
English prison.

For Freedom on the scaffold high to breathe
your latest breath,
Or *anywhere* 'gainst tyranny is dying a noble
death.

Still, sad and lone, was yours, Ned, 'mid the
jailers of your race,
With none to press the cold white hand, with
none to smooth the face;
With none to take the dying wish to home-
land friend or brother,
To kindred mind, to promised bride, or to
the sorrowing mother.

I tried to get to speak to you before you
passed away,
As you were dying so near me, and so far
from Castlereagh,
But the Bible-mongers spurned me off, when
at their office door
I asked last month to see you—now I'll never
see you more.

If spirits once released from earth could
visit earth again,
You'd come and see me here, Ned, but for
these we look in vain;
In the dead-house you are lying, and I'd
“wake” you if I could,
But they'll wake you in Loughglin, Ned, in
that cottage by the wood.

For the mother's instinct tells her that the
dearest one is dead—
That the gifted mind, the noble soul, from
earth to heaven is fled,
As the girls rush toward the door and look
toward the trees,
To catch the sorrow-laden wail, that's borne
on the breeze.

Thus the path of life grows darker to me—
darker day by day,
The stars that flashed their light on it are
vanishing away,
Some setting and some shifting, but that
one which changes never,
The beacon light of liberty that blazes bright
as ever.

IN MILLBANK PRISON, LONDON, 1866.

I HAVE no life at present, my life is in the
past;
I have none in the future, if the present is
to last;
The “Dead Past” only mirrors now the
memories of life,
The fatherland, the hope of years, the friend,
the child and wife.

Then am I dead at present? Yes, dead
while buried here—
Dead to the wife, the child and friend, to all
the world holds dear;
Dead to myself, for life is death to one con-
demned to dwell
His life-long years in exile in a convict prison
cell.

Though dead unto the present, I live in the
“Dead Past,”
And thoughts of dead and living things
crowd on me thick and fast;
E'en when reason is reposing they revel in
my brain,
And I meet the wife, the child and friend,
in fatherland again.

The goddess on her throne resits—the cher-
ished dreams are fled—
Were they but phantoms of the past to show
the past is dead?
Past, Present, Future, what to me!—how
little man can see—
Am I dead unto the world?—or the world
to me?

God only knows. I only know that which
to man He gives,
The love of Liberty and Truth—the soul,
the spirit lives;
And though its house of clay be bound by
England's iron hand,
It freely flies to wife and child, and friend
and fatherland.

SMUAINTE BROIN—THOUGHTS OF SORROW.

The following is a translation of the Gaelic poet *Craoibhin Aoiibhin's* noble song, "Thoughts of Sorrow" with the first stanza in the original Irish :—

Is doreha anocht i an oidhche, ni fheicim
aon reult amhain,
'Gus is dorchas trom ata smuainte mo chroidh-
se ta sgaoilte ar fan.
Ni'l torran air bith in mo thimcheall, acht
na h-eunlaith dul tharm os mo cheann,
Na filibinidhe ag bualadh na speire le buille
fad-tharruingthe, fann;
Agus tagann an fheadog mar phileir ag gear-
radh na h-oidhchele fead,
Agus cluinim na gaethe fiana is airde 's is
gairbhe sgread,
Acht aon torran eile ni chluinim, is e so a
mhendas mo bhron,
Aon torran eile acht sgrioch agus glaodhoch
na n-eun air an moin.

I.

How dark is the night time to-night ! I be-
hold not a single star;
And heavy and dark are my heartfelt
thoughts as they wander sadly afar,
Not a sound in creation around, but the
birds passing over my head:
Those lapwings that ruffled the air with their
long-drawn strokes as they fled.
The plover that comes like a bullet cutting
the sky with its speech;
And I hear the wild geese above them, with
their wilder and stronger screech.
There is no other noise within hearing; oh,
that is what adds to my woe—
No other noise but the cry and the call of
the birds in the meadow below.

II.

But, afar at the foot of the mountain that
borders the ocean wide,
List to the great sea rolling, to the waves as
they chase on the tide—
Rushing on to the beach which swallows the
weeds on its sandy bed.
Oh, cold as the tide to-night is, I feel colder
in heart and head;

I cannot, I cannot explain it; I know not
the reason why
I'm so troubled and sorrow-laden: I can only
sigh and cry.
How cold and how wild this place is—this
place where I'm lying apart—
But that's not the reason that makes me so
heavy and sad at heart.

III.

Since the men who were true are departed—
they who my affection had won—
Cast out from the land I was raised in; alas !
that they're banished and gone—
Asking for only protection and shelter from
poverty; now
In the land in which they were dwelling
there are only the sheep and the cow.
The cow and the sheep in the pasture—in
the pathlands of people, my woe !
And in place of the laugh of the children,
the cries of the raven and crow,
Every candle and light is extinguished that
lighted each door and each hearth;
'Tis the death, the exile of the people in-
creases my sorrow on earth.

IV.

But, see there ! the bright moon is rising;
and tearing asunder the clouds,
And spreading its light on the meadows so
mantled with desolate shrouds,
And beneath it I see the old village, with
the homes of the people all razed—
No gables, no doorsteads, no children; no
cows in the *bawn* where they grazed.
From the rock upon which I am sitting, how
woful the look of the glen;
With no human creature but I, from one
end to the other therein;
The sheep and the cows where the men were;
the lone snipe starts up from its nest,
And screeches aloud to the heavens, while
I'm here alone in the mist.

V.

But like as appeareth the bright moon,
breaking through darkness with light,
Scattering the clouds in its way, and scatter-
ing the shadows of night,

Chasing the shadows of night, and chasing
 the mist and the fog,
 Casting light upon mountain and hill, upon
 pasture and meadow and bog;
 Oh, like as illumines the moonlight the land
 that is stricken with blight,
 So, shortly, will Freedom illumine the Slav-
 ery that shrouds us to-night,
 Will tear from a nation of people the death-
 pall that mantles the strong,
 And our laughter, once more full and joy-
 ous, will be heard beyond sea before
 long.

VI.

But oh, 'tis not speeching, declaiming, or
 talking with all our might,
 Will lift from our land its darkness—will
 scatter the clouds of night;
 Nor the music, nor songs of the poets, nor
 the orators' power in "the hall."
 Nor crying, nor praying, nor moaning, nor
 lying,—the sweetest of all;
 But the work of the hands that are strong,
 and the hearts that are strangers to
 fear, [were found in the rear—
 "That never deserted the fight, and that never

The heroes who stand in the gap, neither
 speaking nor acting the lie;
 The men who're not frightened by threats,
 who are ready to dare and to die.

VII.

But whither, O Lord! run my thoughts
 now? What foolish things come to
 my mind?
 Whereabout can you see such a people?
 None in mountain or glen can you
 find
 They are exiled—cast out from among us
 and scattered all over the earth,
 No track of their steps on the mountain, or
 their boats on the streams of their
 birth;
 And I all alone by myself here, my ship
 without steer or mainstay,
 Thinking sadly of going forever to cold,
 stranger lands, far away;
 My friends will be dead, very likely, if once
 more I revisit this shore,
 And the language I'm speaking at present,
 I may never again speak it more.

POEMS OF HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER.

VIVE VALEQUE.

TO DR. ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

[Within six weeks Boston lost two distinguished artistic workmen. On the 21st of July died Martin Milmore, the sculptor of the Soldiers' Monument and the Sphinx in Mount Auburn. On the 2d of September, sailed for Ireland, in shattered health, R. D. Joyce, Poet and Physician, the author of "Deirdré" and "Blamid."]

O SADDEST of all the sea's daughters, Ierne,
dear mother isle,
Take home to thy sweet, still waters thy son
whom we lend thee awhile.
Twenty years has he poured out his song,
epic echoes heard in our street,
Twenty years have the sick been made strong
as they heard the sound of his feet.
For few there be in his lands whom Apollo
deigns to choose
On whose heads to lay both hands in medicine-gift and the muse.
Double-grieved because double-gifted now
take him and make strong again
The heart long-winnowed and sifted on the
threshing-floor of pain.
Saving others, he saved not himself, like a
shipmaster staunch and brave,
Whose men leave the surge-beaten shelf
while he sinks alone in the wave.
The child in the night cries "mother," and
the mother straight brings peace;
Ierne, be kind to our brother; speak thou,
and his plague shall cease.
Thou gavest him once as revealer song-breath
and the starry scroll,
Give him now as the heart's best healer life-breath
and balms for the soul.
O saddest of all the sad islands, green-girt by
thy mother the sea,
Fold warm, and feed with thy silence the
child whom we send to thee.

Two children thou gavest our city, to stand
in the stress and strife
And touch us to holier pity through shapes
of the deathless life;
One caught in the mountain granite, the
other in marble of song
Those shadows that fall on our planet from
the worlds of the Fair and the Strong;
Of those thy two sons thou gavest, one is,
but the younger is not;
For with all men, even the bravest, strength
waned when the noons wax hot.
The wine of his life half tasted, the work of
his life half done,
He sank through earth-wounds that wasted,
heart-sore and sick of the sun,
The scabbard fell from the sabre, the soul
dropped its time-worn vest,
Then we said, Let this land of his labor be
always the land of his rest,
And always the bronze and the stone that
grew soft to his touch as flame,
Shaped for others, shall now be his own, new-
raised and emblazed with his name,
And the glimmering shaft that catches the
sun's last kiss on its head *
And the Sphinx that overwatches the un-
murmuring streets of the dead
Shall call to life's tide where it dashes, and
speak of him we deplore,
Till the sun burns down to ashes, and the
moon cries, I rise no more.

Who shall cancel that which is sealed? Who
shall close what the Fates have cleft?
Two men were at work in one field; one is
taken, the other left;

*The Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common and the Sphinx at Mount Auburn.

He is left in life's mid meadows, nor yet have
 the days begun,
 When the hand from the valley of shadows
 draws down from the light of the
 sun,
 He lives, and looks round with dread, as a
 strengthless reaper who grieves,
 When the last low moon rises red on his rich
 half-harvested sheaves.
 Hast not thou, Ierne, a blossom that scared
 the snake from thy soil,
 That shall slay the snake in the bosom and
 wither its deadly coil?
 Yea, thou hast what we fain would inherit,
 though kings in these isles of the blest,
 Thou hast for the world-worn spirit some
 simples unfound in the West.
 Here the field flows with milk and honey,
 the river with spoil divine,
 Here the clear air is warm with sunny gold
 cups of invisible wine,
 Self-trust and Toil are defiant, and Freedom
 is mightier than these,
 And Wealth spreads his couch, like a giant,
 silk-smooth for the sides of Ease,
 And gilds man and man with his million, and
 fast as he flies through the heat,
 White cabin and purple pavilion are stirred
 with the storm of his feet.
 But what soil, thou Eden of islands, can
 match thy red and white store,
 The roses of health on thy highlands, the
 lilies of love on thy shore?
 What land lies emerald-valleyed, inlaid with
 lakelet and lawn,
 Where the spirit is swifter rallied, re clothed
 as with lights of the dawn?
 Or where comes with starrier splendor the
 touch of a light-breathing fan,
 To scatter the chaff and make tender and
 affluent the spirit of man?
 There a courtier is found in the cot, and a
 prince in the poor man's shed,
 With a soul sorrow-born, love-begot, rocked
 and cradled in thoughts of the dead,
 A soul like a wind-harp that takes all tones
 of laughter and tears,
 Now burns, now in dying delays woos us
 back through its dream of the years.

There the neediest spreads you the last of his
 earth-apples* dug from the ground,
 And the salt of his wit turns the fast to a
 feast, where dainties abound, —
 Smile and tear and manna-dropped speech
 freely shed on the least word he saith,
 And high-soaring thought beyond reach and
 the love of his land to the death.
 Sweetest isle of old white-haired Ocean,
 breathe new in this child of thy love
 A spirit whose musical motion is light as the
 wings of a dove,
 While hence from palace and purlieu our
 messenger thoughts on the breeze
 Shall reach him through cry of curlew and
 call of sundering seas,
 Where perchance in the shore-wind's breath-
 ing he looks from some headland
 height,
 His westward-bound thoughts bequeathing
 to the sun ere he sinks in night,
 Or haply mid stones of the olden and peril-
 ous places of fear
 He rears a new song-palace, golden with
 dreams of meadow and mere,
 Mab's realm, the swart Connaught Queen,
 faery bugles blown through the sky,
 Magic shores, which once to have seen is to
 live and never die;
 Where Benbulbin, lonely and solemn, looks
 forth toward dark Donegal,
 O'er the endless Atlantic column that foams
 round Sliev League's rock-wall,
 Down whose cliff the Gods drave their share,
 and its face with long furrows
 ploughed,
 When they planted as king of the air, crag-
 throne'd and ermined with cloud,
 The far-sighted, sun-gazing eagle to scream
 to the deep his decree,
 Low-boomed in organ-tones regal and vassal
 voices of sea.
 O saddest of all the sea's daughters, Ierne,
 sweet mother isle,
 Say, how canst thou heal at thy waters the
 son whom we lend thee awhile?

* Pommes-de-terre.

When the gathering cries implore thee to
 help and to heal thy kind,
 When thy dying are strewn before thee, thy
 living ones crouch behind,
 When about thee thy perishing children
 cling, crying, "Thou only art fair,
 We have seen through Life's maze bewildering
 how the earth-gods never spare:"
 And the wolves blood-ripe with slaughter
 gnar at thee with fangs of steel;
 Thou, Niobe-Land of the water, hast many
 children to heal.
 Yet heal him, Ierne, dear mother, thy days
 with his days shall increase,
 At the song of this Delphic brother, nigh
 half of thy pangs shall cease.
 Nor art thou, sweet friend, in a far land,—
 all places are near on the globe,—
 Our greeting wear for thy garland, our love
 for thy festival robe,
 While we keep through glory and gloom two
 altar-candles for thee,
 Thy "Blanið" of deathless doom and thy
 dead but undying "Deirdré."
 And may He who builds in his patience the
 houses which death reveals,
 Round whom the far constellations are dust
 from his chariot-wheels,
 Who showers his coin without scorning, each
 day as he issues it bright,
 The sun as his gold in the morning, the
 stars as his silver at night,
 The love which feedeth the sparrow and
 watcheth the little leaf,
 Which guideth the death-laden arrow and
 counteth each grain of grief,
 Change thy life-chant from its minor and
 spread thy spirit serene,
 As gold before the refiner whose face is re-
 flected therein.

FRYEBURG.

No vale with purer peace the spirit fills
 Than thine, Fryeburg the fair, Fryeburg
 the free.
 Dear are thy men and maidens unto me;

Holy the smokeless altars of thy hills;
 Sacred thy wide, moist meadows, where
 the morn
 Delays for very love; divinely born
 Those drooping tresses of thy feathery elms,
 That lisp of cool delight through dreams
 of noon;
 Gentle thy Saco's tides, that creep and
 croon,
 Lapsing and lingering through hushed forest-
 realms,
 Which love the song-bird's boon.

But neither vale nor hill nor field nor tree
 Nor stream nor forest had this day been
 ours,
 Nor would sweet English speech in Frye-
 burg's bowers
 This night be heard across her lake and lea,—
 Our seamless flag had been in pieces riven,
 Nor had we been, beneath its blue, starred
 heaven,
 A nation one and indivisible,—
 Had not two spirits come to range and
 reign
 Here over sand-girt Saco's green domain,
 The one with sword, the other with prophet-
 spell,—
 Webster and Chamberlain.

Two crowns of glory clasp thy calm, chaste
 brow.
 O ye strong hills, bear witness to my verse,
 Thou "Maledetto," mountain of the
 curse,*
 Chocorua, blasted by thy chief, and thou,
 Kearsarge, slope-shouldered monarch of
 this vale,
 Who gavest thy conquering name to that
 swift sail
 Which caught in Gallic seas the rebel bark
 And downward drove the Alabama's pride
 To deep sea-sleep in Cherbourg's ravening
 tide,
 What time faint Commerce watched a na-
 tion's ark
 Sinking with shattered side.

* Mt. Maledetto, the Chocorua of the Pyrenees, is entirely
 destitute of vegetation, the supposed result of a malediction
 like that pronounced by the Indian chieftain.

Speak, ye historian pine-woods, where ye stand,
 And thou bald scalp, like the bald crown of Time,*
 Lifted above thy sylvan sea sublime,
 And ye still shores, reaches of golden sand,
 Linked like a necklace round your Lovell's lake,
 Speak, for ye saw how, when the morning brake,
 Brave Chamberlain, and men like Chamberlain,
 Turned like caged lions, where round them in fell scorn
 Leaped from their lairs a thousand flushed with morn,
 And fought, death-loving, grand in life's disdain,
 Till eve's first star was born.

Then fell the peerless, fearless, cheerless chief,
 Paugus, between this water and that wood,
 Staining the yellow strand with Indian blood,
 Death-struck by Chamberlain; and straight in grief
 The Indian vanished, and the English came,
 And laid on this lone mere their Lovell's name,
 Lovell who led them: thus the northern land
 From Kearsarge to Katahdin, and the State
 Named from the Pine, lay open as a gate
 For Saxon steps to reach St. Lawrence strand,
 Clear of wild war's debate.

A century, half a hundred years, and seven,
 Each like a pilgrim from eternity
 With sandals of soft silence creeping by,
 Have paced thy streets, and hied them home to heaven,
 Sweet Fryeburg, since thy Lovell's battle-day
 Wove the pine-wreath which welcomes no decay:

But grandsire Time, who crowns men with both hands,
 Giving to him that hath, decreed that thou,
 Ere fourscore years, shouldst bind about thy brow
 A second wreath, culled from thy meadow-lands
 And the elm's peaceful bough.

Then Judgment rose on swift, storm-shadowed wings,*
 And pitying Man, heart-sick with vain desire,
 Sent the new Gods, mist-robed and crowned with fire,
 To trace with flame-like hands the doom of kings.
 Through the worn world like throb of morning drum,
 Pealed the fierce shout,—the new Gods' reign is come;
 And new-risen stars, ablaze round Man's new bride,
 Came down to sing at Freedom's marriage feast,
 When through the listening lands of West and East
 A Daniel rose for judgment on each side
 Where the Atlantic ceased.

Twenty rich summers glowed along his veins
 When from New Hampshire's high-born hills a youth
 Came down, a seeker and a sayer of sooth,
 To stand beneath these elms, and shake the reins
 That steer the heart of boyhood's fiery prime.
 They called him *Daniel Webster* and the chime
 Measured the sliding hours with smooth, slow stroke,

* A Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel." Two young champions of popular freedom, each bearing this name, arose almost in the same hour on either side of the Atlantic. In 1800, while the bells of St. Patrick's Cathedral were ringing triumphantly over the downfall of the old Irish Parliament, young Daniel O'Connell rose in the Corn Exchange, Dublin, and delivered his maiden speech. In 1802 young Daniel Webster spoke for the first time, and in the spirit of the Irish agitator's life-long political principles.

* Equestrian fancy calls the scalp-like rock over-hanging
 as "the Bald Head."

While he sat registering the deed, and
wrought
As though the wide world watched him:
swift in thought,
But slow in speech; yet once, when once he
spoke,
Then an archangel taught.

'Twas Magna Charta's morning in July,
When, in that temple reared of old to
Truth,
He rose, in the bronze bloom of blood-
bright youth,
To speak, what he re-spake when death was
nigh.*
Strongly he stood, Olympian-framed, with
front
Like some carved crag where sleeps the
lightning's brunt,
Black, thunderous brows, and thunderous
deep-toned speech
Like Pericles, of whom the people said,
That, when he spake, it thundered; round
him spread
The calm of summer nights when the stars
teach
In music overhead.

Lift up thy head, behold thy citizen,
O Fryeburg! From thy cloistered shades
came he,—
Who came like many more who come from
there,—
To teach the cities how the hills make men.
Guard thy unabdicated pastoral throne,
God-kept within thy God-made mountain-
zone,
Of Truth, of Love, of Peace, the worshipper;
Keep fresh thy double garland, and hand
down
This my last leaf woven in thy Webster's
crown,
And leave lean Envy's loathed, unkennelled
cur
To bark at his renown.

* Webster, in his last speech in the Senate, repeated the peroration of his Fryeburg oration; an example of the law under which many other supreme artists have been led to work over and enlarge the lines of their life's first efforts.

A VACATION PRELUDE.

Ἀλαδὲ μύσται.

At Athens, on the second day of the Eleusinian festival, the candidates for the Great Mysteries assembled, and waited for the well-known word of the prophet, Hierophant or Mystagogue, as their religious leader was variously called. At the cry, "To the sea, ye initiates!" (*halade mústai*), they rose and went down to the shore, where they received baptismal purification, and thence proceeded to the temple of Démêtér (the Earth-mother) at Eleusis, to be initiated in the greater or final Mysteries of life and death.

"HENCE to the sea! souls true and tried,
Plunge in the Gods' baptismal tide!
Thence to Demeter's temple-stair
And learn Life's deeper secrets there!"

The Prophet speaks; they hear the call,
They rise and leave thy sacred wall,
Thy homes and haunts of sweet renown!
Queen City of the Violet Crown!

Onward with heart-kept vows they creep
Round the grey, olive-shaded steep,
Through ways that beckon lovingly
Down to old Ægeus' fabled sea;

That sea that shines and shakes afar,
Inlaid with many an island-star,
Poseidôn's bright, rock-jewelled band
Clasping his loved, lost Attic land.

"Hence to the sea!" that cry once more
Comes, organ-voiced, from surf and shore,
Comes through the hum and hurrying feet,
The toil and tumult of the street.

From each dull brick I learn the call
Flashed as from old Belshazzar's wall;
Market and church and street and store
Echo the mandate, "To the shore!"

With Care's sharp thorn-wreath daily
crowned,
Our wave-girt city hears the sound,
And stoops her toil-worn diadem
To touch the healing Ocean's hem;

And take new strength from him who erst
With his waves rocked her, swathed and
nursed,

Who now with blue, large, wondering eye
Hails her, his Venice throned on high.

"Hence to the sea!" the summons came
O'er fields, adust, down skies of flame;
I heard, and fondly turned to thee,
O gentle, glad, all-gathering Sea!

I saw thee spread but yesternorn,
As though for Venus newly born,
A couch of satin soft and blue,
O'er which the sun-showers dimpling flew.

To-day how changed! the loud winds rise,
The storm her sounding shuttle plies,
Weaves a white water-shroud beneath,
And all the sea-marge answers, "Death."

Through sheeted spray what sights appear!
Faces look out and shapes of fear;
Mad through the trampled surge abroad
Revels and reels the Demon-god;

Whilst o'er his shouts that wax and wane
Swells one long monotone of pain,
As o'er some city's rabble yell
Tolleth a great cathedral bell.

Is this the deep-sea peace I sought?
Calm days by holy shores of Thought,
Airs, that might Hope's own clarion fill.
With tones divine of "Peace, be still?"

And yet to me these tides that flow
Are but as clouds o'er worlds below,
Worlds which look up to skies, as we
Look to our heaven's o'erhanging sea.

Not on that sea-floor, but beneath
Its snowy shroud and funeral wreath
Peace dwells. What kingdoms calm and fair
And changeless greet my guesses there!

Seeds of the New that is to be
Sleep in the ooze of yon grey sea;
Life, Love, all sweet and speechless things
To crown the heart's imaginings,—

Rich hills, green-skirted, forest-zoned,
Cliffs on which slumbrous Powers are
throned,
High-pillared shades, with splendor laned,
By ruthless woodman unprofaned;

Close-latticed lights, cool shadowings,
And murmurs of all pleasant things,

Fountains that chime away their cares
In liquid lapse down crystal stairs;

Glades which a tender twilight fling
Like the green mist of groves in spring;
Blameless white sands, and seas of pearl,
Where young-eyed Dreams their sails unfurl;

Doors opening from afar with tone
Of mystic flutes in musings lone,
Low chantings thrilled through dim-lit seas,
Old harp-notes, half-heard prophecies;

Pale temples veiled in sapphire gloom
Where the great ghosts of glorious doom
In transport list, till heaven-born Fate
Shall ope her sire's tremendous gate;

Caves where the gentle, gracious Hours,
Who bring all good things, weave strange
flowers,
And faint Hopes wait in Lethe grotts,
Brow-bound with fresh forget-me-nots;

Genii, low dwellers of the glen,
And souls forlorn that shall be men,
Mute lips that once have kissed the wrong,
Which Time shall purge and light with song;

Strong angels, waiting for the day
When they shall shoulder seas away
And show to God new blessed hills
Starred with undying daffodils;

When Earth, with bridal morning strewn,
Like a pure goddess grandly hewn,
Shall, re-baptized and born again,
Rise from her centuries' trance of pain.

Thus in thy heart, O Deep, are stored
Kings' treasure-chambers, unexplored;
Thy terrors, tumults, fears are found
But on thy surface, in thy sound.

"Hence to the sea!" I heard that call,
And left the world's loud palace-wall
To find thee, O thou vast Unknown,
By shores of mystery and of moan.

Yet, nameless Dread, that seem'st but so,
Calm are thy depths of peace below;
Roll dark or bright, O Spirit Sea,
Why should I fear to sink in thee?

THE REED.

ET ARUNDINEM IN DEXTRAM EJUS.

Beneath the memnonian shadows of Mem-
phis it rose from the slime,
A reed of the river, self-hid, as though shun-
ning the curse of its crime,
And it shook as it measured in whispers the
lapses of tide and of time,

It shuddered, it stooped, and was dumb,
when the kings of the earth passed
along,

For what could this reed of the river in the
race of the swift and the strong,—
Where the wolf met the bear and the pan-
ther, blood-bathed, at the banquets
of wrong?

These loved the bright brass, the hard steel,
and the gods that kill and condemn;
Yea, theirs was the robe silver-tissued, and
theirs was the sun-colored gem;
If they touched thee, O reed, 'twas to wing
with swift death thy sharp arrowy
stem.

Then the strong took the corn and the wine,
and the poor, who had scattered the
seed,

Went forth to the wilderness weeping, and
sought out a sign in their need,
And the gods laughed in rapturous thun-
der, and showed them the wind-
shaken reed.

O dower of the poor and the helpless ! O key
to Thought's palace unpriced !
When the strong mocked with cruel crimson,
and spat in the face of their Christ,
When the thorns were his crown—in his
faint palm this reed for a sceptre
sufficed;

This reed in whose fire-pith Prometheus
brought life, and then Art began,
When Man, the god of time's twilight, grew
godlike by dying for Man,
Ere Redemption fell bound and bleeding,
priest-carved to the priests' poor plan.

Come hither, ye kings of the earth, and ye
priests without pity, draw near,
Ye girded your loins for a curse, and ye
builded dark temples to Fear,
Ye gathered from rune-scroll and symbol
great syllables deathful and drear.

Then ye summoned mankind to your Idol,
the many bowed down to the few,
As ye told in loud anthems how all things
were framed for the saints and for you,
“Lord, not on these sun-blistered rocks, but
on Gideon's fleece falls thy dew.”

Man was taken from prison to judgment; a
bulrush he bent at your nod;
Ye stripped him of rights, his last garment,
and bared his broad back for the rod,
And ye lisped, as he writhed down in an-
guish, “This woe is the sweet will of
God.”

But lo ! whilst ye braided the thorn-wreath
for Man and the children of men,
Whilst ye reft him of worship and wealth,
and he stood mute and dazed in your
den,

A reed-stalk remained for a sceptre; ye left
in his hand the pen.

Sweet wooer, strong winner of kingship,
above crown, crosier and sword,
By thee shall the mighty be broken, and the
spoil which their might hath stored
Shall be stamped small as dust and be wafted
away by the breath of the Lord.

His decree is gone forth, it is planted, and
these are the words which he spake,—
No smouldering flax of first fancy, no full
flame of thought, will he slake,
No bruised reed of the writer shall the
strength of eternities break.

Behold your sign and your sceptre. Arise,
imperial reed,
Go forth to discrown king and captain and
disinherit the creed;
O strike through the iron war-tower ar
cast out the murderer's seed;

Go forth—like the swell of the springtide,
 sweep on in measureless sway,
 Till raised over each throned falsehood, in
 bright omnipresence like day,
 Thou shalt bruise them with rod of iron and
 break them like vessels of clay.

THEODOSIUS.

ALL things are beautiful that God hath
 made,—
 Green earth, skies grey or crimson, sheen
 or shade,
 The golden river-dust, the mid-sea slime,
 The mold-warps home, and hills the throne
 of Time,
 Rich dawn, with thrush, and saffron-flower-
 ing reed,
 And darkness, friend of death, and worm
 and weed.
 Shadows of silence, and great lights of sound
 Alike are dear to the heaven they float
 around,
 And God hath blest them, whether in field
 or flood,
 In earth or air, and called them very good.
 But ere these leave the embrace of their
 kind Nurse,
 Man clothes them with the garment of his
 curse,
 And driving out with flame-sword, seraph-
 wise,
 He disinherits them of their Paradise.
 'Tis the old story of the scapegoat still,
 We lay on other lives our self-wrought ill;
 Man points at Woman, Woman at her feet,
 "The Serpent tempted me, and I did eat."

In the far East, as story telleth us,
 Dwelt the great Emperor Theodosius,
 By the rough Thracian strait, where Io
 roamed
 Salt fields of sea, wind-fretted and o'er-
 foamed.
 All power was his, the King's twain-handed
 might,

And Life, and Law, and all, save sacred
 sight.

But, God be praised, the chance that seals
 one sense,

Stays not the whole flow of man's providence.
 So at his palace door a bell he hung,
 Which, when it woke him with its iron
 tongue,

Cried ever in his ear, "O Sire, descend,
 And give me justice, and be misery's friend."
 Then would you hear the shuffling, sightless
 feet

Which brought him to the hall and judg-
 ment seat,

Where he sat down, this Emperor Theodose,
 And sentence gave 'mid his magnificoes.
 So the world sought him as some isle o' the
 sea,

Where men breathe rights and all the men
 are free.

Now fell it on a day when Spring's new
 flame

Pricked bird and flower and leaf, a serpent
 came

And built her home and stowed her innocent
 freight

In a green plat, hard by the palace-gate,
 And there she dwelt, a helpless, harmless
 thing,

With sweet, strange mother-love encompass-
 ing

And coiled in sleep about her little ones,
 As God's vast life rings round his stars and
 suns.

One morn, while absent from her dear
 abode,

There came with short, light leaps, a song-
 less toad

Through thickening grass-plumes, to the
 serpent nest,

Where her brood lay just sleep-warm from
 her breast,

And swallowing these, his body burdensome
 He straight lay down in that unchilded home.
 Swift came the serpent-mother back again;
 One glance around, then fierce with death-
 like pain,

She flashed straight at the murderer of her
joy,
God-armed with right to cast out and destroy,
Not yet: for oft the gods are kind to guilt,
And fools grow fat where the pure blood lies
spilt.

Driven out, this creature, childless, exiled,
poor,
Slow wound her weak folds to the emperor's
door,
Where, gathering all her battle-broken
strength
She flickered up and writhed her sliding
length
Round the smooth bell-rope toward the
speechless bell,
Which, drawing down, she woke the sum-
moning knell,
"Descend and give me justice." Straight
arose
And took his seat, that Emperor Theodose,
Saying, "Go, bring him hither," and one
came,
In black velure and taffeta robe of flame,
Peeping with outstretched neck and watery
laugh,
Who smote the snake thrice with his ivory
staff,
And switched her from the grunsel, and re-
turned.
Scarce had the sightless Theodosius learned
From the cold courtier's tongue the serpent's
crime,
When hark ! the bell knolled out the second
time,
"Descend and give me justice," and to end
The full appeal, it rang once more, "De-
scend."

Then called the blind-king to his seneschal,
A reverent man, of face angelical,
With love-lit eyes, voice musical and low,
White hair and soft step like the falling
snow;
"Hie thee, and fetch this thing whatso it
be;
Who doeth kind deed, the only king is he."
And with soft step the senior went, and found

The stricken serpent half-way to the ground,
And caught her well-nigh dead, reft of all
hope,
Failing through faintness from the throbbing
rope,
And bore her, inly pitying her woes,
And laid her down before King Theodose.

O then, I ween, a work right marvellous
Was wrought of him, who somewhere teach-
eth us,—

Certes, all things are possible with God.
Yet men will say in time's last period
This was not so, these tales are light as sand,
Faith-forged in Jewry or old Grecian Land,
Not knowing how in antique days, by oak
And fountain, beasts and birds together
spoke,

Under the forest's shadow-woven tent,
In session sage and peaceful parliament;
Till Man came and henceforth from bird
and beast

The primal word's divisible language ceased,
And so to place their thoughts above our
reach

They chose their free-born, inarticulate
speech.

Yet sometimes these, when heavenward
raised by wrong,

Change cry for speech, as men change speech
for song;

Or, as when Slavery's bow at Man is bent,
Man cries to God, and then is eloquent,
Nor count it strange that He who once came
down

In tongue of fire to be the Prophet's crown,
And shook his soul as with the rushing
South,

Should ope in one brief speech a serpent's
mouth.

So with raised head the serpent thus began
"Smite me, but hear. I come to thee, O
Man;

For unto thee, they say, the seat is given
Of Mediator-God 'twixt us and heaven.
In thy sere autumn, when hopes fade and
fly,

Thou yearnest upward to the listening sky

And criest and sighest and sayest, 'Lord,
how long?'

To some one, whom ye call the Sweet and
Strong—

What that one is to thee, art thou to us,
Girt with great strength and knowledge
glorious.

Shall Mercy drop to *thee* her royal meat
Who keepst her crumbs from them that kiss
thy feet.

Think not, great king, that we who roam
and range

Wild ways of life, which teach us uses
strange,

Are aliens to what makes the best in men,
In soldier, statesman, sire and citizen,—
The lover's anguish dipped in tides of death,
Child-trust, and mother-love that fashioneth
All thought and thew, life's prodigality
That breathes the noble rage to save or die;—
These which are ours we share with thee, O
Man,

In Life's wide palace cosmopolitan.

Hear me. There came a toad into my nest,
Whiles I was absent on a needful quest,
And killed my pretty brood, and now he
keeps

That home from her who at thy footstool
creeps.

Full well I know that something just and
good

Ere many suns will give me back my brood,
But give me now the lair which is my own,—
Guard my ground nest, and I will guard thy
throne."

Long mused the blind king Theodosius,
But when at last his heart full piteous
Sent its red message to his cheek, he spake:—
"Ah me! sad woes ye bear for human sake,
Poor hunted lives, beast, bird and creeping
thing,

From Man who is your brother, not your
king.

But chiefly on thy head that lies thus low
Have we laid down the weight of all our woe.
Give ear and hear me, my most honored lords,
And you, ye learned clerks, wise in your
words.

Stand forth and answer me: Who first de-
creed

Discord for all things sown of mortal seed?
Who blew through earth the ban of civil war
Which flames above us, reddening Arès' star?
God, will ye say? Heaven wot, that cannot
be.

Hear Nature's *Miserère Domine*

Go up, man-scorned, an awful litany
Folding the feet of God with folds of moan
And crying, Our eyes look unto Thee alone.
Not God. Who then? Ye durst not answer
me—

'Tis Man, who blots her fountain, slays her
tree,

Blasts her sweet river, tears her breast of
green,

And calls her beasts now clean and now un-
clean,

Stooping her names of serpent, ape and dog
To suit the sins of man's own catalogue;
For through man's heart distil those drops of
gall

Which must o'erflow and on some creature
fall.

O dull of spirit and cold of heart to make
This cleanser of the dust, the earth-loving
snake,

The authoress of your ills, the fount of sin;
Forgetting in your doctrines' battle-din
How God ordained that since the world began
Each thing in turn should be the friend of
Man.

What! shall the Lamb that healeth all of us
Tread on the Snake of Æsculapius?

Say, are not innocent Wisdom and wise Love
Wedded for aye—the Serpent and the Dove?
O sweet Lord Christ, when thou didst come
on earth

Thou madest the stall of ox thy bed of birth;
When in chill desert thou didst leave our
feasts [beasts;]

To share Life's hunger, thou wast 'with the
When on to Zion Town they saw thee pass,
'Twas not on war-steed, but on lowly ass;
And when to win us worlds by thy self-loss
Thou didst lift up for us the bitter cross,
Then didst thou take the thorns we oft had
cursed

To be thy crown, of all great crowns the first.
 Help me, dear Christ, in pity thus arrayed
 Like thee, to love all things which God hath
 made,
 So Pain shall school me into sympathy,
 And what I should have been, I yet shall be."

Then Theodose sent one from all the rest
 To reinstall the serpent in her nest,
 Who came and finding there the murderer
 Crushed him and cast him out; and some
 aver
 That from the bruised head of the loathly
 thing
 There oozed a sea-green gem, forth issuing;
 Wherefore and how it boots not here to tell,—
 Certes, with God all things are possible.

After these things it fell on a bright day
 Near the calm shut of eve, this blind king
 lay,
 Wrapped in his purple, gold-embroidered
 pall,
 And slept a space in the same palace hall,
 When lo! a thing most rare was brought to
 pass.
 As though new-raised in beauty from the
 grass
 That serpent through the palace came again,
 No more updrawing her loose length with
 pain,
 But glittering like a stream with rains fresh-
 dewed,
 Amber, and silver-mooned, and rainbow-
 hued,
 Eyed like a moist large planet of the South
 That shines a promise of rain in days of
 drouth.
 So swept she glorying up the porphyry floor,
 And in her mouth a bright great emerald
 bore.
 Therewith, (but whence it came none ever
 knew,)
 Through all the house a wondrous music
 grew,
 Such concords as are heard from stop and
 string
 At heavenly doors by spirits first entering,—
 Immortal airs, touches of mellow sound

That came in long-drawn sighs, above,
 around,
 And march-like music swoln to mighty tone,
 Like preludes from ærial clarions blown,
 And whispers as of multitudinous feet,
 Which died away with waifs of scent most
 sweet.

Soul-charmed, the serpent toward King
 Theodose crept,
 And there she hung above him, as he slept
 With silent face, and silent, pale, dead eyes
 Turned in, as 'twere, on Life's mute mys-
 teries;
 Then, as the downward-swaying branch lets
 fall
 Its waxen fruitage to the lips that call,
 So she soft-stooping o'er his sleep, un-
 known,—
 Dropped on his eyes the magic emerald stone.

Meanwhile blind Theodosius dreamed a
 dream.
 In the high heaven he saw a coming gleam,
 Which brightening as it came to where he
 lay,
 Opened at last like the full flower of day.
 It was God's angel, strong Ithuriel,
 Armed with that glowing lance, which, sooth
 to tell,
 Unlocks all doors of light in earth or skies,
 With whose bright point he touched the
 sightless eyes,
 And said, "Receive thy sight;" thus much
 he spoke
 And vanished, and King Theodose awoke.

Opening his new-born eyes he looked
 abroad,
 Oh wonder! Oh the beautiful earth of God!
 He gazed on the rich picture, fresh and fair,
 The grateful fields of green, and liquid air,
 But first toward heaven; and its blue gulfs
 of sky. [of light
 What sees he there? Up through long lanes
 Thy city, Lord, rose on his tranced sight,
 Pillar and palace built of mist and gem,
 And sun-clad wall of New Jerusalem,
 Where men walk free from sin and terror
 and tears,

With smile sent back on time and passèd
years.

Then, as the pageant faded from his eyes,
He watched beneath its vanishing trceries
The dawning eventide of one faint star
And lilac cloud's flame-bordered bank and
bar,

And lower down, the green wood's tender
gloom

And lawns that fed on dews and balm and
bloom,

Whilst, like a meteor, through his palace
door

The serpent shivered and was seen no more.

BEYOND THE SNOW.

BARE boughs; athwart each suppliant arm
The sun's pale stare at pale November,
No autumn's amorous breath to warm

His red last leaf's expiring ember;
House after house, a glimmering street;
A herald grain of coming sleet;

The struggling dayfires' lessening glow;
Hour when light ghost-winds wailing go,

When men least hope and most remember,
Before the snow, before the snow.

A village cot; eyes fiery blue,

Blithe voice beneath the roof's high rafter,

Ripe cheek, crisp curls of chestnut hue,

Quick heart that leaps to love and laughter

That feeds on all from star to sod,

And loving all things lives in God;

Light feet borne daily to and fro

On some sweet errand none may know,

Swift sped with hopes like wings to waft
her

Along the snow, along the snow.

A midnight room; the smothered speech

Of those that watch with tear-stained faces;

The helpless love-look bent by each

Who stoops, but speaks not, and embraces;

Love braving Death with that last cry,

"She is mine, she is mine, she shall not
die;"

Then homeward steps returning slow
To the great tear's unworded woe,
And many darkened dwelling-places
Across the snow, across the snow.

A hollow grave; and gathered there
Strong breaking hearts that bear and break
not,

Round the closed eyes and lifeless hair

Life's few that follow and forsake not;

Tears, the drink-offering to the dead,

The bruised heart's grape-wine softly
shed;

Long downward looks; they will not go,

They fain would sleep with her below

In dreamless rest with those that wake not

Beneath the snow, beneath the snow.

A green plot sweet with shade and sound,

A white porch and a name engraven,

Where Death unveiled as Love sits crowned

In garden-lawns with lilies paven,

And she a daughter of that land,

A silent rose in her right hand,

And in her left a scroll where glow

Mysteries of might which man shall
know

In Love's warm-shadowed leafy haven

Beyond the snow, beyond the snow.

THE SIRENS.

ON DE BEAUMONT'S PICTURE "LES SIRENES."

DAINTY sea-maids! bright-eyed sirens!
laughing over dead men's graves!

What has drawn you from the inland to this
wilderness of waves?

Why those lucent arms uptossing o'er your
shoulders round and rare?

Why those musical throats bent back beneath
the sunlight of your hair?

Oh, the bosoms' rosy treasures tempting to-
ward their fragrant home!

Oh, the ivory thighs unkirtled on the white
flowers of the foam!

Bitter is the sea about you with the brine
of daily tears,

In the sea-grave lie beneath you withered
 hearts and wasted years.
 Back! ye deathward-singing Sirens! One
 by Galilee's calm sea
 Calls you hence,—“O cease your angling,
 drop your nets, and follow me,”—
 Calls you home to Love's high service in se-
 clusion's holy glen,
 But he never called you shoreward to be
 fishers after men.

SONNET.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD, SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1881.

Lo! as a pure white statue wrought with
 care
 By some strong hand that moulds with
 tear and sigh
 Beauty more beautiful than things that
 die,
 And straight 'tis veiled; and whilst all men
 repair
 'To see this wonder in the workshop, there!
 Behold, it gleams unveiled to curious eye,
 Far-seen, high-placed in Art's pale gallery,
 Where all stand mute before a work so fair;
 So he, our man of men, in vision stands,
 With Pain and Patience crowned imperial;
 Death's veil has dropped; far from this
 house of woe
 He hears one love-chant out of many lands,
 Whilst from his mystic noon-height he lets
 fall
 His shadow o'er these hearts that bleed
 below.

A NEW ENGLAND WINTER SONG.

FOREFATHERS' DAY, DECEMBER 22.

Who cradled thee on the rock, my boy,
 Far, far from the sun-warm South?
 Who woke thee with shout and shock, my
 boy,

And spray for a kiss on thy mouth,
 As the low sad shores grew dim with rain
 And the grey sea moaned its infinite pain.
 To grey grass and pale sands, thy sole do-
 main?

Who cradled thee on the rock?

I brought thee into the wilderness,
 When thou didst cry to me,
 And I gave thee there in thy sore distress
 The rock and the cloud and the sea;
 With baptismal waves thy limbs were wet,
 And the ragged cloud was thy coverlet,—
 Thus saith the Lord God: Dost thou forget?
 I cradled thee on the rock.

Who shadowed thee with the cloud, my boy,
 And the stars forgot to shine, [boy,
 And the sun lay as dead in his shroud, my
 And thy tears were to thee for wine?
 Who took from thee every pleasant thing,
 Sweet sounds that are drawn from stop and
 string,
 Day's dream and the night's glad banqueting?
 Who shadowed thee with the cloud?

I broke thy slumber with carion storms,
 I called like a midnight bell,
 Till thou saw'st through the dark the spirit
 forms,
 Heaven's glow and the glare of hell;
 And then, that thou mightest know God's
 grace
 And drink his love-wine and see his face,
 I drew thee into my secret place,—
 I shadowed thee with the cloud.

Who fenced thee round with the sea, my boy,
 And locked its gates amain?
 Who, to set thy fathers free, my boy,
 Burst the bars of the deep in twain,
 And led them by ways they knew not of,
 When the black storm spread its wings above
 And thundered, My God is Law, not Love!
 Who fenced thee round with the sea?

I set thee beyond where the great sea ran,
 I made thee to dwell apart,
 For in the divisions of man from man
 Come the mighty searchings of heart;

I, the Lord, who moved on the waters old,
 Who sought for a heart like the sea's heart,
 —bold,
 Unchartered, chainless and myriad-souled—
 I fenced thee round with the sea.

ODE TO GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ.*

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF
 MEXICO.

I.

OPEN thy storm-dark doors, dear Northern
 Land,
 Star-diademed, pale Priestess of the free,
 Wailed round by wind and water and that
 grey sea
 Whose morning psalm salutes his Pilgrims'
 strand,
 O thou to whom all great things thought
 and done
 Are dear, all fights for Freedom lost or
 won,
 Queen of the earth's free states,
 Open to *him* thy gates,
 This champion of the children of the Sun;
 To him who with his king-destroying rod
 Wiped the last king-curse from the
 southern sod,
 Bring the loud welcome which the free-
 man brings
 When his full harp is struck through
 all its strings
 With music born of God.

II.

He comes a hero to a heroes' home.
 New England's hills, peal forth your thrice
 All Hail,
 Far as the Gulf, till every seaward sail
 Bends low to hear, and Orizaba's dome
 Heaves his flame-hearted breast of barren
 brown
 And breaks the frosts that bind his helmet-
 crown,

To see his realm re-born
 Which late the old worlds could scorn
 Now nearer to life's flowering marge of
 morn;
 To see his country's chief and chosen
 thereof
 In war and peace its eagle and its dove,
 Called here to reap the far fruits of past pain
 And bear New England's blessing to New
 Spain
 With the strong Northman's love.

III.

The Pine-tree waves her peace-pledge to the
 Palm,
 Sending sweet grace and greeting, not as
 they
 Who greet and give not. For in time's
 past day,
 Ere thy quick South roused from their
 summer-calm
 Her baby Hopes adream on wings warm-
 furled,
 Our seedplot for all gardens of the world
 Nursed through its bud and birth
 One tree till the whole earth
 Owned its circumferent leaves and giant
 girth;
 Whence winnowed by the northwind's
 wings of power
 A fire-seed smote thy soil, and lo! a
 bower,
 A blossom-blaze, a Maytime glorious.
 O gardener, what is this thou bringest us?
 Our freedom's far-sown flower.

IV.

O Tree of Liberty, thou Tree of Life,
 Without thee what were all the golden
 South? [mouth,
 The Cid's rich song from ripe Castilian
 The eyes' black velvet of each gay girl-wife,
 The scarlet nopal, jasmine's earth-born
 star,
 The low bird-language of the light guitar
 Wooed by love's wandering hand,
 And teocalli grand
 With scroll and sculptured face of mild
 command,

* Read at the banquet in Boston, April 11th, 1883.

Querétaro's wave-worn arches, one long
mile
Of marching giants, Viga's floating isle,
Cholula's hill-shrine of the all-worshipped
Sun,
Huge cypress shade, all Aztec spoils in one,
Without thee were most vile.

v.

Look whither Nature leads thee, soldier-
priest;
Not South to soil war-scourged and
thunder-scarred,
Not West where friendship fails thee
ocean-barred,
Not to the palsied, mad, monarchic East,
Dazzling with sunlike gems of gay romance
And backward gaze fixed in tradition's
trance,
Who sent across the main
The monkish spawn of Spain,
And Austria's yellow plague and black Ba-
zaine,
To lash thy land with battle's gory shower
And cage thee in Puebla's dungeon-tower,
Whence rushed thy eagle spirit new-fledged,
and burst [cursed,
The death-folds of the serpent crowned and
When hell lost half her power.

vi.

The strongest Gods dwell ever in the North,
In labor's land and sorrow's; but at length
Labor and sorrow bring the perfect
strength.
See, from Ezekiel's northern hills leaps forth
The car of crystal floor and sapphire
throne,
In amber-colored light and rainbow zone,
On self-moved beryl wheels,
Through fire-mist that reveals
Man, its great charioteer, aloft, alone,
Where round him float three mystic
shapes divine,
Cloven foot of steer and starred wing
aquiline,
And lion's regal mane ready to rise
Like slumbering Law on all its enemies,
In strength, O guest, like thine.

vii.

So to thy home sweeps down unconquerable
Our iron chariot of the prophet's dream,
Fire-fledged and clothed in cloud and
wreathed with steam,
Flashed like a poet's thought through all—
cleft hill,
Rent rock and rolling flood and fiery
sand,
Laden with Life's humanities, not the
brand
Of widow-making war,
To blast thy fields afar
Like burnings of the intolerable star.
So flies the thunder-bearing steed of
flame
Waking each southern silence with his
name *
King of his kinsmen round the stormy
cape,
Whose heart, head, hand to purpose, plan
and shape,
Win him a conqueror's fame.

viii.

Thee, latest-born, self-liberated State,
Earth, heaven and thy two Oceans wait to
bless,
Our blessing also take, with love not less,
As of thy sister ever inseparate,
And take thy place in the immemorial
line
Of those that soared and sang with hopes
like thine,
And with voice piercing strong
And clear and sweet prolong
The choral thunders of their mighty song,
Till earth's new man, thrilled by the
spirit breeze,
Shall wake to morn's memnonian melo-
dies,
Bright as when daybreak from his rosy
home
Stains with his blood-red life the furrowed
foam
Of sunward-surgings seas.

* Thomas Nickerson, Esq., president of the Mexican Cen-
tral Railroad

POEMS OF FRANCES BROWNE.

LOSSES.

UPON the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known;
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary
moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone
down;
But one had wilder woe—
For a fair face, long ago,
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourn'd their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the west
Turn'd an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talk'd of vanish'd gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some speak of friends that were their trust
no more ;
And one of a green grave,
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free;
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet ;
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead—

For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest
loss."

SONGS OF OUR LAND.

SONGS of our land, ye are with us for ever,
The power and the splendor of thrones
pass away;
But yours is the might of some far flowing
river,
Through Summer's bright roses or Au-
tumn's decay.
Ye treasure each voice of the swift passing
ages,
And truth which time writeth on leaves
or on sand ;
Ye bring us the thoughts of poets and sages,
And keep them among us, old songs of
our land.

The bards may go down to the place of their
slumbers,
The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the
grave,
But far in the future the power of their
numbers
Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and
brave.
It will waken an echo in souls deep and
lonely,
Like voices of reeds by the summer breeze
fanned ;
It will call up a spirit for freedom, when only
Her breathings are heard in the songs of
our land.

For they keep a record of those, the true-
hearted,

Who fell with the cause they had vowed
to maintain;

They show us bright shadows of glory de-
parted,

Of love that grew cold and the hope that
was vain.

The page may be lost and the pen long for-
saken,

And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave
heart and hand;

But ye are still left when all else hath been
taken,

Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of
our land.

Songs of our land, ye have followed the
stranger,

With power over ocean and desert afar,

Ye have gone with our wanderers through
distance and danger,

And gladdened their path like a home-
guiding star.

With the breath of our mountains in sum-
mers long vanished,

And visions that passed like a wave from
the sand,

With hope for their country and joy from
her banished.

Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our
land.

The spring time may come with the song of
our glory,

To bid the green heart of the forest re-
joice,

But the pine of the mountain though blasted
and hoary,

And the rock in the desert, can send forth
a voice.

It was thus in their triumph for deep deso-
lations,

While ocean waves roll or the mountains
shall stand,

Still hearts that are bravest and best of the
nations, [land.

Shall glory and live in the songs of the

POEMS OF JOHN SAVAGE, LL.D.

THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

A BALLAD OF '61.

I.

"OH, mother, have you heard the news?"

"Oh, father, is it true?"

"Oh, brother, were I but a man"—

"Oh, husband, they shall rue!"

Thus, passionately, asked the boy,

And thus the sister spoke,

And thus the dear wife to her mate,

The words they could not choke.

"The news! what news?" "Oh, bitter
news—they've fired upon the flag—

The flag no foreign foe could blast, the traitors
down would drag."

II.

"The truest flag of liberty

The world has ever seen—

The stars that shone o'er Washington

And guided gallant Greene!

The white and crimson stripes which bode

Success in peace and war,

Are draggled, shorn, disgraced, and torn—

Insulted star by star;

That flag which struggling men point to,
rebuking kingly codes,

The flag of Jones at Whitehaven, of Reid
at Fayal Roads."

III.

"Eh, neighbor, can'st believe this thing?"

The neighbor's eyes grew wild;

Then o'er them crept a haze of shame,

As o'er a sad, proud child;

His face grew pale, he bit his lip,

Until the hardy skin,

By passion tightened, could not hold

The boiling blood within;

He quivered for a moment, the indignant

stupor broke, [awoke.

And the duties of the soldier in the citizen

IV.

On every side the crimson tide

Ebbs quickly to and fro;

On maiden cheeks the horror speaks

With fitful gloom and glow;

In matrons' eyes their feelings rise,

As when a danger, near,

Awakes the soul to full control

Of all that causes fear;

The subtle sense, the faith intense, of woman's
heart and brain,

Give her a prophet's power to see, to suffer,
and maintain.

V.

Through city streets the fever beats—

O'er highways, byways, borne—

The boys grow men with madness,

And the old grow young in scorn;

The forest boughs record the vows

Of men, heart-sore, though strong;

Th' electric wire, with words of fire,

The passion speeds along,

Of traitor hordes and traitor swords from

Natchez to Manassas,

And like a mighty harp flings out the war-
chant to the masses.

VI.

And into caverned mining pits

The insult bellows down;

And up through the hoary gorges,

Till it shouts on the mountain's crown;

Then foaming o'er the table-lands,
 Like a widening rapid, heads;
 And rolling along the prairies,
 Like a quenchless fire it spreads;
 From workman's shop to mountain top
 there's mingled wrath and wonder,
 It appalls them like the lightning, and
 awakes them like the thunder.

VII.

The woodman flings his axe aside;
 The farmer leaves his plough;
 The merchant slams his ledger lids
 For other business now;
 The artisan puts up his tools,
 The artist drops his brush,
 And joining hands for Liberty,
 To Freedom's standard rush;
 The doctor folds his suit of black, to fight
 as best he may,
 And e'en the flirting exquisite is "eager for
 the fray."

VIII.

The students leave their college rooms,
 Full deep in Greece and Rome,
 To make a rival glory
 For a better cause near home;
 The lawyer quits his suits and writs,
 The laborer his hire,
 And in the thrilling rivalry
 The rich and poor aspire!
 And party lines are lost amid the patriot
 commotion,
 As wanton streams grow strong and pure
 within the heart of ocean.

IX.

The city marts are echoless;
 The city parks are thronged;
 In country stores there roars and pours
 The means to right the wronged;
 The town halls ring with mustering;
 From holy pulpits, too,
 Good priests and preachers volunteer
 To show what men should do—
 To show that they who preach the truth and
 God above revere,
 Can die to save for man the blessings God
 has sent down here.

X.

And gentle fingers everywhere
 The busy needles ply,
 To deck the manly sinews
 That go out to do or die;
 And maids and mothers, sisters dear,
 And dearer wives, outvie
 Each other in the duty sad,
 That makes all say "Good-by"—
 The while in every throbbing heart that's
 passed in farewell kiss
 Arises pangs of hate on those who brought
 them all to this.

XI.

The mustering men are entering
 For near and distant tramps;
 The clustering crowds are centering
 In barrack-rooms and camps;
 There is riveting and pivoting,
 And furbishing of arms,
 And the willing marching, drilling,
 With their quick exciting charms,
 Half dispel the subtle sorrow that the women
 needs must feel,
 When e'en for Right their dear ones fight
 the Wrong with steel to steel.

XII.

With hammerings and clamorings,
 The armories are loud;
 Toilsome clangor, joy, and anger,
 Like a cloud enwrap each crowd;
 Belting, buckling, cursing, chuckling;
 Sorting out their "traps" in throngs;
 Some are packing, some knapsacking,
 Singing snatches of old songs;
 Fifers finger, lovers linger to adjust a badge
 or feather.
 And groups of drummers vainly strive to
 reveille together.

XIII.

And into many a haversack
 The prayer-book's mutely borne—
 Its well-thumbed leaves in faithfulness
 By wives and mothers worn—
 And round full many a pillared neck,
 O'er many a stalwart breast,

The sweetheart wife's—the maiden love's
 Dear effigy's caressed.
 God knows by what far camp-fire may these
 tokens courage give,
 To fearless die for truth and home, if not
 for them to live.

XIV.

And men who've passed their threescore
 Press on the ranks in flocks, [years,
 'Their eyes, like fire from Hecla's brow,
 Burn through their snowy locks;
 And maimed ones, with stout hearts, per-
 sist
 To mount the belt and gun,
 And crave, with tears, while forced away,
 To march to Washington.
 "Why should we not? We love that flag!
 Great God!"—they choking cry—
 "We're strong enough! We're not too old
 for our dear land to die!"

XV.

And in the mighty mustering,
 No petty hate intrudes,
 No rival discords mar the strength
 Of rising multitudes;
 'The jealousies of faith and clime
 Which fester in success,
 Give place to sturdy friendships
 Based on mutual distress;
 For every thinking citizen who draws the
 sword, knows well
 The battle's for Humanity—for Freedom's
 citadel!

XVI.

O, Heaven! how the trodden hearts,
 In Europe's tyrant world,
 Leaped up with new-born energy
 When that flag was unfurled!
 How those who suffered, fought, and died,
 In fields, or dungeon-chained,
 Prayed that the flag of Washington
 Might float while earth remained!
 And weary eyes in foreign skies, still flash
 with fire anew,
 When some good blast by peak and mast
 unfolds that flag to view.

XVII.

And they who, guided by its stars,
 Sought here the hopes they gave,
 Are all aglow with pilgrim fire
 Their happy shrines to save.
 Here—Scots and Poles, Italians, Gauls,
 With native emblems trickt;
 There—Teuton corps, who fought before
 Für Freiheit und für Licht;
 While round the flag the Irish like a human
 rampart go!
 They found *Cead mille failthe* here—they'll
 give it to the foe.

XVIII.

From the vine-land, from the Rhine-land.
 From the Shannon, from the Scheldt,
 From the ancient homes of genius,
 From the sainted home of Celt,
 From Italy, from Hungary,
 All as brothers join and come,
 To the sinew-bracing bugle,
 And the foot-propelling drum;
 Too proud beneath the starry flag to die,
 and keep secure
 The Liberty they dreamed of by the Danube,
 Elbe, and Suir.

XIX.

From every hearth bounds up a heart,
 As spring from hill-side leaps
 To give itself to those proud streams
 That make resistless deeps!
 No book-rapt sage, for age on age,
 Can point to such a sight
 As this deep throb, which woke from rest
 A people armed for fight.
 Peal out, ye bells, the tocsin peal, for never
 since the day
 When Peter roused the Christian world has
 earth seen such array.

XX.

Which way we turn, the eyeballs burn
 With joy upon the throng;
 Mid cheers and prayers, and martial airs,
 The soldiers press along;
 The masses swell and wildly yell,
 On pavement, tree, and roof,

And sun-bright showers of smiles and
flowers
Of woman's love give proof.
Peal out, ye bells, from church and dome,
in rivalrous communion
With the wild, upheaving masses, for the
army of the Union!

XXI.

Onward trending, crowds attending,
Still the army moves—and still:
Arms are clashing, wagons crashing
In the roads and streets they fill:
O'er them banners wave in thousands,
Round them human surges roar,
Like the restless-bosomed ocean,
Heaving on an iron shore:
Cannons thunder, people wonder whence the
endless river comes,
With its foam of bristling bay'nets, and its
cataracts of drums.

XXII.

“God bless the Union army!”
That holy thought appears
To symbolize the trustful eyes
That speak more loud than cheers.
“God bless the Union army,
And the flag by which it stands,
May it preserve, with freeman's nerve,
What freedom's God demands!”
Peal out, ye bells—ye women, pray; for
never yet went forth
So grand a band, for law and land, as the
muster of the North.

SHANE'S HEAD.

SCENE—Before Dublin Castle. Night. A clansman of Shane
O'Neill discovers his chief's head upon a pole.

I.

God's wrath upon the Saxon! may they
never know the pride,
Of dying on the battle-field, their broken
spears beside;

When victory gilds the gory shroud of every
fallen brave,
Or death no tales of conquered clans can
whisper to his grave.
May every light from Cross of Christ that
saves the heart of man,
Be hid in clouds of blood before it reach the
Saxon clan;
For sure, O God!—and you know all whose
thought for all sufficed,—
To expiate these Saxon sins, they'd want
another Christ.

II.

Is it thus, O Shane the haughty! Shane the
valiant! that we meet?
Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to
guide me to defeat?
Have I no chief—or *you* no clan, to give us
both defence,
Or must I, too, be statued here with thy
cold eloquence?
Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dub-
lin's Castle-tower,
Thy shaggy hair is wind-tost, and thy brow
seems rough with power;
Thy wrathful lips, like sentinels, by foulest
treach'ry stung,
Look rage upon the world of wrong, but
chain thy fiery tongue.

III.

That tongue whose Ulster accent woke the
ghost of Columbkil,
Whose warrior words fenced round with
spears the oaks of Derry Hill;
Whose reckless tones gave life and death to
vassals and to knaves,
And hunted hordes of Saxon into holy Irish
graves.
The Scotch marauders whitened when his
war-cry met their ears,
And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised
above his stormy cheers,
Ay, Shane, across the thundering sea, out-
chanting it your tongue,
Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the
Saxon Court among.

IV.

Just think, O Shane! the same moon shines
 on Liffey as on Foyle,
 And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our
 kinsmen to despoil;
 And you the hope, voice, battle-axe, the
 shield of us and ours,
 A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above
 these Dublin towers.
 Thy face is paler than the moon, my heart
 is paler still—
 My heart? I had no heart—'twas yours,
 'twas yours! to keep or kill.
 And you kept it safe for Ireland, Chief,—
 your life, your soul, your pride,—
 But they sought it in thy bosom, Shane—
 with proud O'Neill it died.

V.

You were turbulent and haughty, proud,
 and keen as Spanish steel,
 But who had right of these, if not our
 Ulster's Chief—O'Neill?
 Who reared aloft the "Bloody Hand" until
 it paled the sun,
 And shed such glory on Tyrone, as chief
 had never done.
 He was "turbulent" with traitors—he was
 "haughty" with the foe—
 He was "cruel," say ye Saxons? Ay! he
 dealt ye blow for blow!
 He was "rough" and "wild," and who's not
 wild, to see his hearthstone razed?
 He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled
 him,—he blazed!
 He was "proud:" yes, proud of birthright,
 and because he flung away
 Your Saxon stars of prunedom, as the rock
 does mocking spray,
 He was wild, insane for vengeance,—ay! and
 preached it till Tyrone
 Was ruddy, ready, wild too, with "Red
 hands" to clutch their own.

VI.

"The Scots are on the border, Shane—ye
 saints, he makes no breath—
 I remember when that cry would wake him
 up almost from death:

Art truly dead and cold? O Chief! art thou
 to Ulster lost?
 Dost hear, *dost hear?* By Randolph led,
 the troops the Foyle have crossed!"
 He's truly dead! he must be dead! nor is his
 ghost about—
 And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame
 to such a shout:
 The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his
 soul must loom up there,
 By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Lough
 Foyle, or Bann the Fair!
 I'll speed me Ulster-wards, your ghost must
 wander there, proud Shane,
 In search of some O'Neill, through whom to
 throb its hate again!

WASHINGTON.

I

ART in its mighty privilege receives
 Painter and painted in its bonds forever;
 A girl by Raphael in his glory lives—
 A Washington unto his limner gives
 The Ages' love to crown his best endeavor.

II.

The German Emperor, with whose counter-
 part
 The gorgeous Titian made the world ac-
 quainted,
 Boasted himself immortal by the art;
 But he who on *thy* features cast his heart,
 Was made immortal by the head he
 painted!

III.

For thou before whose tinted shade I bow,
 Wert sent to show the wise of every nation
 How a young world might leave the axe and
 plough
 To die for Truth! So great, so loved wert
 thou,
 That he who touched thee won a reputa-
 tion.

IV.

The steady fire that battled in thy breast,
 Lit up our gloom with radiance, good
 though gory;
 Like some red sun which the dull earth ca-
 ressed
 Into a wealthy adoration blest
 To be its glory's great reflected glory.

V.

Thou—when the earthly heaven of man's
 soul—
 The heaven of home, of liberty, of honor—
 Shuddered with darkness—didst the clouds
 uproll
 And burst such light upon the nation's dole
 That every State still feels thy breath
 upon her.

VI.

Could I have seen thee in the Council—
 bland,
 Firm as a rock, but as deep stream thy
 manner;
 Or when, at trembling Liberty's command,
 Facing grim havoc like a flag-staff stand,
 And squadrons rolling round thee like a
 banner!

VII.

Could I have been with thee on Princeton's
 morn!
 Or swelled with silence in the midnight
 muster;
 Behold thee ever, every fate adorn—
 Or on retreat, or wingèd victory borne—
 The warrior throbbing with the sage's
 lustre:

VIII.

Could I have shouted in the wild acclaim
 That rent the sky o'er Germantown
 asunder;
 Or when, like cataract, 'gainst the sheeted
 flame
 You dashed, and chill'd the victor-shout to
 shame,
 On Monmouth's day of palsy-giving thun-
 der:

IX.

Could I have followed thee through town
 and camp!
 Fought where you led, and heard the
 same drums rattle;
 Charged with a wild but passion-steadied
 tramp,
 And witnessed, rising o'er death's ghastly
 damp,
 The stars of empire through the clouds of
 battle!

X.

Oh! to have died thus 'neath thy hero gaze,
 And won a smile, my bursting youth
 would rather
 Than to have lived with every other praise,
 Saving the blessing of those epic days
 When you blest all, and were the nation's
 father.

XI.

The autumn sun caresses Vernon's tomb,
 Whose presence doth the country's honor
 leaven
 Two suns they are, that dissipate man's
 gloom;
 For one's the index to Earth's free-born
 bloom,
 The other to our burning hope in Heaven!

XII.

Thy dust may moulder in the hollow rock;
 But every day thy soul makes some new
 capture!
 Nations unborn will swell thy thankful flock,
 And Fancy tremble that she cannot mock
 Thy history's Truth that will enchant with
 rapture.

XIII.

How vain the daring to compute in words
 The height of homage that the heart would
 render!
 And yet how proud—to feel no speech af-
 fords
 Harmonious measure to the subtle chords
 That fill the soul beneath thy placid splen-
 dor!

POEMS OF THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.*

DEATH OF THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

I.

PALER and thinner the morning moon grew,
Colder and sterner the rising wind blew—
The pole star had set in a forest of cloud,
And the icicles crackled on spar and on
 shroud, [cry,
When a voice from below we feebly heard
“Let me see, let me see my own land ere I
die.

II.

"Ah ! dear sailor, say ! have we sighted Cape
 Clear ?
 Can you see any sign ? Is the morning light
 near ?
 You are young, my brave boy ! thanks,
 thanks for your hand, [land.
 Help me up till I get a last glimpse of the
 Thank God, 'tis the sun that now reddens
 the sky,
 I shall see, I shall see my own land ere I die.

III.

“ Let me lean on your strength, I am feeble
and old,
And one half of my heart is already stone-
cold:
Forty years work a change ! when I first
cross'd this sea,
There were few on the deck that could grap-
ple with me;
But my youth and my prime in Ohio went by,
And I'm come back to see the old spot ere I
die.”

IV.

'Twas a feeble old man, and he stood on the
deck,
His arm round a kindly young mariner's
neck—
His ghastly gaze fix'd on the tints of the east
As a starveling might stare at the sound of a
feast;
The morn quickly rose and reveal'd to his eye
The land he had pray'd to behold, and then
die !

V.

Green, green was the shore, though the year
was near done—
High and haughty the capes the white surf
dash'd upon—
A gray ruin'd convent was down by the
strand,
And the sheep fed afar, on the hills of the
land !
“ God be with you, dear Ireland !” he gasp'd
with a sigh;
“ I have lived to behold you—I'm ready to
die.”

VI.

He sunk by the hour, and his pulse 'gan to
fail,
As we swept by the headland of storied Kin-
sale;
Off Ardigna Bay it came slower and slower,
And his corpse was clay-cold as we sighted
Tramore;
At Passage we waked him, and now he doth
lie
In the lap of the land he beheld but to die.

* All the poems of this author are published in one volume by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.



HOMeward BOUND.

THE RETURN OF THE IRISH EXILE.



THE ANCIENT RACE.

I.

WHAT shall become of the ancient race—
The noble Celtic island race?
Like cloud on cloud o'er the azure sky,
When winter storms are loud and high,
Their dark ships shadow the ocean's face—
What shall become of the Celtic race?

II.

What shall befall the ancient race—
The poor, unfriended, faithful race? ·
Where ploughman's song made the hamlet
ring,
The village vulture flaps his wing;
The village homes, oh, who can trace,—
God of our persecuted race?

III.

What shall befall the ancient race?
Is treason's stigma on their face?
Be they cowards or traitors? Go
Ask the shade of England's foe;
See the gems her crown that grace;
They tell a tale of the ancient race.

IV.

They tell a tale of the ancient race—
Of matchless deeds in danger's face;
They speak of Britain's glory fed
On blood of Celt right bravely shed;
Of India's spoil and Frank's disgrace—
They tell a tale of the ancient race.

V.

Then why cast out the ancient race?
Grim want dwelt with the ancient race,
And hell-born laws, with prison jaws,
And greedy lords with tiger maws
Have swallow'd—swallow still apace—
The limbs and the blood of the ancient race.

VI.

Will not one shield the ancient race?
They fly their fathers' burial-place;

The proud lords with the heavy purse—
Their fathers' shame—their people's curse—
Demons in heart, nobles in face—
They dig a grave for the ancient race!

VII.

They dig a grave for the ancient race—
And grudge that grave to the ancient race—
On highway side full oft were seen
The wild dogs and the vultures keen
Tug for the limbs and gnaw the face
Of some starved child of the ancient race!

VIII.

What shall befall the ancient race?
Shall all forsake their dear birth-place,
Without one struggle strong to keep
The old soil where their fathers sleep?
The dearest land on earth's wide space—
Why leave it so, O ancient race?

IX.

What shall befall the ancient race?
Light up one hope for the ancient race?
O Priest of God—*Soggarth aroon!*
Lead but the way—we'll go full soon;
Is there a danger we will not face
To keep old homes for the Irish race?

X.

They will not go, the ancient race!
They must not go, the ancient race!
Come, gallant Celts, and take your stand—
The League—the League—will save the
land—
The land of faith, the land of grace,
The land of Erin's ancient race!

XI.

They will not go, the ancient race!
They *shall* not go, the ancient race!
The cry swells loud from shore to shore,
From emerald vale to mountain hoar—
From altar high to market-place—
They shall not go, the ancient race!

THE EXILE'S REQUEST.

I.

OH, Pilgrim, if you bring me from the far-off
lands a sign,
Let it be some token still of the green old
land once mine;
A shell from the shores of Ireland would be
dearer far to me
Than all the wines of the Rhine land, or the
art of Italie.

II.

For I was born in Ireland—I glory in the
name—
I weep for all her sorrows, I remember well
her fame !
And still my heart must hope that I may yet
repose at rest
On the Holy Zion of my youth, in the Israel
of the West.

III.

Her beauteous face is furrow'd with sorrow's
streaming rains,
Her lovely limbs are mangled with slavery's
ancient chains,
Yet, Pilgrim, pass not over with heedless
heart or eye
The island of the gifted, and of men who
knew to die.

IV.

Like the crater of a fire-mount, all without
is bleak and bare,
But the rigor of its lips still show what fire
and force were there;
Even now in the heaving craters, far from
the gazer's ken,
The fiery steel is forging that will crush her
foes again.

V.

Then, Pilgrim, if you bring me from the
far-off lands a sign,
Let it be some token still of the green old
land once mine;
A shell from the shores of Ireland would be
dearer far to me
Than all the wines of the Rhine land, or the
art of Italie.

THE SEA-DIVIDED GAELS.

I.

HAIL to our Celtic brethren wherever they
may be,
In the far woods of Oregon, or o'er the At-
lantic sea—
Whether they guard the banner of St. George
in Indian vales,
Or spread beneath the nightless North ex-
perimental sails—
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

II.

Though fallen the state of Erin, and changed
the Scottish land—
Though small the power of Mona, though
unwaked Lewellyn's band—
Though Ambrose Merlin's prophecies de-
generate in tales,
And the cloisters of Iona are bemoan'd by
northern gales—
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

III.

In Northern Spain and Brittany our brethren
also dwell;
Oh ! brave are the traditions of their fathers
that they tell;—
The eagle and the crescent in the dawn of
history pales
Before their fire, that seldom flags, and never
wholly fails:
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

IV.

A greeting and a promise unto them all we
send;
Their character our charter is, their glory is
our end;
Their friend shall be our friend, our foe
whoe'er assails
The past or future honors of the far-dispersèd
Gaels:
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

THE GOBHAN SAER.

HE stepp'd a man out of the ways of men,
And no one knew his sept, or rank, or
name—

Like a strong stream far issuing from a glen
From some source unexplored, the master
came;

Gossips there were who, wondrous keen of
ken,
Surmised that he should be a child of
shame!

Others declared him of the Druids—then
Through Patrick's labors fall'n from power
and fame.

He lived apart wrapp'd up in many plans—
He woo'd not women, tasted not of wine—
He shunn'd the sports and councils of the
clans—

Nor ever knelt at a frequented shrine.
His orisons were old poetic ranns,
Which the new Ollaves deem'd an evil sign;
To most he seem'd one of those pagan Khans
Whose mystic vigor knows no cold decline.

He was the builder of the wondrous towers,
Which tall, and straight, and exquisitely
round,

Rise monumental round the isle once ours,
Index-like, marking spots of holy ground.
In gloaming glens, in leafy lowland bowers,
On rivers' banks, these *Cloiteachs* old
abound,

Where Art, enraptured, meditates long
hours,
And Science flutters like a bird spell-
bound!

Lo! wheresoe'er these pillar-towers aspire,
Heroes and holy men repose below—
The bones of some glean'd from the pagan
pyre,

Others in armor lie, as for a foe:
It was the mighty Master's life-desire
To chronicle his great ancestors so;
What holier duty, what achievement higher
Remains to us than this he thus doth show?

Yet he, the builder, died an unknown death;
His labor done, no man beheld him more;
'Twas thought his body faded like a breath,
Or, like a sea-mist, floated off Life's shore.
Doubt overhangs his fate, and faith, and
birth;

His works alone attest his life and lore;
They are the only witnesses he hath—
All else Egyptian darkness covers o'er.

Men call'd him Gobhan Saer, and many a tale
Yet lingers in the by-ways of the land
Of how he cleft the rock, and down the vale
Led the bright river, child-like, in his
hand;

Of how on giant ships he spread great sail,
And many marvels else by him first
plann'd:

But though these legends fade, in Innisfail
His name and towers for centuries shall
stand.

THE DEATH OF HUDSON.*

THE slayer *Death* is everywhere, and many
a mask hath he,
Many and awful are the shapes in which he
sways the sea;
Sometimes within a rocky aisle he lights his
candle dim,
And sits half-sheeted in the foam, chanting
a funeral hymn;
Full oft amid the roar of winds we hear his
awful cry,
Guiding the lightning to its prey through
the beclouded sky;
Sometimes he hides 'neath Tropic waves,
and, as the ship sails o'er,
He holds her fast to the fiery sun, till the
crew can breathe no more.

* The incident on which this ballad is founded is related in Bancroft's *History of the Colonization of America*, Vol. II. The name of the faithful sailor, who preferred certain death to abandoning his captain in his last extremity, was Philip Staafa—a Hollander, no doubt.

There is no land so far away but he meeteth
 mankind there—
 He liveth at the icy pole with the 'berg and
 the shaggy bear,
 He smileth from the southron capes like a
 May queen in her flowers,
 He falleth o'er the Indian seas, dissolved in
 summer showers;
 But of all the sea-shapes he hath worn, may
 mariners never know
 Such fate as Heinrich Hudson found, in the
 labyrinths of snow—*
 The cold north seas' Columbus, whose bones
 lie far interr'd [ever heard.
 Under those frigid waters where no song was

'Twas when he sail'd from Amsterdam, in
 the adventurous quest
 Of an ice-shored strait, through which to
 reach the far and fabled West;
 His dastard crew—their thin blood chill'd
 beneath the Arctic sky—
 Combined against him in the night; his hands
 and feet they tie,
 And bind him in a helmless boat, on that
 dread sea to sail—
 Ah, me! an oarless, shadowy skiff, as a
 schoolboy's vessel frail.
 Seven sick men, and his only son, his com-
 rades were to be,
 But ere they left the Crescent's side, the
 chief spoke, dauntlessly:

"Ho, mutineers! I ask no act of kindness
 at your hands—
 My fate I feel must steer me to Death's still-
 silent lands;
 But there is one man in my ship who sail'd
 with me of yore,
 By many a bay and headland of the New
 World's eastern shore;
 From India's heats to Greenland's snows he
 dared to follow me,
 And is HE turn'd traitor too, is HE in league
 with ye?"
 Uprose a voice from the mutineers, "Not I,
 my chief, not I—
 I'll take my old place by your side, though
 all be sure to die."

Before his chief could bid him back, he 'is
 standing at his side;
 The cable's cut—away they drift, over the
 midnight tide.
 No word from any lip came forth, their
 strain'd eyes steadily glare
 At the vacant gloom, where late the ship had
 left them to despair.
 On the dark waters long was seen a line of
 foamy light—
 It pass'd, like the hem of an angel's robe,
 away from their eager sight.
 Then each man grasp'd his fellow's hand,
 some sigh'd, but none could speak,
 While on, through pallid gloom, their boat
 drifts moaningly and weak.

Seven sick men, dying, in a skiff five hun-
 dred leagues from shore!
 Oh! never was such a crew afloat on this
 world's waves before;
 Seven stricken forms, seven sinking hearts
 of seven short-breathing men,
 Drifting over the sharks' abodes, along to the
 white bear's den.
 Oh! 'twas not there they could be nursed in
 homeliness and ease!
 One short day heard seven bodies sink, whose
 souls God rest in peace!
 The one who first expired had most to note
 the foam he made,
 And no one pray'd to be the last, though
 each the blow delay'd.

Three still remain. "My son! my son! hold
 up your head, my son! [is gone."
 Alas! alas! my faithful mate, I fear his life
 So spoke the trembling father—two cold
 hands in his breast,
 Breathing upon his dead boy's face, all too
 soft to break his rest.
 The roar of battle could not wake that sleeper
 from his sleep;
 The trusty sailor softly lets him down to the
 yawning deep;
 The fated father hid his face while this was
 being done,
 Still murmuring mournfully and low, "My
 son, my only son."

Another night; uncheerily, beneath that
 heartless sky, [passing by,
 The iceberg sheds its livid light upon them
 And each beholds the other's face, all spectre-
 like and wan,
 And even in that dread solitude man fear'd
 the eye of man !
 Afar they hear the beating surge sound from
 the banks of frost,
 Many a hoar cape round about looms like a
 giant ghost,
 And, fast or slow, as they float on, they hear
 the bears on shore
 Trooping down to the icy strand, watching
 them evermore.

The morning dawns; unto their eyes the
 light hath lost its cheer;
 Nor distant sail, nor drifting spar within
 their ken appear.
 Embay'd in ice the coffin-like boat sleeps on
 the waveless tide,
 Where rays of deathly-cold, cold light con-
 verge from every side.
 Slow crept the blood into their hearts, each
 manly pulse stood still,
 Huge haggard bears kept watch above on
 every dazzling hill.
 Anon the doom'd men were entranced, by
 the potent frigid air,
 And they dream, as drowning men have
 dreamt, of fields far off and fair.

What phantoms fill'd each cheated brain, no
 mortal ever knew;
 What ancient storms they weather'd o'er,
 what seas explored anew;
 What vast designs for future days—what
 home hope, or what fear—
 There was no one 'mid the ice-lands to chron-
 cle or hear.
 So still they sat, the weird faced seals be-
 thought them they were dead,
 And each raised from the waters up his
 cautious wizard head,
 Then circled round the arrested boat, like
 vampires round a grave,
 Till frightened at their own resolve—they
 plunged beneath the wave.

Evening closed round the moveless boat, still
 sat entranced the twain,
 When lo ! the ice unlocks its arms, the tide
 pours in amain !
 Away upon the streaming brine the feeble
 skiff is borne,
 The shaggy monsters howl behind their fare-
 wells all forlorn.
 The crashing ice, the current's roar, broke
 Hudson's fairy spell,
 But never more shall this world wake his
 comrade tried so well !
 His brave heart's blood is chill'd for aye, yet
 shall its truth be told,
 When the memories of kings are worn from
 marble and from gold.

Onward, onward, the helpless chief—the
 dead man for his mate !
 The shark far down in ocean's depth feels
 the passing of that freight,
 And bounding from his dread abyss, he snuffs
 the upper air,
 Then follows on the path it took, like lion
 from his lair. [company,
 O God ! it was a fearful voyage and fearful
 Nor wonder that the stout sea-chief quiver'd
 from brow to knee.
 Oh ! who would blame his manly heart, if
 e'en *it* quaked for fear,
 While whirl'd along on such a sea, with such
 attendant near !

The shark hath found a readier prey, and
 turn'd him from the chase;
 The boat hath *made* another bay—a drearier
 pausing place—
 O'er arching piles of blue-vein'd ice admitted
 to its still,
 White, fathomless waters, palsied like the
 doom'd man's fetter'd will.
 Powerless he sat—that chief escaped so oft
 by sea and land—
 Death breathing o'er him—all so weak he
 could not lift a hand.
 Even his bloodless lips refused a last short
 prayer to speak,
 But angels listen at the heart when the voice
 of man is weak.

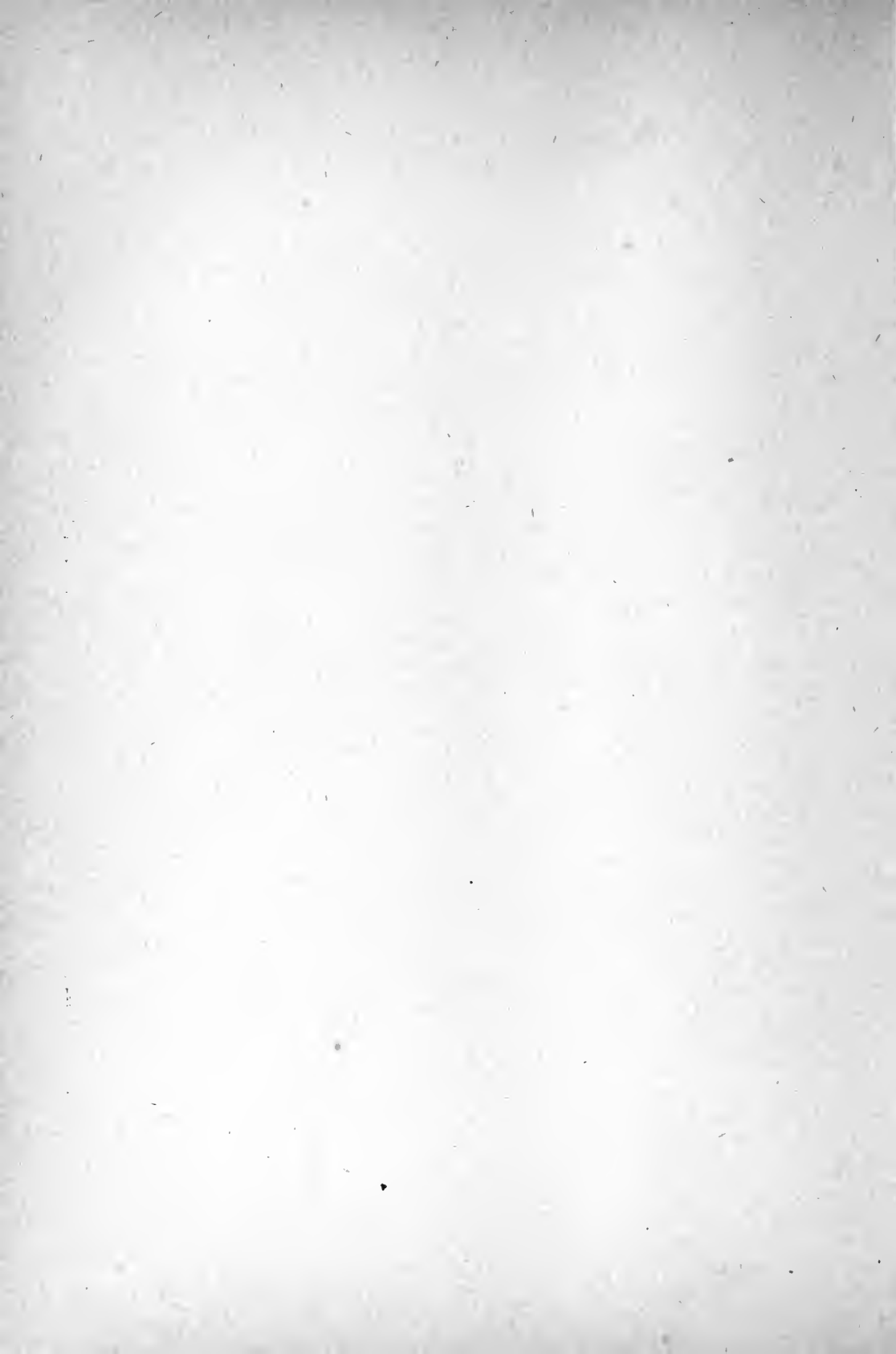
His heart and eye were suppliant turn'd to
 the ocean's Lord on high,
 The Borealis lustres were gathering in the
 sky;
 From South and North, from East and West,
 they cluster'd o'er the spot
 Where breathed his last the gallant chief
 whose grave man seeth not;
They mark'd him die with steadfast gaze, as
 though in heaven there were
 A passion to behold how he the fearful fate
 would bear;
 They watch'd him through the livelong night
 —these couriers of the sky,
 Then fled to tell the listening stars how 'twas
 they saw him die.

He sleepeth where old Winter's realm no
 genial air invades,
 His spirit burneth bright in heaven among
 the glorious shades,
 Whose God-like doom on earth it was crea-
 tion to unfold,
 Spanning this mighty orb of ours as through
 the spheres it roll'd.
 His name is written on the deep, the rivers
 as they run
 Will bear it timeward o'er the world, telling
 what he hath done;
 The story of his voyage to Death, amid the
 Arctic frosts,
 Will be told by mourning mariners on earth's
 most distant coasts.

PUBLISHER'S SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.



Publisher's Supplement.

POEMS OF LADY DUFFERIN.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for *my* sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful *you* are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget *you*, darling!
In the land I'm goin' to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May
morn,
When first you were my bride.

TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me
 All alone by myself in this place,
 But I'm sure you will never deceive me,
 Oh, no, if there's truth in that face.
 Though England's a beautiful city,
 Full of illigant boys, oh, what then—
 You wouldn't forget your poor Terence,
 You'll come back to ould Ireland again.

Och, those English, deceivers by nature,
 Though maybe you'd think them sincere,
 They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,
 But don't you believe them, my dear.
 No, Kathleen, agra! ' don't be minding
 The flattering speeches they'll make,
 Just tell them a poor boy in Ireland
 Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's a folly to keep you from going,
 Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case—
 For, Kathleen, you know there's no knowing
 When next I shall see your sweet face.
 And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
 None the better we'll be off, then—
 You'll be spaking such beautiful English,
 Shure I won't know my Kathleen again.

Eh, now, where's the need of this hurry—
 Don't flutter me so in this way—
 I've forgot, in the grief and the flurry,
 Every word I was maning to say;
 Now just wait a minute, I bid ye,—
 Can I talk if ye bother me so?
 Oh, Kathleen, my blessing go wid ye,
 Ev'ry inch of the way that you go.

• My Love.

A POEM BY BISHOP BERKELEY.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING
 ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMER-
 ICA.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
 Barren of every glorious theme,
 In distant lands now waits a better time
 Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
 And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
 The force of Art by Nature seems outdone,
 And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
 Where Nature guides and virtue rules,

Where men shall not impose for truth and
 sense

The pedantry of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden age,
 The rise of empire and of arts,
 The good and great inspiring epic rage,
 The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
 Such as she bred when fresh and young,
 When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
 By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
 The four first acts already past,
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
 Earth's noblest offspring is the last.

POEMS OF JOHN FRAZER.

(J. DE JEAN.)

THE POET AND HIS SON.

COME forth, my son, into the fields—

What is there in the crowd
Of hearts, or scenes, the city yields,
To make young spirits proud?

Girt by mankind, we dream a God

May in the skies abide;
But oh! he must be all a clod,
Who feels not on the fragrant sod
God walketh by his side!

Could I withdraw thee from the cold,

The mean, the base, the stern,
And selfish craft that young and old
From grasping crowds must learn;
How gladly to some rural nook
Would I transplant thy mind;
From Nature's brow and Sage's book,
To learn that highest lore—to look
With love upon mankind!

Field, forest, glen, rock, hill, and stream,
Green robe and snowy shroud—
The calm, the storm, the lightning gleam,
The sea, the sky, the cloud—
Are volumes the Eternal One
Hath sent us from above,
For every heart to study on,
And learn to suffer, seek, and shun,
In charity and love.

The weak may there be taught to cope,
The mighty to beware;
The fond to doubt, the slave to hope,
The tyrant to despair—
Changing and changeless, that which dies,
And that no death can mar,
Silent and sounding, wild and wise,
Before each mood of passion rise
A Beacon, or a Bar.

My son, to these rich volumes oft
From throngs and streets retire;
So shall thy spirit soar aloft
From low and base desire.
And when thy country, chained or free,
From city and green sod
Arrays the people's majesty,
Thy soul, in truth and wisdom, be
A soul that spoke with God.

THE HOLY WELLS.

THE holy wells—the living wells—the cool,
the fresh, the pure—
A thousand ages rolled away, and still those
founts endure,
As full and sparkling as they flowed, ere
slave or tyrant trod
The emerald garden, set apart for Irishmen
by God!
And while their stainless chastity and lasting
life have birth,
Amid the oozy cells and caves of gross, ma-
terial earth,
The scripture of creation holds no fairer
type than they—
That an immortal spirit can be linked with
human clay!

How sweet, of old, the bubbling gush—no
less to antlered race,
Than to the hunter, and the hound, that
smote them in the chase!
In forest depths the water-fount beguiled
the Druid's love,
From that celestial fount of fire which warned
from worlds above;
Inspired apostles took it for a centre to the
ring,
When sprinkling round baptismal life—sal-
vation—from the spring;

And in the sylvan solitude, or lonely mountain cave,
Beside it passed the hermit's life, as stainless
as its wave.

The cottage hearth, the convent wall, the
battlemented tower,
Grew up around the crystal springs, as well
as flag and flower;

The brooklime and the water-cress were evidence of health,
Abiding in those basins, free to poverty and
wealth:

The city sent pale sufferers there the faded
brow to dip,
And woo the water to depose some bloom
upon the lip;

The wounded warrior dragged him towards
the unforgotten tide,
And deemed the draught a heavenlier gift
than triumph to his side.

The stag, the hunter, and the hound, the
Druid and the saint,
And anchorite are gone, and even the lineaments
grown faint,

Of those old ruins, into which, for monuments,
had sunk

The glorious homes that held, like shrines,
the monarch and the monk;

So far into the heights of God the mind of
man has ranged,

It learned a lore to change the earth—its
very self it changed

To some more bright intelligence; yet still
the springs endure,

The same fresh fountains, but become more
precious to the poor!

For knowledge has abused its powers, an
empire to erect

For tyrants, on the rights the poor had
given them to protect;

Till now the simple elements of nature are
their *all*,

That from the cabin is not filched, and lavished
in the hall—

And while night, noon, or morning meal no
other plenty brings,
No beverage than the water draught from
old, spontaneous springs,
They, sure, may deem them holy wells, that
yield, from day to day,
One blessing which no tyrant hand can taint,
or take away.

THE REJECTION.

THE lady sigh'd at twilight hour—
The high-born lover came,
Whose absence long had made her bow'r
The lamp without the flame.
But still the maiden sigh'd—in sooth,
A heavy heart she bore;
Though much she loved the blue-eyed youth,
She lov'd their country more!

He ne'er upon his own green land,
Except in scorn had smil'd;
Nor rais'd an arm, save when his hand,
That might adorn, defil'd.
Till as the banded nation rose,
He shrunk into his shame—
At best, too fond of self-repose
To strike for nobler fame.

And when he breath'd of love to last,
Entwin'd with high renown,
It seem'd as tho' the night breeze pass'd
And shook the dew-drops down;
So fast the tears, dark, pure and cold,
From her droop'd lashes fell;—
Alas! that hearts, to bless the bold,
Should love the base too well!

"Sweet girl," he cried, "in happier climes,
I weave our bow'r of bliss;
I fear the feuds—I count the crimes—
I spurn a land like this.
And ere the storms that o'er it low'r
May burst, I come for thee."
"Then seek," she said, "to bless the bow'r,
A gentler bride than me.

"Dost thou forswear the glorious hope
 Thy meanest vassals show;
 And, *ev'n in love*, refuse to cope
 With *mine—our* country's foe?
 The land has many a lofty claim
 On all who drank her breast;
 And cowards share the despot's shame,
 Who fly her while oppress'd.

"A daisy necklace from the field,
 Where first my footsteps trod,
 With *him*, whose sword and spirit shield
 From every *lord*—but God—
That! rather than with pearly wreath,
 In happier lands to shine,
 With *one* who only dares to breathe
 His recreant thoughts in mine!

"I deem'd that men mistold thy deeds,
 When wondering thou hast thriven;
 While many an honest bosom bleeds,
 Thy power has crush'd or riven;
 But crimes in him, whose lips avow
 The coward on his crest,
 Are merely fruitage of the bough,
 More ripen'd than the rest.

"I would that I had lov'd thee less—
 And less my love had shown!
 But here I trample tenderness—
 Go forth—but go alone!
 And Heaven, that gives the ocean bird
 The oil to prune its wings,
 Will not dismiss my pray'r unheard,
 To *heal the heart it stings.*"

A POEM BY ROBERT EMMET.

ARBOR HILL.¹

No rising column marks this spot,
 Where many a victim lies;
 But oh! the blood that here has streamed,
 To heaven for justice cries.

It claims it on the oppressor's head,
 Who joys in human woe,
 Who drinks the tears by misery shed,
 And mocks them as they flow.

It claims it on the callous judge,
 Whose hands in blood are dyed,
 Who arms injustice with the sword,
 The balance throws aside.

It claims it for his ruined isle,
 Her wretched children's grave;
 Where withered Freedom droops her head,
 And man exists—a slave.

O sacred justice! free this land
 From tyranny abhorred;
 Resume thy balance and thy seat—
 Resume—but sheathe thy sword.

No retribution should we seek—
 Too long has horror reigned?
 By mercy marked may Freedom rise,
 By cruelty unstained.

Nor shall a tyrant's ashes mix
 With those our martyred dead;
 This is the place where Erin's sons
 In Erin's cause have bled.

And those who here are laid at rest,
 Oh! hallowed be each name;
 Their memories are forever blest—
 Consigned to endless fame.

Unconsecrated is this ground,
 Unblest by holy hands;
 No bell here tolls its solemn sound,
 No monument here stands.

But here the patriot's tears are shed,
 The poor man's blessing given;
 These consecrate the virtuous dead,
 These waft their fame to heaven.

¹Arbour Hill, in the city of Dublin, is the site of a military prison. Into the burying-ground which is attached were cast

the bodies of many of the insurgents shot in '98. The following lines were written by the patriot-martyr, Robert Emmet. It is believed to be the only poem of Emmet's extant.

A POEM BY R. A. MILLIKEN.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE groves of Blarney
They look so charming,
Down by the purling
Of sweet silent streams;
Being banked with posies
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order

By the sweet rock close.
'Tis there's the daisy
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
And the rose so fair;
The daffy down dilly—
Likewise the lily,
All flowers that scent
The sweet fragrant air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers
That owns this station;
Like Alexander,
Or Queen Helen fair;
There's no commander
In all the nation,
For emulation,
Can with her compare.
Such walls surround her,
That no nine pounder
Could dare to plunder
Her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell,
Her he did pommel,
And made a breach
In her battlement.

There's grand walks there,
For speculation,
And conversation
In sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover
In the afternoon.

And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As to walk alone in
Those shady bowers,
'Tis there the courtier,
He may transport her
Into some fort, or
All under ground.
For 'tis there's a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers
Are for ever bred;

Being mossed by nature,
That makes it sweeter
Than a coach and six,
Or a feather bed.
'Tis there the lake is,
Well stored with perches,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
For to guard the flood.

There's statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods
And nymphs so fair:
Bold Neptune, Plutarch,
And Nicodemus,
All standing naked,
In the open air!
So now to finish
This brave narration,
Which my poor geni
Could not entwine;
But were I Homer,
Or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature
I would make it shine.

POEMS BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy and fond,

My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,

My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it had yet felt for earthly pleasure,
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and fond, with sense beyond thy years,

And natural piety, that lean'd to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given;
Obedient,—easy to be reconciled;
And meekly cheerful,—such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left; still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;

Nor leaving in thy turn; but pleased to guide
Thro' the dark room where I was sadly lying,

Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

Oh! boy, of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols! like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness,—prone to fade,—

And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then THOU, my merry love;—bold in thy glee,

Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,

With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,

Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!

Which sweet from childhood's rosy lips resoundeth;

Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;

And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,
Lurk'd in the laughter of thy dark blue eye!

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;

The coaxing smile;—the frequent soft caress,—

The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!

Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with *thee* had reached its bound.

At length THOU camest; thou the last and least;

Nicknamed "the Emperor," by thy laughing brothers,

Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;

Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile:—

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
 An eye of resolute and successful schem-
 ing;
 Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless
 brow—
 Fit for the world's strife, not for Poet's
 dreaming:
 And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
 And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding
 claim,

I, that all other love had been forswearing,
 Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
 Nor injured either by this love comparing;
 Nor stole a fraction for the newer call,—
 But in the mother's heart found room for
 ALL!

LOVE NOT.

LOVE not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay;
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly
 flow'rs—
 Things that are made to fade and fall away,
 When they have blossomed but a few short
 hours.

Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! The thing you love may
 die—

May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
 Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.

Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! The thing you love may
 change;

The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;
 The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and
 strange;

The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! Oh warning vainly said
 In present years, as in the years gone by;
 Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
 Faultless, immortal—till they change or die.
 Love not, love not!

THE TRYST.

I WENT, alone, to the old familiar place
 Where we often met,—
 When the twilight soften'd thy bright and
 radiant face
 And the sun had set.
 All things around seem'd whispering of the
 past,
 With thine image blent—
 Even the changeful spray which the torrent
 cast
 As it downward went!
 I stood and gazed with a sad and heavy eye
 On the waterfall—
 And with a shouting voice of agony
 On thy name did call!

With a yearning hope, from my wrung and
 aching heart

I call'd on thee—

And the lonely echoes from the rocks above
 They answer'd me!

Glad and familiar as a household word
 Was that cherish'd name—

But in that grieving hour, faintly heard,
 'Twas not the same!

Solemn and sad, with a distant knelling cry,
 On my heart it fell—

'Twas as if the word "Welcome" had been
 answer'd by

The word "Farewell!"

POEMS OF JOHN KEEGAN.

CAOCH O'LEARY.

ONE winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A fifer wandered to our door,
Grey-headed, blind, and yellow;
And, oh! how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary,
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor Pinch and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his bag,
Cross-barred with green and yellow,
I thought and said: in Ireland's ground
There's not so fine a fellow.
And Fineen Burke and Shaun Magee,
And Eily, Kate and Mary,
Rushed in with panting haste to see
And welcome Caoch O'Leary.

Oh, God be with those happy times!
Oh, God be with my childhood!
When I bare-headed roamed all day,
Bird-nesting in the wildwood.
I'll not forget those sunny hours,
However years may vary;
I'll not forget my early friends,
Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and Pinch slept well that night,
And in the morning early
He called me up to hear him play
"The Wind that shakes the Barley."
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
And cried, "God bless my deary."
And how I wept when he said "Farewell,
And think of Caoch O'Leary!"

And seasons came and went, and still
Old Caoch was not forgotten,
Although we thought him dead and gone,
And in the cold grave rotten;

And often, when I walked and talked
With Eily, Kate and Mary,
We thought of childhood's rosy hours,
And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well, twenty summers had gone past,
And June's red sun was sinking,
When I, a man, sat by my door,
Of twenty sad things thinking.
A little dog came up the way,
His gait was slow and weary,
And at his tail a lame man limped—
'Twas Pinch and Caoch O'Leary!

Old Caoch, but, oh! how woe-begone!
His form was bowed and bending,
His fleshless hands were stiff and wan,
Aye—Time was even blending
The colors on his threadbare bag—
And Pinch was twice as hairy
And thin-spare as when first I saw
Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here!" the wanderer cried,
"Far, far be hate's black viper!
Does anybody here about
Remember Caoch the Piper?"
With swelling heart I grasped his hand;
The old man murmured, "Deary!
Are you the silky-headed child
That loved poor Caoch O'Leary?"

"Yes, yes," I said; the wanderer wept
As if his heart was breaking—
"And where, *avic machree*," he sobbed,
"Is all the merry-making
I found here twenty years ago?"
"My tale," I sighed, "might weary;
Enough to say there's none but me
To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo, vo, vo!" the old man cried,
 And wrung his hands in sorrow—
 "Pray lead me in, *asthore machree*,
 And I'll go home to-morrow.
 My peace is made,—I'll calmly leave
 This world so cold and dreary,
 And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
 And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With Pinch I watched his bed that night,
 Next day his wish was granted;
 He died—and Father James was brought,
 And the Requiem Mass was chanted.
 The neighbors came; we dug his grave
 Near Eily, Kate and Mary,
 And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep—
 God rest you Caoch O'Leary!

THE "HOLLY AND IVY" GIRL.

"COME buy my nice fresh Ivy, and my Holly
 sprig so green;
 I have the finest branches that ever yet were
 seen.
 Come buy from me, good Christians, and let
 me home, I pray,
 And I'll wish you 'Merry Christmas times,
 and a happy New Year's Day.'

"Ah! won't you take my Ivy?—the loveliest
 ever seen!
 Ah! won't you have my Holly boughs?—all
 you who love the Green!
 Do!—take a little bunch of each, and on my
 knees I'll pray
 That God may bless your Christmas and be
 with you New Year's Day.

"This wind is black and bitter, and the hail-
 stones do not spare
 My shivering form, my bleeding feet, and
 stiff entangled hair;
 Then, when the skies are pitiless, be merciful,
 I say—
 So Heaven will light your Christmas and the
 coming New Year's Day."

'Twas thus a dying maiden sung, while the
 cold hail rattled down,
 And fierce winds whistled mournfully o'er
 Dublin's dreary town;—
 One stiff hand clutched her Ivy sprigs and
 Holly boughs so fair,
 With the other she kept brushing the hail
 drops from her hair.

So grim and statue-like she seemed, 'twas
 evident that Death [impeded breath
 Was lurking in her footsteps,—while her hot,
 Too plainly told her early doom—though the
 burden of her lay
 Was still of life and Christmas joys and a
 happy New Year's Day.

'Twas on that broad, bleak Thomas street I
 heard the wanderer sing,
 I stood a moment in the mire, beyond the
 ragged ring—
 My heart felt cold and lonely and my
 thoughts were far away,
 Where I was many a Christmas-tide and
 Happy New Year's Day.

I dreamed of wandering in the woods among
 the Holly Green; [with Ivy screen;
 I dreamed of my own native cot and porch
 I dreamed of lights forever dimm'd—of
 hopes that can't return—
 And dropped a tear on Christmas fires that
 never more can burn.

The ghost-like singer still sung on, but no
 one came to buy;
 The hurrying crowd passed to and fro, but
 did not heed her cry;
 She uttered one low, piercing groan—then
 cast her boughs away—
 And smiling, cried—"I'll rest with God be-
 fore the New Year's Day!"

* * * * *

On New Year's Day I said my prayers above
 a new made grave, [muring wave;
 Dug decently in sacred soil, by Liffey's mur-
 The minstrel maid from Earth to Heaven
 has winged her happy way,
 And now enjoys, with sister saints, an end-
 less New Year's Day.

THE IRISH REAPER'S HARVEST
HYMN.

ALL hail! Holy Mary, our hope and our joy!
Smile down, blessed Queen! on the poor
Irish boy,

Who wanders away from his dear belov'd
home;

Oh, Mary! be with me wherever I roam.

Be with me, Oh! Mary,

Forsake me not, Mary,

But guide me, and guard me, wherever I
roam.

From the home of my fathers in anguish I
go,

To toil for the dark-livered, cold-hearted foe,
Who mocks me, and hates me, and calls me
a slave,

An alien, a savage, all names but a knave;

But, blessed be Mary,

My sweet, Holy Mary,

The *bodagh*,¹ he never dare call me a knave.

From my mother's mud sheeling, an outcast I
fly,

With a cloud on my heart and a tear in my
eye!

¹ *Bodagh*, a clown, a churl.

Oh! I burn as I think as if *Some One* would
say,

"Revenge on your tyrants"—but Mary, I pray
From my soul's depth, Oh! Mary,

And hear me, sweet Mary,

For Union and Peace to old Ireland I pray.

The land that I fly from is fertile and fair,
And more than I ask for or wish for is there—
But I must not taste the good things that I
see,

"There's nothing but rags and green rushes
for me."¹

Oh! mild Virgin Mary,

Oh! sweet Mother Mary,

Who keeps my rough hand from red murder
but thee?

But sure in the end our dear freedom we'll
gain, [sanach stain.

And wipe from the Green Flag each Sas-

And oh! Holy Mary, your blessing we crave,

Give hearts to the timid, and hands to the
brave.

And then, Mother Mary,

Our own blessed Mary,

Light liberty's flame in the hut of the slave.

¹ Taken literally from a conversation with a young peasant
on his way to reap the harvest in England.

A POEM BY LADY MORGAN.

KATE KEARNEY.

OH! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney: [fly,
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For, that eye is so modestly beaming, [ing.
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dream-
Yet, oh! I can tell, how fatal's the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kear-
ney,

Who lives on the banks of Killarney,

Beware of her smile; for many a wile

Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Though she looks so bewitchingly simple

Yet there's mischief in every dimple,

And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,

Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

A POEM BY DR. CAMPION.

"NINETY-EIGHT."

In the old marble town of Kilkenny,
With its abbeys, cathedrals, and halls,
Where the Norman bells ring out at nightfall,
And the relics of gray crumbling walls
Show traces of Celt and of Saxon,
In bastions, and towers, and keeps,
And graveyards and tombs tell the living
Where glory or holiness sleeps;
Where the Nuncio brought the Pope's blessing,
And money and weapons to boot,
While Owen was wild to be plucking
The English clan up by the root.
Where regicide Oliver revelled,
With his Puritan, ironside horde,
And cut down both marble and monarchy,
Grimly and grave—with the sword.
There, in that old town of history,
England, in famed Ninety-eight,
Was busy with gallows and yeomen,
Propounding the laws of the State.

They were hanging a young lad—a rebel—
On a gibbet before the old jail,
And they marked his weak spirit to falter,
And his white face to quiver and quail;
And he spoke of his mother, whose dwelling
Was but a short distance away—
A poor, lorn, heart-broken widow—
And he her sole solace and stay.
"Bring her here," cried the chief of the yeomen,
"A lingering chance let us give
To this spawn of a rebel, to babble,
And by her sage council to live."

And quick a red trooper went trotting
From the town to the poor cabin door,
And he found the old lone woman sitting
And spinning upon the bare floor.

"Your son is in trouble, old damsel!
They have him within in the town,
And he wishes to see you; so bustle,
And put on your tucker and gown."

The old woman stopped from the spinning,
With a frown on her deep wrinkled brow;
"I know how it is—cursed yeoman!
I am ready—I'll go with you now."
He seized her, enraged, by the shoulder,
And lifting her up on his steed,
Struck the spurs, and they rode to the city,
Right ahead, and with clattering speed.

They stopped at the foot of the gallows,
And the mother confronted the son—
And she hugged his young heart to her bosom,
And kissed his face, pallid and wan—
And, as the rope dangled before her,
She held the loop fast in her hand—
For, though her proud soul was unblenching,
Her frail limbs were failing to stand.
And while the raw yeomen came crowding
To witness the harrowing scene,
The brave mother flushed to the forehead,
And spoke with the air of a queen—
"My son, they are going to hang you,
For loving your faith and your home,
And they called me to urge you, and save
you—
And, in God's name, I've answered and
come;
They murdered your father before you,
And I knelt on the red reeking sod—
And I watched his hot blood steaming upward,
To call down the vengeance of God.
No traitor was he to his country—
No blot did he leave on his name—
And I always could pray at his cold grave,
Oh! the priest could kneel there without
shame."

"To hell with your priests and your rebels,"
The captain cried out with a yell,
While, from the tall tower in the temple,
Rang out the sweet Angelus bell.

"Blessed Mother!" appealed the poor
widow,

"Look down on my child, and on me!"

"Blessed mother!" sneered out the vile yeo-
man—

"Tell your son to *confess*—and be free!"

"Never, never!—he'll die like his father—

My boy, give your life to the Lord;

But, of treason to Ireland, *mavourneen*,

Never breathe one dishonoring word."

His white cheek flushed up at her speaking,

His heart bounded up at her call—

And his hushed spirit seemed, at awaking,

To scorn death, yeoman and all.

"I'll die, and I'll be no *informers*—

My kin I will never disgrace,

And when God let's me see my poor father,

I can lovingly look in his face."

"You'll see him in hell!" cried the yeoman,

As he flung the sad widow away—

And the youth in a moment was strangling

In the broad eye of shuddering day.

"Give the gallows a passenger outside,"

A tall Hessian spluttered aloud,

As he drove a huge nail in the timber,

'Mid the curses and cries of the crowd.

Then seizing the poor bereaved mother,

He passed his broad belt 'round her
throat,

While her groaning was lost in the drum-
beat,

And her shrieks in the shrill bugle
note.

And mother and son were left choking,

And struggling and writhing in death,

While angels looked down on the murder,

And devils were wrangling beneath.

* * * * *

For this, cries the exile defiant—

For this, cries the Patriot brave—

For this, cries the lonely survivor

O'er many a horror-marked grave;

For this, cry the Priest and the Peasant—

The student, the lover, the lost,

The stalworth, who pride in their vigor,

The frail, as they give up the ghost.

For this we curse Saxon dominion,

And join in the world-wide cry

That waits up to heaven for vengeance

Thro' every blue gate of the sky!

POEMS OF MRS. K. I. O'DOHERTY.

(EVA.)

SHADOWS.

WHERE is the blackbird singing

The live long day?

Where is the clear stream ringing

This golden May?

Ah! I know where the bird is singing,

And I know where the stream is ringing,

For my heart to that spot is clinging,

Far, far away!

Lightly the silver rushes

Wave to and fro;

Thick are the hazel bushes,

Black the sloe;

Sweet are the winds that whistle,

Green are the boughs that rustle,

There where the wild birds nestle,

In Glenmaloe!

Faint are the murmurs humming
 Through breeze and stream,
 Dim are the shadows coming—
 A fairy dream!
 Harp notes are heard to tinkle,
 Voices of spirits mingle,
 Deep in each hollow dingle,
 Where violets gleam!

Ah! but the years are dreary
 Since long ago—
 Ah! but this heart is weary,
 Sweet Glenmaloe!
 Thinking of visions faded,
 Lightsome and glad that made it—
 Hopes that for aye are shaded,
 So well I know!

Still is the blackbird singing
 The live-long day;
 Still are the waters ringing
 This golden May—
 But, ah! not for me that singing,
 Nor the stream with its silver ringing,
 Tho' my heart to that spot is clinging
 Far, far away!

THE PEOPLE'S CHIEF.

COME forth, come forth, O Man of Men! to
 the cry of the gathering nations,
 We watch on the tower, we watch on the hill,
 pouring our invocations—
 Our souls are sick of sounds and shades, that
 mark our shame and grief,
 We hurl the Dagon from their seats and call
 the lawful chief.

Come forth, come forth, O Man of Men! to
 the frenzy of our imploring,
 The winged despair that no man can bear,
 up to the heavens are soaring—

Come! Faith and Hope and Love and Trust,
 upon their centre rock;
 The wailing millions summon thee amid the
 earthquake shock!

We've kept the weary watch of years, with
 a wild and heart-wrung yearning,
 But thy Advent we sought in vain, calmly
 and purely burning;
 False meteors flash'd across the sky, and
 falsely led us on;
 The parting of the strife is come—the spell
 is o'er and gone!

The storms of enfranchised passions rise as
 the voice of the eagle's screaming,
 And we scatter now to the earth's four winds
 the memory of our dreaming;
 The clouds but veil the lightning's bolt—
 sybilline murmuring
 In hollow tones from out the depths—the
 People seek their King!

Come forth, come forth, Anointed One! nor
 blazon nor banners bearing—
 No "ancient line" be thy seal or sign, the
 crown of humanity wearing—
 Spring out as lucent fountains spring exult-
 ing from the ground—
 Arise, as Adam rose from God, with strength
 and knowledge crown'd.

The leader of the world's wide host guiding
 our aspirations,
 Wear thou the seamless garb of Truth sitting
 among the nations!
 Thy foot is on the empty forms around in
 shivers cast—
 We crush ye with the scorn of scorn, exuviae
 of the past.

The future's closed gates are now on their
 ponderous hinges jarring,
 And there comes a sound as of winds and
 waves each with the other warring;
 And forward bends the list'ning world, as to
 their eager ken
 From out that dark and mystic land appears
 the Man of Men!

POEMS OF ELLEN DOWNING.

ST. AGNES.

HER cheek was not a shade more pale—
She wore no look of pride;
She gently drew the amber veil
Of her long hair aside.

No stern defiance taught her eye
To smile upon the glaive;
She simply felt it sweet to die,
And meant not to be brave.

She scarcely seemed the angry eyes
Of her stern judge to see;
She scarcely heard the muttered cries
Reversing his decree.

She scarcely felt the lightning stroke
Which hurled her on the sod.
'Twas a short dream, from which she woke
To her embracing God.

Her love had been a virgin love,
Her brow a virgin brow,
And virgins twine her wreath above
And seek her shrine below.

Death found her in her bridal dress,
And heard her bridal vows;
She passed in bridal tenderness
To her eternal Spouse.

I LOVE YOU.

I LOVE you—'tis the simplest way
The thing I feel to tell;
Yet, if I told it all the day,
You'd never guess how well.
You are my comfort and my light,
My very life you seem;
I think of you all day—all night
'Tis but of you I dream.

There's pleasure in the slightest word
That you can speak to me;
My soul is like the Æolian chord,
And vibrates still to thee;
I never read the love-song yet,
So thrilling fond, or true,
But in my beating heart I've met
Some kindred thoughts of you.

I bless the shadow on your face,
The light upon your hair;
I like to sit for hours and trace
The passing changes there;
I love to hear your voice's tone,
Although you should not say
A single word to dream upon
When that had died away.

Oh! you are kindly as the beam
That warms where'er it plays;
And you are gentle as the gleam
Of happy future days;
And you are strong to do the right,
And swift the wrong to flee;
And if you were not half so bright,
You're all the world to me.

THE GRAVE OF MACCAURA.

AND this is thy grave, MacCaura,
Here by the pathway lone;
Where the thorn blossoms are blending
Over thy mouldered stone.
Alas! for the sons of glory;
Oh! thou of the darkened brow,
And the eagle plume, and the belted clans,
It is here thou art sleeping now?
O wild is the spot, MacCaura,
In which they have laid thee low.

The field where thy people triumphed
 Over a slaughtered foe;
 And loud was the banshees wailing,
 And deep was the clansmen's sorrow.
 When with bloody hands and burning tears
 They buried thee here, MacCaura.

And now thy dwelling is lonely—
 King of the rushing horde;
 And now thy battles are over—
 Chief of the shining sword.
 And the rolling thunder echoes

O'er torrent and mountain free,
 But alas! and alas! MacCaura,
 It will not awaken thee.

Farewell to thy grave, MacCaura,
 Where the slanting sunbeams shine,
 And the briar and waving fern
 Over thy slumbers twine;
 Thou whose gathering summons
 Could awaken the sleeping glen;
 MacCaura! alas for thee and thine,
 'Twill never be heard again.

A POEM BY MICHAEL J. BALFE.

KILLARNEY.

I.

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
 Em'rald isles and winding bays,
 Mountain paths and woodland dells,
 Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
 Bounteous nature loves all lands,
 Beauty wanders ev'rywhere,
 Footprints leaves on many strands,
 But her home is surely there!
 Angels fold their wings and rest
 In that Eden of the West,
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney.

II.

Innisfallen's ruined shrine
 May suggest a passing sigh,
 But man's faith can ne'er decline,
 Such God's wonders floating by—
 Castle Lough and Glenna bay,
 Mountains Tore and Eagle's Nest;
 Still at Muckross you must pray,
 Though the monks are now at rest.
 Angels wonder not that man
 There would fain prolong life's span—
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney.

III.

No place else can charm the eye
 With such bright and varied tints,
 Every rock that you pass by
 Verdure broiders or besprings.
 Virgin there the green grass grows,
 Ev'ry morn Spring's natal day,
 Bright hued berries daff the snows,
 Smiling winters frown away.
 Angels, often pausing there,
 Doubt if Eden were more fair—
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney.

IV.

Music there for echo dwells,
 Makes each sound a harmony,
 Many voic'd the chorus swells,
 Till it faints in ecstasy.
 With the charming tints below
 Seems the Heav'n above to vie,
 All rich colors that we know
 Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky.
 Wings of angels so might shine
 Glancing back soft light divine;
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney.

POEMS OF CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

PATRICK SHEEHAN.

MY name is Patrick Sheehan,
My years are thirty-four,
Tipperary is my native place,
Not far from Galtymore;
I came of honest parents—
But now they're lying low
And many a pleasant day I spent
In the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died, I closed his eyes
Outside our cabin door—
The landlord and the sheriff too
Were there the day before—
And then my loving mother,
And sisters three also,
Were forced to go with broken hearts
From the Glen of Aherlow.

For three long months in search of work,
I wandered far and near;
I went then to the poor-house
For to see my mother dear;
The news I heard nigh broke my heart,
But still, in all my woe,
I blessed the friends who made their graves
In the Glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home, and kith, and kin—
With plenty all around—
I starved within my cabin,
And slept upon the ground;
But cruel as my lot was,
I ne'er did hardship know,
'Till I joined the English army,
Far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up there," says the Corporal,
"You lazy Irish hound,
Why, don't you hear, you sleepy dog,
The call 'to arms' sound?"

Alas, I had been dreaming
Of days long, long ago,
I woke before Sebastopol,
And not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket—
How dark I thought the night,
O blessed God, it was not dark,
It was the broad daylight!
And when I found that I was *blind*
My tears began to flow,
I longed for even a pauper's grave
In the Glen of Aherlow.

O blessed Virgin Mary,
Mine is a mournful tale,
A poor blind prisoner here I am,
In Dublin's dreary jail;
Struck blind within the trenches
Where I never feared the foe;
And now I'll never see again
My own sweet Aherlow.

A poor neglected mendicant
I wandered through the street,
My nine months' pension now being out,
I beg from all I meet.
As I joined my country's tyrants
My face I'll never show
Among the kind old neighbors,
In the Glen of Aherlow.

Then Irish youths—dear countrymen—
Take heed of what I say,
For if you join the English ranks
You'll surely rue the day:
And whenever you are tempted
A soldiering to go,
Remember poor blind Sheehan
Of the Glen of Aherlow.

THE IRISH PEASANT GIRL.

SHE lived beside the Anner,
 At the foot of Slievenamon,
 A gentle peasant girl,
 With mild eyes like the dawn.
 Her lips were dewy rose-buds,
 Her teeth of pearls rare;
 And a snow-drift 'neath a beechen-bough,
 Her neck and nut-brown hair.

How pleasant 'twas to meet her
 On Sunday, when the bell
 Was filling with its mellow tones
 Lone wood and grassy dell.
 And when, at eve, young maidens
 Strayed the river bank along,
 The widow's brown-haired daughter
 Was loveliest of the throng.

O brave, brave Irish girls!
 We well may call you brave;—
 Sure the least of all your perils
 Is the stormy ocean wave;—
 When ye leave your quiet valleys,
 And cross the Atlantic's foam,
 To hoard your hard-won earnings
 For the helpless ones at home.

Write word to my dear mother—
 Say, we'll meet with God above:
 And tell my little brothers
 I send them all my love.
 May the angels ever guard them,
 Is their dying sister's pray'r;
 And folded in the letter
 Was a braid of nut-brown hair.

Ah! cold and well-nigh callous
 This weary heart has grown,
 For thy hapless fate, dear Ireland,
 And for sorrows of my own;
 Yet a tear my eye will moisten,
 When by Anner-side I stray,
 For the lily of "the Mountain-foot,"
 That withered far away.

RORY OF THE HILLS.

THAT rake up near the rafters,
 Why leave it there so long?
 The handle of the best of ash,
 Is smooth, and straight, and strong;
 And, mother, will you tell me,
 Why did my father frown,
 When to make the hay, in summer-time,
 I climbed to take it down?
 She looked into her husband's eyes,
 While her own with light did fill.
 "You'll shortly know the reason, boy!"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is lighting up
 The slopes of Sliav-na-man—
 Whose foot affrights the startled hares
 So long before the dawn?
 He stopped just where the Anner's stream
 Winds up the woods anear,
 Then whistled low and looked around
 To see the coast was clear.
 A sheeling door flew open—
 In he stepped with right good will—
 "God save all here, and bless your work,"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Right hearty was the welcome
 That greeted him, I ween,
 For years gone by he fully proved
 How well he loved the Green;
 And there was one among them
 Who grasped him by the hand—
 One who through all that weary time
 Roamed on a foreign strand;
 He brought them news from gallant friends
 That made their heart-strings thrill—
 "My soul! I never doubted them!"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

They sat around the humble board,
 Till dawning of the day,
 And yet no song nor shout I heard—
 No revellers were they;
 Some brows flushed red with gladness,
 While some were grimly pale:
 But pale or red, from out those eyes
 Flashed souls that never quail!

"And sing us now about the vow,
They swore for to fulfill"—
"You'll read it yet in history,"—
Said Rory of the Hill.

Next day the ashen handle,
He took down from where it hung,
The toothed rake, full scornfully,
Into the fire he flung;
And in its stead a shining blade,
Is gleaming once again—
(Oh! for a hundred thousand of
Such weapons and such men!)
Right soldierly he wielded it,
And going through his drill—
"Attention, charge, front, point, advance!"
Cried Rory of the Hill.

She looked at him with woman's pride,
With pride and woman's fears:
She flew to him, she clung to him,
And dried away her tears;

He feels her pulse beat truly;
While her arms around him twine—
"Now God be praised for your stout heart,
Brave little wife of mine."
He swung his first-born in the air,
While joy his heart did fill—
"You'll be a Freeman yet, my boy,"
Said Rory of the Hill.

Oh! knowledge is a wondrous power,
And stronger than the wind;
And thrones shall fall, and despots bow
Before the might of mind;
The poet, and the orator,
The heart of man can sway,
And would to the kind heavens
That Wolfe Tone were here to-day.
Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength
Her truest strength, is still,
The rough and ready roving boys,
Like Rory of the Hill.

A POEM BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.¹

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN! the gray dawn
is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew
is shaking, [still!
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering
Ah! hast thou forgotten soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must
part!
It may be for years, and it may be for ever—
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my
heart?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever—
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavour-
neen?

Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy
slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden
light,
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on
my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night,
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are
falling
To think that from Erin and thee I must
part,
It may be for years, and it may be for ever—
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my
heart?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,—
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavour-
neen?

¹ This poem was written by Mrs. Crawford, a native of Cavan, Ireland, the music being by Crouch.

A POEM BY FATHER BURKE.

THE IRISH DOMINICANS.

THIS land of ours was famous once—no land
was ever more—
For saintliness so pure, so bright, as well as
learned lore:
And strangers from a sunny clime were
wafted to our shore,
In bearing meek and quaintest garb as ne'er
was seen before—
And these were the Dominicans six hundred
years ago.

They came with vigil and with fast, men
versed in prayer and read
In all the sacred books, and soon through-
out the land they spread.
The people blessed them as they passed · low
bowed each tonsured head,
So meek 'twas like the saints, as they shall
raise them from the dead;
For holy were De Gusman's son's sons five
hundred years ago.

And soon their learned voice was heard in
pulpit and in choir,
While through the glorious Gothic aisle re-
sounds their midnight prayer.
The orphan found beneath their roof a par-
ent's tender care,
While boldly in their country's cause they
raised their voice, for there
Was Irish blood in Dominic's sons four hun-
dred years ago.

When heresy swept o'er the land like a de-
stroying flood,
And tyrants washed their reeking hands in
martyrs' holy blood,

St. Dominic's children then, like men, em-
braced the stake, and stood
Before the burning pile as 'twere the Sa-
viour's holy rood,
And kissed their habits as they bled, three
hundred years ago.

And while the altars fed the flame, and
Christ was mocked again,
Their faithful voices still were heard in
mountain's cave and glen;
And thus was saved our country's faith, and
thus the Lamb was slain,
And ne'er was Ireland's title more the "Isle
of Saints" than when
The preacher found a martyr's grave, two
hundred years ago.

And thus for full three centuries they fought
the holy fight,
In city and on mountain side, from Cashel's
sacred height;
True to their country and their God, each
man a burning light,
They kept a nation's life-blood warm and
saved the crozier's might—
For mitres shone on preachers' brows one
hundred years ago.

Now, men of Ireland, raise your thoughts to
that bright realm above,
Where Christian faith and hope are lost in
all absorbing love,
And blend the serpent's prudence with the
sweetness of the dove,
And, faithful to our land and creed, in their
bright footsteps move,
Who fought and bled and conquered all these
centuries ago.

POEMS OF JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

THE GREEN GIFT.

JUST twenty years through spring have blown
Since, on one shining Patrick's Day,
A dear, far comrade sent to me,
Across the yeasty leagues of sea,
Through surge and wind, to Canada,
A letter rudely scribbled o'er
With little of the penman's art,
Freighted with songs, and—what is more—
An Irish Shamrock in its heart.

I kissed it twenty—fifty times;
The delicate and flowerless spray;
And Limerick and its castled skies
Rose up distinct before my eyes,
Under the heaven of Canada.
I saw the Shannon westward run,
The hills of Clare fade off in blue,
The glamour of the autumn sun
Across the woodlands of Tervoe.

That morn my soul, refreshed and light,
Devised in summer-mooded way,
In what thick nook of forest gloom
My gift should take both root and bloom
Below the clouds of Canada.
Seeking, I found a pleasant spot,
From pulses of the sea-breeze wet,
And there in shadows, cedar-wrought,
My precious plant I fondly set.

Dear is that little haunt to me,
Where sometimes Mary comes to pray,
And hears the passing of her beads
Timed by the crepitating reeds,
Under the stars of Canada.
There sleep my loved ones and my lost—
The shapes that vanished long ago—
Above them cedar boughs are crost, [blow.
And round their graves the shamrocks

For, look you, ere the first year died,
And on the pine's bark fell the grey,
Which comes like winter to our trees,
Ere yet the sap begins to freeze,
Deep in the woods of Canada;
The shamrock's tendrils woke to flower,
Rich as the cowslip's inmost page,
And made a little golden bower
Around my daily hermitage.

Ireland is many a sail afar,
Beyond the rising of the day,
And many a long and weary year
Has perished since I first stood here,
Amid the wastes of Canada;
Yet when I see these little flowers
From emerald into orange run,
My thoughts go racing with the hours,
Behind the sea, behind the sun,

Away to where my own land lies,
Below the morning's rising ray—
Away to mountain peaks that hold
The flying clouds in tangled fold—
Away, away from Canada.
I see the Irish mouths and eyes,
I leap through fields of long ago,
And in my heart wells glad surprise,
And at my feet the shamrocks blow.

Let me rest with them when the mist
Of solid darkness fills my way,
Still feel their roots about my heart,
Of me and mine close-knitted part,
Under the grass of Canada.
And though around my headstone beat
The whitening breezes of the foam,
One thought will make the last hour sweet—
I shall not die *so far* from home.

ON THE RAMPART—LIMERICK.

CHEERILY rings the boatman's song
 Across the dark brown water;
 His mast is slant, his sail is strong,
 His hold is red with slaughter—
 With beeves that cropped the field of Glynn,
 And sheep that pricked their meadows,
 Until the sunset-cry trooped in
 The cattle from the shadows.
 He holds the foam-washed tiller loose,
 And hums a country ditty;
 For, under clouds of gold turned puce,
 Gleam harbor, mole, and city;
 O town of manhood! maidenhood!
 By thee the Shannon flashes—
 There Freedom's seed was sown in
 blood,
 To blossom into ashes.

St. Mary's, in the evening air,
 Springs up austere and olden;
 Two sides its steeple gray and bare,
 Two sides with sunset golden.
 The bells roll out, the bells roll back,
 For lusty knaves are ringing;
 Deep in the chancel, red and black,
 The white-robed boys are singing.
 The sexton loiters by the gate
 With eyes more blue than hyssop,
 A black-green skull-cap on his pate,
 And all his mouth a-gossip.
 This is the town beside the flood—
 The walls the Shannon washes—
 Where Freedom's seed was sown in
 blood,
 To blossom into ashes.

The streets are quaint, red-bricked, antique,
 The topmost stories curving,
 With, here and there, a slated leak,
 Through which the light falls swerving.
 The angry sudden light falls down
 On path and middle parquet,
 On shapes weird as the ancient town,
 And faces fresh for market.

They shout, they chatter, disappear,
 Like imps that shake the valance
 At midnight, when the clock ticks queer,
 And time has lost its balance.
 This is the town beside the flood
 Which past its bastions dashes,
 Where Freedom's seed was sown in
 blood
 To blossom into ashes.

Oh, how they talk, brown country folk,
 Their chatter many-mooded,
 With eyes that laugh for equivoue,
 And heads in kerchiefs snooded!
 Such jests, such jokes, whose plastic mirth
 But Heine could determine—
 The portents of the latest birth,
 The points of Sunday's sermon,
 The late rains and the previous drouth,
 How oats were growing stunted,
 How keels fetched higher prices south,
 And Captain Watson hunted.
 This is the town beside the flood
 Whose waves with memories flashes,
 Where Freedom's seed was sown in
 blood;
 To blossom into ashes

How thick with life the Irish town!
 Dear gay and battered portress,
 That laid all save her honor down,
 To save the fire-ringed fortress.
 Here Sarsfield stood, here lowered the flag
 That symbolized the people—
 A riddled rag, a bloody rag,
 Plucked from St. Mary's steeple.
 Thick are the walls the women lined
 With courage worthy Roman,
 When, armed with hate sublime, if blind,
 They scoured the headlong foemen.
 This is the town beside the flood,
 That round its ramparts flashes,
 Where Freedom's seed was sown in
 blood.
 To blossom into ashes.

This part is mine: to live divorced
 Where foul November gathers,
 With other sons of thine dispersed
 Brave city of my fathers—
 To gaze on rivers not mine own,
 And nurse a wasting longing,
 Where Babylon, with trumpets blown,
 South, North, East, West comes thronging,

To hear distinctly, if afar,
 The voices of thy people—
 To hear through crepitating jar
 The sweet bells of thy steeple.
 To love the town, the hill, the wood,
 The Shannon's stormful flashes,
 Where Freedom's seed was sown in blood,
 To blossom into ashes.

POEMS OF JOHN K. CASEY.

DONAL KENNY.

"COME, piper, play the 'Shaskan Reel,'
 Or else the 'Lasses on the heather,'
 And, Mary, lay aside your wheel
 Until we dance once more together.
 At fair and pattern oft before
 Of reels and jigs we've tripped full many;
 But ne'er again this loved old floor
 Will feel the foot of Donal Kenny.

Softly she rose and took his hand,
 And softly glided through the measure,
 While, clustering round, the village band
 Looked half in sorrow, half in pleasure.
 Warm blessings flowed from every lip
 As ceased the dancers' airy motion:
 O Blessed Virgin! guide the ship
 Which bears bold Donal o'er the
 ocean!

"Now God be with you all!" he sighed,
 Adown his face the bright tears flowing—
 "God guard you well, *avie*," they cried,
 "Upon the strange path you are going."
 So full his breast, he scarce could speak—
 With burning grasp the stretched hands
 taking,
 He pressed a kiss on every cheek,
 And sobbed as if his heart was breaking.

"Boys, don't forget me when I'm gone,
 For sake of all the days passed over—
 The days you spent on heath and bawn,
 With *Donal Ruadh*, the rattlin' rover.

Mary, *agra*, your soft brown eye
 Has willed my fate" (he whispered lowly);
 "Another holds your heart: good-bye!
 Heaven grant you both its blessings
 holy!"

A kiss upon her brow of snow,
 A rush across the moonlit meadow,
 Whose broom-clad hazels, trembling slow,
 The mossy borean wrapped in shadow;
 Away o'er Tully's bounding rill,
 And far beyond the Inny river;
 One cheer on Carrick's rocky hill,
 And Donal Kenny's gone for ever.

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

OH! then, tell me, Shane O'Farrell, tell me
 where you hurry so?
 Hush, ma bouchal! hush and listen—and his
 cheeks were all aglow—
 I bear orders from the Captain; get you
 ready quick and soon;
 For the pikes must be together by the risin'
 of the moon.

CHORUS.

By the risin' of the Moon, by the risin' of
 the Moon;
 For the pikes must meet together by the
 risin' of the Moon.

Oh! then, tell me, Shane O'Farrell, where
the gatherin' is to be?

In the ould spot, by the river, right well
known to you and me.

One word more: for signal-token whistle up
the marchin' tune,

With your pike upon your shoulder, by the
risin' of the Moon.

By the risin' of the Moon, etc.

Out from many a mud-wall cabin, eyes were
watching thro' that night;

Many a manly heart was throbbing for that
blessed warning light;

Murmurs passed along the valley, like a ban-
shee's lonely croon;

And a thousand pikes were flashing by the
risin' of the Moon.

By the risin' of the Moon, etc.

Down along yon singing river, that dark
mass of men was seen;

High above their shining weapons floats their
own beloved green.

Death to every foe and traitor! forward strike
the marchin' tune!

And hurrah, my boys, for freedom! 'tis the
risin' of the Moon.

'Tis the risin' of the Moon, etc.

Well they fought for poor Ould Ireland, and
full bitter was their fate;

Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow fill the
name of Ninety-eight!

But yet, thank God! there's beating hearts
in manhood's burning noon,

Who will follow in their footsteps by the
risin' of the Moon.

By the risin' of the Moon, etc.

POEMS OF FRANCIS DAVIS.

NANNY.

OH! for an hour when the day is breaking
Down by the shore, when the tide is making!
Fair as a white cloud, thou, love, near me,
None but the waves and thyself to hear me:
Oh, to my breast how these arms would press
thee;

Wildly my heart in its joy would bless thee;
Oh, how the soul thou hast won would woo
thee,

* Girl of the snow-neck! closer to me.

Oh, for an hour as the day advances,
(Out where the breeze on the broom-bush
dances,)

Watching the lark, with the sun-ray o'er us,
Winging the notes of his heaven-taught
chorus!

Oh, to be there, and my love before me,
Soft as a moonbeam smiling o'er me;
Thou wouldst but love, and I would woo thee:
Girl of the dark eye! closer to me.

Oh, for an hour where the sun first found us,
(Out in the eve with its red sheets round us;)
Brushing the dew from the gale's soft wing-
lets,

Pearly and sweet with thy long dark ringlets:
Oh, to be there on the sward beside thee,
Telling my tale though I know you'd chide
me;

Sweet were thy voice though it should undo
me—

Girl of the dark locks! closer to me.

Oh, for an hour by night or by day, love,
Just as the heavens and thou might say,
love;

Far from the stare of the cold-eyed many,
Bound in the breath of my dove-souled
Nanny!

Oh, for the pure chains that have bound me,
Warm from thy red lips circling round me!
Oh, in my soul, as the light above me,
Queen of the pure hearts, do I love thee!

ON AGAIN.

AND so the would-be storm is past,
 And true men have outlived it;
 Can truth be bowed by falsehood's blast?
 They're slaves who e'er believed it:
 Let cravens crawl and adders hiss,
 And foes look on delighted!
 To one and all our answer's this,
 We're wronged and must be righted.
 Then on again,
 A chain's a chain,
 Although a king should make it:
 Be this our creed,
 A slave indeed
 Is he who dare not break it.

Tis not in slander's poisonous lips
 To kill the patriot's ardor;
 Their blight may reach the blossom-tips,
 But not the fount of verdure:
 For he who feels his country's dole,
 By naught can be confounded,
 But onward sweeps his fearless soul,

Though death be walking round it.
 Then on again,
 A chain's a chain,
 Although a king should make it:
 A slave, though freed,
 Were he indeed
 Who dare not try to break it.

And while ye guard against the shoals
 That hide each past endeavor,
 Give freemen's tongues to true men's souls,
 Or damn the terms for ever:
 Let baseness wander through the dark,
 And hug its own restriction,
 But oh! be ours the guiding spark
 Produced by mental friction!
 Then on again,
 A chain's a chain,
 Although a king should make it:
 Be this our creed,
 A slave indeed
 Is he who dare not break it.

A POEM BY DENNY LANE.

KATE OF ARRAGLEN.

WHEN first I saw thee, Kate,
 That summer ev'ning late,
 Down at the garden gate
 Of Arraglen,
 I felt I'd ne'er before
 Seen one so fair, ashore,
 I fear'd I'd never more
 See thee again—
 I stopped and gazed at thee,
 My footfall luckily
 Reach'd not thy ear, though we
 Stood there so near;
 While from thy lips a strain,
 Soft as the summer rain,
 Sad as a lover's pain
 Fell on my ear.

I've heard the lark in June,
 The harp's wild plaintive tune,
 The thrush, that aye too soon
 Gives o'er his strain—
 I've heard in hush'd delight
 The mellow horn at night,
 Waking the echoes light
 Of wild Loch Lene;
 But neither echoing horn,
 Nor thrush upon the thorn,
 Nor lark at early morn,
 Hymning in air,
 Nor harper's lay divine,
 E'er witch'd this heart of mine,
 Like that sweet voice of thine,
 That ev'ning there.

And when some rustling, dear,
Fell on thy listening ear,
You thought your brother near,
And named his name;

I could not answer, though,
As luck would have it so,
His name and mine, you know,

Were both the same—
Hearing no answering sound,
You glanced in doubt around,
With timid look, and found

It was not he;
Turning away your head,
And blushing rosy red,
Like a wild fawn you fled
Far, far from me.

The swan upon the lake,
The wild rose in the brake,
The golden clouds that make

The west their throne,
The wild ash by the stream,
The full moon's silver beam,
The ev'ning star's soft gleam,
Shining alone;

The lily rob'd in white,
All, all are fair and bright;
But ne'er on earth was sight
So bright, so fair,
As that one glimpse of thee,
That I caught then, machree,
It stole my heart from me
That ev'ning there.

And now you're mine alone,
That heart is all my own—
That heart that ne'er hath known

A flame before;
That form of mould divine,
That snowy hand of thine,
Those locks of gold, are mine
For evermore.

Was lover ever seen
As blest as thine, Kathleen?
Hath lover ever been

More fond, more true?
Thine is my every vow!
For ever, dear, as now,
Queen of my heart be thou,
Mo ceirlin ruadh.

POEMS OF MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

THE SWORD.

I.

WHAT rights the brave?
The sword!

What frees the slave?
The sword!

What cleaves in twain
The Despot's chain

And makes his gyves and dungeons vain?
The sword!

CHORUS.—Then cease thy proud task never
While rests a link to sever,
Guard of the free,
We'll cherish thee,
And keep thee bright forever.

II.

What checks the knave?
The sword!

What smites to save?
The sword!

What wreaks the wrong
Unpunished long,

At last, upon the guilty strong?
The sword!

Chorus.

III.

What shelters right?
The sword!

What makes it might?
The sword!

What strikes the crown
Of tyrants down,
And answers with its flash their frown?
The sword!

Chorus.

IV.

Still be thou true,
Good sword!
We'll die or do,
Good sword!
Leap forth to light
If tyrants smite
And trust our arms to wield thee right,
Good sword!

Chorus.

HYMN OF FREEDOM.

I.

God of Peace! before Thee,
Peaceful, here we kneel,
Humbly to implore Thee
For a nation's weal:
Calm her sons' dissensions,
Bid their discord cease,
End their mad contentions,
Hear us, God of Peace!

II.

God of Right! preserve us
Just—as we are strong;
Let no passion swerve us
To one act of wrong—
Let no thought, unholy,
Come our cause to blight—
Thus we pray thee, lowly—
Hear us, God of Right!

III.

God of Vengeance! smite us
With thy shaft sublime,
If one bond unite us
Forged in fraud or crime!

But, if humbly kneeling,
We implore thine ear,
For our rights appealing—
God of Nations! hear.

THE WEXFORD MASSACRE—CROMWELL, 1649.

THEY knelt around the cross divine,
The matron and the maid—
They bowed before redemption's sign,
And fervently they prayed—
Three hundred fair and helpless ones,
Whose crime was this alone,
Their valiant husbands, sires and sons
Had battled for their own.

Had battled bravely, but in vain.
The Saxon won the fight,
And Irish corpses strewed the plain
Where valor slept with right;
And now that man of demon guilt
To fated Wexford flew,
The red blood reeking on his hilt,
Of hearts to Erin true!

He found them there—the young, the old,
The maiden and the wife;
Their guardians brave in death were cold,
Who dared for them the strife.
They prayed for mercy, God on high!
Before Thy cross they prayed;
And ruthless Cromwell bade them die
To glut the Saxon blade!

Three hundred fell! The stifled prayers
Were quenched in woman's blood;
Nor youth nor age could move to spare
From slaughter's crimson flood.
But nations keep a stern account
Of deeds that tyrants do.
And guiltless blood to heaven will mount.
And heaven avenge it, too!

POEMS OF JUDGE JOHN O'HAGAN.

OURSELVES ALONE.

I.

THE work that should to-day be wrought
Defer not till to-morrow;
The help that should within be sought—
Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do
And trust OURSELVES ALONE.

II.

Aye! bitter hate, or cold neglect,
Or lukewarm love, at best,
Is all we've found, or can expect,
We aliens of the west.
No friend, beyond her own green shore,
Can Erin truly own,
Yet stronger is her trust, therefore,
In her brave sons ALONE.

III.

Remember when our lot was worse—
Sunk, trampled to the dust;
'Twas long our weakness and our curse,
In stranger aid to trust.
And if, at length, we proudly trod
On bigot laws o'erthrown,
Who won that struggle? Under God,
Ourselves—OURSELVES ALONE.

IV.

Oh, let its memory be enshrined
In Ireland's heart for ever!
It proves a banded people's mind
Must win in just endeavor;
It shows how wicked to despair,
How weak to idly groan—
If ills at *other's* hands ye bear,
The cure is in YOUR OWN.

V.

The "foolish word impossible"
At once, for aye, disdain;
No power can bar a people's will
A people's right to gain,
Be bold, united, firmly set,
Nor flinch in word or tone—
We'll be a glorious nation yet,
REDEEMED—ERECT—ALONE.

PADDIES EVERMORE.

THE hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might:
Let them who scorned the fountain rill
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore.

What, though they menace? suffering men
Their threats and them despise;
Or promise justice once again?
We know their words are lies:
We stand resolved those rights to claim
They robbed us of before,
Our own dear nation and our name,
As Paddies evermore.

Look round — the Frenchman governs
France,
The Spaniard rules in Spain
The gallant Pole but waits his chance
To break the Russian chain;
The strife for freedom here begun
We never will give o'er,
Nor own a land on earth but one—
We're Paddies evermore.

That strong and single love to crush
 The despot ever tried—
 A fount it was whose living gush
 His hated arts defied.
 'Tis fresh as when his foot accursed
 Was planted on our shore,
 And now and still, as from the first,
 We're Paddies evermore.

What recked we though six hundred years
 Have o'er our thralldom rolled?
 The soul that roused O'Connor's spears
 Still lives as true and bold.
 The tide of foreign power to stem
 Our fathers bled of yore;
 And we stand here to-day, like them,
 True Paddies evermore.

Where's our allegiance? With the land
 For which they nobly died;
 Our duty? By our cause to stand,
 Whatever chance betide;
 Our cherished hope? To heal the woes
 That rankle at her core;
 Our scorn and hatred? To her foes,
 Like Paddies evermore.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
 As suppliants for our right;
 Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
 The banded millions' might;
 Let them who scorned the fountain rill
 Now dread the torrent's roar,
 And hear our echoed chorus still,
 We're Paddies evermore.

DEAR LAND.

WHEN comes the day, all hearts to weigh,
 If stanch they be, or vile,
 Shall we forget the sacred debt
 We owe our mother isle?
 My native heath is brown beneath,
 My native waters blue;
 But crimson red o'er both shall spread
 Ere I am false to you,
 Dear land—
 Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold—
 Your noble lakes and streams—
 A mingled tide of grief and pride
 Within my bosom teems,
 I think of all, your long, dark thrall—
 Your martyrs brave and true;
 And dash apart the tears that start—
 We must not weep for you,
 Dear land—
 We must not weep for you.

My grandsire died his home beside,
 They seized and hanged him there;
 His only crime, in evil time,
 Your hallowed green to wear.
 Across the main his brothers twain
 Were sent to pine and rue;
 And still they turn'd, with hearts that
 burned,
 In hopeless love to you,
 Dear land—
 In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
 Of Erin's pride of yore,
 Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
 Her independent shore;
 Of chiefs, long dead, who rose to head
 Some gallant patriot few,
 Till all my aim on earth became
 To strike one blow for you,
 Dear land—
 To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest
 Let other heads divine;
 By work or word, with voice or sword,
 To follow them be mine.
 The breast that zeal and hatred steel,
 No terror can subdue;
 If death should come, that martyrdom
 Were sweet, endured for you,
 Dear land—
 Were sweet, endured for you.

POEMS OF JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

I.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

II.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some rest far off beyond the wave—
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All—all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died—
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

III.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

IV.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

V.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand,
Alas! that might can vanquish right,
They fell and pass'd away—
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

VI.

Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate,
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-eight.

TWO SONNETS.

Dr. John Kells Ingram, F. T. C. D., the author of the above poem, "Who fears to speak of '98," after a silence of more than 30 years, wrote, a few years ago, after the death of Gen. Colley, in the Boer War, a sonnet in reply to the following lines by the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, which appeared, on the occasion, in a Dublin journal.

IN MEMORIAM, G. P. COLLEY.

GENTLE and brave, well skilled in that dread
lore
Which mightiest nations dare now to un-
learn;
Fair lot for thee had leapt from Fortune's
urn;
Just guerdon of long toil; and more and
more
We counted for her favorite was in store;
Not failing in fond fancy to descry
Victorious wreath and crowns of victory
Which in our thought thy brows already
wore,

But He who portions out our good and ill
Willed an austerer glory should be thine,
And nearer to the Cross than to the Crown;
Then lay, ye mourners, there your burden
down,

And hear calm voices from the inner shrine
Which whisper, Peace; and say, Be still, be
still.

R. C. D.

ON READING THE SONNET BY "R. C. D.,"
ENTITLED "IN MEMORIAM, G. P. C."

'Yes! mourn the soul, of high and pure intent,
Humane as valiant, in disastrous fight,
Laid low on far Majuba's bloody height!

Yet, not his death alone must we lament,
But more such spirit on evil mission sent,
To back our broken faith with armèd might,
And the unanswered plea of wounded right
Strike dumb by warfare's brute arbitrament.
And while these deeds are done in England's
name,

Religion unregardful keeps her cell;
The tuneful note that wails the dead, we
hear;
Where are the sacred thunders that should
swell

To shame such foul oppression, and proclaim
Eternal justice in the nation's ear?

J. K. I.

POEMS OF M. J. M'CANN.

O'DONNELL ABU!

PROUDLY the note of the trumpet is sound-
ing,

Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale,
Fleety the steed by Lough Swilly is bounding,
To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's
green vale.

On, every mountaineer,

Strangers to flight and fear!

Rush to the standard of dauntless Red
Hugh!

Bonaght and Gallowglass

Throng from each mountain-pass!

On for old Erin—O'Donnell abu!

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing,

With many a chieftain and warrior-clan:
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are
prancing,

'Neath the borders brave from the banks
of the Bann—

Many a heart shall quail

Under its coat of mail:

Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,

When on his ear shall ring,

Borne on the breeze's wing, [abu!

Tyrconnell's dread war-cry—O'Donnell

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling,
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain,
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling—

All, all who would scare them are banished
or slain!

Grasp, every stalwart hand,

Hackbut and battle-brand—

Pay them all back the deep debt so long
due:

Norris and Clifford well

Can of Tyrconnell tell—

Onward to glory—O'Donnell abu!

Sacred the cause that Clan-Conaill's defend-
ing—

The altars we kneel at, and homes of our
sires:

Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending—

Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires!

On, with O'Donnell, then!

Fight the old fight again,

Sons of Tyrconnell all valiant and true!

Make the false Saxon feel

Erin's avenging steel!

Strike for your country!—O'Donnell
abu!

THE BATTLE OF RATHDRUM.

THE BARD OF PHELM McPHEAGH

—*Cant.* 1599.

The gallant Pheagh M'Hugh O'Byrne, prince of Wicklow, had long set the power of Elizabeth at defiance; and in 1580 inflicted a disastrous defeat on a chosen force under the command of Lord Deputy De Grey, who attempted to penetrate his hereditary territory of "the Ranelagh," by way of Glendalough. His residence was at Ballinacor, in the romantic valley of Glenmalure, and its halls often echoed to the tread of the bravest princes and chiefs of Ireland, who sought his alliance or protection. His defiant attitude, so near the seat of government, and his frequent successes over the English forces, had in an especial manner rendered him the object of the hostility and anger of the successive military rulers, who, during his career, held the reins of power at the Castle of Dublin, and on the 7th of May, 1597, being betrayed and taken at a disadvantage, he was slain in battle against the Lord Deputy, Sir William Russell. His son, Phelim, was at once elected to succeed him, and lost no time in preparing to defend his ancient patrimony and people. On the arrival of Essex, as Lord Lieutenant, on the 15th of April, 1599, the attention of the latter was at once directed to the son of the celebrated Pheagh M'Hugh, and Sir Henry Harrington, a veteran of thirty years' standing, was stationed at the Castle of Wicklow, with a well-appointed force, detached from the splendid army which Essex had brought for the final conquest of Ireland. The Avonbeg, running through the romantic valley of Glenmalure, falls into the Avonmore below Castle Howard, forming the first Meeting of the Waters. About four miles above this point, on the Avonmore, which flows through the vale of Clara, lying eastward of Glenmalure, is Rathdrum, and here was a ford which formed the pass into "the Ranelagh," from the Wicklow direction, at about six miles distance from this stronghold. On the 28th of May, 1599, Sir Henry Harrington with about six hundred men, of whom sixty-eight were horse, under the command of Captain Montague, a brave officer, Sir Henry's nephew, marched from Wicklow, and encamped within a mile of the ford of Avonmore. Phelim and his clansmen, instead of waiting to defend the passage of the river, crossed over, and repeatedly alarmed the camp during the night. In the morning, Sir Henry, having advanced with the horse to reconnoitre, perceived the O'Byrnes rapidly advancing to attack him. The memory of De Grey, and Glendalough, appears to have risen vividly to his mind, and a retreat was at once ordered. The Irish were inferior not only in appointments and discipline, but even in numbers, particularly in cavalry, of which they had only about a dozen. But they had no idea of permitting their foes to retire so easily; and pressing fiercely on them, forced them to an engagement, and slew "the greatest part" of them. None escaped but those who had been covered by the horse, which suffered severely in this perilous duty; Captain Montague himself, as Sir Henry says in his despatch, being "stricken in the side with a pike," and having received "two blowes of a sword,"—and such as had taken "an opportunity to strip themselves, not only of their weapons, but clothes," and had "gott away disordered by footemanship." All details on the English side are given in the despatches of Sir Henry and the other officers engaged, and may be seen, in extenso, in the 23rd number of that valuable publication the new series of the *Kilkenny Archaeological Journal*.

I.

By Avonbeg and Avonmore there's many a
happy home;
On every side through Ranelagh the bright
streams flash and foam;
And snow-white flocks roam far and wide,
through many a verdant glade;—
Sure ne'er was land so wondrous fair by nat-
ure elsewhere made!

II.

And from each olden belfry, still by time or
foe unrent,
To prayer is far o'er hill and dale the silvery
summons sent;

And maidens, fair as earth e'er saw, amid
these valleys dwell;—

And Ranelagh's brave sons well know to
guard such treasures well.

III.

Still proudly over Ballinacor O'Byrne's ban-
ner waves;
And all the *Calliagh Ruah's** power, as erst,
defiant braves;
And though heroic Pheagh is gone, well can
young Phelim wield
The sword his sire triumphant waved o'er
many a stricken field.

* * * * *

IV.

Up Glenmalure, with furious speed, who doth
so reckless ride?—
Some news perchance of war and scath he
brings from Avon side:—
For Wykinglo† full long has flashed beneath
each noontide sun,
With helm and lance and corselet bright,
and spear, and burnished gun?

V.

Too true,—red sign of war! behold the bea-
con's signal light
Is answered, with a tongue of flame, from
every neighboring height;
And down the hills, and through the glens,
as fleet as mountain roes,
O'Byrne's clansmen rushing come to meet
their Saxon foes.

VI.

For Harrington from Wykinglo has marched
for Avon's ford,
And sworn to sweep o'er Ranelagh with ruth-
less fire and sword:
And all that bear O'Byrne's name, whate'er
the sex or age,
To doom in his avenging hate to glut his
soldiers' rage.

* * * * *

* The name by which not only the Milesian but many of the Anglo-Irish designated Elizabeth towards the close of her reign. It means the Red Hag.

† The ancient name of the town of Wicklow, from which the county was called when erected into a shire in the time of James I. It is of Danish origin, and signifies the Lake of Ships, from Broad Lough, into which the river Vartry emptied itself.

VII.

'Tis morn, at close of joyous May, and high
has climbed the sun,
But why a mile from Avon's ford still lingers
Harrington ?
Around him stand his captains tried; behind,
his marshalled men;
But why the gloom upon his brow, as he
gazes up the glen ?

VIII.

He sees approach O'Byrne's van, by gallant
chieftains led;
In every hand a pike or brand,—prince
Phelim at their head!—
And, rapid as a mountain flood, the fiery
clansmen come;—
There's little time for trumpet bray, or roll
of Saxon drum!

IX.

No thought of their outnumbering foes—
they thought of home and Pheagh; *
One thrilling cheer! and fierce they dash
upon that proud array!
There's clangor dire of steel on steel—there's
crash of blade and spear—
One volley's sped—and England's ranks have
broke like frightened deer! †

* Pronounced Fay. The treachery and cruelty of which this heroic chieftain was finally the victim, might well exasperate less excitable minds than those of the devoted followers whom he had so often led to victory. In May, 1597, he was betrayed, through the machinations of Sir William Russell, and slain. His body was brought to Dublin and quartered, "and his head spiked on a tower in Dublin."

† Mr. John Clifford, writing from Dublin Castle to Cecil, on the 13th of June, 1599, says—(we use the modern orthography)—"His Lordship (Essex) took as great care of the borders, and all other parts, as might be, both for the defence of the subject, as also to offend the rebels, yet we prevail but little, for upon his Lordship's departure from Dublin, he appointed Sir Henry Harrington with five hundred and fifty footmen and threescore and eight horsemen, for the prosecuting of all Pheagh McHugh's sons, and the rest of the rebels about the mountains, the circumstance of which service I presume is well known to your honor; yet this much I will make bold to let you understand, that our soldiers had no sooner discovered the enemy, but they were presently possessed with such a fear that they cast away their arms, and would not strike one blow for their lives, *yet the enemy no more in number than they were* (i.e. they were considerably less), and then the greatest part of that number was slain, with Captain Loftus, the Chancellor's son, and Captain Warmane (Wardman), *yet the enemy was not above a dozen horse.*" The annals of warfare record few displays of bravery and valor to compare with this, and yet the English and Anglo-Irish historians almost completely ignore it. Corroborative of Clifford's statement is the authority of Harrington himself, who says that the Irish "bataille," or main body, consisted only of "about ijc (300) Pykes and tergatyrres." The only part of the foot who did behave bravely was an Irish Company, commanded by Captain Adam Loftus; for of these unnatural enemies of their country, Harrington says:—"Noe men could serve better than his (Loftus's) whilst one man was habile to stand." And the victimized Lieutenant Piers Walsh, says:—"Within a small tyme after the *rebells* with their battayle and loose wings came in and beggan to skirmische with the forces, whereupon Captain Adam Loftus, with his foot companie answered the skirmische in the reare

X.

And in the wild and headlong flight, away's
cast spear and gun,—
Unheeded is the bugle's call—the battle's
lost and won!
And, desperately for Wykinglo rush that dis-
ordered rout,
Nor dares one panting fugitive e'en turn his
head about. ‡

XI.

While, in revenge for gallant Pheagh, the
victors urge the chase,
Until the castle closed its gates upon their
foe's disgrace;
And many a polished morion, and steel jack
glittering lay,
As trophies for the victors, all along the
corse-strewn way.

XII.

And but for valiant Montague's well-mounted
cuirassiers,
Whose levelled lances sometimes checked the
naked mountaineers,
For Essex' martial vengeance § but few had
'scaped that day,
Their vengeance who had madly wept above
the bier of Pheagh.

of the battayle and fought very valyantly for the space of three myles, *the rest of the companies of foot yeldinge smale help but onely marching (running) forward.*"

§ Sir Henry Harrington says:—"All that I or their captens could do, *could never make one of them ones to turne his face toward the rebells.* Notwithstanding that our horse, that weare in the Rere charged twysse betwene bothe battailes, whereby they wonne our men breathe, and ground enough to have better resolved, but they rather took that as an opportunity to stripp themselves, not only of their weapons, but clothes."

§ Cox says, "Sir Henry Harrington and some of his *young* captains with 608 men, left in the Glynnis, received a baffle from the O'Briens, (O'Byrnes,) by their own fault, which Essex punished by *decimation*, and the execution of an Irish Lieutenant, Pierce Walsh, on whom the blame of that disaster *was chiefly laid.*" It is not likely that Sir Henry Harrington, who refers from his prison, where he lay in custody of the Marshal, to his "thirtie yere's service," and who evidently was appointed to this dangerous post for his skill and military qualities, would not have secured able and zealous officers, and, in fact, he bears testimony to their steady and gallant conduct himself. But excuses and scapegoats were wanted on all sides here. Harrington and his men were made the scapegoats in the castle despatches for Essex, from whose defeats in other parts of the country it was necessary to turn attention; and as a scapegoat was required for Sir Henry, who so fitting as an unfortunate Irish Lieutenant? In fact Pierce Walsh was in bad company. His place in those stern days of Elizabeth should have been by the side of Phelim McPheagh, or some other of the brave Irish chieftains who, *pro aris et locis*, were just then so gallantly struggling against the overwhelming power of the "Calliagh Ruah," whose myrmidons were, in defiance of all justice and the law of nations, carrying on a remorseless war of persecution and robbery against the Irish people. But unfortunately Piers Walsh could, in justification, point at but too many Irishmen whose example he was only following. We have not, however, been able to discover any pretext for his execution. Cowardice could not have been alleged against him, for, unlike so many others, he did not throw away his "weopens"

XIII.

And now, throughout all Ranelagh, be joy
and festive cheer;— [have no fear.
The children may in safety play, the maidens
And long may princely Phelim bear the
sword Pheagh bravely bore;
And guard, as on that glorious day, the ford
of Avonmore!

THE BATTLE OF GLENDALOUGH.

A Ballad of the Pale, A. D. 1580.

AN autumn's sun is beaming on Dublin's
castle towers,
Whose portals fast are pouring forth the
Pale's embattled powers;
And on far Wicklow's hills they urge their
firm and rapid way,
And well may proud Lord Grey exult to view
their stern array.

For there was many a stately knight whose
helm was rough with gold,
And spearman grim, and musketeer, in Erin's
wars grown old;
And on they speed for Glendalough 'gainst
daring Fiach MacHugh
Who lately with his mountain bands to that
wild glen withdrew.

And, now, above the rugged glen, their pranc-
ing steeds they rein,
While many an eager look along its mazy
depths they strain,
But where's the marshalled foe they seek—
the camp or watch fires—where?
For, save the eagle screaming high, no sign
of life is there!

"Ho!" cried the haughty Deputy, "my gal-
lant friends we're late—
rightly deemed the rebel foe would scarce
our visit wait!

and "clothes" to save himself by flight; but, on the contrary, it is especially mentioned that he brought off in safety the colors and drum of his company, two very embarrassing incumbrances; in so precipitate a retreat. The men, on their part, endeavoured to cast the blame upon their commanders, for Sir Henry complaining of the soldiers, says: "in their baseness practising amongst themselves, one of them in hope, by some excuse, to save his lyffe by ymputing fault in me, (as is confessed by some of them since) should say, at his deathe, that he ronne not until I bid hym shyfte for hymself." Clearly but for Montague and his horse, and the Irish Company of Loftus, who in some measure covered the retreat, not a man of this splendidly appointed force, led by an experienced commander, would have escaped death or capture at the hands of an inferior number of the half-armed O'Byrnes.

But, onward lead the foot, Carew! perhaps
in sooth 'twere well
That something of their flocks and herds our
soldiery should tell."

"I've heard it is the traitors wont in cave
and swamp to hide
When'er they deem their force too weak the
battle's brunt to bide; [in his lair—
So, Mark! Where'er a rebel lurks, arouse him
And death to him whose hand is known an
Irish foe to spare."

But thus the veteran Cosby spoke,—“My
lord, I've known for years,
The hardihood and daring of those stalwart
mountaineers;

And, trust me that our bravest would in
yonder rugged pass, [glass.*
But little like the greeting of an Irish gallo-

“’Tis true his brawny breast is not encased
in tempered steel, [arm can deal;
But sheer and heavy is the stroke his nervous
And, too, my lord, perhaps 'twere ill that
here you first should learn
How truly like a mountain cat, is Erin's fear-
less kern.”

“March!” was the sole and stern reply; and—
as the leader spoke,
Horn and trumpet, and thundering drum a
thousand echoes woke,
And, on, with martial tramp, the host, all
bright in glittering mail,
Wound, like a monstrous serpent, far along
the gloomy vale.

But, hark! what wild defiant yell the rocks
and woods among,
Has now, so fierce, from every side, in thrill-
ing echoes rung?—
O'Byrne's well known warrison!—and hark!
along the dell, [deadly knell!
With rapid and successive peal, the muskets’

As wolves, which in a narrow ring, the hunt-
er's band enclose,
So rush the baffled Saxons on the ambush of
their foes;—

* Fiach Mac Hugh O'Byrne, prince of Wicklow, one of those gallant Irish chieftains, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, offered such heroic resistance to the persecuting and confiscating government of the period.

And, lo! from every craggy screen, as 'twere
instinct with life,
Up spring the mountain warriors to meet the
coming strife.

And, tall amid their foremost band, his
broadsword flashing bright
The dreaded Fiach MacHugh is seen to cheer
them to the fight,
And from the fiery chieftain's lips those
words of vengeance passed
"Behold the accursed, Sassanagh—remem-
ber Mullaghmast!" *

"Now gallant clansmen, charge them home!
not off ye hand to hand,
In battle with your ruthless foes on terms so
equal stand;
Ye meet not now in firm array the spear-
men's serried ranks
No whelming squadrons here can dash like
whirlwinds on your flanks!"

The keen and ponderous battle-axe with
deadly force is plied,
And deep the mountain pike and skian in
Saxon blood is dyed,
And many a polished corselet's pierced, and
many a helm is cleft—
And few of all that proud array for shameful
flight are left!

No time to breathe or rally them—so hotly
are they pressed;
For thousand maddening memories fire each
raging victor's breast,
And many a sire and brother's blood, and
many a sister's wrong,
Were then avenged, dark Glendalough, thy
echoing vale along.

Carew and Audley deep had sworn the Irish
foe to tame,
But thundering on their dying ear his shout
of victory came,
And burns with shame De Grey's knit brow,
and throbs with rage his eye,
To see his best in wildest rout from Erin's
clansmen fly!

*The massacre of Mullaghmast was perpetrated a few years previous to the date of the event commemorated, and was for a long time a watch-word of vengeance throughout Leinster.

Ho! warder! for the Deputy fling wide thy
fortress gate;—
Lo! burgher proud, and haughty dame, be
these the bands ye wait:
Whose banners lost, and broken spears, and
wounds and disarray
Proclaim their dire disgrace and loss in that
fierce mountain fray?

CASHEL.

CASHEL of Kings! how grandly towers thy
pile, [sky;—†
Hoar and majestic, 'gainst the western
How dear the memories that arise the while
We think upon thy glorious days gone by!
From Ængus Patrick, Ailbe, Declan, nigh
Four ages have roll'd o'er thy saints and
kings,
Yet rise thy anthems and thy incense high,
As royalty thy golden censer swings,—
For Cormac to thy shrine Momonia's sceptre
brings. †

II.

High the festivities when Brien sate
Leath Mogha's princes, chiefs, and bards
among:—§
Higher the pomp, more lofty still the
state— [strung—
Higher the trumpets pealed, the harps were
More full and far the acclamations rung!
When stood upon thy famed inaugural
stone—||

† The view of the Rock of Cashel at sunset, particularly when seen for the first time, approaching from the eastward by the Clonmel road, is unusually grand and imposing, and to the mind of an Irishman familiar with the history of his country, naturally suggests the train of reflections which have found expression in the foregoing stanzas. In olden times Cashel was the royal seat of the kings of Munster, and it is stated that St. Patrick held a synod here, at which St. Ailbe of Emly, and St. Declan of Ardmore, were present, in the reign of Ængus, King of Munster, who was baptized by St. Patrick.

‡ Cormac Mac Cuillenan, King of Munster and Archbishop of Cashel, flourished at the beginning of the ninth century, and was equally distinguished as a monarch, a prelate and a sage. He was the author of the celebrated *Psalter of Cashel*, and is said by some authorities to have built the beautiful little church on the Rock of Cashel called Cormac's chapel. It is traditionally related, that on one occasion when he was celebrating High Mass at Christmas, the choir was composed of seven hundred priests.

§ Brien Boru held his court frequently at Cashel after becoming monarch of Ireland, and built the embattled wall around the brow of the Rock, a considerable portion of which still remains.

|| The stone on which the kings of Munster were inaugurated is still to be seen, about midway between the entrance gate and the palace. It is composed of a sort of sandstone, and is in the form of a truncated pyramid of some five feet high and about the same dimensions at the base. An ancient stone cross of peculiar form surmounts it.

From line Eugenian or Dalcassian sprung—
A candidate for Oilliol's ancient throne;*
To all for fearless soul and kingly virtues
known.†

III.

But fiercer joy, more thrilling transports
rose, [led
As Donough back Clontarf's brave victors
Triumphant;‡ foreign and domestic foes
Crushed at a blow—their bravest fallen or
fled!
Deep was their mourning too; the heroic
head blood
Of Heber's race had purchased with his
Thy freedom;§ while, amid the carnage
dread, [stood,
Full many who the o'er-whelming foe with-
With dauntless Murrough fell beside Eblana's
flood

IV.

Changes the scene; in Cormac's sculptured
choir
A foreign king in regal pomp we see,
While bends in homage one whose royal
sire,
Left a brave people and a sceptre free,
With his good sword;|| who forfeits now
the three? [kneels
Clontarf's great hero! doth the prince who

* Oilliol Olum, King of Munster, bequeathed his throne in alternate succession to the descendants of his two sons, Rogan More and Cormac Cas. From the former, who was the elder brother, sprang the Eugenian line, represented by the MacCarthys, and from the latter, the Dalcassian, represented by the O'Briens.

† For he must have come from a warrior race—

The heir of their valor, their glory, their grace.—Davis.

‡ Donough O'Brien, one of the sons of Brian Boru, led back, after the battle of Clontarf, the Dalcassian victors to Cashel.

§ Brian Boru was the head of the race of Heber at the time of Clontarf. He was treacherously killed in his tent towards the close of the day, after the rout of the Danes, by Broder, the Danish admiral.

|| Donald More O'Brien, a descendant of Brian Boru, was King of Thomond, at the period of the Invasion, and according to tradition, was six feet seven inches high, which is said to account for the unusual height of the galleries in the portion of the royal palace built by him. Like Dermot McCarthy of Cork, and some of the minor Irish chieftains, he did homage to Henry II. as his accepted suzerain, in place of Roderick O'Connor, as did also several of the Irish prelates, at the Synod of Cashel, held in Cormac's chapel; for all were weary of the harassing internecine warfare by which the country had long been devastated, and the wily Henry professed to come solely in the interests of religion, peace, and order; the Irish princes being it appears under the impression that they were to exercise the same power in their respective territories as under their native monarchs. But being taught by convincing evidences the hollowness of these pretences of Henry, Donald was soon in arms, and at Thurles, with the aid of some Connaught battalions inflicted a severe defeat on the united Anglo-Norman forces under Strongbow, killing, according to the Four Masters, 1,700 of them. The princes of Ulster, however, held aloof on the occasion above referred to, and did not come to do homage to Henry.

At Henry's footstool claim descent from
thee?

Donald the stately! king and warrior, feels
Thy brow no flush, thy breast no throb, as he
Barters his favor for thy fealty?—reels
Thy brain not madly whilst thy country's
death-knell peals!

V.

From off thy walls sublime the scene, when
passed
King Bruce,¶ victorious over every foe;
Ard-Righ of Erin!—chosen, tried, and
last— [show,
His twice ten thousand made a glorious
As rapidly they crossed the plain below;
There Bannockburn's claymores flashed,
and there
The fearless sons of Lagan, Bann, and Roe,
With joy, for him, war's sternest brunt
would dare;
And proud their war-notes rang—gay danced
their banners fair!

¶ The Scots, under Robert Bruce, having freed their country from English bondage by the victory of Bannockburn, fought on the 25th of June, 1314, the Irish thought it a fitting opportunity to make a great effort for the recovery of their lost liberties, and accordingly invited over his brother, the gallant Edward Bruce, as King; his descent from the ancient monarchs of Ireland, and the fact of his heroic brother being on the Scottish throne, rendering his election not only justifiable, but particularly desirable. The Scottish monarch approved of the proposal, and on the 26th of May, 1315, Edward Bruce landed at Larne with 6,000 men, and was immediately joined by the flower of the Ulster Irish. The English were defeated in several skirmishes, and on the 10th of September, the united forces of the Red Earl of Ulster, and Sir Edmund Butler were overthrown with great slaughter near Connor in Antrim. Having been proclaimed King of Ireland, Bruce marched southward in December, defeating Roger Mortimer at the head of 15,000 men, at Kells in Meath. Then entering Kildare he again defeated Sir Edmund Butler, at the celebrated Moat of Ardsclut. The Irish now rose upon their oppressors in several quarters, but a terrible famine came to the aid of the English, who were on the point of being annihilated, and Bruce was obliged to return to Ulster, where he exercised all the prerogatives of Royalty without molestation. King Robert Bruce came over himself, in September, and reduced Carrickfergus, where a strong garrison still held out, and early in 1317, the Scotch-Irish army, numbering it is said 20,000 men, again marched southward, under command of the brother kings, through Naas, Castledermot, Gowran, Callan, Kells in Ossory, and Cashel, devastating the Butler territory on their way. An army of 30,000 Anglo-Irish under their best leaders, now marched against the forces of Bruce, but were afraid to attack them, and the new monarch was constrained from want of provisions again to retire into Ulster, and Robert Bruce was obliged to return to Scotland in May, a fearful famine rendering military operations impossible. Next year, owing to the famine, the army of Bruce was reduced to 3,000 men, but he marched to Dundalk, to which Sir John Birmingham, with a much larger force was advancing to meet him. As the hostile forces were in presence of each other, John Maupas, an English Knight, having, as Lodge relates, dressed himself like a fool, succeeded in entering Bruce's camp, and before he could be prevented, struck him a deadly blow with a leaden plummet. He was instantly cut to pieces, but the Scotch-Irish were thrown into consternation and disorder, and though a bloody battle ensued, the latter without their chosen leader, and, after his death, almost without a cause, were defeated. And thus ended an enterprise which at one time promised to put an end to English domination in Ireland.

VI.

Murrough the Burner!* memory ever
 'cursed,
 Thy cruel deeds are chronicled in flame;
 Of all Cromwellian myrmidons the worst—
 Thy bleeding country's ruthless scourge
 and shame!
 Who, after thee, can Saxon Cromwell blame
 For Wexford's slaughter? when both youth
 and age,
 And sacred priesthood, at thy word, became
 The victims of those fell fanatics' rage
 Who did 'gainst God and man such war re-
 morseless wage.

VII.

Ay, vain was woman's shriek and infant's
 wail—
 Ancestral memories' mute appeal was vain;
 Nor aught did sanctity itself avail;
 Without, within, that consecrated fane,
 The unoffending and unarmed were slain.
 And INCHIUIN those savage butchers
 leads— [Dane!—
 Sprung from the queller of the pagan
 What dread example are his demon deeds,
 Of richest soils for aye producing rankest
 weeds!

VIII.

Rolls half an age, and some who 'scaped
 from all, [men †
 Are kindly tending gashed and ghastly

* After devastating the country with fire and sword, the sanguinary Murrough O'Brien, a descendant of the great hero who rode from rank to rank, crucifix in hand, at Clontarf, advanced against Cashel, which Taaffe, as if in collusion with that ferocious traitor, left garrisoned by only 300 soldiers. The city accepted conditions and opened its gates, but the garrison and a number of the clergy and inhabitants, fled to the shelter of the Cathedral on the Rock of St. Patrick. As Inchiquin had 7,000 men under his command, an assault was made by overwhelming numbers of his bloodthirsty fanatics. But they were repulsed with great loss. Terms were then offered to the garrison on condition of their deserting the clergy and citizens, but this they heroically refused to do. The assault was then renewed, and the Puritans at length overpowered the gallant handful of men opposed to them, and burst into the great church. There, however, they encountered a desperate resistance. When, by dint of numbers, they had overwhelmed the few brave defenders remaining, they commenced one of the most merciless massacres on record. Twenty priests and several religious were savagely murdered. And even old women who had reached their hundredth year were not spared, whilst infants were butchered on the altar. And the Internuncio relates that a number of helpless females who knelt around the statue of St. Patrick, were inhumanly cut to pieces. Within the church 912 altogether were slain, but amongst them were 500 of the assailants, so that the remnant of the little garrison, and such of the Catholics as were able to resist, sold their lives dearly. In the city 3,000 were massacred; and the venerable Father Richard Barry, of the order of St. Dominick, because he would not cast off his habit, was roasted alive in a stone chair, by order of the officers of Inchiquin! As usual, the church was desecrated, and everything sacred destroyed.

† Fifty-three years after the sack of Cashel, the wounded

In Cormac's chapel, and in Brien's hall;—
 'Twere record worthy of an angel's pen!
 For foes, from Limerick's siege they've
 come, and then
 As sons of Cashel's stormers ask they aid!
 E'en some had been from flames and death
 snatched, when
 Mid William's blazing tents, pursuit was
 staid
 At pity's voice, and sheathed was Erin's
 vengeful blade. ‡

IX.

Lone, lofty, riven, thus riseth 'gainst the
 sky,
 A giant witness of stupendous wrong;
 Around thy ruined aisles, while foul birds
 fly,
 Foes grasp thy rights with robber hands,
 and strong;—
 Defaced thy monuments:—but why pro-
 long
 The sad recital?—o'er the richest plain
 Of Erinn hast thou looked for ages long,
 And never saw Extermination reign
 So uncontrolled—the peasant's toil so vain!

X.

Cashel of Kings! most striking type art
 thou
 Of Erinn—plundered, outraged, deso-
 late;—
 Though braving fortune with unquailing
 brow,
 Appealing still sublimely 'gainst her fate.
 And yet thou'lt see her rise despite the hate
 Of bigot foes, and tyrant's sternest ire,
 And all her aspirations vindicate;
 For this does heaven undying hope inspire,
 And fill her children's hearts with quenchless
 patriot fire!

September, 1862

soldiers of William's army were brought from the siege of Limerick to Cashel, and the inhabitants, forgetting what the fathers of many of them had done under Inchiquin, tendered them every assistance which humanity could suggest, and for this William renewed the charter of the city on the Bridge of Golden.

‡ A noble instance of humanity and forgiveness was displayed by many of the Irish soldiers when they were pursuing the defeated Williamites from the walls of Limerick. On seeing the sick and wounded men likely to perish in the flames of the hospital tents, which had taken fire in the confusion, they stopped in their pursuit to carry their disabled enemies out of the flames to a place of safety. The truly Christian magnanimity of this act will be better understood when it is recollected that the conduct of William's soldiers toward the Irish was remarkable for cruelty.

POEMS OF JUSTIN H. McCARTHY.

EARTHLY GLORY.

I SAW a rose one summer day
With perfume fresh and sweet,
But when again I passed that way
'Twas withered at my feet.
It hung its faded, pretty head,
Its sweetness had departed;
It seemed an emblem of the dead,
Of some one broken-hearted.
It told its own wise tale of truth,
Of moments swiftly flying,
It told me of a wasted youth,
Of manhood slowly dying;
And spoke a tale unto a heart
Which felt its sad, sad story,
Of how our brightest hopes depart,
How fleets all earthly glory.

LIFE'S CHANGE.

THE pride of the morn may be humbled at
night,
And the darkness of fear be dispelled by the
light.
And the power of the mighty's tyrannical
sway
May be strong for a year and be lost in a day.
The bright hopes of youth are oft vanished
in years,
And dissolved is the sweet smile of gladness
in tears;
Not a day, not an hour, as our own can be
reckoned,
For the wish of a life may be wrecked in a
second.

The joys of to-day may be buried in sorrow,
Ere the still hours of even may close on the
morrow;
And the love of this moment be hate in an
hour,
And seemingly weakness be turned into
power.
And the halo that dwells round the temple
of fame,
And the prize that encircles a world-known
name,
May vanish like snow in a southern clime
Ere to-morrow shall sink in the ocean of
time.

ADAM LUX.

WHEN Charlotte Corday journeyed towards
the dead
For slaying him she deemed her country's
foe,
Thro' all the angry crowd that watched her
go
To that ill place, by frequent blood stained
red,
One man who looked his last on that fair
head,
Unshamed as yet by any headsman's blow,
Felt all the currents of his being flow
The quicker for the girl whose life was shed.
Seeing and loving, to like end he came—
Lived but to praise her dead, and praising
died
The self-same death of not inglorious shame.
O Adam Lux, thus seeking thy soul's bride
Across the stretch of that ensanguined tide,
High with love's martyrs let me write thy
name.

POEMS OF OSCAR O. F. WILDE.

GREFITI D'ITALIA.*

THE corn has turned from gray to red,
Since first my spirit wandered forth
From drearer cities of the north,
And to Italia's mountains fled.

And here I set my face towards home,
Alas! my pilgrimage is done,
Although, methinks, yon blood-red sun
Marshals the way to holy Rome.

O Blessed Lady who dost hold
Upon the seven hills thy reign,
O Mother without blot or stain,
Crowned with bright crowns of triple gold.

O Roma, Roma, at thy feet
I lay this barren gift of song!
For, ah! the way is steep and long
That leads unto thy sacred street.

And yet what joy it were for me
To turn my feet unto the south,
And journeying towards the Tiber mouth
To kneel again at Fiesole!

Or wandering through the tangled pines
That break the gold of Arno's stream,
To see the purple mist and gleam
Of morning on the Apennines.

By many a vineyard-hidden home,
Orchard, and olive-garden gay,
Till rise from the Campagna's gray,
The seven hills, the golden dome!

A pilgrim from the northern seas—
What joy for me to seek alone
The wondrous Temple and the throne
Of Him who holds the awful keys!

When, bright with purple and with gold,
Come priest and holy Cardinal,
And borne above the heads of all
The gentle Shepherd of the fold.

O joy to see before I die
The only God-anointed King,
And hear the silver trumpets ring
A triumph as he passes by!

Or at the altar of the shrine
Holds high the mystic sacrifice,
And shows a God to human eyes
From the dead fruit of corn and wine.

For, lo, what changes time can bring!
The cycles of revolving years
May free my heart from all its fears
And teach my lips a song to sing.

Before yon troubled sea of gold
The reapers garner into sheaves,
Or e'en the autumn's scarlet leaves
Flutter as birds adown the wold,

I shall have run the glorious race,
And caught the torch while yet aflame,
And called upon the Holy Name
Of Him who now doth hide His Face.

LIBERTATIS SACRA FAMES.

ALBEIT nurtured in democracy,
And liking best that state republican
Where every man is Kinglike and no man
Is crowned above his fellows, yet I see,
Spite of this modern fret for Liberty,
Better the rule of One, whom all obey,
Than to let clamorous demagogues betray
Our freedom with the kiss of anarchy.
Wherefore I love them not whose hands pro-
fane
Plant the red flag upon the piled-up street
For no right cause, beneath whose ignorant
reign
Arts, Culture, Reverence, Honor, all things
fade,

Save Treason and the dagger of her trade,
And Murder with his silent bloody feet.

* This beautiful poem derives an additional interest from the fact that the author is a non-Catholic, and that it originally appeared in the *London Month*, the leading Catholic Magazine of Great Britain.

A VISION.

THE crownèd Kings and One that stood alone
With no green weight of laurels round his
head,

But with sad eyes as one uncomforted,
And wearied with man's never-ceasing moan
For sins no bleating victim can atone,
And sweet long lips with tears and kisses fed.
Girt was he in a garment black and red,

And at his feet I marked a broken stone
Which sent up lilies, dove-like, to his knees.
Now at their sight, my heart being lit with
flame,

I cried to Beatrice, "Who are these?"
And she made answer, knowing well each
name,
"Æschylos first, the second Sophokles,
And last (wide stream of tears!) Euripides."

A POEM BY BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

THE BRIGADE AT FONTENOY.

MAY 11, 1745.

By our camp-fires rose a murmur,
At the dawning of the day,
And the tread of many footsteps
Spoke the advent of the fray;
And, as we took our places,
Few and stern were our words,
While some were tightening horse-girths,
And some were girding swords.

The trumpet blast is sounding
Our footmen to array—
The willing steed is bounding,
Impatient for the fray—
The green flag is unfolded,
While rose the cry of joy—
"Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner
To-day at Fontenoy!"

We looked upon that banner,
And the memory arose
Of our homes and perished kindred
Where the Lee or Shannon flows;
We looked upon that banner,
And we swore to God on high
To smite to-day the Saxon's might—
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet—
'Tis a voice from our own land—
God of battles! God of vengeance!
Guide to-day the patriot's brand!

There are stains to wash away,
There are memories to destroy,
In the best blood of the Briton
To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowls
In a thousand reeking flanks—
Down, chivalry of Ireland,
Down on the British ranks!
Now shall their serried columns
Beneath our sabres reel—
Through their ranks, then, with the war-
horse—
Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis
And the fair land of the vine,
Like the wrathful Alpine tempest
We swept upon their line—
Then rang along the battle-field
Triumphant our hurrah,
And we smote them down, still cheering,
"*Erin, shanthagal go bragh!*"

As prized as is the blessing
From an aged father's lip—
As welcome as the haven
To the tempest-driven ship—
As dear as to the lover
The smile of gentle maid—
Is this day of long-sought vengeance
To the swords of the Brigade.

* Erin, your bright health for ever.

See their shattered forces flying,
 A broken, routed line—
 See, England, what brave laurels
 For your brow to-day we twine.
 Oh, thrice blest the hour that witnessed
 The Briton turn to flee
 From the chivalry of Erin,
 And France's *fleur-de-lis*.

As we lay beside our camp fires
 When the sun had passed away
 And thought upon our brethren
 That had perished in the fray—
 We prayed to God to grant us,
 And then we'd die with joy,
 One day upon our own dear land
 Like that of Fontenoy.

POEMS OF JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

THE O'KAVANAGH.

I.

THE Saxons had met, and the banquet was
 spread,
 And the wine in fleet circles the jubilee led;
 And the banners that hung round the festal
 that night,
 Seemed brighter by far than when lifted in
 fight.

II.

In came the O'Kavanagh, fair as the morn,
 When earth to new beauty and vigor is born;
 They shrank from his glance, like the waves
 from the prow,
 For nature's nobility sat on his brow.

III.

Attended alone by his vassal and bard—
 No trumpet to herald, no clansmen to guard—
 He came not attended by steed or by steel:
 No danger he knew, for no fear did he feel.

IV.

In eye and on lip his high confidence smiled—
 So proud, yet so knightly—so gallant, yet
 mild;
 He moved like a god through the light of
 that hall,
 And a smile, full of courtliness, proffered to
 all.

V.

"Come pledge us, lord chieftain! come pledge
 us!" they cried;
 Unsuspectingly free to the pledge he replied;
 And this was the peace-branch O'Kavanagh
 bore—
 "The friendships to come, not the feuds that
 are o'er!"

VI.

But, minstrel, why cometh a change o'er thy
 theme?
 Why sing of red battle—what dream dost
 thou dream?
 Ha! "Treason!" 's the cry, and "Revenge!"
 is the call,
 As the swords of the Saxon surrounded the
 hall!

VII.

A kingdom for Angelo's mind! to portray
 Green Erin's undaunted avenger that day;
 The far-flashing sword, and the death-dart-
 ing eye,
 Like some comet commissioned with wrath
 from the sky.

VIII.

Through the ranks of the Saxon he hewed
 his red way—
 Through lances, and sabres, and hostile ar-
 ray;

And, mounting his charger, he left them to
tell
The tale of that feast, and its bloody fare-
well.

IX.

And now on the Saxons his clansmen ad-
vance,
With a shout from each heart, and a soul in
each lance:
He rushed, like a storm, o'er the night-cov-
ered heath,
And swept through their ranks, like the
angel of death.

X.

Then hurrah! for thy glory, young chieftain,
hurrah!
Oh! had we such lightning-souled heroes to-
day, [gale,
Again would our "sunburst" expand in the
And Freedom exult o'er the green Innisfail!

THE INVOCATION.

(From "Clontarf.")

STAR of my love! Celestial vision beaming,
And beckoning from thy home of light to me,
In the rapt moments of my purest dreaming
I've worshipped thee.

O! thou wert fairest of this fair creation,
That human mind could dream or eye could
see;
A hope, a power, a glorious revelation—
Of love to me.

Thou wert the earthly idol of my living;
Thy presence made it paradise to me;
Thy smile was all the world possessed worth
giving,
Though bright it be.

And I have loved thee too for that devotion
With which thou'st loved our Island of the
sea;
She felt the prayer of thy pure soul's emo-
tion,
And she is free.

My country! may thy name and fame and
glory—
Hope, virtue, prowess, pride and liberty
Kindle thy sons in many a future story
With chivalry.

Free mayst thou be, honored, pure and holy,
The Gospel's rock-built ocean-sanctuary!
Accept this prayer for her, from lips so lowly,
Oh! God to thee!

THE SWORD-GIFT.

(From "Clontarf.")

STRONG pulse of my bosom,
Fair light of my brow;
I never have loved thee
More fondly than now;
Than now that I give thee
To foe and to field,
To conquer or perish—
But never to yield.

Take the sword of thy father,
A field's to be won;
Let it dash o'er that field
Like the beams of the sun;
If it sink—let it be
With the pride of its dawn,
As near to its heaven
As when it was drawn.

By the skill of a freeman,
For freedom 'twas made;
In the hands of a freeman
'Twill not be betrayed.
I have loved it—how dearly
Yon heaven can see—
Almost with the love spell
That binds me to thee.

That sword once was light
As a rush in my hand,
But now I can scarcely
Its movement command.
No matter! come hither!
Come hither, my boy;
There take it—Oh God,
What fulfillment of joy.

Go forth in young glory,
Go vanquish the Dane,
And swell the proud story
Our land must retain.
Go! leave not a footprint
Of foes on our sod;
For glory and Erin,
For Freedom and God.

THE LEPER.

(St. Luke, Chap. 5, v. xii.)

To Jesus they brought him, the sinful and
weak,
And the death hue o'ershadowed his brow
and his cheek;
And the multitude gathered to hear and to
see
The Hope of the Prophets in fair Galilee.

And the Leper, approaching the Son of the
Word,
Knelt down and besought, and beseeching
adored,
And said, in the faith of his confident soul,
"Oh Lord! if thou wilt, thou can'st render
me whole."

And the faith of the Leper was favored by
Him,
In the light of whose shadow the sunbeam
is dim;
He held forth His hand, and the God was re-
vealed;
He uttered the word—and the Leper was
healed.

Oh! thus may my faith undiminished remain,
To rescue my soul from Impurity's stain;
That I may deserve Thy redemption, and
feel,
With Humility's faith, that Thy mercy can
heal.

POEMS OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

PRISON THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN IN CLONMEL JAIL, OCTOBER, 1848.

I LOVE, I love these grey old walls!
Although a chilling shadow falls
Along the iron-gated halls,
And in the silent, narrow cells,
Brooding darkly, ever dwells.
Oh! still I love them—for the hours
Within them spent are set with flow'rs
That blossom, spite of wind and show'rs,
And through that shadow, dull and cold,
Emit their sparks of blue and gold.

Bright flowers of mirth!—that widely spring
From fresh, young hearts, and o'er them fling,
Like Indian birds with sparkling wing,
Seeds of sweetness, grains all glowing,
Sun-gilt leaves, with dew-drops flowing.

And hopes as bright, that softly gleam,
Like stars which o'er the churchyard stream
A beauty on each faded dream—
Mingling the light they purely shed
With other hopes, whose light was flea.

Fond mem'ries, too, undimmed with sighs,
Whose fragrant sunshine never dies,
Whose summer song-bird never flies—
These, too, are chasing, hour by hour,
The clouds which round this prison low'r.

And thus, from hour to hour, I've grown
To love these walls, though dark and lone,
And fondly prize each grey old stone,
Which flings the shadow, deep and chill,
Across my fettered footsteps still.

Yet, let these mem'ries fall and flow
 Within my heart, like waves that glow
 Unseen in spangled caves below
 The foam which frets, the mists which
 sweep
 The changeful surface of the deep.

Not so the many hopes that bloom
 Amid this voiceless waste and gloom,
 Strewing my path-way to the tomb,
 As though it were a bridal-bed,
 And not the prison 'of the dead.

I would those hopes were traced in fire,
 Beyond these walls—above that spire—
 Amid yon blue and starry choir,
 Whose sounds played round us with the
 streams
 Which glitter in the white moon's beams.

I'd twine those hopes above our Isle,
 Above the rath and ruined pile,
 Above each glen and rough defile,
 The holy well—the Druid's shrine—
 Above them all those hopes I'd twine.

So should I triumph o'er my fate,
 And teach this poor desponding State,
 In signs of tenderness, not hate,
 Still to think of her old story,
 Still to hope for future glory.

Within these walls, those hopes have been
 The music sweet, the light serene,
 Which softly o'er this silent scene,
 Have like the autumn streamlets flowed,
 And like the autumn sunshine glowed.

And thus, from hour to hour, I've grown
 To love these walls, though dark and lone,
 And fondly prize each grey old stone,
 That flings the shadow deep and chill,
 Across my fettered footsteps still.

THE YOUNG ENTHUSIAST.

THOUGH young that heart, though free each
 thought,
 Though free and wild each feeling;
 And though with fire each dream be fraught
 Across those bright eyes stealing—

That heart is true, those thoughts are bold:
 And bold each feeling sweepeth;
 There lies not there a bosom cold,
 A pulse that faintly sleepeth.

His dreams are idiot-dreams, ye say,
 The dreams of fairy story;
 Those dreams will burn in might one day
 And flood his path with glory!

Thou old dull vassal! fling thy sneer
 Upon that young heart coldly,
 And laugh at deeds *thy* heart may fear,
 Yet *he* will venture boldly.

Ay, fling thy sneer, while dull and slow
 Thy withered blood is creeping,
That heart will beat, *that* spirit glow,
 When thy tame pulse is sleeping.

Ay, laugh when o'er his country's ills
 With manly eye he weepeth;
 Laugh, when his brave heart throbs and
 thrills,
 And thy cold bosom sleepeth.

Laugh, when he vows in heaven's sight,
 Never to flinch or falter;
 To toil and fight for a nation's right,
 And guard old Freedom's altar.

Ay, laugh when on the fiery wing
 Of hero thought ascending,
 To fame's bold cliff, with eagle spring,
 That young bright mind is tending.

He'll gain that cliff, he'll reach that throne,
 The throne where genius shineth,
 When round and through thy nameless stone,
 The green weed thickly twineth.

POEMS OF W. P. MULCHINOCK.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

THERE is music in the ocean,
There is music wild and grand,
With its surges aye in motion,
Breaking fiercely on the land:
Swept by breezes soft and vernal,
Lashed by tempests bold and free,
There is melody eternal
In the deep and mighty sea.

There is music in the mountains,
In the immemorial hills;
From the depths of silver fountains,
From the beds of sun-bright rills:
From the loud-voiced, rain-swelled river,
Whose wild stream the valley fills,
Seaward rushing, tameless ever—
There is music in the hills.

There is music in the thunder,
There is music deep to hear:
When the dun clouds leap asunder,
And the lightnings blue appear;
When the startled sleepers waken
And the abject sinners kneel,
When the dome of heaven is shaken,
There is music in its peal.

There is music in the forest
When the mighty trees are stirred
By the north wind, foe the sorest
To the earth-fed beast and bird;
When the oak its strength is feeling,
When the pine trees, dark and tall,
To and fro are madly reeling,
There is music in them all.

There is music in the summer;
There is music in the spring,
When the bee, the busy hummer,
And the lark, upsoaring, sing;

In the autumn, robed in glory
By the fullness of the year;
In the winter, dark and hoary,
There is music sweet to hear.

There is music in the pealing
Of the solemn Sabbath bells,
O'er the mountain summit stealing,
Sinking in the rocky dells,
Bidding young and old to gather
Where the dove, religion, dwells,
'Round the shrines of the Great Father,—
There is music in the bells.

There is music up in Heaven,
Where the sun and planets shine,
Glorious ever, skyward driven,
By a harmony divine;
Angels swell the mighty chorus,
Seraph voices give reply,
Filling all the concave o'er us—
There is music up on high.

There is music for the loving
In the earth, the sea, and air;
Wheresoe'er our steps are roving,
Let us hearken, it is there.
For the sad and for the grieving,
Who with patient spirit bear,
For the lowly, but believing,
There is music everywhere.

With the rude rock for his pillow,
With his canopy—the night,
Dashed by salt spray from the billow,
Drenched by snow-flakes, cold and white,
Man may find, though tears should glisten
In his eyes from awe and fear,
If with faith he bend to listen,
God's sweet music everywhere.

THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

THE pale moon was rising above the green
mountain.

The sun was declining beneath the blue
sea,

When I strayed with my love to a cool crys-
tal fountain

That lies in the beautiful vale of Tralee.

She was gentle and fair as the roses of sum-
mer; [me;

But it was not her beauty alone that won
Oh, no! 'Twas the truth in her eyes ever
beaming,

That made me love Mary, the Rose of
Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantles
were spreading,

And Mary all blushing sat listening to me;
The pale moon her rays through the valley
was shedding,

When I won the heart of the Rose of Tra-
lee.

She was gentle and fair as the rose of the
summer;

But it was not her beauty alone that won
me;

Oh, no! 'Twas the truth in her eyes ever
beaming,

That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tra-
lee.

A POEM BY THEODORE O'HARA.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat

The soldier's last tattoo;

No more on life's parade shall meet

That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping ground

Their silent tents are spread,

And Glory guards, with solemn round,

The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance

Now swells upon the wind;

No troubled thought at midnight haunts

Of loved ones left behind;

No vision of the morrow's strife

The warrior's dream alarms,

No braying horn or screaming fife

At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,

Their plumed heads are bowed;

Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,

Is now their martial shroud;

And plenteous funeral tears have washed

The red stains from each brow,

And the proud forms, by battle gashed,

Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,

The bugle's stirring blast,

The charge, the dreadful cannonade,

The din and shout are past;

Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal

Shall thrill with fierce delight

Those breasts that never more may feel

The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane

That sweeps his great plateau,

Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,

Came down the serried foe;

Who heard the thunder of the fray

Break o'er the field beneath,

Knew well the watchword of that day

Was victory or death.

Full many a Norther's breath has swept
 O'er Angostura's plain,
 And long the pitying sky has wept
 Above its moldered slain.
 The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
 Or shepherd's pensive lay,
 Alone now wakes each solemn height
 That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,*
 Ye must not slumber there,
 Where stranger steps and tongues resound
 Along the heedless air;
 Your own proud land's heroic soil
 Shall be your fitter grave;
 She claims from war its richest spoil—
 The ashes of her brave.

Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
 Far from the gory field,
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
 On many a bloody shield.

* Indian name of Kentucky.

The sunshine of their native sky
 Smiles sadly on them here,
 And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
 The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
 Dear as the blood ye gave!
 No impious footstep here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave;
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
 In deathless song shall tell,
 When many a vanished year hath flown,
 The story how ye fell;
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor Time's remorseless doom,
 Can dim one ray of holy light
 That gilds your glorious tomb.

A POEM BY RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose
 That opens to the morning sky,
 But, ere the shades of evening close,
 Is scattered on the ground—to die!
 Yet, on the rose's humble bed
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,
 As if she wept the waste to see—
 But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
 Its hold is frail—its date is brief,

Restless—and soon to pass away.
 Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree shall mourn its shade;
 The winds bewail the leafless tree—
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 Their track will vanish from the sand;
 Yet still, as grieving to efface
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
 But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

POEMS OF RICH'D D'ALTON WILLIAMS.

KATHLEEN.

MY Kathleen dearest! in truth or seeming
No brighter vision ere blessed my eyes
Than she for whom, in Elysian dreaming,
Thy tranced lover too fondly sighs.
Oh! Kathleen fairest! if elfin splendor
Hath ever broken my heart's repose,
'Twas in the darkness, ere purely tender,
Thy smile, like moonlight o'er ocean, rose.

Since first I met thee thou knowest thine are
This passion-music, each pulse's thrill—
The flowers seem brighter, the stars diviner,
And God and Nature more glorious still.
I see around me new fountains gushing—
More jewels spangle the robes of night;
Strange harps are pealing—fresh roses blush-
ing,
Young worlds emerging in purer light.

No more thy song-birds in clouds shall
hover—
Oh! give him shelter upon thy breast,
And bid him swiftly, his long flight over,
From heav'n drop into that love-built nest.
Like fairy flow'rets is Love thou fearest,
At once that springeth like mine from
earth—
'Tis friendship's ivy grows slowly, dearest,
But Love and Lightning have instant
birth.

The mirthful fancy and artful gesture—
Hair black as tempest, and swan-like breast,
More graceful folded in simplest vesture
Than proudest bosoms in diamonds drest—
Not these, the varied and rare possession
Love gave to conquer, are thine alone;
But, oh! there crowns thee divine expres-
sion,
As saints a halo, that's all thine own.

Thou art, as poets, in olden story,
Have pictur'd woman before the fall—
Her angel beauty's divinest glory—
The pure soul shining, like God, thro' all.
But vainly, humblest of leaflets springing,
I sing the queenliest flower of love:
Thus soars the sky-lark, presumptuous sing-
ing
The orient morning enthroned above.

Yet hear, propitious, beloved maiden,
The minstrel's passion is pure as strong,
Tho' Nature fated, his heart, love-laden,
Must break, or utter its woes in song.
Farewell! if never my soul may cherish
The dreams that bade me to love aspire,
By Mem'ry's altar! thou shalt not perish,
First Irish pearl of my Irish lyre!

BEN HEDER.*

I RAMBLED away, on a festival day,
From vanity, glare, and noise,
To calm my soul, where the wavelets roll,
In solitude's holy joys—
By the lonely cliffs, whence the white gull
starts,
Where the clustering sea-pinks blow,
And the Irish rose, on the purple quartz,
Bends over the waves below—
Where the ramaline clings, and the samphire
swings,
And the long laminaria trails,
And the sea-bird springs on his snowy wings
To blend with the distant sails.
I leaned on a rock, and the cool waves there
Plashed on the shingles round,

* The Hill of Howth, near Dublin, Ireland.

And the breath of Nature lifted my hair—
 Dear God! how the face of thy child is
 fair!
 And a gush of memory, tears, and pray'r,
 My spirit a moment drowned.

I bowed me down to the rippling wave—
 For a swift sail glided near—
 And the spray, as it fell upon pebble and
 shell,

Received, it may be, a tear.
 For well I remember the festal days,
 On this shore, that Hy-Brassil seemed—
 The friends I trusted, the dreams I dreamed,
 Hopes high as the clouds above—
 Perchance 'twas a dream of a land redeemed,
 Perchance 'twas a dream of love.
 When first I trod on this breezy sod,
 To me it was holy ground,
 For genius and beauty, rays of God,
 Like a swarm of stars shone round.

Well! well! I have learned rude lessons
 since then,
 In life's disenchanted hall;
 I have scanned the motives and ways of men,
 And the skeleton grins through all.
 Of the great heart-treasure of hope and trust
 I exulted to feel mine own,
 Remains, in that down-trod temple's dust,
 But faith in God alone.
 I have seen too oft the domino torn,
 And the mask from the face of men,
 To have aught but a smile of tranquil scorn
 For all believed in then.
 The day is dark as the night with woes,
 And my dreams are of battles lost,
 Of eclipse, phantoms, wrecks, and foes,
 And of exiles tempest-tost.

No more! no more! On the dreary shore
 I hear a *caoinin* song;
 With the early dead is my lonely bed—
 You shall not call me long;
 I fade away to the home of clay,
 With not one dream fulfilled;
 My wreathless brow in the dust I bow,
 My heart and harp are stilled.

Oh! would I might rest, when my soul de-
 parts,

Where the clustering sea-pinks blow,
 And the Irish rose on the purple quartz
 Droops over the waves below—
 Where crystals gleam in the caves about,
 Like virtue in human souls,
 And the victor Sea, with a thunder-shout,
 Through the breach in the rock-wall rolls.

ADIEU TO INNISFAIL.

ADIEU!—the snowy sail
 Swells its bosom to the gale,
 And our bark from Innisfail
 Bounds away;
 While we gaze upon thy shore,
 That we never shall see more,
 And the blinding tears flow o'er,
 We pray.

Ma vourneen! be thou long
 In peace the queen of song—
 In battle, proud and strong
 As the sea.
 Be saints thine offspring still
 True heroes guard each hill,
 And harps by ev'ry rill
 Sound free!

Though, round her Indian bowers,
 The hand of nature showers
 The brightest, blooming flowers
 Of our sphere;
 Yet not the richest rose
 In an *alien* clime that blows,
 Like the briar at home that grows
 Is dear.

Though glowing breasts may be
 In soft vales beyond the sea,
 Yet ever, *gra ma chree*,
 Shall I wail
 For the heart of love I leave,
 In the dreary hours of eve
 On thy stormy shores to grieve,
 Innisfail!

But mem'ry o'er the deep
 On her dewy wing shall sweep,
 When in midnight hours I weep
 O'er thy wrongs,
 And bring me, steeped in tears,
 The dead flowers of other years,
 And waft unto my ears
 Home's songs.

When I slumber in the gloom
 Of a nameless, foreign tomb,
 By a distant ocean's boom,
 Innisfail!

Around thy em'rald shore
 May the claspings sea adore,
 And each wave in thunder roar,
 "All hail!"

And when the final sigh
 Shall bear my soul on high,
 And on chainless wing I fly
 Through the blue,
 Earth's latest thought shall be,
 As I soar above the sea,
 "Green Erin, dear, to thee
 Adieu!"

POEMS OF JOSEPH BRENNAN.

TO MY WIFE.

COME to me, dearest—I'm lonely without
 thee—
 Day time and night time I'm thinking about
 thee;
 Night time and day time in dreams I behold
 thee—
 Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold
 thee;
 Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
 Come in thy beauty, to bless and to brighten,
 Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
 Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy?

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
 Telling of Spring, and its joyous renewing;
 And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold
 treasure,
 Are circling my heart with a promise of
 pleasure.
 O, Spring of my spirit! O, May of my bosom!
 Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and
 blossom;
 The waste of my life has a rose-root within
 it,
 And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can
 win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the
 even—
 Features lit up by a reflex of Heaven—
 Eyes like the skies of dear Erin, our mother,
 Where the shadow and sunshine are chasing
 each other—
 Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and
 simple,
 And opening their eyes from the heart of a
 dimple— [ing
 O, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seem-
 Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.
 You have been glad when you knew I was
 gladdened;
 Dear, are you sad now, to hear I am sad-
 dened?
 Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time,
 love,
 As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme.
 love.
 I cannot but weep but your tears will be flow-
 ing;
 You cannot smile but my cheek will be glow-
 ing—
 I would not die without you at my side, love,
 You will not linger when I will have died,
 love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow;
 Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow,
 Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I
 speak, love,
 With a song on your lip, and a smile on your
 cheek, love;
 Come, for my heart in your absence is weary—
 Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary;
 Come to the arms which alone should caress
 thee,
 Come to the heart which is throbbing to
 press thee.

A DIRGE FOR DEVIN REILLY.

"A few days before Devin died," says a friend, "he expressed a wish to be buried on the slope of a green hill, where his feet could feel the dew, and his eyes look up to the stars."

Thomas Davis expressed a similar wish, and it was very characteristic of the two men; for they had a loving sympathy with all the beautiful things of earth, and a brave upward look for everything grand and worship-worthy in God's universe. That wish has suggested the refrain of the following lines.

"WHEN the day has come, darling, that your
 darling must go
 From the scene of his struggles, of his pride
 and his woe,—
 Lay him on a hill-side, with his feet to the
 dew,
 Where the soul of the verdure is faintly
 stealing through—
 On the slope of a hill, with his face to the
 light,
 Which glows upon the dawn and glorifies the
 night,
 For the grand old mother nature is mightier
 than death,
 The subtle Irish soul of which the beautiful
 is breath,
 Which nestles and dreams in the solemn-
 sounding trees,
 And flings out its locks to the rapture of the
 breeze,—
 And 'twill crave for God's wonders, from the
 daisy star close by,
 To the golden scroll which sparkles with His
 scripture on the sky!"

God rest you, Devin Reilly, in the place of
 your choice,
 Where the blessed dew is falling and the
 flowers have a voice,
 Where the conscious trees are bending in
 homage to the dead,
 And the earth is swelling upward, like a pil-
 low for your head;
 And His rest will be with you, for the lonely
 seeming grave,
 Though a dungeon to the coward is a palace
 to the brave,—
 Though a black Inferno circle, where the re-
 creant are bound,
 Is a brave, Valhalla pleasure dome where he-
 roes are crowned;
 Oh, His rest will be with you in the congress
 of the great,
 Who are purified by sorrow and are victors
 over Fate,—
 Oh! God's rest will be with you in the cor-
 ridors of fame,
 Which were juviliant with welcome, when
 Death named your name.

Way 'mongst the heroes for another hero-
 soul!
 Room for a spirit which has struggled to its
 goal!
 Rise, for in life he was faithful to his faith,
 And entered without stain 'neath the portico
 of death—
 And his fearless deeds around, like attendant
 angels stand,
 Claiming recognition from the noble and the
 grand,
 Claiming to his meed—who from fresh and
 bounding youth
 To the days of manly trial, was truthful to
 the truth—
 The welcome of the hero whose foot would
 not give way
 'Till his trenchant sword was shivered in the
 fury of the fray,
 And brave will be that welcome if the Demi-
 gods above
 Can love with a tithe of our humble mortal
 love!

"Lay me on a hillside with my feet to the
 dew
 Where the life of the verdure is faintly steal-
 ing through,
 On the slope of a hill with my face to the
 light
 Which glows upon the dawn and glorifies the
 night;"
 Would it were a hillside in the land of the
 Gael,
 Where the dew falls like teardrops, and the
 wind is a wail—
 Where the winged superstitions are gleaming
 thro' the gloom,
 Like a host of frightened Fairies, to beautify
 the tomb.
 On the slope of a hill—with your face to the
 sky
 Which clasped you, like a blessing in the
 days gone by,
 When your hopes were as radiant as the stars
 of its night,
 And thereaches of the Future throbbed with
 constellated light.

Have you seen the mighty tempest in its
 warcloak of cloud,
 When it stalks thro' the midnight, so defi-
 ant and proud,
 When 'tis shouldering the ocean 'till the
 crouching waters fly
 From the thunder of its voice and the light-
 ning of its eye,
 And the waves in timid multitudes are rush-
 ing to the strand,
 In a vain appeal for succor from the buffets
 of its hand?
 Then you saw the soul of Reilly when, abroad
 in its might,
 It dashed aside with loathing all the creatures
 of the night
 'Till their plumed hosts were humbled and
 their crests white no more
 Were soiled with the sand, and strewn upon
 the shore;
 For the volumed swell of thunder was con-
 centred in his form
 And his tread was as a conquest and his blow
 was like a storm.

Have you seen the weary tempest, when a
 harbor is near,
 And its giant breast is heaving from the
 speed of its career,
 How it puts off its terrors, and is timorous
 and weak,
 As it stoops upon the waters with its cheek
 to their cheek,
 As it broods like a lover over all the quiet
 place,
 Till the dimpling smiles of pleasure are ed-
 dying in its trace;
 Then you saw the soul of Reilly when ceas-
 ing to roam,
 It flung away the clouds, and nestled to its
 home,
 When the heave and swell were ended, and
 the spirit was at rest,
 And gentle thoughts, like white-winged birds,
 were dreaming on its breast,
 And the tremulous sheets of sunset around
 its couch were rolled,
 In voluptuous festoonings of purple crossed
 with gold.

Oh, sorrow on the day when our young apos-
 tle died,
 When the lonely grave was opened for our
 darling and our pride,
 When the passion of a people was following
 the dead
 Like a solitary mourner, with a bow'd, un-
 covered head;
 When a Nation's aspirations were stooping
 o'er the dust,
 Where the golden bowl was broken, and the
 trenchant sword was rust,
 When the brave tempestuous Spirit, with
 an upward wing had pass'd,
 And the love of the Wife, was a Widow's love
 at last;
 Oh, God rest you, Devin Reilly, in the
 shadow of that love,
 And God bless you with his bliss in the
 pleasure dome above
 Where the Heroes are assembled, and the very
 angels bow
 To the glory of Eternity, which glimmers on
 each brow.

"Lay me on a hillside, with my feet to the dew,
 Where the life of the verdure is faintly stealing through,
 On the slope of a hill, with my face to the light,
 Which glows upon the dawn, and glorifies the night;"

Would it were a hillside in the land of the Gael,
 Where the dew falls like teardrops, and the wind is a wail—
 Where the wingèd superstitions are gleaming thro' the gloom,
 Like a host of frightened Fairies, to beautify the tomb.

On the slope of a hill, with your face to the sky,
 Which clasped you, like a blessing in the days gone by,
 When your hopes were as radiant as the stars of its night,
 And the reaches of the Future throbbed with constellated light.

WATER COLORS.

DONE IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

I.

THE sudden sun thrust forth his amorous face,
 And dashed with eager hand aleft and right
 The wavering curtains of the startled night,
 Which fled in maiden fear his hot embrace.

The passionate waves flushed crimson as he came,
 And heaved their breasts to catch his affluent love,
 Like the wild nymph who took the might of Jove
 From out the procreant shower of golden flame.

The conscious wind rose lulling and sweet,
 And gentle benedictions breathing on
 The morning marriage of the wave and sun,
 Like a fond heart, through all the silence beat—

The poet-wind, which in this trance of love,
 Subdued the thunderous epic in its breast,
 To chaunt the lyric for the hour of rest,
 It learned in wooded vale and inland grove.

And all around us is a breathing balm,
 A life-bestowing incense-bearing breeze,
 Freighted with perfume from the Indian trees,

The pine, the golden orange, and the palm.

Speed on good ship, as thou art speeding now,
 May the sun blaze beneficent and strong,

And all the waters as you glide along,
 Dash into diamonds on your trenchant prow.

II.

Now dawn has grown to day; and in his noon
 The full sun whitens the emperean dome
 With a fierce light, as snowy as the foam
 Which rises from the waters while they swoon.

Is not the sky a concave shield enswung
 Upon the shoulder of a giant God,
 And pressed against the heated sea, whose broad

And heaving breast with agony is wrung.

The white heat pierces on from pole to pole,
 Not in a chain of individual rays,
 But in one fierce accumulated blaze—
 No sunny series, but a blinding whole.

A sheet of molten silver spreads below
 And overhead, unbroke, save where they join

At the horizon's rim, a thin black line
 Separates sky from Ocean, glow from glow.

The sea no longer has an aspect proud,
 But to its very inmost current shrinks,
 Each wave before it grows its stature, sinks
 In its own foam which clothes it like a shroud.

No fiercer, deadlier light can ever be,
 So ghastly and so dry in every part,
 So sickening to the eye, and to the heart,
 It seems a universal leprosy.

A solitary bird with lagging wing
 Which sought the shelter of our friendly
 mast,
 Though perched upon a resting-place at
 last,
 In its hot throat can find no voice to sing.

And yet our vessel speeds across the deep,
 The spur of fire is pricking at her flanks,
 And stung through all her dry and strain-
 ing planks,
 She takes a gulf of waves at every leap.

III.

The full sun hurries seaward from on high;
 Each cloud retains his crimson in its breast
 As if the Day was murdered in the West,
 And all its life-blood sprent upon the sky!

Not unavenged; for e'er its spirit fled,
 It shot some parting arrows East and
 North,
 Which, like the Trojan's shaft, in whizzing
 forth,
 Took fire and blazed into an ominous red.

And so the East and North were crimsoned
 too,
 And all the evening waves which round us
 rolled,
 Touched with a coloring of red and gold
 Their funeral robes into a festive hue.

Meanwhile the darkness comes: and over all,
 The black flag floating sternly from the
 height
 Of silent, starless, universal night,
 Proclaims the Sun's predestinated fall.

IV.

Dim eyes! ye see not all the splendor round;
 For ye there is nor wave, nor star, nor sun,
 The sea is like the land, an Ajalon,
 Sullen and sombre to its farthest bound.

Dear God! it were a little thing to grant
 In this sublime exuberance of light,
 A glimpse of hope, a single ray of sight,
 For which my aching eyeballs burn and pant;

That I might see the glory of thy ways,
 And now and evermore exulting stand
 In view of whatsoever good and grand
 Thy mercy gives us in these latter days.

But I repine not; and although the whole
 Of the bright pageant of the changing
 skies

Is shut away in darkness from my eyes,
 I thank Thee for the landscape—in my soul.

I thank Thee that from Fancy's palace-porch
 I see the bridal of the sun and wave,
 And note the immortal promise which you
 gave

The Righteous, in the many-colored arch;

And for the sight beyond all other sight
 Which sees Thy great creation ever new
 And grasps the subtle secret of the few
 That the child's Wonder is the poet's Might!

POEMS OF MICHAEL DOHENY.

CUISLA GAL MA CROIDHE.

THE long, long-wished for hour had come,
Yet come, *ma stor*, in vain,
And left thee but the wailing hum
Of sorrow and of pain.
My light of life, my lonely love,
Thy portion sure must be,
Man's scorn below, God's wrath above;
A Cuisla gal ma croidhe.

'Twas told of thee, the world around,
'Twas hoped from thee by all,
That, with one gallant sunward bound,
Thou'dst burst long ages' thrall.
Thy faith was tried, alas! and those,
Who perilled all for thee
Were cursed and branded as thy foes;
A Cuisla gal ma croidhe.

What fate is thine, unhappy Isle;
That even the trusted few
Should pay thee back with hate and guile,
When most they should be true?
'Twas not *thy* strength or spirit failed;
And those that bleed for thee,
And love thee truly, have not quailed;
A Cuisla gal ma croidhe.

I've given thee manhood's early prime,
And manhood's waning years;
I've blessed thee in thy sunniest time,
And shed with thee my tears;
And, mother, though thou'st cast away
The child who'd die for thee,
My latest accents still shall pray
For Cuisla gal ma croidhe.

I've tracked for thee the mountain side,
And slept within the brake,
More lonely than the swan that glides
O'er Lua's fairy lake!

The rich have spurned me from their door,
Because I'd set thee free;
Yet do I love thee more and more,
A Cuisla gal ma croidhe.

I've run the outlaw's brief career,
And borne his load of ill,
His troubled rest, his ceaseless fear,
With fixed sustaining will;
And should his last dark chance befall,
E'en that shall welcome be,
In death I'll love thee most of all,
A Cuisla gal ma croidhe.

THE STAR OF GLENCONNEL.

AIR—"Brien the Brave."

IN the halls of Tyrconnel the minstrels no
more,
As of old, hymn their chieftain's applause,
And around the lone ruins, long blasted and
hoar,
Only echoes the croaking of daws;
There no voices are borne on the summer
eve breeze,
But the scarce vocal breath of decay,
As the dust of the pile, through the whisper-
ing trees,
Into silence is melting away.

But afar from the land where his forefathers
fought
Does the wand of O'Donnel yet wave,
With the title for aye with his destiny
wrought,
Of the "bravest of even the brave;"
Where he leads; 'gainst the Moors, the Cas-
tilians once more,
And revives Andalusia's renown, [soar
While the haughtiest plumes of the enemy
But to garland the conqueror's crown.

Valiant chief! as like eagles thy glories arise
Over foes scattered, flying or slain,
To emblazon once more with thy destiny's
dyes

The reviving old triumphs of Spain.
Do thy thoughts ever turn to the isle of the
sea,

Where the bones of thy forefathers lie,
Where they led to the combat the brother-
hood free,
Hand in hand, or to conquer or die?

As the last of thy race who in Erin had
borne

The white wand, for thy stalwart hand
meet,

When conducting his clansmen back, wasted
and worn,

From their last and their only defeat,

Was by false-hearted Thomonds betrayed
and beset

In the treacherous marches of Clare,
Though outnumbered, he rang from their
battle-brands yet

The hosannahs of victory there.

When thy legions have trampled the pirate
nest out,

And their cheers echo over the sea,
The clan Connells of the isle will re-echo the
shout,

And will send up loud pæans for thee,
While they pray that the nest in thy ances-
tors' halls

Shall be trampled and scattered amain,
When thy battle-blade glimmers above those
gray walls

To the cry of O'Donnel again.

POEMS OF FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

A FALLEN STAR.

I.

I SAUNTERED home across the park,
And slowly smoked my last cigar;
The summer night was still and dark,
With not a single star:

And, conjured by I know not what,
A memory floated through my brain,
The vision of a friend forgot,
Or thought of now with pain.

A brilliant boy that once I knew,
In far-off, happy days of old,
With sweet, frank face, and eyes of blue,
And hair that shone like gold:

Fresh crowned with college victory,
The boast and idol of his class,—
With heart as pure, and warm, and free
As sunshine on the grass!

A figure sinewy, lithe, and strong,
A laugh infectious in its glee,
A voice as beautiful as song,
When heard along the sea.

On me, the man of sombre thought,
The radiance of his friendship won,
As round an autumn tree is wrought
The enchantment of the sun.

He loved me with a tender truth,
He clung to me as clings a vine,
And, like a brimming fount of youth,
His nature freshened mine.

Together hand in hand we walked;
We threaded pleasant country ways,
Or, couched beneath the limes, we talked
On sultry summer days.

For me he drew aside the veil
Before his bashful heart that hung,
And told a sweet, ingenuous tale
That trembled on his tongue.

He read me songs and amorous lays,
Where through each slender line a fire
Of love flashed lambently, as plays
The lightning through the wire.

A nobler maid he never knew
Than she he longed to call his wife;
A fresher nature never grew
Along the shores of life.

Thus rearing diamond arches up
Whereon his future life to build,
He quaffed all day the golden cup
That youthful fancy filled.

Like fruit upon a southern slope,
He ripened on all natural food—
The winds that thrill the skyey cope,
The sunlight's golden blood:

And in his talk I oft discerned
A timid music vaguely heard;
The fragments of a song scarce learned,
The essays of a bird.

The first faint notes the poet's breast,
Ere yet his pinions warrant flight,
Will, on the margin of the nest,
Utter with strange delight.

Thus rich with promise was the boy,
When, swept abroad by circumstance,
We parted,—he to live, enjoy,
And I to war with chance.

II.

The air was rich with fumes of wine
When next we met. 'Twas at a feast,
And he, the boy I thought divine,
Was the unhallowed priest.

There was the once familiar grace,
The old, enchanting smile was there;
Still shone around his handsome face
The glory of his hair.

But the pure beauty that I knew
Had lowered through some ignoble task;
Apollo's head was peering through
A drunken bacchant's mask.

The smile, once honest as the day,
Now waked to words of grossest wit;
The eyes, so simply frank and gay,
With lawless fires were lit.

He was the idol of the board;
He led the careless, wanton throng;
The soul that once to heaven had soared
Now grovelled in a song.

He wildly flung his wit away
In small retort, in verbal brawls,
And played with words as jugglers play
With hollow brazen balls.

But often when the laugh was loud,
And highest gleamed the circling bowl,
I saw what unseen passed the crowd,—
The shadow on his soul.

And soon the enigma was unlocked;
The harrowing history I heard,—
The sacred duties that he mocked,
The forfeiture of word.

And how he did his love a wrong—
His wild remorse—his mad career;
And now—ah! hearken to that song,
And hark the answering cheer!

Thus musing sadly on the law
That lets such brilliant meteors quench,
Down the dark path a form I saw
Uprising from a bench.

Ragged and pale, in strident tones
It asked for alms—I knew for what;
The tremor shivering through its bones
Was eloquent of the sot.

It begged, it prayed, it whined, it cried,
It followed with a shuffling tramp,
It would not, could not be denied,
I turned beneath a lamp.

It clutched the coins I gave, and fled
 With muttered words of horrid glee,
 When, like the white, returning dead,
 A vision rose to me

A nameless something in its air,
 A sudden gesture as it moved,
 'Twas he, the gay, the debonnaire!
 'Twas he, the boy I loved!

And while along the lonesome park
 The eager drunkard sped afar,
 I looked to heaven, and through the dark
 I saw a falling star!

KANE. ARCTIC EXPLORER.

DIED FEB. 16, 1857.

ALOFT upon an old basaltic crag,
 Which, scalp'd by keen winds that defend
 the Pole,
 Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
 Around the secret of the mystic zone,
 A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
 Flutters alone,
 And underneath, upon the lifeless front
 Of that dread cliff, a simple name is traced;
 Fit type of him who, famishing and gaunt,
 But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
 Breasted the gathering snows,
 Clung to the drifting flocks,
 By want beleagu'r'd, and by winter chased,
 Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen
 waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
 Crown'd with the icy honors of the North,
 Across the land his hard-won fame went
 forth,
 And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb
 by limb;
 His own mild Keystone State, sedate and
 prim,
 Burst from decorous quiet as he came;

Hot Southern lips with eloquence aflame
 Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,
 Proffer'd its horny hand. The large-lunged
 West

From out its giant breast,
 Yell'd its frank welcome. And
 from main to main,
 Jubilant to the sky,
 Thunder'd the mighty cry,
 HONOR TO KANE!

In vain, in vain, beneath his feet we flung
 The reddening roses! All in vain we pour'd
 The golden wine and round the shining
 board

Sent the toast circling, till the rafters rung
 With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!
 Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased
 Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
 Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies
 Faded and faded! And the brave young
 heart

That the relentless Arctic winds had robb'd
 Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
 For the lost captain, now within his breast
 More and more faintly throbb'd.

His was the victory; but as his grasp
 Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
 Death launch'd a whistling dart;
 And ere the thunders of applause were done
 His bright eyes closed for ever on the sun!
 Too late, too late the splendid prize he won
 In the Olympic Art of Science and of Art!
 Like to some shatter'd berg that, pale and
 lone,

Drifts from the white North to a tropic zone,
 And in the burning day
 Wastes peak by peak away,
 Till on some rosy even

It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
 Tranquilly floated to a Southern sea,
 And melted into heaven.

He needs no tears who lived a noble life;
 We will not weep for him who died so well,
 But we will gather round the hearth, and
 tell

The story of his strife,
 Better than funeral pomp or passing bell.

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
 Prison'd amid the fastnesses of ice,
 With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow!
 Night lengthening into months; the raven-
 ous floc [bear
 Crunching the massive ships, as the white
 Crunches his prey; the insufficient share
 Of loathsome food;
 The lethargy of famine, the despair
 Urging to labor, nervelessly pursued;
 Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued
 Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
 Glimmer'd the fading embers of a mind!
 That awful hour, when through the prostrate
 band
 Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand
 Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew,—
 The whispers of rebellion, faint and few
 At first, but deep'ning ever till they grew
 Into black thoughts of murder,—such the
 throng
 Of horrors round the Hero. High the song
 Should be that hymns the noble part he
 play'd!
 Sinking himself, yet ministering aid
 To all around him. By a mighty will

Living defiant of the wants that kill,
 Because his death would seal his comrades'
 fate;
 Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
 Those polar winters dark and desolate.
 Equal to every trial, every fate,
 He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,
 Unlocks the icy gate,
 And the pale prisoners thread the world once
 more, [shore,
 To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral
 Bearing their dying chief!

Time was when he should gain his spurs of
 gold
 From royal hands who woo'd the knightly
 state.
 The knell of old formalities is toll'd,
 And the world's knights are now self-conse-
 crate.
 No grander episode doth chivalry hold
 In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
 Than that lone vigil of unceasing pain,
 Faithfully kept through hunger and through
 cold,
 By the good Christian knight, *Elisha Kane!*

POEMS OF GEN. CHARLES G. HALPINE (MILES O'REILLY).

JANETTE'S HAIR.

O, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
 Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,
 For the world to me had no daintier sight
 Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders
 white,

As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
 It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet,
 'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your
 wrist,

'Twas a thing to be braided, and jeweled, and
 kissed— [pet.

'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my

arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
 It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet,
 But warmly and softly it loved to caress
 Your round white neck and your wealth of
 tress—

Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
 Revealing the old, dear story, my pet—
 They were gray, with that chastened tinge
 of the sky,

When the trout leaps quickest to snap the
 fly,

And they matched with your golden hair,
 my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette—
 They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my
 pet,
 When the spring is young, and the roses are
 wet
 With the dew-drops in each red bosom set,
 And they suited your gold-brown hair, my
 pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
 'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
 But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did im-
 plore
 The right to continue your slave evermore,
 With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my
 pet.

* * * * *

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
 With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair,
 my pet;
 In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
 And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
 That covers your golden hair, my pet.

HONOR THE BRAVE.

HONOR the brave who battle still
 For Irish right in English lands;
 No rule except the quenchless will,
 No power save in their naked hands;
 Who waged by day and waged by night,
 In groups of three or bands of ten,
 Our savage, undespairing fight
 Against two hundred thousand men.

No pomp of war their eyes to blind,
 No blare of music as they go,
 With just such weapons as they find,
 In desperate onset on the foe.
 They seize the pike, the torch, the scythe—
 Unequal contest—but what then?
 With steadfast eyes and spirits blithe
 They face two hundred thousand men.

The jails are yawning through the land,
 The scaffold's fatal click is heard,
 But still moves on the scanty band,
 By jail and scaffold undeterred.
 A moment's pause to wail the last
 Who fell in freedom's fight and then,
 With teeth firm set, and breathing fast,
 They face two hundred thousand men.

Obscure, unmarked, with none to praise
 Their fealty to a trampled land;
 Yet never knight in Arthur's days
 For desperate cause made firmer stand.
 They wage no public war, 'tis true;
 They strike and fly, and strike—what then?
 'Tis only thus the faithful few
 Can front two hundred thousand men.

You call them ignorant, rash and wild;
 But who can tell how patriots feel
 With centuries of torment piled
 Above the land to which they kneel?
 And who has made them what we find—
 Like tigers lurking in their den,
 And breaking forth with fury blind
 To beard two hundred thousand men?

Who made their lives so hard to bear
 They care not how their lives are lost?
 Their land a symbol of despair—
 A wreck on ruin's ocean tossed.
 We, happier here, may carp and sneer,
 And judge them harshly—but what then?
 No gloves for those, who have as foes
 To face two hundred thousand men.

Honor the brave! let England rave
 Against them as a savage band;
 We know their foes, we know their woes;
 And hail them as a hero band.
 With iron will they battle still,
 In groups of three or files of ten,
 Nor care we by what savage skill
 They fight two hundred thousand men.

THE FLAUNTING LIE.

ALL hail the flaunting Lie!

The Stars grow pale and dim—

The Stripes are bloody scars,

A lie the flaunting hymn!

It shields a pirate's deck,

It binds a man in chains,

And round the captive's neck

Its folds are bloody stains.

Tear down the flaunting Lie!

Half-mast the starry flag!

Insult no sunny sky

With this polluted rag!

Destroy it, ye who can!

Deep sink it in the waves!

It bears a fellow-man

To groan with fellow-slaves.

Awake the burning scorn—

The vengeance long and deep,

That, till a better morn,

Shall neither tire nor sleep!

Swear once again the vow,

By all we hope or dream,

That what we suffer now

The future shall redeem.

Furl, furl the boasted Lie!

Till Freedom lives again,

With stature grand and purpose high

Among untrammelled men!

Roll up the starry sheen,

Conceal its bloody stains;

For in its folds are seen

The stamp of rusting chains.

Swear, Freemen—all as one—

To spurn the flaunting Lie!

Till Peace, and Truth, and Love

Shall fill the brooding sky;

Then floating in the air,

O'er hill, and dale, and sea,

'Twill stand forever fair,

The emblem of the Free!

ON RAISING A MONUMENT TO THE
IRISH LEGION.

To raise a column o'er the dead,

To strew with flowers the graves of those

Who long ago, in storms of lead,

And where the bolts of battle sped,

Beside us faced our Southern foes;

To honor these—the unshriven, unheard—

To-day we sad survivors come,

With colors draped, and arms reversed,

And all our souls in gloom immersed,

With silent fife and muffled drum.

In mournful guise our banners wave,

Black clouds above the "sunburst" lower;

We mourn the true, the young, the brave

Who for this land that shelter gave,

Drew swords in peril's deadliest hour—

For Irish soldiers, fighting here

As when Lord Clare was bid advance,

And Cumberland beheld with fear

The old green banner swinging clear

To shield the broken lines of France.

We mourn them; not because they died

In battle, for our destined race,

In every field of warlike pride,

From Limerick's wall to India's tide

Have borne our flag to foremost place;

As if each sought the soldier's trade,

While some dim hope within him glows,

Before he dies, in line arrayed,

To see the old green flag displayed

For final fight with Ireland's foes.

For such a race the soldier's death

Seems not a cruel death to die,

Around their names a laurel wreath,

A wild cheer as the parting breath,

On which their spirits mount the sky;

Oh, had their hope been only won

On Irish soil their final fight,

And had they seen, ere sinking down,

Our Emerald torn from England's crown,

Each dead face would have flashed with

light.

But vain are words to check the tide
 Of widowed grief and orphaned woe:
 Again we see them by our side,
 As full of youth, and strength, and pride
 They first went forth to meet the foe!
 Their kindling eyes, their steps elate,
 Their grief at parting hid in mirth;
 Against our foes no spark of hate—
 No wish but to preserve the state
 That welcomes all the oppressed of earth.

Not a new Ireland to invoke
 To guard the flag was all they sought;
 Not to make others feel the yoke
 Of Poland, fell the shot and stroke
 Of those who in the Legion fought:
 Upon our great flag's azure field
 To hold unharmed each starry gem—
 This cause on many a bloody field,
 Thinned out by death, they would not yield—
 It was the world's last hope to them.

Oh, ye, the small surviving band,
 Oh, Irish race wherever spread,
 With wailing voice and wringing hand,
 And the wild *kaoiné* of the old dear land,
 Think of her Legion's countless dead!
 Struck out of life by ball or blade,
 Or torn in fragments by the shell,
 With briefest prayer by brother made,
 And rudely in their blankets laid,
 Now sleep the brave who fought so well.

Their widows—tell them not of pride,
 No laurel checks the orphan's tear;
 They only feel the world is wide,
 And dark, and hard—nor help nor guide—
 No husband's arm, no father near;
 But at their woe our fields were won,
 And pious pity for their loss
 In streams of generous aid should run
 To help them say "Thy will be done,"
 As bent in grief they kiss the Cross.

Then for the soldiers and their chief
 Let all combine a shaft to raise—
 The double type of pride and grief,
 With many a sculpture and relief
 To tell their tale to after days

And here will shine—our proudest boast
 While one of Irish blood survives—
 "Sacred to that unfaltering host
 Of soldiers from a distant coast,
 Who for the Union gave their lives:

"Welcomed they were with generous hand;
 And to that welcome nobly true,
 When War's dread tocsin filled the land,
 With sinewy arm and swinging brand,
 These exiles to the rescue flew;
 Their fealty to the flag they gave,
 And for the Union, daring death,
 Foremost among the foremost brave,
 They welcomed victory and the grave
 In the same sigh of parting breath."

Thus be their modest history penned,
 But not with this our love must cease;
 Let prayers from pious hearts ascend,
 And o'er their ashes let us blend
 All feuds and factions into peace:
 Oh, men of Ireland! here unite
 Around the graves of these we love,
 And from their homes of endless light
 The Legion's dead will bless the sight,
 And rain down anthems from above!

Here to this shrine by reverence led,
 Let Love her sacred lessons teach;
 Shoulder to shoulder rise the dead,
 From many a trench with battle red,
 And thus I hear their ghostly speech:
 "Oh, for the old earth, and our sake,
 Renounce all feuds, engendering fear,
 And Ireland from her trance shall wake,
 Striving once more her chains to break:
 When all her sons are brothers here."

I see our Meagher's plume of green
 Approving nod to hear the words,
 And Corcoran's wraith applauds the scene,
 And bold Mat. Murphy smiles, I ween—
 All three with hands on ghostly swords—
 Oh, for their sake, whose names of light
 Flash out like beacons from dark shores—
 Men of the old race! in your might.
 All factions quelled, again unite—
 With you the Green Flag sinks or soars!

SAMBO'S RIGHT TO BE KILT.

SOME say it is a burnin' shame
 To make the naygurs fight,
 An' that the thrade o' bein' kilt
 Belongs but to the white;
 But as for me, upon me sowl,
 So liberal are we here,
 I'll let Sambo be murdered in place o' meself
 On every day in the year.
 On every day in the year, boys,
 An' every hour in the day,
 The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
 An' divil a word I'll say.

In battle's wild commotion
 I shouldn't at all object,
 If Sambo's body should stop a ball
 That was comin' for me direct;
 An' the prod of a Southern bagnet,
 So liberal are we here,

I'll resign, and let Sambo take it
 On every day in the year,
 On every day in the year, boys,
 An' wid none o' your nasty pride,
 All my right in a Southern bagnet-prod
 Wid Sambo I'll divide.

The men who object to Sambo
 Should take his place an' fight,
 An it's betther to have a naygur's hue
 Than a liver that's wake an' white;
 Though Sambo's black as the ace o' spades
 His finger a thrigger can pull,
 An' his eye runs sthraight on the barrel-
 sights
 From undher its thatch o' wool.
 So hear me all, boys, darlins!
 Don't think I'm tippin' you chaff,
 The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
 An' give him the largest half!

POEMS OF JOHN BROUGHAM.

MY OLD WOMAN AND I.

WE have crossed the bridge o'er the middle
 of life,
 My old woman and I,
 Taking our share in the calm and strife
 With the travellers passing by;
 And though on our pathway the shadows
 are rife,
 There's a light in the western sky.

Some losses and crosses, of course, we've had,
 My old woman and I;
 But, bless you! we never found time to be
 sad,
 And a very good reason why;
 We were busy as bees, and we wern't so mad
 As to stop in our work to cry.

On our changeable road as we journeyed
 along,
 My old woman and I,
 The kindly companions we meet in the
 throng
 Made our lives like a vision fly;
 And therefore the few that imagined us
 wrong
 Scarcely cost us a single sigh.

The weak and the weary we've striven to
 cheer,
 My old woman and I;
 For we each of us thought that our duty
 while here
 Was to do as we'd be done by,
 In the hope to exhibit a balance clear
 When the reckoning day is nigh.

THE HYMN OF PRINCES.

LORD! we have given, in Thy name,
The peaceful villages to flame,
Of all the dwellers we've bereft,—
No trace of hearth, no roof-tree left.
Beneath our war-steeds' iron tread,
The germ of future life is dead.
We have swept o'er it like a blight;
To Thee the praise, *O God of right!*

We have let loose the demon chained
In bestial hearts, that unrestrained
Infernal revel it may hold,
And feast on villainies untold,
With ravening drunkenness possessed,
And mercy banished from each breast;
All war's atrocities above,
To Thee the praise, *O God of love!*

Some hours ago, on yonder plain,
There stood six hundred thousand men,
Made in Thine image, strong and rife
With hope, and energy, and life,
And none but had some prized one, dear,
Grief-stricken, wild with anxious fear:
A third of them we have made ghosts;
To Thee the praise, *O Lord of hosts!*

Thy sacred temples we've not spared,
For they the broad destruction shared;
The annals of time-honored lore,
Lost to the world, are now no more.
What reck we if the holy fane
And learning's dome are mourned in vain?
Our work those landmarks to efface:
To Thee the praise, *O Lord of grace!*

Secure, behind a wall of steel,
To watch the yielding columns reel,
While round them sulphurous clouds arise,
Foul incense wafting to the skies,
From our home-manufactured hell,
Is royal pastime we like well,
As momentarily death's ranks increase:
To Thee the praise, *O God of peace!*

Thus shall it be, while human kind,
Madly perverse or wholly blind,
Will so complacently be led
At our command their blood to shed,
For lust of conquest, or the sly,
Deceptive, diplomatic lie;
To us the gain, to them the ruth,
To Thee the praise, *O God of truth!*

POEMS OF MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

LIKE A LILAC.

LIKE a lilac in the spring
Is my love, my lady love;
Purple white the lilacs fling
Scented blossoms from above.
So my love, my lady love,
Throws sweet glances on my heart;
Ah, my dainty lady love,
Every glance is Cupid's dart.

Like a pansy in the spring
Is my love, my lady love,
For her velvet eyes oft bring
Golden fancies from above.

Ah, my heart is pansy-bound,
By those eyes so tender-true;
Balmy heart's-ease have I found
Dainty lady love, in you.

Like the changeful month of spring
Is my love, my lady love;
Sunshine comes and glad birds spring,
Then a rain-cloud floats above.
So your moods change with the wind
April-tempered lady love,
All the sweeter to my mind,
You're a riddle, lady love.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

'Tis said there is a fount in Flower Land,—
 De Leon found it, where Old Age away
 Throws weary mind and heart, and fresh
 as day
 Springs from the dark, and joins Aurora's
 band :

This tale, transformed by some skilled trou-
 vère's wand
 From the old myth in a Greek poet's lay,
 Rests on no truth. Change bodies as
 Time may,
 Souls do not change, though heavy be
 his hand.

Who of us needs this fount? What soul is
 old?
 Our mere masks age, and still we grow
 more young,
 For in our winter we talk most of Spring;
 And as we near, slow-tottering, God's safe
 fold,
 Youth's loved ones gather nearer;—
 though among
 The seeming dead, youth's songs more
 clear they sing.

MY FRIEND'S ANSWER.

I READ, O friend, no pages of old lore,
 Which I loved well, and yet the wingèd
 days,
 That softly passed as wind through green
 spring ways
 And left a perfume, swift fly as of yore,
 Though in clear Plato's stream I look no
 more,
 Neither with Moschus sing Sicilian lays,
 Nor with bold Dante wander in amaze,
 Nor see our Will the Golden Age restore.
 I read a book to which old books are new,
 And new books old. A living book is
 mine—
 In age, two years: in it I read no lies—
 In it to myriad truths I find the clew—
 A tender, little child; but I divine
 Thoughts high as Dante's in its clear blue
 eyes.

WHEN MOTHERS WATCH.

WHEN mothers watch beside their children's
 cradles
 And kiss the snowy brows and golden hair,
 They do not see the future that is coming,
 Though life is made of grief, and pain, and
 care.

But God is good to all the tender mothers,
 He veils the future with its pain and sin,
 Though sometimes fears may dim the pres-
 ent gladness,
 Yet never can they quench the hope within.

Yes, God is very good to tender mothers,
 They see no thorns upon the golden head
 Of him who plays among life's earliest roses,
 That bloom a fleeting hour, and then are
 dead.

Yet she, the model of all earthly mothers,
 Was never spared the pain of knowing this:
 That, though the Christ-child played with
 blooming roses,
 The cross must come, for all her prayerful
 bliss.

To look—He slept—upon His snowy eyelids,
 And know that they should close upon the
 Tree;

To gaze upon His smooth and stainless fore-
 head
 And know that there great drops of blood
 should be.

To catch His dimpled hands and softly warm
 them,
 As mothers do, between her own, was pain;
 She felt the nail prints on their velvet sur-
 face,
 She could not save her Lamb from being
 slain.

When mothers watch beside their children's
 cradles,
 And dream bright dreams for them of joy
 and fame,
 Let them remember Mary's trust through
 anguish, [Name.
 And ask all blessings through the Holy

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Is there a land in all the great round earth
 In which thy name's unknown, O gracious
 Saint ?
 Thy people praise thee ; wild, strong, March
 words faint
 Beneath the burden of a pious mirth
 In mem'ry of thee. Where's the sad com-
 plaint
 Of yesterday ? To-day our preachers
 paint

Thy glory, Truth-bearer. Hope takes new
 birth ;
 Old tales of Ireland light the dulllest hearth.
 Greater than Israel have thy people been ;
 Greater than Moses, gracious Patrick,
 thou :
 For greater sorrow have no people seen,
 And so resigned did no people bow
 Unto God's will, which changing all
 Spring's green
 Leads them to Spring through Fall and
 Winter now.

POEMS OF THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the south, at break of day,
 Bringing from Winchester fresh dismay,
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
 Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
 The terrible grumble, and rumble and roar,
 Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
 Thunder'd along the horizon's bar ;
 And louder yet into Winchester roll'd
 The roar of that red sea uncontroll'd,
 Making the blood of the list'ner cold,
 As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town
 A good broad highway leading down ;
 And there, through the flush of the morning
 light,

A steed as black as the steeds of night
 Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
 As if he knew the terrible need ;
 He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
 Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thunder-
 ing south,
 The dust, like smoke from the cannon's
 mouth,
 Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and
 faster,
 Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
 The heart of the steed and the heart of the
 master
 Were beating like prisoners assaulting their
 walls,
 Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
 Ev'ry nerve of the charger was strained to
 full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
 Like an arrowy alpine river flow'd
 And the landscape sped away behind
 Like an ocean flying before the wind ;
 And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace
 fire,
 Sped on, with his wild eye full of fire.
 But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
 He is snuffing the smoke of the warring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
 Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;

What was done? what to do? a glance told
 him both,
 Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
 He dash'd down the line 'mid a storm of
 huzzas,
 And the wave of retreat check'd its course
 there, because
 The sight of the master compell'd it to pause,
 With foam and with dust the black charger
 was gray;
 But the flash of his eye, and the red nostrils
 play.
 He seem'd to the whole great army to say,
 "I have brought you, Sheridan, all the way
 From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
 Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
 And when their statues are placed on high
 Under the dome of the Union sky,
 The American Soldier's Temple of Fame,
 There with the glorious general's name
 Be it said, in letters both bold and bright;
 "Here is the steed that saved the day
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester—twenty miles away!

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash
 With smile that well her pain dissembles,
 The while beneath her drooping lash
 One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
 Though Heaven alone records the tear,
 And Fame shall never know her story,—
 Her heart shall shed a drop as dear
 As ever dewed the field of glory.
 The wife who girds her husband's sword
 'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
 And gravely speaks the cheering word,
 What though her heart be rent asunder;
 Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
 The bolts of war around him rattle,—
 Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
 Was poured upon a field of battle.
 The mother who conceals her grief
 When to her breast her son she presses,
 Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
 Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
 With no one but her secret God
 To know the pain that weighs upon her,—
 Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
 Received on Freedom's field of honor.

POEMS OF PATRICK SARSFIELD CASSIDY.

BURIAL OF MACSWYNE OF THE BATTLE AXES.

["A. D. 1524—MacSwyne, of Tir Boghaine (now the Barony of Banagh), Niall Mor, son of Goeghan, a chief of hardiest hand and heroism, best in withholding and attacking, best in hospitality and prowess, who led the most numerous troops and the most vigorous soldiers, and who had forced the greatest number of passes of any man of his own fair tribe, died, after unction and penance, at his castle at Rathaine" [Rahon, St. John's Point, County Donegal], "December 14th, 1524."—*Annals of the Four Masters*.]

THROUGH the portals opened wide,
 Through the gates all flung aside,
 Solemn in its pomp and pride,
 Comes the funeral of MacSwyne—
 Comes the burial of the brave—
 Noblest of a noble line
 That never nursed a slave!
 He who swayed the battle-axe,
 Firm of grasp, of movement lax,
 Cleft in twain like ball of wax,

Cleft full many a foeman's head,
 He is dead, he is dead,
 And clansmen true in marching line
 Bear him to the grave, to the grave.
 Sad and silently they tread,
 Mourners of the mighty dead,
 With faltering foot and hooded head,
 Sad and sore, in heart perplexed,
 Perplexed in heart for evermore;
 Bards and Brehons follow next,
 Then the coffin, which before
 Walks the Abbot, sable-stoled,
 Vestment-robed with ample fold,
 Ribbed, adorned with threads of gold;
 His eyes through clouds of sorrow look
 Downcast on the tear-stained book,
 Margin writ with many a text,
 Many a text of holy lore!

Bear him slowly, softly bear
 Him, the loved of woman fair,
 Him, the angels' special care,
 Him, our hearts' beloved dead,
 Him, the Ruler and the Law;
 Bear him slowly, softly tread,
 Cross yourselves in solemn awe,
 'Tell the bead and chant the *caoine*,
 Place his sword and axe and skean
 Where crest of horse and lizard green,
 Broadsword, battle-axe and plume
 Are carved upon his coffin-tomb—
 Kind of heart and clear of head,
 He has bowed to Nature's law.

And is he dead? Ah, he's dead!
 He our clan's paternal head,
 He the foeman's mortal dread,
 He is gone, he is gone,
 And we ne'er shall see him more;
 He is gone, O *ullalone*!
 Gone from Rahan's sunny shore!
 He of chieftain-like command,
 He of free and generous hand,
 He the lord of honor's wand,
 He the rock that could withstand
 Every shower of arrows keen,
 Every thrust of pointed skean,
 Turn them back as Dooran Rock
 Flings the billows' futile shock—
 He is gone and we're alone,
 Orphans and on sorrow's shore!

And is he gone? Ah, he's gone!
 O *wirrastru*! we're now alone,
 We who were his very own,
 We whose very hearts had grown
 Into his, unto him!
 And shall we never see him more?
 Never shout his battle hymn,
 Never follow where he bore?
 Never look upon that face,
 With filial love each feature trace,
 Never see him take his place
 In Rahan's ever open hall?—
 And sure 'twas he who fed us all—
 Take his place upon the dais
 Deal around the bounteous store?

Chant, fair bard and senachie,
 The song of death as dolefully
 As wail the winds from off the sea
 When sinks to sleep the tempest's fit,
 When the stormy gales depart
 A dirge, but with affection lit,
 A song and sob of broken heart!
 His word of welcome never more
 Shall greet thee at the open door
 When travel-stained and travel-sore,
 And grant refreshment, shelter, rest
 And listen to your song and jest;
 Of all your friends he was the best,
 For hospitality had writ,
 Had writ its laws upon his heart!

But now that heart's forever still'd;
 In death its warm affection's chill'd,
 And fled the fearless soul that thrill'd
 With living fire the mortal frame—
 With fire that came from the beyond
 And gave a glory to the name—
 That never owned the narrow bond,
 The narrow bond and niggard tie
 Where selfish souls contracted lie;
 Ah, his could sweep the earth and sky,
 Could soar through space and ride the
 stars
 High o'er the wind's and the world's
 wars—
 In war a withering blast of flame,
 In love a deep and placid pond.

No more his voice on his clan shall call,
 Nor flag shall wave o'er his rampart wall;
 That flag of fame is his funeral pall;
 No more in the maddening conflict ring
 His conquering sword and his dreaded
 name,
 No more, no more, shall his conquests
 bring
 To clan MacSwyne its accustomed
 fame;
 Nor kindling eyes at the casement burn
 With pleasure and pride at the chief's re-
 turn—
 Ah, wildly they weep round his funeral
 urn!

No more young maids from their towers
 above
 Shall bathe his form in their looks of love
 And he—of valor and manhood king—
 Ah, well might he kindle their hearts
 to flame!

The nimble deer unnoticed now
 May roam around the mountain's brow;
 The hawk its head in grief may bow,
 For never hunter, chief or king
 Could give such sport to its desire;
 The falcon, too, may droop its wing
 And tame its restless heart of fire!
 And mourn, ye hills, with clouded head,
 No more your brows MacSwyne shall tread;
 And his the foot that fleetest sped
 Across your breasts at break of morn
 And led the hunt with hound and horn.
 No more, no more he home shall bring
 The soldier's spoils or hunter's hire.

While chime of bell and chant of prayer
 Mournful wake the evening air,
 Bear the chieftain, slowly bear,
 And place him in the crypt below,
 Beneath the altar's sacred site.
 Chant the office sad and slow
 And solemn be the Church's rite.
 Ah, narrow now must be his bed,
 The dust shall pillow heart and head
 The bloom of Banagh's line is shed;
 Dust to dust! The spirit's flown
 To mix in Heaven among its own;
 But what can blunt the piercing blow
 That leaves us fatherless below—
 Widowed on a winter's night!

TO MY IRISH GOLDFINCH.

Two exiles we and all alone
 This morn of New Year's day;
 Dejection's tones are in your song,
 There's sadness in my lay,
 And when you pause, the interlude
 That fills the space between
 Seems like the cadence, low and sad,
 Of some old Irish *caoine*.
 Around our room there broods a gloom—
 The gloom of our regret

That we are exiled from a land
 We can't and won't forget!
 Against your cage you beat your wings—
 Vain effort of the will—
 But ah, my bird, my prisoned heart
 This day beats stronger still—

Beats stronger still to fly away
 O'er ocean's flashing foam
 And visit scenes and kindly friends
 Of boyhood's cherished home.
 And in the New Year's merry sports:
 To take a joyous part—
 'Tis this and this alone could ease
 The longings of my heart.

But let us fling the shutters back
 And hail the glad New Year,
 Who knows but it may hold for us
 Bright fortune and good cheer!
 And ah, my bird, the morning beam
 Should doubly glad *our* eyes,
 For see it streameth from the east,
 And there's where Ireland lies!

Cheer up, my bird, be brave of heart,
 Compatriots are we,
 And though we're caged in exile here
 Our souls at least are free!
 For you, my bird, must have a soul,
 I feel it in your song;
 If heaven's the home of melody
 You must to heaven belong!

In sympathy though sorrowing for
 That land beyond the wave,
 Let us, like Irish exiles all
 The wide world o'er, be brave!
 And on a wing more swift than thine
 We can, this New Year's Day,
 Revisit all the well-loved scenes
 In Ireland, far away.

Come twitter round the hazel hedge
 That sheltered thy young nest
 While I beside you sit and take
 A wearied exile's rest.
 We're back on Ireland's soil, my bird!
 Her soft winds round us play;
 Away with gloom and feelings sad,
 Let's whistle "Patrick's Day!"

A KISS IN THE MORNING.

I DID not hope as I strayed among
 The perfume wild flowers exhale
 To meet my love in the roseate dawn
 As through the woodlands I rambled on
 Ere the sun had kissed the dew from the
 lawn,
 And o'er the landscape pale
 The opalescent mists still hung
 Like a tremulous bridal veil.

I laughed in mirth at her trembling start,
 And her little cry like a plaint;
 But as eyes were lost in the depth of eyes
 I saw that her soul with a glad surprise
 Was thrilled, as vision from out the skies,
 Might thrill the soul of a saint;
 I drew her bosom towards my heart,
 A bosom without a taint!

She gathered her lips and they looked so
 sweet

Like a rosebud wet with dew;
 My sweetheart's lips like a rosebud red
 Whose petals were just beginning to
 spread, [said

And her eyes looked up into mine and
 "Love, this is alone for you." [beat

They looked so sweet that with quickened
 My heart thrilled through and through.

I lingering looked at that rosebud mouth
 While the rosy morn came up— [East
 Came up from the glowing and radiant
 Whose flush, to rival her cheeks, in-
 creased, [feast

And I still looked proudly down on the
 That lay in that rosebud's cup;
 And her breath was warm as winds from the
 South,
 Yet I lingered the sweets to sip.

Like miser hoarding his store of gold
 And feasting his eyes thereon,
 Or like the lover of good repast
 Who keeps the choice wine for the last,
 Enjoying in fancy the sweet forecast
 Of the pleasures that wait anon—
 So I, her form in my arms' enfold,
 Those lips looked down upon'

I felt that I stood on enchanted ground;
 The earth had floated away
 From under our feet, and without a fear
 My soul went out on a new career—
 Was wafted away through a strange
 bright sphere
 In the light of eternal day,
 And heaven itself was all around,
 And love, as lord, held sway!

I lingered and looked as if under a spell—
 Before me that cup of bliss—
 Too lothful to crush that rosebud red
 Till she in modesty hung her head
 And the deepest crimson her cheeks
 o'erspread;
 "I'll tease thee no longer, my love," I
 said
 "Oh, darling, this — and — this —
 Let all the woods hereafter tell
 That morn is the time to kiss!"

WHY I CELEBRATE THE DAY.

(IN REPLY TO AN AMERICAN FRIEND.)

SILLY question 'tis you ask me—
 Why I celebrate the day?—
 I, an exile from an Island
 Full three thousand miles away,
 Finding here a home and welcome,
 Swearing fealty and defense
 To the starry flag of Freedom
 And forever gone from thence—
 Why should I, you wondering ask me,
 Now a manhood's love maintain
 For a land I left in boyhood,
 And may never see again?

Friend, that Island is my mother,
 From her fertile soil I sprang;
 Generously my youth she nurtured
 And my lullaby she sang.
 Mark me well, that man's a villain,
 Mean and cold as clod of earth,
 In whose heart there's no affection
 For the land that gave him birth.

If, of it, no tender memories
Up before his vision swim,
Then the land that gives him shelter
Can expect no love from him!

'Tis a light and thoughtless question
Why I love the dear old sod
Where my eyes first looked to heaven
And my lightsome feet first trod?
Must a man, because he marries,
Cease to love and venerate
In his heart, the dear old mother
Sitting sad and desolate?
Trust me, friend, the better husband
Always is the better son;
Heaven protect the maiden from him,
Who, for mother, love has none.

Well I love this broad and noble
Land with love as pure as gold,
None the less because my spirit
Visits, now and then, the old!
Freely would I grasp a sabre,
Rally 'round the flag of stars,
No less ready for the reason
That I'd shiver Ireland's bars!
Mingled in the manly bosom
Is the love for mother—wife;—
So my love for both lands mingles
In the current of my life.

Could you doubt our Irish fealty?
Call the muster of your dead;
Find a field in all your history
Where no Irish heroes bled—
Where their valor shed no lustre
On your flag, that ne'er must fade,
From the days of Wayne and Moylan
Down to Meagher's Green Brigade.
Ours a nature large and lavish,
Generous as our mother land;
No cold shallow stream that barely
Covers selfish interest's sand!

And you ask the thoughtless question
Why I celebrate the day?
Friend, I celebrate no triumph
Won in battle's bloody fray—
Triumph of one kingly despot
O'er another, at the cost

Of a hecatomb of heroes,
And, perhaps, of freedom lost!
Nor a victory ignoble
Of one faction, class or creed,
While a strife-distracted nation
Wept the fratricidal deed!

'Tis not these my memory hallows;
Friend, it is a sacred cause—
'Tis the bringing to a people
Christian light and love and laws.
Gentle Patrick the Apostle
Bore no flaming battle brand;
In his heart of peace the Gospel,
And a shamrock in his hand!
These the weapons that he wielded;
Ireland bowed to Heaven's sway;
Who'd object but brutish bigots
If we celebrate his day?

Far I've left my mother country;
Made this fair young land my bride;
Both I'll ever love and cherish
And defend, whate'er betide!
From her cliffs let Erin beckon
And I hasten to her aid,
Let a caittiff strike Columbia—
From its scabbard leaps the blade!
Ha! I note your eye's approval;
With my tenets you agree;
Come, thou brave and free Columbian,
Come and celebrate with me!

PAT'S MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

Dedicated to my friend, Charles Underwood O'Connell, who as Naturalization Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, issues certificates of marriage of Foreign Cavaliers to Miss Columbia.

In love or in war you'll find Pat is no slouch;
It isn't his nature to cringe or to crouch;
He feels there is dashing, hot blood in his
veins,
As old and as pure, too, as any that reigns!
Pat woke up one morning, 'twas in the bright
Spring,
And said to himself, "I must alter this thing;
I'm tired of thus living a poor single boy,
Deprived of all pleasure, denied every joy.

I'll marry a lady, grand, youthful and high,
And rich as a princess. I'll do it or die!"

For Pat in love matters you'll find is no
slouch;

It isn't his nature to cringe or to crouch;
He feels there is dashing, hot blood in his
veins,

As old and as pure, too, as any that reigns.

He looked all around and beyond the bright
seas,

To find a fair maiden his fancy to please.

At last he decided, "By this and by that,

But 'cross at Columbia I'll shy my old hat!
She'll have me, I know, though she's rich
and she's great!" [elate]

And he danced round the cabin with spirits

For Pat in love matters you'll find is no
slouch;

It isn't his nature to cringe or to crouch;
He knows the red blood bounding quick
in each vein [stain.

Is as good as the best, without blemish or

From the deck of a big ocean steamer next
day, [Bay,

As she sailed most majestically out of Cork
He kissed his rough hand in a tender fare-
well [fell.

To old Mother Erin—then blinding tears
But he dashed them away—"Mother Erin,
agra,

Columbia will make a good daughter-in-law!"

For Pat going courting you'll find is no
loon;

It isn't his nature to wail to the moon;
He'll give to the girl that he weds a whole
heart, [part.

And love neither time nor misfortune can

Arrived at New York, he walked round bright
and free,

"My sweetheart has got a fine gatehouse,"
said he.

To pay his addresses he felt nothing loth,

"Perhaps, my dear Pat, 'twould be better for
both."

Thus spoke Miss Columbia, all smiling and
bright,

And Pat took a taste of the "native" that
night.

For Pat is no cold-blooded mortal you'll
find;

And who'd blame him for toasting the girl
of his mind?

For dear is his true love to him as life's
breath,

He'll fight for her, work for her, love her
'till death!

For two blissful years his addresses he paid,

And rapid advance in her favors he made;

Then fixed himself up in his best suit of
clothes, [pose.

And polished his boots and prepared to pro-

With all due respect his intentions declared,

They quick were accepted—the feeling was
shared!

For Pat to propose you'll find never afraid;

He knows all by heart how to win a fair
maid;

He knows woman's heart's like a weak
citadel—

Lay siege and strike lively and all will go
well.

"But, Patrick, you Celts are light-hearted,"
she said; [are wed."

"Three years you must wait yet before we
Three years looked a lifetime; Pat felt rather
bad—

With any one else he'd have got fighting mad.

He did feel like fighting, and war going on,

To pass the time quickly he shouldered a
gun. [stone;

For Pat in such times is no stick or no

It isn't his nature to mope and to moan;

And love is made stronger by valor's bright
scar,

And Pat is at home or in love or in war.

The three years were up, and the camp fires
burned

No more; Colonel Pat, bronzed and bearded,
returned.

Like a man and a soldier he claimed his fair
bride,

And proudly Columbia stepped up to his
side;

For free-born maidens will still love the
 brave,
 And look with contempt on the coward and
 slave!
 Ah, in love or in war you'll find Pat is no
 slouch—
 It isn't his nature to cringe or to crouch;
 The rollicking, bounding red blood in each
 vein
 Is brave as the best, without blemish or
 stain!

"Now, Pat," said O'Connell right friendly,
 "come, swear

No love for the Widow Britannia you'll
 bear!"

"If I do may my sowl be dyed doubly in
 sin!"

"And you'll stick to Columbia through thick
 and through thin!"

"I will, by my sowl!" did he cry, while he
 took

Off his hat, and his hand he planked down
 on the book,

Pat never owned love for Britannia—not
 he;

And now to deny her he felt good and free;
 And his free-born heart bounded wildly
 with pride

As he grasped the fair hand of Columbia—
 his bride!

"So now, Mr. Clerk, hand the document
 here—

My marriage certificate—she needn't fear!"
 They gave him the parchment for woe and
 for weal,

With a proud screaming eagle and flaming
 red seal.

Thus Pat wooed and wed Miss Columbia, the
 free—

The flower of all damsels that sit by the sea!
 In love or in war you'll find Pat is no
 slouch—

It isn't his nature to cringe or to crouch;
 And, next to the dear little isle of his birth,
 He loves broad Columbia the best upon
 earth!

FANNY PARNELL.

DIED JULY 20TH, 1882.

DEAD? Oh, it can't be—it must not be so!
 The blurred print but mocks our dull eyes:
 For our spirits refuse to acknowledge the
 blow,

Or our minds to such loss realize.
 Our hearts turn rebels to such a decree
 "Though the hand that approved were
 Divine—

What! She, our young Priestess!—but no,
 it can't be—

Stricken down at the steps of the shrine!

Tell us not, tell us not, that the form we
 have loved,

So instinct with young resolute life
 And the genius that lit up our case, is re-
 moved

From our side in the thick of the strife!
 A warrior's heart in a maiden's frail form—
 Strength softened by womanly grace—
 Was hers; and a spirit to ride on the storm,
 When it broke on the foe of our race!

No thought in the uttermost spaces of mind,
 No pain in the heart's widest zone

Was farther away than that she who had
 twined

Herself round our hearts as her own
 Should sink in death's sleep in a moment
 like this

When the battle-wave swells at full tide,
 And Liberty's dawn is ascending to kiss
 The land of her love and her pride.

O, it surely can't be that her spirit has pass'd
 From the struggle in hour so supreme,
 When the glorious result that her prescience
 forecast

In the future-deciphering dream
 Of the poet, seems nearing a truth—
 When the transfigurations at hand
 Of a nation, enslaved beyond mercy or ruth,
 Rising up as a free-born Land!

Has she, whose young soul was our battle's
 bright star,
 That flashed living light through the
 gloom,

That warmed us and thrilled us in righteous-
ness' war,

Has she gone to the gloom of the tombs ?
Has the light-flashing banner she bore in the
throng

Of the conflict gone down in the dust ?
Does the malice of fate that pursued us so
long

Seek to break the last strand of our trust ?

It can't be! and my heart from its inner-
most core

Refuses its faith to the tale;
Were it so I would hear from her Erin's far
shore

Every wave on the strand give a wail;
And the gloom that would shadow the face
of her land

Would in sympathy seek out my soul
And plunge it in gloom beyond words' poor
command

And grief beyond power of control.

Ah, no, it can't be that her spirit, so rare,

With Liberty's lightnings aflame,
With courage that mocked the grim face of
despair

And put cowardly doubtings to shame—
It can't be that it's gone ere her eyes had be-
held

The glory of Erin reborn—
That her requiem bell in our hearts should
be knell'd

'Mid the salvos of Liberty's morn!

The flash of her spirit, the sweep of her
powers,

The fervor and fire of her song,
The lightnings she hurled against Tyranny's
towers,

The blows that she dealt unto wrong—

Are they lost to the cause when the beautiful
face

Of success flushes fair on our flag,—
When the sun-flash she yearned for bids fair
to replace

The cloud upon mountain and crag ?

Have the lips—truly touched by celestial
fire—

That sang Erin's deep agony,
Been hushed when the poets, in jubilee
choir,

Are weaving the song of the free ?
Is the ear stricken deaf that but loved Erin's
praise

In the days of her squalor and shame,
When the harpings and shoutings and ban-
ner's bright blaze

Give welcome to freedom and fame ?

Personified spirit of Erin! Not dead

Art thou unto us and thy land;

No grave 'mid the earth-damps, no vault's
narrow bed

Could hold thee in mortal command.

Yes; your heart in its cere-clothes would
quiver and toss

'Till it rent them apart, and you stood
Transfigured and glorified, looking across
The battle's wrong-whelming flood!

No! thou art not dead, beloved sister of song;

Thy spirit and Erin's are one,

And active still must be thy war upon wrong
Till the centuried crimes are undone.

The soul that fed ours shall continue to
feed—

The genius that guided to guide—

O, passionate Priestess of Liberty's creed,
Such genius as thine never died!

POEMS OF WM. GEOGHEGAN.

THE GROVES OF BALLYMULVEY.

DEDICATED TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND, THOMAS
MAXWELL, ESQ., BALLYMAHON, COUNTY LONG-
FORD, IRELAND.

[Ballymulvey is an exquisite spot on the right bank of the River Inny and about a half-mile distant from the town of Ballymahon, in County Longford, Ireland. Its groves are a favorite resort for the town's people, and like its sylvan counterpart, "Sweet Auburn," which is only a few miles distant, it has, to quote the picturesque language of Goldsmith :

"Seats beneath the shade,

For talking age and whispering lovers made."

The young imagination especially delights to dwell amid the dreamy recesses of those charming groves, and it is from a fond recollection of the many pleasant hours whiled away there in childhood's cloudless years that I am tempted to write the following:]

"The gorgeous day draws to its close,
And in the west, where clouds repose,
The sunset's wine-like radiance glows,

O Groves of Ballymulvey.

The hills are veiled in purple mist,
The river's blue-belled banks are kissed
By waves that shine like amethyst,

O Groves of Ballymulvey.

But sunset glow or landscape bright
Brings me no thrill of true delight;
My heart flies o'er the sea to-night,

O Groves of Ballymulvey.

My thoughts are all of vanished days,
Now dimly seen thro' memory's haze,
When I roamed 'round your woodland ways,
O Groves of Ballymulvey.

How sweet in twilight's tranquil hours,
When all your glades are starr'd with flowers,
To wander 'mid your dreamy bowers,

O Groves of Ballymulvey,

And list the throstle's vesper hymn,
Like tones of far-off Cherubim,
Outhanted in the distance dim,

O Groves of Ballymulvey.

And, oh! to hear your guardian trees,
Wooded gently by the passing breeze,
Rehearse their sylvan melodies,

Blithe Groves of Ballymulvey.

While thro' each leafy chink and rent,
As if on some new love-quest bent,
The stars peeped from the firmament,
O Groves of Ballymulvey.

Ah! how each fond remembrance clings
In spite of exile's cruel stings,
And all time's adverse happenings,

O Groves of Ballymulvey.

Each nook and glade and flowery space
Within your emerald embrace
Still in my memory hold a place,
Fond Groves of Ballymulvey.

So, too, each charm—the milkmaid's song,
The chorus of the feathered throng,
On wind and echo borne along,

O Groves of Ballymulvey.

The cuckoo's note, the cornerake's call,
And high and clear above them all,
The lark's melodious madrigal,
Rare Groves of Ballymulvey.

But, oh! what tongue could e'er express
The beauty of your Summer dress?
The pink of sylvan loveliness,

Green groves of Ballymulvey.

How can I limn the hawtrees' plumes,
Describe the Maytime's varied blooms,
Or number half your rich perfumes,
Sweet Groves of Ballymulvey?

How shall I paint the moss-rimmed rill—
The "Paddock" where we gamboled till
The moon rose over Coghlan's Hill,
Fair Groves of Ballymulvey?

Or picture Inny's primrose side—
The beach-boughs bending o'er the tide,
Like bridegroom whispering to his bride,
Bright Groves of Ballymulvey?

Enough to know your scenes are fair,
Your charms are all as *debonair*,
As when a boy I wandered there,
Dear Groves of Ballymulvey.

But where are they—the young and free
Light-hearted lads who drank with me
Of joy's bright cup, and worshiped ye,
O Groves of Ballymulvey?

Ah, me! o'er some the churchyard clay
Is darkly heaped for many a day;
By far-off sea strands others stray,
O Groves of Ballymulvey.
Their morn and midnight thoughts like mine,
E'er winging o'er the wind-vexed brine,
To where your dew-steeped blossoms shine,
Loved Groves of Ballymulvey!

When sunset flushed the western sky
How sweet to mark with upturned eye
The crows in long battalions fly,
O Groves of Ballymulvey!
High over meadow, wold and wood,
To where their leaf-roofed houses stood,
Within the "Rookery's" solitude,
Wild Groves of Ballymulvey.

But tho' my life-path runs no more
Amid the sun-bright scenes of yore,
The thought is sweet to ponder o'er,
O Groves of Ballymulvey,
That to some kindly hearts around
The borders of your hallowed ground
My name hath still a meaning sound,
Loved Groves of Ballymulvey.

THE BUNCH OF MAY-BLOSSOMS.

Now, dearest mother, reach me down that
lovely branch of May
A gentle neighbor pluck'd for me, and
brought the other day.

Ah! the pleasant hawthorn trees that are
blooming in the meadows.
I know when they are blooming by the full-
ness of their shadows;
When you prop me up with pillows to watch
the dying day,
I know the hawthorn clump, although it lies
so far away;
For there my Harry saw me first among a
crowd of girls—
I held a bunch of May-blossoms as white and
round as pearls;
But one of all the cluster with its white star
yet was crown'd,
And he said it was a fair young bride, with
all her bridesmaids round.
All that day he linger'd by me, linger'd long
beside our gate,
And till the stars peep'd through the elms I
knew not it was late.
In the morning, through my lattice, I saw
him sitting early
Beneath the ancient oak-tree, beside our field
of barley;
It was a pleasant spot, I ween—he came there
day by day,
Until the reapers reap'd the corn and car-
ried it away.
You remember, mother, when I told you all
the words he said—
How you smiled and laid your dear hands in
blessings on my head?
You knew my noble loved one, though in
truth I then did not—
Of all our village maidens I had still the hap-
piest lot.
Handsome Harry, noble Harry!—or still
some better name,
On the lips of young and old dwelt the fra-
grance of his fame.
Oh! my loving, lingering heart, how it dwells
on all the past!
The future holds the promise of the pleasures
that will last.
But I've something now to tell will make
you weep, I fear,
For I was very wayward when he wed me,
mother, dear.

You have sorrow'd, meekest mother, over all
 my willful ways,
 When they dimm'd the lovely Spring-time,
 and darken'd Summer days;
 Scornful glances, angry answers, a woman's
 love for sway,
 Made me often seek to rule where I promised
 to obey.
 And yet I loved him fondly; love is cruel,
 love is blind—
 Breathes the words that deeply wound, darts
 the looks that are unkind;
 And I think I see him now, with his dear
 eyes glancing down,
 While the sunny smiles were chasing the
 shadow of a frown.

Oh! my angel, angel husband! oh! my dar-
 ling gone forever!
 How these bitter, bitter thoughts make my
 eyes run like a river!
 I think how he would speak to me, and point
 me to that love
 That stoop'd to breathe o'er hearts like mine
 the peace that reigns above;
 For *his* love growing heavenward, God sent
 an angel down,
 Who came to crown him suddenly with his
 immortal crown.

Yes, he my young and beautiful—I saw him
 dead and cold;
 I never thought that I could live and yet that
 sight behold;
 The dreary days that follow'd, and the sad,
 conflicting strife.
 I overlived my sorrows and the emptiness of
 life—
 Lived to see the green turf piled upon his
 young and faithful breast—
 Lived to fathom that deep love where the
 weary are at rest;
 Until a change came over me—a change
 more mighty far
 Than if a dew-drop on the earth had risen
 to a star.

I have a loving heart, mother, and that you
 know right well;
 But once it was content, nay, glad, on this
 cold earth to dwell.
 That all must fade and perish here, I often
 did forget,
 Till Death upon my idol's brow his clay-cold
 seal had set.
 There, take that branch away, mother, and
 sit you down by me;
 I'm not so full of self, to-night, but what I
 think of thee.
 I know there is a dreary thought that winds
 about your heart;
 It is that from your only child you soon will
 have to part.
 You need no voice of mine, mother, to point
 you to the skies;
 From only thence comes down the light that
 fills those tender eyes.

We shall not die, you often say, but sleep a
 little while,
 And then wake up in that bright world which
 sin cannot defile.
 My human heart is weak and fond—so give
 me one last kiss;
 Why will my soul still stoop below the foun-
 tain head of bliss?
 Good-night; it is your voice, mother, that
 sounds so far away;
 What heights and depths the soul goes
 through in parting from its clay!
 And see up there, how beautiful! Ah! well
 I know such light
 Streams down alone from that fair world that
 knows no shade of night.

I'm growing very weary now; I think that I
 shall sleep,
 But I shall wake again in heaven; then
 wherefore should you weep?
 No; dry those tears, look up, be glad, and
 banish all your care.
 Good-night, good-bye; forget me not, you
 soon will meet me there!

MAY.

SING, ye blackbirds, mellow,
 Ope, ye blossoms gay!
 O'er the mead and furrow
 Trips the laughing May.
 Run, ye rills, before her
 Lambkins skip and play,
 Birds and bees implore her
 Long with us to stay!

Hark! her voice is ringing
 Through the golden air;
 See her hands are flinging
 Blessings everywhere.
 Age lays by its burdens
 Childhood seeks the green,
 Youths and budding maidens
 Hail the bright-haired Queen!

Garlands in the forest
 Hangs she on her way,
 Boughs that were the searest
 Smile in green array;
 Bowers for love's caresses
 Builds she day by day—
 Every lover blesses
 Bright-haired, blooming May!

Where her feet have lighted
 Silver daisies spring;
 Groves that winter blighted
 Hear the song-bird's sing.
 In the heart of sorrow
 Hope lifts up her voice,
 He that feared to-morrow
 Now can say Rejoice!

Gather, happy children,
 All these bells of blue,
 Merry May hath filled them
 With the sweetest dew.
 Clad are hills and valleys
 In the daintiest hue;
 Send, ye courts and alleys,
 Thousands forth to view!

MEMORY'S BOOK.

(DEDICATED TO MY WIFE.)

WHEN on the maple's bending bough the
 leaf begins to burn
 With Autumn's fire—and Summer birds to
 tropic haunts return;
 When thro' the meadow sobs the brook for
 all the fair-leaved flowers
 That brightly starred its winding banks thro'
 Summer's sunlit hours—

Oh! then, 'tis sweet in the solitude of some
 sequestered nook
 To slowly turn the mind-traced leaves of
 Memory's magic book—
 To gaze upon the records bright, the annals
 steeped in tears,
 The sorrows, joys, vicissitudes of life's evan-
 ished years!

Last night that tender task was mine—above
 my soul there rolled
 The lights and shades of boyhood's days, the
 hopes and dreams of old;
 I saw the old home far away by Inny's mead-
 marched side,
 The hundred haunts—the thousand friends.
 I knew o'er ocean's tide.

And then before my vision rose the scenes
 of later days,
 Some bright with joy, some softly veiled in
 sorrow's tender haze—
 Here rolled a stream, with her I loved low-
 seated by its waves,
 And there beyond—in shadowland—two
 green, green little graves!

Ah! Memory's Book! 'tis sometimes sad to
 turn its magic leaves;
 And yet I read one record there—a tale of
 bygone eves—
 That filled my heart with holiest joy, made
 all my pulses thrill
 And lent atonement to my soul for every
 other ill!

'Twas that sweet story always old, and yet
 forever new
 Which from your lips my love—my wife—
 one evening fell, and threw
 My heart into Love's ecstasy—I spoke with
 eagerness—
 You dropped the long lids o'er your eyes,
 and softly answered "Yes."

And now our wedded life is hooped in joy's
 bright, golden ring
 By two blithe boys who chase the hours with
 childish carolling;
 Oh Memory! in your magic Book imprint
 their pictures true
 So that in future years we may with love the
 lines review.

LEAVES THAT ARE FAIREST.

LEAVES that are fairest
 Soonest decay;
 Loved ones the rarest
 Soon pass away;
 Smiles that are brightest
 Soonest grow cold,
 Tales that are lightest
 Soonest are told.

But the leaf and the tale give us joy while
 they last [past;
 And the smile of a friend makes a joy of the
 For memory preserves in its tender embrace
 The sunbeams of life as they flashed on his
 face.

Fortunes the proudest
 Fly with the years;
 Laughter the loudest
 Softens to tears;
 Joys the completest
 Last but an hour,
 Perfumes the sweetest
 Die with the flower.

But why should we sigh for the joys that
 have fled,
 Or mourn the fond hopes that are lost with
 the dead? [will bring
 Fresh hopes and new joys coming seasons
 As perfumes return with the roses of spring.

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

I WONDER are the fields as green, the skies
 as brightly blue,
 The birds as joyous in their songs—the
 flowers as bright in hue—
 Wild roses blushing fresh and fair in many
 a green hedge row—
 As sweet as those I gathered in the days of
 long ago?

"Oh, yes," replies the maiden fair, with voice
 of melody,
 With sunbeams in her waving hair and eyes
 like summer sea—
 "Yes, yes," responds the gallant youth,
 scarce pausing to reply,
 While high resolve and happy love beam in
 his eager eye.

"Oh! speed ye toward the mountain tops,"
 we wise old gray-beards say,
 "Yet are ye not so light of foot as we were
 in our day,
 So hardy on the rocky paths, so blithe among
 the bowers,
 So stout of heart as we were when your nappy
 age was ours."

Oh! speed ye toward the mountain tops, ye
 maidens fair and sweet
 While spring-flowers deck your blooming
 hair, and dewdrops bathe your feet—
 With star-bright eyes, with rose-bright
 cheeks, yet are ye not, we know,
 So lovely as the girls we loved a long, long
 time ago.

We linger in the lighted halls, for still we
 fondly prize
 The echoing laughter of young lips, the sun-
 shine of young eyes;
 Yet here we shake our wise old heads, and
 say with faltering tongue,
 "Old friend, old friend, things were not so
 when you and I were young."

The dance may sweep its giddy round, the
 song its silvery flow,
 What are they to the dance and song we
 joined in long ago?

Thus looking from the hills of age, along
youth's distant glades,
We mark the lingering sunlight there, but
will not see the shades.

"Our flowery paths lie far behind," regret-
fully we say,
And think not of the thorns that sprang be-
side us on our way,
So fair our fragrant pathway spread, so sweet
its verdant bowers,
Long hidden are the snares and chasms that
lurk beneath its flowers.

Though early storms might lash our sea, our
bark sped free and fast,
And what reck'd we of sunken rocks o'er
which we safely pass'd?
We've climbed the crags, we've crossed the
chasms, we've gained the mountain
height
And buried loves and shipwreck'd hopes
have vanished from our sight.

But oh! we miss the lithsome form, we miss
the flowing curls,
We miss the buoyant hearts we owned when
we were boys and girls;
We linger fondly on thy joy, forgetful of thy
woe—
Oh! happy age, oh! golden clime! delusive
Long Ago!

WINTER.

THE trees are bare; the throstle sings
No more amid the branches;
Adown the hills a thousand rills
Old scowling winter launches.

Oh, winter! thou'r't the lover's foe—
In vain their loud lamenting;
With rain, and snow, and winds that blow,
Their wildwood walks preventing.

My own dear maid no more I meet
In leafy lane or meadow;
No more beneath the broad beech sit
And clasp her in the shadow.

The gentle robin sits alone
And sings a ballad dreary;
His fate is mine—his griefs mine own—
I'm parted from my dearie.

The storm howls round my cottage door—
Rude blasts that may alarm her;
Oh! bitter wind! oh fate unkind
That keeps me from my charmer!

Soft-breathing spring come back again
And curb the fountains foaming;
With sun and flowers make glad the hours,
And set the lovers roaming;

That they may in thy primrose path
Once more join lips together,
And in their bliss forget the wrath
Of biting wintry weather.

A POEM BY DANIEL R. LYDDY.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

ALL hail! All hail! Ye Christmas Bells!
Fling far and wide your silv'ry tones,
Which peace impart to captives' cells,
To lowly cots and lordly thrones.

When the midnight hour is tolling,
Come with me, ye pure in thought,
To that Crib from whence is rolling
Away the gloom Eve's sinning wrought.

CHRIST, the Man-God, is born to us—
In lordly hall? On downy bed?
Are courtly hands prepared to nurse
On kingly couch His Regal Head?

No! No! within that humble shed
Queen, matron, nurse is Mary all;
And Joseph shields the heav'nly head
Of Him who'd sav'd us from our fall.

Oh, holy Virgin, Mother blest—
 By that bright flame which warmed thy
 mind,
 Teach us to feel what fill'd thy breast—
 Unbounded love with awe combin'd.

In pain thou stood'st beneath the cross;
 By all the pangs that pierc'd thee through,
 Oh, raise our hearts above earth's dross
 That we in heav'n may dwell with you—

With you in peace beyond the skies,
 Enwapt in all heaven's grand accord;
 Singing sweet psalms of peerless praise
 To our Redeemer, Guide and Lord.

All hail! all hail! glad Christmas bells,
 Fling far and wide your silv'ry tones,
 Which peace impart to captives' cells,
 To lowly cots and lordly thrones.

POEMS OF WILLIAM COLLINS.

A GLEN IN THE GALTEES.

WHERE the mountains loom up with their
 peaks to the sun,
 Bespangled with heath blossoms purple and
 dun;
 Where the skies, in their brightness and
 beauty aglow,
 Look down with a smile on the valley below;
 Where the summer winds stray and the sun
 loves to shine,
 And linger around it till daylight's decline;
 There, hid in the mountains, embowered mid
 the trees,
 Lies that bright, fairy glen in the sunny Gal-
 tees.

Enshrined like a gem in the heart of the
 hills,
 And wooed by the voice of a hundred bright
 rills
 That unceasingly sing, as in gladness they
 stray,
 Making music and mirth through the long
 summer day;
 Sparkling in beauty and sunshine they flow
 Till they mingle their song with the river
 below,
 That rushes and foams to the widespreading
 main
 Like a war-charger freed from the curb of
 the rein.

The furze and the hazel, the beech and the
 broom,
 On thy sun-lighted slopes sweetly blossom
 and bloom;
 And bright on thy banks, where the laughing
 waves run,
 The shamrock, unsullied, is nursed by the
 sun,
 And the scent of the hawthorn is wafted on
 high
 Like the incense of love from the earth to
 the sky,
 Diffusing its sweets on the soft summer
 breeze
 That plays round that glen in the sunny
 Galtees.

The rocks and the ruins are moss-grown and
 gray,
 The towers of the Desmond are gone to de-
 cay,
 Clan Caura no more wakes the sleep of the
 glen
 With the shout and the tread of their warrior
 men.
 The hills that resounded the shout of the
 kern,
 When his banner blazed out from the heather
 and fern,
 Are echoless now as the graves on the plain,
 And naught but their grandeur and glory
 remain.

Oh! home of my heart, when in youth's
 sunny time
 I trod thy green vale, what bright visions
 were mine;
 When I gazed on thy mountains, so daring
 and grand,
 And heard the sad tale of our wronged
 Mother-land;
 How I longed on the breeze her bright ban-
 ner to see
 And yearned in the clash of the conflict to
 be,
 And coursed the red blood in my hot burn-
 ing veins
 To leap to the onset and shatter her chains.

Green Erin! the strangers who dwell in thy
 land,
 May rule with unsparing and merciless hand,
 But they cannot efface from thy beauteous
 brow
 The grandeur that shone, and is beaming
 there now.
 Thou art fair, though by footstep of for-
 eigner trod,
 As if newly sprung forth from the bosom of
 God,
 And the breath of His love had illumined
 thy frame,
 And a ray of His glory enshrined with thy
 name.

Loved Mother! for thee in my wanderings I
 sigh
 With a fond love that never can languish or
 die,
 As the weary heart pines for the sunshine
 and light,
 When dungeoned and fettered in darkness
 and night,
 So I pine for thee, Erin, and still hope to see
 Thy flag on the mountain soar upward and
 free.
 And backward my thoughts o'er the wide
 ocean stray
 To that Glen in the Galtees that lies far
 away.

THE FLAG OF FONTENOY.

(1745.)

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne," or "*The Sword
 of Bunker Hill.*"

COMRADES, fill up the parting glass
 And drink this toast with me;
 Round let the sparkling goblet pass,
 And pledge it warm and free.
 'Twill kindle up the patriot's soul,
 And fire his breast with joy,
 Then pledge it in a brimming bowl,
 The flag of Fontenoy.

To-morrow on the battle plain
 Perchance 'twill be our lot
 To fall 'mid heaps of mangled slain
 To die and be forgot.
 But brush that starting tear away,
 For if we fall, my boy,
 High o'er our heads shall proudly wave
 The flag of Fontenoy.

On many a field beyond the sea
 Have our brave fathers stood,
 And borne that flag triumphantly
 'Mid fire and flame and blood.
 But never yet could foeman's hand,
 Or tyrant's power destroy
 The banner of our own dear land,
 The flag of Fontenoy.

In vain perfidious England strove
 To trample and defile,
 She ne'er could quench the burning love
 We bear our mother Isle,
 And let her send her hireling slaves
 To plunder and destroy;
 We scorn her threats while o'er us waves
 The flag of Fontenoy.

On Limerick's walls, the Yellow Ford,
 Cremona's 'leaguered gate,
 On Leinster's hills it proudly soared
 In good old Ninety-Eight.
 The peasant serf forgot his woes,
 And grasped his pike with joy,
 When o'er his native hills arose
 The flag of Fontenoy.

And prouder yet that flag shall wave,
 And higher shall it soar
 O'er Tara's hill and Emmet's grave
 In Erin's Isle once more.
 When joined together, heart and hand,
 We'll hail that day with joy,
 And plant upon our own dear land
 The flag of Fontenoy.

Then, comrades, fill your glass with me,
 And drink before we go,
 Fill up to-night, to-morrow we
 Shall march to meet the foe.
 And if amid the battle's shock
 Perhance we fall, my boy,
 High o'er our heads shall proudly float
 The flag of Fontenoy.

SUNDAY MORNING IN IRELAND.

Early Mass.

How oft, when treading life's rude track,
 'Mid all our hopes, our joys and fears,
 The heart, untravelled, still looks back
 To other scenes and other years.
 Fame's meteor star may gild the way,
 And fortune's favors round us flow,
 But backward still the heart will stray
 To the bright days of long ago.

Through the dim haze of thirty years
 I look, and pierce the misty space—
 And lo! before my sight appears
 Each well-beloved, remembered place;
 The hill, the glen, the waterfall,
 The meadows strewn with new-mown
 grass;
 The ruined tower, the abbey wall,
 The bell that chimed for morning Mass.

Across the fields the maidens trip,
 With looks half roguish, half demure,
 With bright, brown eye, and cheek, and lip
 As lovely as their hearts are pure.

God bless you, girls, may fear or frown
 Ne'er cloud your path nor linger near,
 And may those eyes of hazel brown
 Be never dimmed with sorrow's tear!

In merry groups the village swains
 O'er road and meadow wend their way,
 Past rath and hawthorn-scented lanes,
 All clad in frieze of Irish gray.
 It is a fair and gladsome sight
 To see these youths and maidens pass,
 All blithesome, glowing, warm and bright,
 To tell their beads at morning Mass.

But sure, 'tis not of fast or prayer
 Young Maurice Daily thinks the while,
 As gallantly, with rustic air,
 He helps fair Nora o'er the stile.
 He blushes, trembles, vainly tries
 To hide the love that all can see;
 Well, 'tis no wonder; Nora's eyes
 Would charm an older sage than he.

From group to group kind greetings run,
 For all are neighbors in the place,
 And love and kindness, mirth and fun
 Are written on each manly face.
 The merry jest flies quickly by,
 The witty shaft, with friendship aimed,
 And maid and lover, coy and shy,
 Blush deep to hear their feelings named.

Some, where the hawthorn shadows fall,
 Converse in whispers soft and low,
 Or deeply muse, apart from all,
 As slowly toward the church they go.
 With faces bronzed with sun and toil,
 And marked by mountain storm and
 breeze,
 O! never yet on Irish soil
 Beat truer, braver hearts than these!

"Now, God be praised! 'tis wondrous good,
 To see these hills so old and gray,
 And mark how grand looks field and wood,
 All clothed in green this blessed day.
 Could we but call these fields our own,
 Free from the tyrant's grasping hand,
 And see his pride and power o'erthrown,
 How blest and bright would be our land.

"Well, neighbor, we must watch and wait,
 And silently and well prepare
 To meet the hour, for soon or late
 The time will come to do and dare.
 Look yonder, where young Owen comes,
 How brave he looks, how proud and free;
 I wish to heaven that Erin's sons
 Were all as well prepared as he ?

"Good-morning, Owen! Glad am I
 To see you come to early Mass;
 You step so fleet and lightly by
 You scarcely bend the dewy grass.
 Come nearer! Don't forget, to-night
 The boys assemble on the hill;
 Be sure and have your rifle bright,
 The captain will be there to drill.

"Tell Maurice, Brian and the rest,
 If you should meet them in the glen,
 To wear a shamrock on their breast,
And that the moon will rise at ten!
 Next Tuesday night old Piper Blake
 Will blithely make his chanter squeal;
 And troth! 'tis you a foot can shake
 With Moira in an Irish reel.

"Hush! here the priest behind us rides;
 Now, friends and neighbors hurry on,
 For time and tide for none abide,
 And very strict is Father John.
 The chapel bell has ceased to chime,
 The morning Mass will soon begin;
 Now—God be praised! (we're just in time),
 And save us all from shame and sin!"

Well, well; those days are over now,
 And thirty years are passed and gone;
 Time's hand has grizzled beard and brow,
 And foreign suns have on me shone.

But still I ponder day by day,
 Even as I weave these idle rhymes,
 And deep within my heart I say,
 MAY GOD BE WITH THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

THE MARINER'S EVENING HYMN.

EVENING'S shadows fall around us,
 And the sun sets on the sea,
 With Thy love, O God! surround us,
 Trustingly we pray to Thee;
 Sin with all its snares has bound us,
 Thou can'st cleanse and make us free.

Darkness falls upon the ocean,
 And the waves in anger leap,
 And our barque with troubled motion,
 Heaves and trembles on the deep,
 But our hearts with true devotion,
 Nearer to Thy footstool creep.

Though the winds in wrath are blowing,
 Thou the tempest can command,
 Safe beneath Thy guidance going,
 We shall hail the welcome land;
 And though fierce the waves are flowing,
 Power and strength are in Thy hand.

Father, as the night descending,
 Hides the sun's last golden ray,
 Hear our hearts and voices blending
 As to Thee we humbly pray,
 That Thou, love and grace extending,
 All our sins shall wash away.

POEMS OF DANIEL CONNOLLY.

ONE SUMMER NIGHT.

THERE is mist in the winding hollows
That fade on the straining sight,
And dimly the darting swallows
Dip into the gathering night.
The hills loom silent and solemn;
The stream makes a drowsy rhyme,
That lulls like an echoing volume
Of song from a far-off time.

And here in the moonlight sitting
I ponder an old tale o'er,
And here in the twilight flitting
Are faces that smile no more.
There's one that is fair and tender,
And one that is frank and brave,
And one with a darkling splendor,
And beyond, in the gloom, a grave.

Down a shaded pathway lonely
Two forms in the stillness move,
And the listening maples only
Hear the whispered sweets of love;
A kiss, and the maiden slowly
Returns to her cottage door,
With a peace that is pure and holy
Upon lips that shall laugh no more.

Where the road dips low by the river,
In a hollow of gleam and shade,
And the silvered tree-tops quiver,
By the wandering night-wind sway'd,
Fierce eyes from an ambush glisten
With a murderous, vengeful glare;
Keen ears in the stillness listen
For a step that will soon be there.

He comes, with his heart still singing
The runes of a passionate love;
A bound as a tiger's, springing
From a vantage point above;

A glint, as of white steel gleaming,
A shriek in the startled night,
And low where the moon is beaming,
He lies in the sad, pale light.

Lo! the mists float high o'er the hollows,
No breath stirs the drowsy leaves,
That droop in the moon, and the swallows
Have flown to their nests in the eaves.
Thus the mists and the moonlight floated
That night when a brave youth died
In the copse, and a dark face gloated
With a vengeful glare by his side.

THE EYES OF AN IRISH GIRL.

You may talk about black eyes and blue,
About brown eyes, and hazel and gray;
You may praise as you please every hue
Known on earth since its earliest day;
But no other eyes under the sun
Can set poor human hearts in a whirl,
With their pathos and mischief and fun,
Like the eyes of a bright Irish girl.

They are soft as the down on a dove,
They are mild as a midsummer dawn,
They are warm as the red heart of love,
They are coy as the glance of a fawn;
Tender, pensive, and dreamy as night,
Bright and pure as the daintiest pearl,
Yet as merrily mad as a sprite
Are the eyes of a young Irish girl.

They can soothe and delight with a beam,
They can rouse and inspire with a glance,
They can chill and reprove with a gleam
That is keen as the flash of a lance;
To bring peace, or the pangs of despair
To one's breast, be he noble or churl,
There is nothing on earth to compare
With the eyes of a true Irish girl.

You may search cabin, cottage and hall,
 Thro' the loveliest lands that are known;
 But the loveliest land of them all
 Has no eyes like the eyes of our own;
 There are faces, no doubt, quite as sweet,
 And as fair, under ringlet and curl,
 But no light like the splendors that meet
 In the eyes of a glad Irish girl.

Ah! Dame Nature was cruelly kind
 When she took from her tenderest skies
 The most exquisite tints she could find
 And bestowed them on soft Irish eyes;
 For no other eyes under the sun
 Can set poor human hearts in a whirl,
 With their pathos and mischief and fun
 Like the eyes of a bright Irish girl.

POEMS OF REV. JAMES KEEGAN.

SONG FOR ULSTER.

I.

HURRAH! hurrah!—the North is won,
 Brave Ulster is once more our own;
 From Innishowen to Gowna's shore
 The Green is waving proud once more—
 From Earne's groves to banks of Bann,
 The North is with us to a man;
 Tyrconnell, Truah, grand Tyrone,
 Orange and Green are now our own.

II.

Hurrah! hurrah!—the North is ours,
 Thro' hills and vales, in towns and towers,
 The glorious sight once more is seen
 Of Blue and Orange blend with Green.
 The dawn has come, the night has past,
 Foul strife and feud aside are cast;
 Hands joined in strife, now join in love,
 While Green and Orange float above.

III.

Then proud, united let them wave,
 O'er ranks that hold no more a slave;
 And proud, united let them join
 From stormy Foyle to placid Boyne:
 Let foemen once, now brothers be,
 Their watchword—"Home and Liberty!"
 While tyrants crouch and traitors groan,
 Let true men shout, the North's our own.

CREIGHAREE.

A LEGEND OF LEITRIM.

THERE'S a green, silent vale in the heart of
 the West,

Where a smooth, glassy river steals on to
 the sea;

A swan glides in state on the water's calm
 breast,

And the breezes blow slumb'ring thro' lone
 Creigharee—

Thro' green Creigharee,

Thro' sad Creigharee—

Ah! 'tis silent and lone—but the winds make
 their moan,

And the ring-dove complains in the tall
 elm tree;

In the weird midnight gale you may list to
 the wail

Of the ghosts that are haunting in lone
 Creigharee.

In green Creigharee dwelt a fair queenly
 dame,

Before her proud chieftains bent lowly the
 knee;

But her breast was of ice to their hot hearts
 of flame,

And in sadness they parted from green
 Creigharee—

From loved Creigharee

From dear Creigharee.

Yet day after day, from realms far away,
 With bugle and banner all gallant and
 free,
 They sought her in vain and they left her
 again,
 With sad heart forever in green Creighla-
 ree.

At last came a youth without banner, or
 armor,
 A minstrel renowned, and excelling was he,
 His song touched the breast of the cold-
 hearted charmer,
 But he left her to weep him in dark Creigh-
 haree,

In dim Creighharee,

In drear Creighharee—

She drooped and departed, ere Winter, hard-
 hearted,
 The last quivering leaf snatched away from
 the tree;
 And her spirit for ever—a swan on the river,
 Atones for her folly in lone Creighharee.

THEY TOLD ME SING A SONG OF MIRTH.

THEY told me sing a song of mirth,
 They blamed me for my woful strain;
 They said: Behold the gladsome earth,
 And winds and waves in gay refrain,
 Sing night and day a song of glee—
 And for my grief they mocked at me.

I tuned my harp to measures gay,
 I strove to wake its chords of fire,
 But soon to sadness joy gave way,
 And mirth not long would sway the wire.
 My harp's responsive to my heart,
 Whence gloom refuses to depart.

Some day may come in brighter years,
 Some day of Hope no more deferred,
 When flow no longer th' exile's tears,
 And Freedom's voice in Erin's heard—
 When freed her every hill and plain,
 Then may I sing a joyful strain.

A POEM BY HON. W. E. ROBINSON.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

HAIL brightest banner that floats on the
 gale;
 Flag of the country of Washington, hail!
 Red are thy stripes as the blood of the brave,
 Bright are thy stars as the sun on the wave;
 Wrapt in thy folds are the hopes of the free;
 Banner of Washington, blessings on thee!

Mountain tops mingle the sky with their
 snow,
 Prairies lie smiling in sunshine below;
 Rivers as broad as the sea, in their pride,
 Border thine empires, but do not divide;
 Niagara's voice far out-anthems the sea;
 Land of sublimity, blessings on thee!

Hope of the world! on thy mission sublime,
 When thou didst burst on the pathway of
 Time,

Millions from darkness and bondage awoke;
 Music was born when Liberty spoke;
 Millions to come yet, shall join in the glee;
 Land of the pilgrim's hope, blessings on
 thee!

Empires shall perish and monarchies fail;
 Kingdoms and thrones in thy glory grow
 pale;

Thou shalt live on, and thy people shall own
 Loyalty's sweet where each heart is thy
 throne;

Union and Freedom thy heritage be;
 Country of Washington, blessings on thee!

POEMS OF MRS. M. C. BURKE.

LITTLE SHOES.

THEY'RE very pretty little things,
With bow and buckle bright,
And fitted to dear little feet
So soft, and smooth, and white.
And all the children eager rush
To tell the joyous news,
That "Our baby has short clothes,
And pretty little shoes."

Why is it that my mother-heart
Is full of anxious fears,
And all unconsciously my eyes
Glisten with blinding tears?
It is that, up to this, my babe
Lay on a loving breast,
To which he ever eager turned
For nourishment and rest.

But little shoes, ye bid me think
That from this very day,
I send another pilgrim forth
Upon life's weary way.
Into the world's sin and care,
Its struggling and its strife,
Until, like Job, his heart may wish
It never had known life!

'Twas just two years ago I put
On little Katie's feet
Such shoes as these, with warm caress
And kisses fond and sweet.
They were such pretty little things—
Aye! not a bit more stout—
Yet she had joined the angel's band
Ere they were quite worn out.

Oh! many a mother's bitter tears
On little shoes are shed,
Relics of household treasures gone,
Idols amongst the dead!
Whether this babe reach man's estate,
Or soon his course be run,
I only ask for grace to say:
"Father, Thy will be done!"

THE BEGGAR.

A BEGGAR sat at Toledo's gates
And a gallant train swept by,
Ladies there were, of beauty rare,
And lords, of station high!

The beggar raised his feeble hands,
And asked for a little aid;
It was bitter cold, and he, very old,
"Alms, for God's sake!" he prayed.

Some heeded him not, as they gaily spoke
To the fair ones at their side;
But one of renown, he looked him down,
With a scornful glance of pride.

And loud he laughed at the old man's rags,
And asked him why he wore
That pitiful look, he could not brook
Sorrow, it vexed him sore.

So he threw him gold, and bade him begone,
For it was not meet that he
Should be sitting there, like sorrow and care,
In the sight of such company.

The old man stooped to pick it up
And his dim eyes grew more dim,
And he gave a sigh to the days gone by
'Twas not always thus with him!

Another beggar, he came by,
And seeing the old man there,
He said: "You grieve, would I could relieve
Your heart of its heavy care."

The old man, he looked gratefully up,
For his heart was deeply stirred,
And he gave the gold and a blessing tenfold
To him of the kindly word!

A POEM BY THOS. AMBROSE BUTLER.

AN IRISH MARINER.

[The "Santa Maria" carried sixty-six persons. One of the crew was an Irishman. His name is found in the official list of those who perished in the colony of La Navidad. He was a native of Galway.]

I.

O'ER the shadow'd sea they floated midst the
tangled weeds of ocean,
And their swelling hearts were clouded
like the water's heaving breast;
And the sea, in ripples sighing round the
sluggish ships in motion,
Seem'd to sadly speak the longings of the
wearied souls for rest.

II.

Ah! the troubled seamen trembled as they
plowed with spirits daunted
Where no keel had ever furrow'd since the
birth of sea and sky,
And the starry gems above them, that the
Master's hand had planted,
Seem'd as lights of foreign dwellings with
no friendly spirit nigh.

III.

Yet a Star unseen they thought of, and it
smiled along the water,
And the wearied woke to courage and the
hopeless hoped anew,
And the trembling strung their voices to the
praise of Heaven's daughter—
Mary!—Star of earth and ocean!—Mother
mild and ever true!

IV.

Bark of beauty!—named from Mary—dove
of promise spread thy pinions,
Glide along the sullen waters with thy
banner floating free—
Earth and air and sky above us are the
mighty God's dominions,
And He bound this globe of beauty with
the cincture of the sea!

V.

Great Columbus—guiding spirit—seem'd to
see his Lord and Master,
So he held his ship in harness with a sea-
man's steady hand,
And in Him alone he trusted to protect them
from disaster,
And to Him he look'd to lead them tow'rds
the undiscover'd land.

VI.

Hark! a voice along the waters like the
sound of angel's greeting!—
It is coming down from cloudlets where
the sailor-boy is seen,—
And the eager eyes of seamen see where sky
and waves are meeting
Land!—a virgin land of beauty clad in flow-
ing robes of green.

VII.

Lordly trees are gently waving leafy branches
tow'rds the seamen,—
Glancing lakes are softly smiling sunny
welcome tow'rds the sea,—
Giant bays with arms outspreading stretch
to wearied limbs of freemen,—
Sandy shores are ever ready for the foot-
prints of the free!

VIII.

Midst reviv'd rejoicing comrades one alone
recalls the vanish'd!—
One alone is mov'd by mem'ry-cherished
visions waked awhile!—
One—a gloomy Irish Exile, far from home
and kindred banish'd,
Seems to see reflected valleys of his darling
mother-isle!

IX.

He, a "rough and ready" sailor, lov'd the
friendly Spanish nation,—
Lov'd the likeness of the Saviour on the
floating flag of Spain,—

But his heart's affection centr'd in one spot
 of all creation—
 In the verdant isle of Ireland that seem'd
 looking o'er the main.

X.

Loud the voice of great Columbus, trumpet-
 toned along the water,
 To the Pinta, to the Nina and the seamen
 by his side,—
 "In the name of God our Father! in the
 cause of Spain his daughter!
 Let us bear the cross and banner o'er the
 intervening tide.

XI.

"But, remember!—none may tread upon the
 land that lies before us,—
 None may kiss the smiling island till my
 lips shall press her robe,—
 None may follow in my footsteps till the
 Cross shall glitter o'er us,
 And the Flag of Spain in triumph touch
 this margin of the globe."

XII.

In the boat that bears Columbus tow'rds the
 new-discover'd treasure,
 Bends the brawny Irish seaman with his
 deftly feather'd oar,
 And his azure eyes of beauty beam with
 sunny light of pleasure
 As a stolen glance discovers spotless ver-
 dure on the shore.

XIII.

And the sailor's heart is bounding like the
 shining waves beside him,
 And a smould'ring wish rekindles in his
 patriotic breast—
 Shall the first, the sweetest greeting to the
 new land be denied him—
 To the land that seems a daughter of the
 Old Isle in the West?

XIV.

He is looking back tow'rds Erin as he sweeps
 the sea before him,
 He is gazing tow'rds her daughter as he
 lifts the dripping oar,
 He is whisp'ring to his feelings, though the
 flag of Spain is o'er him
 His hand that first shall offer friendly
 greeting to the shore.

XV.

Gladsome shouts are raised by sailors as they
 hear the sands resounding
 As the keel awakes soft music by the ver-
 dant island's side,
 And the boat that bears Columbus, like a
 steed of beauty bounding,
 Springs to shore with trembling motion
 from the foamy-crested tide.

XVI.

Sudden falls a sailor forward as they rise to
 stem the water;—
 And it seem'd by chance he totter'd, and
 it seem'd by chance he fell,
 But he stretch'd a hand unnoticed to the
 ocean's lovely daughter,
 And he touch'd the hem that sparkled
 'neath the wavy water's swell!

XVII.

Lift the Cross, O great Columbus!—let it
 stand beside the wildwood,
 Let it rest on earth in token of the Sa-
 viour's sacred reign;—
 Still a hand that "crossed" the forehead of
 an exile in his childhood
 Has been first to take possession 'neath
 the waters of the main!

XVIII.

Raise the Spanish nation's banner where the
 startled natives rally,
 Let it wave a joyous greeting tow'rds the
 sunny smiling shore,
 But the unseen hand that touch'd it once
 above a blooming valley
 Waiv'd adieu to home, to kindred,—Mother
 Erin evermore!

POEMS OF REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

SONNET.

WHAT forgest, blacksmith! on thine anvil
there? [bound.

"Chains do I forge." Thyself in chains art
What dost thou plough, O serf? "I till the
ground." [fare.

Ay, for thy lords, the fruit—weeds, for thy
What hunttest, sportsman? "The swift-
footed hare."

On thine own track is now a human hound.
What weavest, fisher? "Nets; for fish
abound."

Thyself art netted in a deadly snare.

Whom, mother! in that cradle rockest thou?
"My boy." That he may live and one day
smite

His motherland in service of her foe.

What, poet! in thy books art writing now?

"Of mine, and of my people's shame I write,
That in the dust, like slaves, they crouch so
low."

ERIN.

As rose of old the Jews from out the gloom
Of Egypt's thralldom, fated not to see,
Themselves the Promised Land of liberty,
Before upon them closed the sightless tomb;
So not thy sons to-day, but those to come,
My Mother Erin! will behold thee free;
For at the fires that cleanse must kindled be
The torch that Freedom's pathway would
illumine.

From Mount Sinai's cloud-encircled brow,
The Prophet saw that shining land afar,
On which himself was destined ne'er to
stand;

So gazing down the Future's vista now,
I see thy forehead crowned with Freedom's
star,

And worship thee in silence, Motherland!

MY MOTHERLAND.

I.

WHAT caused this Spring of Song to start
To sudden life within my heart?

My Motherland!

Long years I've wandered far and wide,
To Southern climes o'er ocean's tide—

Nor felt my brow by breezes fanned,
So soft as thine, My Motherland!

II.

But ah! the glare of Southern skies
Awhile quite hid thee from mine eyes,

My Motherland!

For when these sunny shores I sought,
True happiness is here, I thought,

Till dim became, on foreign strand,
Thine image fair, My Motherland!

III.

How blithely sang the feathered throng,
In Spring thy leafy woods among,

My Motherland!

Marred by the Summer's sultry heat,
Their songs sound here not half so sweet:

They've winged their flight—that tuneful
band—

To Thee, My Emerald Motherland!

IV.

Once echoed, with a joyous ring,
My songs to music of thy Spring,

My Motherland!

The South to me no song hath brought,
Of Spring itself I seldom thought,

Oppressed as by enchanter's wand,—
Thou brok'st the spell, My Motherland!

V.

The priceless gifts of Love and Truth,
 Thou gavest me in days of youth,
 My Motherland!
 Ere I departed from thy shore,
 Now draw me back to thee once more;
 I list the voice of their command,
 And come to thee, My Motherland!

VI.

And as I turn again to thee,
 My heart throbs with Joy's ecstasy,
 My Motherland!
 And like the lark, when dawns the light,
 Wings heavenward its viewless flight,
 And greets with song that smiling land—
 My own, my Irish Motherland!

HUMAN LIFE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF MELCHIOR DIEZ.

Thy tender blooms, O Spring! are they no
 more?
 Where, Summer, is thy wealth of verdant
 leaves?
 And who hath robbed thee, Autumn, of thy
 store
 Of golden sheaves?

The years ebb swiftly from us and decay,
 The seasons' varied gifts of loveliness
 Into the gulf profound are whirled away
 Of nothingness.

The bud that opens to the dewy dawn,
 That blooms a perfect flower 'neath mid-
 day skies,
 When Night, with sable wing, sweeps down
 upon
 The earth—it dies.

What then is Life? The shadow of a shade;
 And Pride and Glory? Playthings of an
 hour;
 So too, with all things else, O Youth, shall
 fade
 Thy beauty's flower.

THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MANARA.

Open this urn. What world-wide doth lie
 Shrunk in the compass of this mute stone
 vase!
 Thou extinct thunderbolt of war, lo! I
 Salute thy crownless ashes while I gaze
 Bewildered and abashed, and vainly try
 Of that dread conqueror to find some trace,
 Whose wormy dust wrung many a tribute
 sigh
 From heart of Asia in the far-off days.
 Now dark Oblivion covers with its shroud
 The name and tomb of him, before the sweep
 Of whose victorious chariot nations bowed.
 Upgathering in my hand the tiny heap
 Of dust:—"Behold, O Kings!" I cry aloud,
 "Earth's conqueror in these ashes lies
 asleep!"

THE ROSE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BERTI.

Queen of the garden bowers!
 Who dost thy sister flowers
 In loveliness outshine;
 I pray thee tell to me,
 Who hath bestowed on thee
 Those radiant hues of thine?

Two rays of heavenly light
 Commingle and unite
 To paint my crimson leaves;—
 A ray of dawn-flushed skies,
 A purple beam when dies
 The light of vernal eves.

Rose, whom the sun hath given
 These lustrous tints of heaven
 With beauty as thy dower;
 I marvel whence has come
 Thy odorous perfume,
 And pray thee tell, O Flower!

Two wooing winds have kissed me,
 Leaving as they caressed me
 Their meed of fragrance rare;
 A March wind fresh and glowing,
 A breeze of April blowing
 From fields of balmy air.

O incense-laden blossom!
 Who openest thy bosom
 To airs o'er sea-waves borne;
 I pray thee tell to me
 Who hath protected thee
 With sharp and prickly thorn?

Two angels from above
 Around my frail stem wove
 This wreath of thorns, that never
 With touch profane and rude,
 The hand of spoiler should
 Me from that stem dis sever.

THE POPPY-FLOWER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

WHEN round our path life's evening
 glooms,

The very Spring is sad to see,
 For then its wealth of verdant blooms
 Seems but a wanton mockery;
 Of all the flowers we then behold,
 Whose petals at Love's touch unfold,
 In radiant loveliness outspread—
 Alas! 'tis meet we pluck but one
 To shed its perfumed sweetness on
 The pillow of a dying bed.

Pluck me that poppy-flower that glows
 Amid the shadows of the wheat,
 'Tis said the balm that from it flows
 Trances the soul in slumber sweet;
 Life-weary, worn with age and pain,
 A dream, pursuing dreams in vain—

Ah! not for me who can but weep
 The glory of these vernal skies—
 What best comports with drooping eyes?
 The flower that seals their lids in sleep.

TWO SONNETS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

I.

I'm wont to hold my head erect always,
 Haughty, self-willed, in this not over wise;
 And tho' a king should look me in the eyes
 I would not lower them before his gaze:
 And yet, I say it, mother, in thy praise,
 When thou art near no scornful thoughts
 uprise,
 The pride that swells my bosom wholly dies.
 Is it because thy nobler spirit sways
 My being with some subtle spell of might,
 That to my heart's recesses flashes bright
 Thy calm, grave glance winged with celestial
 light?
 It pains me to remember, mother mine,
 How oft I've saddened that fond heart of
 thine,
 That heart which loves me with a love divine.

II.

In mad delusion once I strayed from thee,
 And fain would travel earth from shore to
 shore,
 Find love and make it mine forevermore:
 On every street and highway ceaselessly
 I sought for love, and oft on bended knee,
 With hand outstretched, I begged at every
 door,
 The alms of love, I craved it o'er and o'er—
 Hatred's cold smile was all they vouchsafed me.
 And still in quest of love I wandered ever,
 Wandered in quest of love, but found it
 never.
 Homeward I turned in weariness and pain,
 Thou camest forth to meet thy erring child,
 Then beaming in thine eyes, serenely mild,
 Was, ah! that kindly love long sought in vain.

POEMS OF MRS. M. F. SULLIVAN.

THE IRISH FAMINE—1880.

SERENELY on the ocean sits an island in the sheen
Of silver skies and purple hills and pastures ever green.
The corn is waving gladsomely, the white flocks bleat with glee;
And tawny herds shake silken sides in valley, glen, and lea;
Fish frolic in the rivers, birds carol in the trees,
White sails gleam in the harbors, ships throng her busy quays:—
It was not thence that groan came forth?—again it swells on high;
In Ireland's bread and meat enough—not hers a famine cry?

O miracle of miracles! O wondrous cause of wonder!
Proclaim the story to mankind with trumpet of the thunder!
A fertile, generous, joyous land, forbid to feed its people
By laws enacted 'neath the shade of consecrated steeple!
Starvation made by statute—famine a legal code
For subjects of a government with an "established" God!
Look not into their genial soil for hunger's helpless cause—
The Irish people famish—to obey their English laws.

They plough and plant, they sow and reap, they weave and spin all day,
The English fleet is at their wharves to bear it all away!

Their father's land the alien owns; the landlords own their labor;
Their mortgaged lives have been foreclosed to glut their English neighbor!
Their rulers, oh, are noble! See yonder mincing earl!
His sire went forth to Ireland a thieving English churl,
He pulled from out the shallows the king's ship's entangled flukes,—
His sovereign dubbed him on the shore the first of Irish dukes!

Behold the lovely vista within yon Irish dale!
The rosy dawn is blushing behind her hazy veil;
The brooklet prattles on the sward, the linnets' early notes
Are answered from the foliage by countless tuneful throats;
The zephyrs tease the tassels of the nodding, drowsy grain
That soon will be awakened to be tossed into the wain:—
Now o'er the luscious landscape the sun's broad rays are broke,
And from the cottage chimneys ascends the cheery smoke!

The morning mists have disappeared—the vision is still clearer,—
What terror-stricken band is that whose feet are hurrying nearer?
God of justice! God of mercy! They are weeping, they are shrieking!
There is frenzy on their faces, and some with wounds are reeking!
The bailiff horde behind them in cruel fury comes,
For the smoke we saw ascending was the burning of their homes!

So this is Irish famine and this is English law,

And this the saddest sight on earth that Sorrow ever saw!

Nature's heart is touched with pity, Nature's eyes with tears are filled,

While the people die of hunger in the fields that they have tilled!

From the pastures low the cattle, "For the stranger is our flesh;"

Moans the wind unto the harvest: "For the stranger you must thresh;"

And the sheep bleat sadly seaward from green gorges in the rocks;

"The stranger wears our wool, and the stranger eats our flocks;"

And the horses paw in fury as they neigh from out the manger,

"Oh, we would fight for Ireland—but our backs are for the stranger!"

In this band of homeless outcasts limps a cripple whose deep scars

Tell of service as a soldier, perhaps in foreign wars;

An arm is gone; he totters; in youth his hair is white,

Is it hunger makes you tremble who shrank not in the fight?

The coat he wears is tattered—why, the color! yes 'tis blue!

Were you ever in America? pale friend, oh, tell me true!

The ashen lips grow livid, the face becomes less wan,—

"Ay, was I," proudly answers he, "I fought with Sheridan!

Before the war was over, here my aged father died;

The only daughter, fair and young, lies buried at his side;

The dear old mother lingered still,—to shelter her from harm

I came across the water, and worked the little farm;

'Twas taken from us yesterday"—"And she?" "She died last night—

Of hunger, hunger—oh, great God! that son should see such sight!

In battle I ne'er trembled—in the whirr of shot and shell

I rushed with demon recklessness within the living hell!

To-day I shake with palsy, unmanned by hunger's pangs;

I feel about my breaking heart a slimy creature's fangs;

And all are gone who loved me, the last one of my kin;—

Patrick drove the serpents out to let the reptiles in!"

Lo, here a mother hurries, in her fleshless arms a child,

Her limbs begin to fail her, her face is white and wild;

Full twenty miles she walked to-day to reach a poor-house door,

And keep the feeble, flickering light in eyes that ope no more!

Dead the babe upon her bosom! Oh, mother's mighty sorrow,

Bewail in vain your journey's length! Bewail your awful morrow!

"Dear turf," she faintly murmurs, "take the life I could not save!

Oh, land that dare not give her bread, give my sweet child a grave!"

She falls—she dies—but not until her voice has stirred the tombs:

"Victoria, with my milkless breasts, I curse your English wombs!"

Philanthropist and missionary lives on St. George's channel—

Sends Bibles—to the Pope of Rome, and to the tropics—flannel!

Prays godly prayers for *foreign* sin before her holy altars,

The while her hands twist at her back for Ireland's neck a halter!

In *foreign* lands protects the weak with treaties—or with cannon!

And turns the dagger in the heart of her sister on the Shannon!

So generous to her foreign foes they praise her to the sky—

And leaves her Irish subjects *one* privilege—to die!

Come nations of both continents, behold a
Land of Graves!
Come Russia, with Siberia! France bring
your galley slaves!
Come, leering Turk, with dripping knife,
refreshed in Christian gore—
Bashi-Bazouks, hold up your heads! be ye
ashamed no more!
O empires of a humane world! behold this
Christian nation,
That *makes* her people paupers, and grants
them then—starvation!

A PAPER-KNIFE OF IRISH OAK.

I.

THE fair young oak that gave thy blade
To carver with a cunning hand,
Stood ages since within a glade
Of that forever shadowed land
Where lies a slave did once command
The world of science, art and craft:
The fair strong oak that made thy haft
Leafed first in rapture near a strand
Where armored Northmen once did wade
From bristling galleys, fore and aft,
To meet oak spears, with gleaming tips,

That drove them, reeling, to their ships,
Like pallid fiends, with terror daft:
For, high above the silver sand,
Where spears and banners meet and mix,
They hear the chant of holy lips,
They see a god-like figure stand
And hold against them, like a wand,
A simple oaken crucifix.

II.

And deeper in the shadowed glade
Where grew thy fair young parent tree;
Where spiced winds and cedars swayed,
The sun's last rays reluctant fade
On abbey tower overlaid
With braided ivy, tress on tress:
While, sweetly, from its dim recess
Through cell and chapel, floats a wave
Of undulating stringed chords:
The abbess' voice, majestic, grave,
Gliding through chancel, crypt and nave,
Repeats in glorious Gaelic words
A song of heavenly joy and hope
That thrills the ancient gray grim dun,
And rises o'er the moated scarp,
Whose warders' sightless eyelids ope
When, with the setting of the sun,
The abbess smites her oaken harp.

A POEM BY ISABEL C. IRWIN.

ON AN INFANT'S DEATH.

IF but one word could bring thee back
To life, that word would be unsaid—
The world would never give to thee
The peace that slumbers with the dead.
Wert thou a man, that could go forth
And bravely meet the rushing tide
Of life, I then might call thee back
To earth. Thou wert not; therefore hide
Thy infant head still calmly here
In this thy peaceful solitude.
No tale of sin or sorrow can

In thy lone resting-place intrude;
There, my sweet child, thou'lt never know
The endless cares and bitter strife,
The few brief joys, the many tears
That constitute a woman's life.
Well, well I know no tears but those
Which I have shed will damp thy cheek.
Removed from all the cares that bow
The head in sadness, who would seek
To bring thee back, when every hour
I know that thou art calmly sleeping,
Laid gently from thy mother's heart
In God's own holy keeping?

POEMS OF T. C. IRWIN.

MINNIE.

- O CRYSTAL Well,
Play daintily on golden sands,
When she comes at morning lonely
Followed by her shadow only
To bathe those little dainty hands,
Always gathering
Seeds to make her blue bird sing,
O Crystal Well.
- O Forest brown,
Breathe thy richest twilight balm
As she wanders pulling willow
Leaflets for her fragrant pillow,
Which, with snowy cheek of calm,
She shall press with half-closed eyes,
While the great stars o'er thee rise,
O Forest brown.
- O Lady Moon,
Light her as she mounts the stair
To her little sacred chamber,
Like a mother; and remember,
When she slumbers, full of prayer,
Sweetly then to fill her heart
With dreams of Heaven, where thou art,
O Lady Moon.

SONG OF ALL HALLOWS' EVE.

I.

THE year is growing aged and dull,
Late rise the days, and weary soon;
With morning fog the fields are full,
And fall the leaves with evening's moon;
Shut to the doors, and gather nigher,
Our Summer time is scarcely past;
Beside the fire, with cup and lyre,
We'll soon out-sing the winter blast.
Hour upon hour
Over our bower,
Shining and swift, departs, departs;
Time to-night will quicken his flight,
To follow awhile our bounding hearts.

II.

Lo! Autumn passed with face of care
This eve along the dusty road:
Nut clusters tinkled in his hair,
And rosy apples formed his load:
All friendless, by the withered thorn,
The kind brown Spirit lingered long—
Log heap the fire, sing higher, higher,
And cheer his ghost with light and song.
Hour after hour
Over our bower,
Mellow and mild, departs, departs;
Time to-night must quicken his flight,
To follow awhile our bounding hearts.

III.

Send round the wine of Summer earth,
And speed the Winter's twilight game;
Send maidens round the glowing hearth,
And guess at lovers by the flame.
Soon Love shall ring from yonder spire
The joy each fairy nut foretells;
Love strike the lyre, Love guard the fire,
And tune our lives like marriage bells.
Hour on hour
Over our bower,
Shining and swift, departs, departs;
Time to-night has quickened his flight,
To follow awhile our bounding hearts.

IV.

Smile, silvered Age, upon the band
Of joyous children grouped below,
Bright travellers from the morning land
Where we have wandered years ago.
The dawning heart to heaven is nigher
Than wisdom's snowiest brow can soar;
Sing to the lyre, circle the fire,
And mingle with your youth once more!
Hour upon hour
Over our bower,
Shining and swift, departs, departs;
Time to-night has quickened his flight,
To follow awhile our bounding hearts.

V.

Far-off the monarchs march to war,
 Amid the trumpet's storming tones,
 Or, frowning, worship victory's star,
 Upon their sword-illuminated thrones.
 The noise of chain and cannon dire
 Rolls bleakly through the barren hours—
 Sing to the lyre, close round the fire,
 Our only chains are chains of flowers!
 Hour on hour
 Over our bower,
 Shining and swift, departs, departs;
 Time, though a king, has quickened his
 wing
 This night; to follow our bounding hearts.

IV.

Loud o'er the roof the tempest moans,
 And mirth would last as loud and long;
 But yonder bell, in trembling tones,
 Has blended with our ceasing song.
 The children drowse, the girls retire
 To dream of love and fortune's smile—
 Farewell, old lyre, and friendly fire,
 And happy souls, farewell awhile,
 Hour on hour
 Over our bower,
 Mellow and mild, departs, departs—
 Now Time will sing beneath his wing
 A soothing song to our dreaming
 hearts.

POEMS OF J. F. WALLER, LL.D.

A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning:
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
 Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
 Is croning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting—
 "Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
 "'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
 "Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
 "'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the
 foot's stirring;
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
 singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"—
 "'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
 "What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
 And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun'?"—
 There's a form at the casement—the form of her true-love—
 And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;
 Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the
 foot's stirring;
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
 singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays
 her fingers,
 Steals up from the seat—longs to go, and yet
 lingers;
 A frightened glance turns to her drowsy
 grandmother;
 Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel
 with the other.
 Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's
 sound;
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
 The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of
 her lover.
 Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel
 swings;
 Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
 Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their
 ringing and moving,
 Thro' the grove the young lovers by moon-
 light are roving.

DANCE LIGHT, FOR MY HEART IT
 LIES UNDER YOUR FEET, LOVE.

AIR—*"Huish the cat from under the table."*

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that
 wheel—
 Your neat little foot will be weary from
 spinning;
 Come trip down with me to the sycamore
 tree,
 Half the parish is there, and the dance is be-
 ginning.
 The sun is gone down, but the full harvest
 moon
 Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened
 valley;
 While all the air rings with the soft, loving
 things,
 Each little bird sings in the green shaded
 alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the
 while,
 Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair,
 glancing;
 'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues—
 So she couldn't but choose to go off to the
 dancing,
 And now on the green, the glad groups are
 seen—
 Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his
 choosing;
 And Pat, without fail, leads our sweet Kitty
 Neil—
 Somehow when he asked, she ne'er thought
 of refusing.

Now, Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
 And, with flourish so free, sets each couple
 in motion;
 With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter
 the ground—
 The maids move around just like swans on
 the ocean.
 Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the
 doe's,
 Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing—
 Search the world all round, from the sky to
 the ground,
 NO SUCH SIGHT CAN BE FOUND AS AN
 IRISH LASS DANCING.

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes
 of deep blue
 Beaming humbly through their dark lashes
 so mildly,
 Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast,
 rounded form,
 Nor feels his heart warm, and his pulses
 throb wildly?
 Young Pat feels his heart, as his gazes, de-
 part,
 Subdued by the smart of such painful yet
 sweet love;
 The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a
 sigh,
*"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your
 feet, love!"*

POEMS OF ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

THE BLACK '46.—A RETROSPECT.

Out away across the river,
Where the purple mountains meet,
There's as green a wood as iver
Fenced you from the flamin' heat.
And opposite up the mountain,
Seven ancient cells you see,
And, below, a holy fountain
Sheltered by a sacred tree;
While between, across the tillage,
Two boreens full up wid broom
Draw ye down into the village
All in ruin on the coom;
For the most heart-breakin' story
Of the fearful famine year,
On the silent wreck before ye
You may read charactered clear.
You are young, too young for ever
To rec'llect the bitter blight,
How it crep' across the river
Unbeknownt beneath the night;
Till we woke up in the mornin'
And beheld our country's curse
Wave abroad its heavy warnin'
Like the white plumes of a hearse.

To our gardens, heavy-hearted,
In that dreadful summer's dawn
Young and ould away we started
Wid the basket and the slan,
But the heart within the bosom
Gave one leap of awful dread
At each darlin' pratie blossom,
White and purple, lyin' dead.
Down we dug, but only scattered
Poisoned spuds along the slope;
Though each ridge in vain it flattered
Our poor hearts' revivin' hope.
But the desperate toil we'd double
On into the evenin' shades;
'Till the earth to share our trouble
Shook beneath our groanin' spades;

Till a mist across the meadows
From the graveyard rose and spread,
And, 'twas rumored, ghostly shadows,
Phantoms of our fathers dead,
Moved among us, wildly sharin'
In the women's sobs and sighs,
And our stony, still despairin',
Till night covered up the skies.
Then we knew for bitter certain
That the vinom-breathin' cloud,
Closin' still its cruel curtain,
Surely yet would be our shroud.
And the fearful sights did folly,
Och! no voice could rightly tell,
But that constant, melancholy
Murmur of the passin' bell;
Till to toll it none among us
Strong enough at last we found,
And a silence overhung us
Awfuller nor any sound.

CHILDREN AND LOVERS.

We were children playing together,
On Mona's magic isle,
In her witching April weather,
Of laughter, and sigh, and smile,
We were children, playing together
For a happy, happy while.

We were lovers, straying together,
So lightly over the land
That we scarcely ruffled the heather,
Hardly printed the sand,
We were lovers, straying together,
On Mona's fairy strand.

And still there are children playing
On the self-same shore and hill;
And still there are lovers straying
By Mona's elfin rill;
For our children are round us playing,
And we—we are lovers still.

IRISH SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

Show me a sight
Bates for delight

An ould Irish wheel with a young Irish girl
at it.

O! No!

Nothin' you'll show

Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

Look at her there,

Night in her hair—

The blue ray of day from her eye laughing
out on us!

Faix, an' a fut,

Perfect of cut,

Peepin' to put an end in all doubt in us.

That there's a sight, etc.

How the lamb's wool

Turns coarse and dull

By them soft, beautiful, weeshy, white hands
of her;

Down goes her heel,

Roun' runs the reel,

Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands
of her.

Then show me the sight, etc.

Talk of Three Fates,

Saited on saits,

Spinnin' and shearin' away till they've done
for me.

You may want three

For your massacre;

But one fate for me, boys, and only the one
for me.

And

Isn't that fate,

Pictured complete,

An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl
at it!

O! No!

Nothin' you'll show

Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

POEMS OF EUGENE DAVIS.

CROSS AND CROWN.

MARK the cost of conflict, brothers, count
your sorrows and your pains—

Ruined homesteads, stakes and scaffolds,
Chillon cells, and countless chains;

You must suffer while one vestige of the
alien rule remains!

Weigh you not the throes of travail, and its
agonies untold,

Heralds of the birth of Freedom, prophets of
that age of gold

Where a new world starts to greet us from
the ashes of the old!

Shadows steal before the sunshine. After
darkness cometh light;

Phœbus is the noblest offspring of the deity
of Night;

Peace can snatch its olive laurels from the
gory arms of Might.

So we reach Aurora's broadlands, struggling
through the toilsome fray,

Panting for a glorious guerdon in our cere-
ments of clay,

Watching from our sable towers for the mes-
sengers of day.

Shall our hearts and hands grow weary, as
we climb Golgotha's hill?

Must despair benumb our sinews? Shall we
lose the iron will

That could stay the tyrant's onslaught, and
defy his satraps still?

Know we not the Crown awaits us on the
precipices high?

See we not glad omens flashing o'er the
wastes of sea and sky?

Hear we not our arch-priests preaching:
"Ireland's Cause can never die!"

Must the Castle curfew, brothers, be the re-
 quiem bell that tolls
 Death to faith that should sustain us long as
 Time's broad river rolls?
 Can the gyves his henchmen fashion for our
 bodies bind our souls?

Tell me not his bribes and presents or his
 sleek Satanic art
 Tempted men of brain and muscle e'er to
 act the baser part!
 Tell me not his deepest dungeons can en-
 chain one Irish heart!

"No Surrender!" let the watchwords flash
 like starbeams o'er the waves!
 "No Surrender!" be the voices ringing from
 our fathers' graves!
 We must be his equals, brothers—we shall
 never be his slaves!

A REVERIE.

SAITH the dewdrop to the rose: "Through
 the watches of the night
 Fond delight
 Do I find me cradled so, like a welcome guest
 at rest
 On thy breast!"

Then the rose—it seemed to blush, just as
 modest maiden would;
 And the hood
 Coyly o'er its face it drew, for it well knew
 that the dew
 Dared to woo.

Saith the zephyr to the sea: "I am weary of
 the land—
 Hill and strand;
 I would kiss thee o'er and o'er, flying from
 the prudish shore
 Evermore!"

Then a smiling ripple stole o'er the features
 of the sea:
 Merrily
 Did it answer to the dleadings and the melt-
 ing melodies
 Of the breeze.

Saith the bridegroom to the bride: "I am as
 the dew that knows
 But the rose,
 Or the zephyr seeking refuge from Earth's
 freezing cruelty
 In the sea."

Naught the trembling bride could utter—
 naught she to the bridegroom said,
 But her head
 Somehow slipped or somehow stumbled to a
 soft and cozy nest
 On his breast!

And I saw this threefold sight, while the
 starlets flashed their light
 Thro' the night,
 And the fragrant skies o'erhead poured their
 kisses on the mouth
 Of the South!

And a sadness, as of Oreus, pealed its dirges
 thro' my soul:
 At each toll
 Death came near and ever nearer o'er the
 foolish dreams of love
 I once wove.

For I had no rose to treasure on this Sahara
 of woe
 Here below;
 And if Fates had drawn a veil betwixt the
 sea and me
 Rigidly.

And the bride who had her rest, once as dar-
 ling and as guest,
 On my breast,
 Changed for mine the Reaper's arms, and
 the wealth of life I gave
 For the grave!

POEMS OF T. D. SULLIVAN.

O'NEIL IN ROME.

[Hugh O'Neil after his flight to Rome, continued for some years to nurse a hope that another movement for freedom might be attempted in Ireland. He knew that all over the Continent there were at that time many valiant Irish officers and soldiers who held the same hope, and who were making preparations to realize it; and he had reason to think that aid from some powerful quarters would be forthcoming. His expectations and plans were not unknown to the English Government, who had spies watching those Irishmen everywhere. One of those informants, writing from Rome to a person in London, gave the following account of O'Neil's condition and habits: "Though a man would think that he is an old man by sight; no, he is lusty and strong, and well able to travel; for, a month ago, at evening, when his frere and his gentlemen were all with him, they were talking of England and Ireland, and he drew out his sword. 'His Majesty,' said he, 'thinks that I am not stroug. I would that he who hates me most in England were with me to see whether I am strong or no.' Those that were by said, 'We would we were with forty thousand pounds of money in Ireland, to see what we should do.'" Another informant, writing to the king, says he has learned "that Tyrone, whilst he is his own man, is always much reserved, pretending ever his desire of your Majesty's grace, and by that means to adoperate his return to his country; but when he is *vina plenus et ira*, as he is commonly once a night, and therein is *veritas*, he doth then declare his resolute purpose to die in Ireland, and both he and his company doth usually in that mood dispose of governments and provinces, and make new commonwealths." Those documents will be found in full in Father Meehan's valuable work, "The Fate and Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell." The following poem, suggested by those circumstances in the life of the exiled chieftain, is also published in the same work:]

WHERE yellow Tiber's waters flow,
Within the seven-hilled city's bound,
An aged chief with footsteps slow,
Moves sadly o'er the storied ground;
Or from his palace window panes,
Looks out upon the matchless dome,
The ruins grand, the glorious fanes,
That stud the soil of holy Rome.
But, oh! for Ireland far away—
For Ireland in the western sea!
The chieftain's heart is there to-day;
And there, in truth, he fain would be.

On every side the sweet bells ring,
And faithful people bend in pray'r;
Sweet hymns, that angel choirs might sing,
And loud hosannas, fill the air.

His place is with the princely crowd,
Amidst the noblest and the best;
His large, white head is lowly bowed;
His hands are clasped before his breast.
But, oh! for Ireland far away—
For Ireland, dear, with all her ills—
For Mass in fair Tyrone to-day,
Amid the circling Irish hills!

Kind friends are round him—pious freres,
And pastors of Christ's mystic fold;
The holy Pope, 'mid many cares,
For him has blessings, honors, gold;
Grave fathers, speaking words of balm,
Bid him forget the bygone strife,
And spend, resigned in holy calm,
The years that close a noble life.
But, oh! for Ireland! there again
The grand old chieftain fain would be,
'Midst glittering spears, on hill or plain,
To charge for Faith and Liberty!

His fellow exiles—men who bore,
With him, the brunt of many a fight—
Talk past and future chances o'er,
Around his table grouped at night.
While speeds each tale of grief or glee,
With tears their furrowed cheeks are wet;
And oft they rise and vow to see
A glorious day in Ireland yet.
And, oh! for Ireland o'er the main—
For Ireland, where they yet shall be,
Since Irish braves, in France and Spain,
Have steel and gold to set her free.

He sits, abstracted, by the board;
Old scenes are pictured in his brain—
Benburb! Armagh! the Yellow Ford!
He fights and wins them o'er again.
Again he sees fierce Bagnal fall;
Sees craven Essex basely yield;

Meets armored Segrave, gaunt and tall,
 And leaves him lifeless on the field.
 But, oh! for Ireland—there once more
 To rouse the true men of the land,
 And proudly bear, from shore to shore,
 The banner of the "Blood-red Hand!"

And when the wine within him plays,
 Bold, hopeful words the chief will speak;
 He draws his shining sword, and says:
 "The King of England deems me weak!
 Ah, would the Englishman were nigh
 That hates me most—my deadliest foe—
 To cross his sword with mine, and try
 If this right arm be weak or no!"

But, oh! for Ireland, where good swords
 And valiant arms are needed most,
 To fall on England's cruel hordes,
 And sweep them from the Irish coast!

Years come and go; but, while they roll,
 His limbs grow weak, his eyes grow dim;
 The hopes die out that buoyed his soul;
 War's mighty game is closed for him.
 Before him from the earth have passed
 Friends, kinsmen, comrades true and
 brave;
 And well he knows he nears, at last,
 His place of rest—a foreign grave!
 But, oh! for Ireland far away—
 For Irish love and holy zeal;
 Oh for a grave in Irish clay,
 To wrap the heart of HUGH O'NEIL!

THE OLD EXILE.

A YOUTH to manhood growing,
 With dark brown curls flowing,
 O'er brow and temples glowing,
 I came across the sea;
 And now my head is hoary;
 But land of song and story—
 Green Isle of ancient glory—
 My heart is still with thee.

Thy hopes still clung around me,
 Thy bonds forever bound me
 And on all occasions found me

Within the midst of those,
 Whose love was ever paid thee,
 Who met to cheer and aid thee,
 And at a distance made thee
 A terror to thy foes.

Long through this sad sojourning,
 My heart and brain were burning,
 With hopes of yet returning
 To Erin, glad and free;
 My hopes were unavailing,
 I feel my strength is failing;
 And still that bitter wailing
 Is drifting o'er the sea.

But I have yet, thank Heaven,
 Four gallant sons, of seven
 My Irish wife has given,
 To soothe my life's decline;
 Four youths of noble bearing,
 Of spirits high and daring,
 Whose hearts are ever sharing
 Those cherished dreams of mine.

And should my dear land ever
 Renew the old endeavor,
 Her cruel bonds to sever,
 Though I can strive no more,
 Four soldiers brave I'll send her,
 To aid her and defend her;
 And thus I still can render
 Allegiance as of yore.

I have one gentle daughter;—
 How fondly I have taught her
 Of Erin o'er the water,—

An island green and fair;
 And marked her bright eyes shining,
 As, on my knees reclining,
 I kissed her, while entwining
 Fresh Shamrocks in her hair.

Her mother's songs she sings me,
 Sweet thoughts of home she brings me;
 The secret pang that wrings me
 Her breast can never know.
 But Irish love, so purely,
 Runs through, I rest securely
 Thereon, and say that, surely,
 'Twill never nurse a foe.

But life is fading slowly,—
 My friends must lay me lowly,
 Far from that abbey holy
 I loved through all the past.
 The world grows dim before me,
 A broad wing closes o'er me;
 But, Erin dear, that bore me
 I love thee to the last!

“GOD SAVE IRELAND!”

I.

HIGH upon the gallows-tree
 Swung the noble-hearted Three,
 By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their
 bloom;
 But they met him face to face,
 With the courage of their race;
 And they went with souls undaunted to their
 doom.
 “God save Ireland!” said the heroes;
 “God save Ireland!” said they all:
 “Whether on the scaffold high
 Or the battle-field we die,
 Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we
 fall!”

II.

Girt around with cruel foes,
 Still their spirit proudly rose,
 For they thought of friends that loved them,
 far and near:

Of the millions true and brave
 O'er the ocean's swelling wave,
 And the friends in holy Ireland, ever dear.
 “God save Ireland!” said they proudly;
 “God save Ireland!” said they all:
 “Whether on the scaffold high
 Or the battle-field we die,
 Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we
 fall!”

III.

Climbed they up the rugged stair,
 Rung their voices out in prayer,
 Then with England's fatal cord around them
 cast,
 Close beneath the gallows tree,
 Kissed like brothers lovingly,
 True to home, and faith, and freedom to the
 last.
 “God save Ireland!” prayed they loudly:
 “God save Ireland!” said they all;
 “Whether on the scaffold high
 Or the battle-field we die,
 Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we
 fall!”

IV.

Never till the latest day
 Shall the memory pass away
 Of the gallant lives thus given for our land:
 But on the cause must go,
 Amid joy, or weal, or woe,
 Till we make our isle a nation free and grand.
 “God save Ireland!” say we proudly;
 “God save Ireland!” say we all,
 “Whether on the scaffold high
 Or the battle-field we die,
 Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we
 fall!”

A POEM BY DR. WILLIAM DRENNAN.

WHEN ERIN FIRST ROSE.

[This noble song might almost be termed a national hymn. It was composed by Dr. Drennan, in the stirring period of Ninety-eight, and is evidence of the patriotism Belfast and Belfast Protestants felt for Ireland at that time. Before his day the principal poems of the land were in Irish, thenceforth the poetic patriotism of the land organized the English language to its purpose.

Moore referred to this poem as "that beautiful but rebellious song." Lover says of it: "In the following poem the feelings of an unflinching patriot of the period are eloquently poured forth, and no one, I think, can deny much poetic power and artistic accomplishment to these lines; forcible imagery and antithetic point are given in flowing verse and good language. Take it for all in all, the ode is worthy of admiration, and suggests proofs to a thinking reader of these days (when we may calmly consider events more than half a century past) that the disaffection existing in Ireland at that time did not, as has sometimes been misrepresented, exist principally among the lower and ignorant classes. Moreover, it appears to me the whole heart of a nation must have been roused *before* such lines *could* have been written; they are rather the effect than the cause of commotion—the fringe of foam on the dark rush of the torrent. This ode may be ranked among the highest examples of patriotic exhortation and political invective."

WHEN Erin first rose from the dark swelling
flood,

God blessed the green island and saw it was
good;

The Em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and
shone

In the ring of the world the most precious
stone:

In ner sun, in her soil, in her station thrice
blest,

With her back towards Britain, her face to
the West,

Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep
shore,

And strikes her high harp, 'mid the ocean's
deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and
to weep,

The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the
deep;

At the thought of the Past, the tears gush
from her eyes

And the pulse of her heart makes her white
bosom rise.

O Sons of Green Erin! lament o'er the time
When religion was war, and our country a
crime—

When man in God's image inverted his plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man.

When the int'rest of State wrought the gen-
eral woe,

The stranger a friend, and the native a foe;
While the mother rejoiced o'er her children
oppressed

And clasped the invader more close to her
breast.

When with Pale for the body and Pale for
the soul,

Church and State joined in compact, to con-
quer the whole:

And as Shannon was stained with Milesian
blood

Eyed each other askance and pronounced it
was good.

By the groans that ascend from your fore-
fathers' grave,

For their country thus left to the brute and
the slave,

Drive the demon of bigotry bome to his den
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin
make men;

Let my sons, like the leaves of the Sham-
rock, unite,

A partition of sects from one footstalk of
right,

Give each his full share of the earth and the
sky,

Nor fatten the slave where the serpent
would die.

<p>Alas! for poor Erin! that some are still seen Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to Green; Yet, O, when we're up and they're down, let them live, . Then yield them that mercy which they would not give. Arm of Erin, be strong! but be gentle as brave! And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save! Let no feeling of vengeance presume to de- file, The Cause of, or Men of, the Emerald Isle!</p>	<p>The cause it is good, and the men they are true, And the Green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue, And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share With the full swelling chest, and the fair flowing hair, [brave, Their bosoms heave high for the worthy and But no coward shall rest in that full swelling wave, [blest, Men of Erin, awake! and make haste to be Rise—Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West!</p>
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POEMS OF HUGH FARRAR McDERMOTT.

THE PARTING HOUR.

THE day is past, the night is here,
When friendship's tie we sever,
And she we love shall disappear,
Returning to us never.

So runs the world through weary years:
Ere yet our joys are spoken,
The laughing eye is dimmed with tears,
And tender links are broken.

Oh, sweetest mouth that e'er was made
To kiss a parting lover:
Oh, fairest cheek that e'er was laid
Upon a downy cover.

My life you twine in love's embrace,
Of freedom you deprive me,
And as I dwell on every grace,
To love's despair you drive me.

Your spirit floats upon the air,
In sunny tides I find it;
And when it fades, the world is bare
To him it leaves behind it.

A HIDDEN SORROW.

SAD in the morning, sad in the night,
My life is passed away;
For me this world has no delight,
Nor hope a single ray.

Pale in the shade of fancied wrong
I yield before thy frown,
While round my life misfortunes throng,
And clouds my sorrows crown.

To thee my soul was ever true,
I lived for thee alone;
If other gentle eyes I knew,
They made thee more mine own.

Let not thy pride deny my prayer;
On bended knee and low,
I lay my soul's afflictions bare,
For none but thee to know.

Let not thy breast with woes consume,
Nor brood o'er grievance dead
My wayward love was fiction's bloom,
Whose leaves were tear-drops shed.

If anger should thy bosom burn,
Or sorrow cloud thy mind,
To bygone days O fondly turn
And there thy solace find.

Turn to the days when all the land
Was balmed with rosy air,
When two fond hearts strolled hand in hand
Unknown to strife or care.

Thy soul I drank from out those eyes
That still diviner grew,
Till love, united, reached the skies,
And God pronounced it true!

We loved broad nature, fresh and fair,
We loved our silence, too,
For love that's true professions spare—
Love's golden words are few.

When grief now falls upon thy breast,
Or sorrow dims thine eye,
Upon thy bosom let me rest,
Or with that sorrow die.

COME O'ER THE HILL.

COME o'er the hill when night is still,
My coy and fickle rover;
Come o'er the hill when night is still,
Thro' daisy leaf and clover.

Here I sink on the streamlet's brink,
O here I muse and ponder;
Here I sink on the streamlet's brink,
While love for Bess grows fonder.

O seek my breast and give it rest,
Your head upon my shoulder;
O seek my breast and give it rest,
Ere love and lips grow older.

I'll seize yon sky and fill my eye
With sprites who'll bow before you:
I'll seize yon sky and fill my eye
With fairies who'll adore you.

I'll bring a boon from yonder moon,
A veil of vestal beauty;
I'll bring a boon from yonder moon
Of love and faith and duty.

I'll draw a bar from yonder star,
And round your neck I'll wind it;
That bar will then make you the star,
As Heaven at first designed it.

In yonder flower I'll find your bower,
With sweet aroma blushing;
In yonder flower I'll find your bower,
Your lips and dimples flushing.

The nightingale shall tell her tale
Where cherubs wing the morning;
The nightingale shall tell her tale,
With all my love's adorning.

The brooks that flow and purling go
Across the rocks to glory;
The brooks that flow and purling go,
Soft sing your sunny story.

Your sweet red mouth tastes of the South,
When from it blow the spices;
Your sweet red mouth tastes of the South,
And every wish suffices.

I'll kiss your grace in the streamlet's face,
And tune you to its singing;
I'll kiss your grace in the streamlet's face,
And waltz you to its swinging.

The bud that's chief within its leaf,
In secret sweet shall hold you,
The bud that's chief within its leaf,
With all my love shall fold you.

Come o'er the hill when night is still,
And every star shall bless you;
Come o'er the hill when night is still,
And, Bess, how I'll caress you!

MEAGHER'S BRIGADE.

Now the green plumes nod to the rising sun,
As it leads the way to each bristling gun;
And the soldier's soul is a harp of joy,
Tuned to the glory of Fontenoy.

Solid in mass as woods of oak,
Fierce for the fray as lions awok
Column on column, with martial tread,
Defy the terror of shell and lead.

With shout and yell and stunning peal,
Their courage leaps upon their steel!
With shock and dash, and plunge and stroke,
Mid roaring seas of fire and smoke,
Their desperate valor shakes the earth,
When the foe cries out: "Who gave them
birth?"

With fearless breasts and rushing tread,
Again they charge the rain of lead,
And in the battle's clash and roar,
Anoint their brows with Freedom's gore.

When hand to hand they press attack,
The thund'ring cannon sweep them back;
As more they see red currents flow,
More fiercely on they charge the foe;
And as the dying gasp for life,
Their spirit still impels the strife,—
Like wounded eagles poising high,
They soar in triumph ere they die.

Now cheering with his bugle blast,
The gallant Meagher flies swiftly past;
Through teeming groans and clash and jar,
His trumpet voice thus sounds afar:
"Again to the charge, old Erin's sons!
Again to the charge! Press on your guns!
Behold the green! Think of its fame!
Think how your sires baptized its name!"

Again they charge; it is their last;
On battle mounds their die is cast,
They sink as 'neath the simoon's blast.

O God, how grand! in battle's rage,
Despising life, defying death,
Victory alone could those assuage
Whose names expired with parting breath;
Fame blushed for Fame as heroes fell;
They died for glory more sublime;
While Freedom struck their funeral knell,
Which rings for aye on the ear of time.

In lonely dell, on hill and plain,
Where fade the slain and blooms the sod,
Memory shall dwell, with pride and pain,
While Freedom lives the soul of God;
And poets strike a joyous lay,
A plaintive dirge for its refrain,
When power of wrong has passed away,
And nature's laws shall rule again.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

My dark brown eyes, be not afraid,
Give me thy hand;
Give me thy breath of loving lips,
Nor sink beneath thy wayward slips
Upon the strand
Where breakers land,
And pleasure's wave engulfs the maid
Atwixt the stealth of light and shade.

All plumed and spurred on fiery steed
Love madly rides;
And when, with heaving bound and start,
He plunges o'er the yielding heart,
It then betides
His flame subsides;
And what is left his eager greed?
Delirious limbs,—a passion freed.

The dreamy vista marked between
The light and shade,
Where darkness steals its warp from light,
And light its wefting from the night,
Unfold love's glade.
Where pleasures fade,
Sorties of love and rapture keen,
Which leave no thought of what has been.

What though hot currents thrilled thy blood,
And to his breast
Some other hand had drawn thy head,
And, 'mid thy throbs of bliss and dread,
At his behest
Thou wert his guest,
And all the leaves in virtue's bud
Expanded on wild passion's flood!

The storm that swept across the plain
 No more we share;
 The chastened mead to sunshine springs,
 And memory dwells on happier things;
 Nor thought can bear,
 With foster care
 But treats with brow of cold disdain,
 The waste of love in love's domain.

Whate'er we see or find or trace
 In nature's laws,
 From flower to man, from sun to earth,
 Obeys the laws that gave it birth.
 If by fell cause
 One rule withdraws,
 One duty fails in nature's grace,
 The structure whole is grim and base.

The maid who waits and meditates
 On single life,
 And finds no mate to place the band
 Of holy wedlock on her hand,
 And make her wife,
 Sore feels the strife,
 For incomplete are nature's dates
 Until love's function culminates.

Draw near, my Bess, my angel bright,
 And kiss me warm;
 Pure to this heart thou art aglow
 Like diamonds of the glinting snow,
 And every charm
 Doth doubt disarm,
 And twine thee, as my soul's delight,
 Round love so true, sweet love might knight.

POEMS OF EDWARD LYSAGHT.

THE MAN WHO LED THE VAN OF IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

THE gen'rous sons of Erin, in manly virtue
 bold,
 With hearts and hands preparing our coun-
 try to uphold,
 Though cruel knaves and bigot slaves dis-
 turbed our isle some years,
 Now hail the man who led the van of Irish
 Volunteers.

Just thirty years are ending, since first his
 glorious aid,
 Our sacred rights defending, struck shackles
 from our trade;
 To serve us still, with might and skill, the
 vet'ran now appears,
 That gallant man who led the van of Irish
 Volunteers.

He sows no vile dissensions; good will to
 all he bears;
 He knows no vain pretensions, no paltry
 fears or cares;

To Erin's and to Britain's sons his worth his
 name endears;

They love the man who led the van of Irish
 Volunteers.

Opposed by hirelings sordid, he broke op-
 pression's chain;

On statue-books recorded his patriot acts re-
 main;

The equipoise his mind employs of Com-
 mons, Kings, and Peers

The upright man who led the van of Irish
 Volunteers.

A British constitution (to Erin ever true),
 In spite of state pollution, he gained in
 "Eighty-two;"

*"He watched it in its cradle, and bedewed its
 hearse with tears,"**

This gallant man who led the van of Irish
 Volunteers.

* Mr. Grattan's feeling and impressive words were these:
 "I watched by the cradle of Irish Independence, and I fol-
 lowed its hearse."

While other nations tremble, by proud oppressors galled,
 On hustings we'll assemble, by Erin's welfare called;
 Our Grattan, there we'll meet him, and greet him with three cheers;
 The gallant man who led the van of Irish Volunteers.

KATE OF GARNAVILLA.

HAVE you been at Garnavilla?
 Have you seen at Garnavilla
 Beauty's train trip o'er the plain
 With lovely Kate of Garnavilla?
 Oh! she's pure as virgin snows
 Ere they fall on woodland hill; O
 Sweet as a dew-drop on wild rose
 Is lovely Kate of Garnavilla!

Philomel, I've listened oft
 To thy lay, nigh weeping willow;
 Oh, the strain's more sweet, more soft,
 That flows from Kate of Garnavilla!
 Have you been, etc.

As a noble ship I've seen
 Sailing o'er the swelling billow,
 So I've marked the graceful mien
 Of lovely Kate of Garnavilla!
 Have you been, etc.

If poets' prayers can banish cares,
 No cares shall come to Garnavilla;
 Joy's bright rays shall gild her days,
 And dove-like peace perch on her pillow.
 Charming maid of Garnavilla!
 Lovely maid of Garnavilla!
 Beauty, grace, and virtue wait
 On lovely Kate of Garnavilla!

POEMS OF LAWRENCE G. GOULDING.

MY NATIVE LAND.

MY native land how dear to me art thou?
 The home of childhood and aspiring youth;
 Farewell those charming scenes so distant now,
 So dear in days of innocence and truth.
 How happy then! I knew a mother's love,
 So full of tenderness and gentle care;
 I wondered if in that bright home above,
 Such sweet felicity as ours was there.
 I knelt in grave devotion at her knee,
 And learned to pray that Ireland might
 be free.

'Twas then the gentle spring time of the year—
 When tender youth receives its first impress,
 When all it fondly loved on earth were near,
 To grant desires or fancied wrongs redress;

Where are those loved ones now, those sacred ties
 That link the dearest memories of the past?
 Ah! some are gone to rest beyond the skies,
 Where peace endures as long as time shall last,
 While others yet in distant lands abide,
 Tossed on the waves of every passing tide.

Come, memory, lead me to those daisy dells,
 So full of beauty in serene repose,
 Beside that fairy brook that sweetly tells
 Its rippling numbers murmuring as it goes;
 Where long ago in boyhood's happy hours,
 In peaceful bliss I loved to pass the day
 With sweetly warbling birds and blushing flowers,
 Whose song and fragrance welcomed merry May.

How full of joy all nature seemed to be,
And O! how bright and beautiful to me.

I thought no other land on earth so fair,
Her lovely vales were paradise to me—
There rosy health bloomed in the morning
air,

That fanned my native village by the sea;
Fair village! I must linger ere I pass,

If but to glance at scenes of happier days,
That dear old chapel where I first heard Mass,
And joined devoutly in God's holy praise.

How grandly wild the roaring billows
play,

O'er those rude rocks that grimly guard
Malbay.

That chapel bell its matin anthem toll'd,
Even as the sun arose to bless the day,
Its joyous chimes beyond the village roll'd,
And sunbeams danced responsive to its
lay;

From cot and castle youth and maiden fair,
With aged sire and honored matron came,
To pass the morning hour in holy prayer,
And tell a decade o'er to Notre Dame.

How truly sweet those joys that fill the
soul

When early orisons our thoughts control.

THE PEN AND SWORD.

Not epic verse alone inspires,
Though it the fervid bosom fires,
To reach heroic fame;

For where the tyrant's heel is set,
Oppression claims its dam'ning debt,
And glory sinks to shame.

But when the tyrant's flaming brand
Sweeps wildly o'er a fated land—

A land no longer free;
Not then a thousand golden lyres,
However high the soul aspires,

Can change the stern decree;
However tender the refrain,
Though it may soothe his bitter pain,
It cannot break the bondman's chain,
Or give him liberty.

The Pen and Sword must needs unite,
And side by side in Freedom's fight,
Proclaim their sovereign sway;

For where, but on the battle-field,
Was tyrant ever known to yield,
Or tamely part his prey?

Nor silver tongue, nor flowery speech,
The pirate's stolid soul can reach,

Whose home is on the sea;
A simple dose of charmed lead
That works upon the heart and head,

Will bring him to his knee.
Its force assails the pirate's ear,
He feels the end is drawing near,
And, fiercely writhing, falls to hear
The shout of victory.

'Tis thus a nation's cause is won,

'Twas thus our patriots begun
Their freedom to obtain;

And in the magic of the sword,
Redeemed the country they adored,
From Britain's galling chain.

Like men who dared assert their right
They spring like giants to the fight—

To conquer or to fall.
And bearing down upon the foe,
With steady aim and telling blow,

Drove Britain to the wall;
And raised aloft o'er fort and crag—
In place of England's crimson rag—
Our own immortal starry flag,
To answer Freedom's call.

May this thy story be, ere long,
O, Erin of my soul and song!
The story men shall tell!

How, in the battle, breast to breast,
With Freedom graven on thy crest,
The Saxon tyrant fell.

How, to redeem his native land
The Irish soldier, hand to hand,
Cut down the British horde;
As high above the conquered "red,"
The "green" waved o'er a nation's head,
To liberty restored.

And o'er the earth, from end to end,
Wherever Ireland has a friend,
Who e'er loves liberty will bend
To bless the Pen and Sword.

ROBERT EMMET.

Not born for himself, but for his country,
In early youth he knelt before her shrine;
And, in the fervor of impassioned love,
He pledged a noble life to her redemption.
He saw her writhing in the tyrant's grasp,
With England's iron heel upon her neck;
Despoiled of all her heritage and power;
Maligned, condemned, enslaved and persecuted.

To rescue her from that ignoble state,
And place her proudly where, in other days,
She bore the sceptre of a nation's splendor—
Henceforth became his care—his sole ambition.

To the consummation of this noble end
His energies and talents were directed;
His daring courage and unyielding will
Found inspiration in his deep devotion.
In ceaseless toil, remote from human gaze,
His weary days and sleepless nights were passed,

Devising plans by which he hoped to fire
The dormant spirit of a fettered nation.
And, in that hope, he felt the time had come
To wrest his suffering country from oppression;

His spirit could not longer brook suspense—
He courted liberty or welcomed death;
And, in the flush of his determination,
He sprang to rend the clanking chain that bound her.

Dread hour of hope and fear, despair and promise!
The die was cast—the effort proved abortive.

Mysterious Fate, which men call Destiny!
Before whose stern decree the bravest tremble!

What purpose moved thee on to stay the hand
Whose virtue sought a nation's resurrection?
But now 'tis over! Wherefore speculate?
It brought a victim more to pampered Justice,

Whose rank intolerance has shamed the world,
And left but odium to a hated name.

But Emmet's memory lives as green as Spring

In every heart that loves its native land;
His virtues and nobility inspire
An emulation time cannot destroy;
His patriotic fervor glows as bright
As when he fired the pyre of insurrection;
For, when he fell to earth, his spirit rose,
As sinks the western sun, to rise to-morrow.

The dawn is breaking in the mellow sky:
The shepherd's lute awakes the slumbering vale;

And from the Orient comes a flood of light
To shed its beauty o'er the vernal scene.
And now a superhuman voice is heard
Rolling, as if from heaven descending,
In thunder tones upon the fragrant air;
The vast blue arch beyond wears not a cloud—
The ocean seems at rest, without a ripple,
And all around is hushed in solemn silence;
A nation springs to life, as it proclaims,
"Liberty to Emancipated Ireland!"

Behold! O spirit of immortal Emmet!
The glory that awaits your native land!
For ere we celebrate thy birth again
Thy epitaph, in gold, shall be inscribed.

SOGGARTH AROON.

[A greeting to the Rev. James J. Dougherty, rector of St. Monica's Church, on his installation as Chaplain of the Veteran Corps, Sixty-ninth Regiment.]

Cead mille failthe chruight!

Soggarth Aroon!

Herald of peace and truth!

Soggarth Aroon!

You're welcome to our corps

You'll be its pride, *asthore!*

You'll have our love *galore!*

Soggarth Aroon!

Your coming brings us joy,

Soggarth Aroon!

Pleasure without alloy,

Soggarth Aroon!

Courage to bear our woes,

E'en as life's current flows,

However fortune goes,

Soggarth Aroon!

To vindicate the glory of their race;
 To aid in the erection of a structure,
 Whose bulwarks should defy despotic power.
 And as they raised Columbia's flag on high—
 With Erin's banner to the breeze unfurled—
 Resolved to march to victory or death;
 Resolved that Ireland's wrongs should be
 avenged.

How well those sacred pledges were re-
 deemed,
 Is written in their triumph and their blood;
 For in the contest, long and fiercely waged,
 When soldier stood to soldier, foot to foot,
 And trooper pressed on trooper, horse to
 horse;

With no escape from death except in flight,
 They plunged into the wild, devouring tide,
 Nor left until the *Hessian* host had perished.
 Those "Friendly Sons," so dear to Washing-
 ton,

Whose emerald badge he wore upon his
 breast,

Whose loyalty and courage he commended
 To national esteem and gratitude;
 Gave to American Independence,
 As noble hearts as valor ever fired;
 As daring soldiers as the world can boast;
 As ardent patriots as Freedom knows.

The names of Moylan, Sullivan, Barry,
 And Montgomery, their virtues and achieve-
 ments,

Are graven in imperishable characters
 In the redemption of the Colonies;
 In the vast grandeur of the Union;
 And in the glory of the Republic.
 Their monuments, reared to human liberty,
 On the ruins of a vile despotism,
 Shall stand to adorn ages yet unborn,
 When the British Empire shall be forgot-
 ten.

With unmeasured love for that dear old land,
 We hope in God, ere long, may be redeemed;
 While our greetings go to her faithful sons,
 Whose devotion claims our admiration;
 We'll pledge that Union, long since ratified,
 By men whose valiant arms sealed our liberty;
 And in the spirit of enduring love,
 We'll touch our cups to the inspiring toast:
 IRELAND AND AMERICA!

THE SLANDERER.

I.

LICENTIOUS ribald! vilest thing on earth!
 Conceiv'd in envy and in malice born,
 Rude nature in convulsions gave thee birth—
 A writhing wretch in anger and in scorn.
 Like the volcano vomiting its flame
 Of livid lava in a burning rage,
 So the midnight storm in its fury came,
 And cast this viper on the public stage
 To play perfidiously the villain's role,
 Which shocks the sense and horrifies the
 soul.

II.

Of all the scourges that afflict mankind,
 The lying tongue is far the worst of all;
 Its damned, cursed sting remains behind
 Long after years have told its victim's fall;
 Like some dire plague that sweeps across the
 land,
 And smites to death with sharp, unerring
 blow—
 Although we know not the destroying hand,
 The lonely hamlet tells its tale of woe;
 The poison'd arrow pierces but to kill,
 But slander kills and after pierces still.

III.

Why could not this good world be mov'd
 along
 Without that bitter pain which slander
 gives?
 So that a man would rather serve than wrong
 His fellow-man the little while he lives;
 Like the great Master of the human race,
 Who came on earth to save and teach
 mankind,
 His great bequest in faith and hope and
 grace,
 His boundless charity He left behind;
 It soothes to tenderness the human breast,
 And lights our pathway to eternal rest.

IV.

If calumny were but a mortal thing,
 To live but for a time, then pass away,
 Then to its victim hope might serve to bring
 The prospect of a brighter, happier day.

But no; malignant slander never dies—
 Its vicious breath contaminates the air,
 And swift as thought its damnèd stigma flies,
 And leaves behind but torture and despair.
 By Heav'n accurs'd, no mortal tongue can
 tell
 Whence slander comes, except it be from
 hell.

V.

The morbid mind, the savage appetite,
 Like carrion-kites devour unwholesome
 fare;
 The vampire seeks its victim in the night,
 When nature seeks repose from common
 care.
 The human ghou, facetious or demure,
 With lofty air or gentle, pious mien,
 Who feeds on scandal like an epicure,
 And slakes his thirst with rank malicious
 spleen—
 The most perfidious wretch unwhipp'd is he,
 The vilest thing that shames humanity.

VI

Fear'd and despis'd, a terror to mankind,
 The slanderer revels in his neighbor's woe;
 With heavy hand e'en while his tongue
 malign'd,
 He never fail'd to strike the coward's blow.
 Beyond the tomb by that infernal shore,
 Where furies riot in eternal hate,
 The slanderer wakes at last to sleep no more,
 His guilty conscience struggles with his
 fate,
 The arch-fiend's howl is heard above the roar,
 "The slanderer is mine for evermore."

O ERIN! I ADORE THEE.

O ERIN! I adore thee,
 Would I could restore thee,
 To that bright goal before thee
 To freedom's holy shrine;
 Where oft, our fathers kneeling,
 While convent bells were pealing,
 The foeman, red and reeling,
 Confess'd your right divine.

How brilliant, then, the story
 Of Ireland's golden glory,
 When bard, revered and hoary,
 In epic verse sublime,
 His harp the glory sharing—
 He told the chieftain's daring,
 His noble, fearless bearing,
 In ancient Gaelic rhyme.

He sung the dazzling splendor,
 As he alone could render,
 In language rich and tender,
 Of happy Innisfail;
 The lore of gifted sages,
 Who, down from distant ages,
 Told, in immortal pages,
 The valor of the Gael.

Sweet home of boyhood's pleasure,
 To me the exile's treasure,
 I love thee without measure,
Acushla gal machree!
 And here, profoundly kneeling,
 To Heaven's throne appealing,
 My fondest wish revealing,
 That I might see you free.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

[Dedicated to Rev. J. M. Kiely, rector of Transfiguration Church, Brooklyn, whose learning, piety, and patriotism eminently characterize the Irish priesthood.]

TRUE as the needle's to the pole, as this dull
 earth goes round,
 And certain as the lightning's flash evokes a
 rumbling sound;
 The Irish heart, where'er it beats, at home
 or far away,
 Expands with joy as morning breaks to hail
 St. Patrick's Day.

Its advent truly chronicles the glory of the
 Gael,
 Since the banner of the cross was raised in
 happy Innisfail;
 Since the light of our enduring faith illumed
 her pagan sky,
 When Erin, faithful Erin, knelt to worship
 God on high.

Behold her in the Springtime of a blooming,
golden age!
The hope of nations, then unknown, writ in
her virgin page;
Her mission sketch'd by Providence—in
Christian robes array'd,
She preach'd, with burning eloquence, the
cross of her crusade.

And then, we see her seated on a throne of
blazing light,
Resplendent in her mission like the vernal
moon at night;
A crown of learning on her brow, the cruci-
fix her crest;
Her famous schools and colleges the glory of
the West.

Her holy men and women sought new fields
in ev'ry land,
Wherein to plant the tree of life to blossom
and expand;
Spreading hope and consolation around them
on their way;
Teaching liberty and progress where they
went or came to stay.

What precious fruits were gathered in the
vineyards they had till'd!
What richly laden granaries with golden
grain were fill'd!
While flocks redeem'd from slavery were
nurtured in the fold,
By those faithful shepherds of the cross by
whom they were consoled.

What a glorious mission, Erin, for ages has
been thine!
And still goes onward, Erin, with no sem-
blance of decline;
Still preaching and professing; still dispens-
ing, far and wide,
That charity and peace and love for which
the Saviour died.

And in that sacred mission, Holy Island of
the Sea!
Thy children, scattered o'er the earth, pre-
serve their faith in thee;
That faith, which knows no waning, seeks a
home beyond the skies,
Where, when human thrones have crumbled,
the immortal soul shall rise.

POEMS OF T. O'D. O'CALLAGHAN.

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

I.

I AM sad to-night in the mellow light
Of the silvery, pale-faced moon,
And the night-wind moans like the *caoina*
tones
Of the Banshee's boding croon;
I sit watching the glow of the Hudson's flow,
As it dashes against the shore,
And its sprayey splash and unceasing dash
But sadden me more and more.

II.

Oh! my thoughts hie away to a bygone day,
In the "Green Isle" o'er the main;
'Mid each vale and glade where my boyhood
strayed
I'm wandering once again—
In night's solemn noon where I watched yon
moon
Ascending the starry dome,
While her silver beams lit the sheeny streams
Where the sportive fishes roam.

III.

Where I hailed the flowers in the Springtide's
 hours
 Fresh starting from the earth;
 And the mushrooms, too, in the Autumn
 dew,
 I plucked as they got their birth—
 Where, in the shade by some ruin made,
 Through the golden Summer day,
 I oft mused o'er some tale of yore,
 Of genii, ghost, or fay.

IV.

And dreamed the hours, while the Summer
 flowers
 Lent perfume to the gale,
 Which sighed away all the live-long day,
 With a sad, sad *keening* wail,
 Through the ruined halls and the rent old
 walls
 Of tower and abbey gray,
 Which bravely stand in that olden land,
 Through chance and change away.

V.

Through the regions vast of the storied past
 My spirit wings its flight,
 And the days long fled and the friends long
 dead
 Loom up in the weird moonlight;
 And the hot tears start, and my home-sick
 heart,
 Sad, lone and sorrow-torn,
 Throbs as 't would burst, as the hopes I nursed
 In life's fair, cloudless morn;

VI.

Seem buried all 'neath a funeral pall,
 Like those friends of my early years,
 Who have passed away to eternal day
 From sorrow, and woe, and tears—
 Like that morning light whose radiance
 bright
 Ting'd life's stream with a golden sheen,
 Ere worldly woe dimmed its genial glow,
 And darkened each happy scene.

VII

But vain are tears for the vanished years,
 For the friends who have passed away
 To that glorious clime where old tyrant Time
 Rules not with a despot's sway—
 From this world below, with its crushing
 woe,
 Its transient hopes and vain,
 And its ills that crowd like cloud on cloud
 Ere thunder rolls amain.

VIII.

Oh! this hour is meet to recall those sweet,
 Though saddening scenes of yore,
 For no sound is near save the dashing drear
 Of the water 'gainst the shore,
 And the night wind's rune like the rueful
 tune
 Of that harp * whose fairie strain
 No power can sway save the winds which
 play
 Through Summer's bright domain.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

O, River of Time! in the long ago thou wert
 but a rippling rill,
 And the dulcet rhyme of thy crystal flow
 was sweet as a wind-harp's trill;
 That song of joy, like a lullaby, on the air
 rose soft and low,
 As thy ripples sped from their fountain-head
 and flashed in the morning's glow;
 While Earth's fair queen, in radiant sheen,
 flower-crowned by angel hands,
 The beauteous grace of her mirror'd face oft
 scann'd in thy golden sands;
 And the dreamy moon, in night's mystic
 noon, when her full, round orb shone
 bright,
 Gazed down with pride on thy silvery tide,
 pale shimmering in her light,
 While the primal stars in their gilded cars
 rolled on through the azure height—
 Fair glittering gems, bright diadems, high
 set on the brow of night.

* The Æolian harp.

O, River of Time! thy stream has swelled
thro' the centuried lapse of years—
Has grown and swelled since of old it welled
from its fount 'mid the starry spheres,
Till now, broad and deep, with majestic
sweep, like the roll of an inland sea,
That stream, erst a rill, turns God's mighty
mill on its course to eternity!
Oh, methinks I hear, rising high and clear
on the ghostly midnight wind,
The surge and the roar of thy waves ever-
more, and the rush of the flood behind,
And the shrieks of the lost on thy bosom
tossed, like wrecks on the ocean waves,
Drifting out to sea, O, River, with thee, far
away from the land of graves!

O, River of Time! from the days of yore
flowing on to the billowy sea,
Bring us back once more from the silent shore
the friends who have flown with thee,
The myriad host of the loved and lost—the
hearts that were fond—ah, me!—
The beauty and bloom in the grave's dark
womb—the spirits that wander free
From sin's dark slime in that wondrous clime
—bright land of the ransomed souls,
Where Death's cold shadow never falls, nor
death-bell sadly tolls.
Ah! in vain we crave, for thy ebbless wave,
when it passeth the grave's dark
bourne,
With its freight of souls, as it seaward rolls,
never can nor will return!

O, River of Time! flowing solemnly on, with
the wrecks of our hopes and dreams
On, evermore on to the great Unknown,
where the rapturing vision gleams,
And the white souls float in space, as the
mote on Summer's irradiant beams—
Oh! swollen thy flood with the priceless blood
which ever and aye doth well
From human souls slain on Life's battle-plain
by the ambushed hosts of hell;
Sin's juggernaut rolls over prostrate souls
thick strewn on the field of strife,
While thy mystic tide with their blood is
dyed—red blood from the battle of life!

O, River of Time! in the dim, dark past,
full many and many a year,
Thou'st left thy fount on that sacred mount,
long lost to both "sage" and "seer;"
No human eye, as the years sped by, has ever
beheld, I ween,
That mystic mount, or that crystal fount, all
bright in its virgin sheen,
Since the first twain fell 'neath the tempter's
spell, amid Eden's flowery bowers,
When earth was young, ere yet upsprung the
thorns among the flowers;
When thy limpid stream in the morning
gleam reflected the heavenly towers,
And Paradise rang with the silvery clang of
the harps of seraphic powers;
For Earth, at its birth, in its child-like mirth,
flower-gemmed and green and fair,
Careering through space, in emulous race
with the stars and the spirits of air,
Was nigher, I ween, to the angelic scene,
than this Earth of ours to-day,
With its deep, dark crime, O, River of Time!
—in sorrow and sin grown gray!

LAMENT FOR THE IRISH FAIRIES.

WHERE are the fairies of Ireland gone
Who dwelt here in days of yore?
In vain we'd search for them now; mavrone
They have vanished for evermore.
Tho' the Raths where they danced their
roundelays
In the mystic noon of night,
Are still the same as in those old days
To outward sense and sight.

But changes we wot not of, have come
Over those old Raths so green:
Dark clouds shall loom 'till the day of doom
Where festive troops have been,
Of merry-making Elves, who sported away,
And laughed at mortal care—
Who danced all night, and slept all day
On flower beds snugly there.

No more swells the Banshee's boding *caoine*
 Over haunted vale and plain;
 She, too, has vanished for aye, I ween,
 And never will mourn again
 For those of the old Milesian race
 Who were pre-doomed to decay
 In Death's oblivious and cold embrace
 Ere a moon had waned away.

Where is the gay little Cluricaune now
 With his hammer and stool and awl,
 And his quaint French hat cocked over his
 brow,
 And his Spanish boots nice and small?
 No more will he chant his merry old song
 'Neath the mushroom's friendly shade,
 As he patient sat through the Autumn day
 long
 For evermore plying his trade.

Where is the Phooka with sable mane
 Wild floating in the wind,
 And (never yet checked by mortal rein),
 Whose speed left thought behind;
 Whose eyes like fiery balls glowed bright
 As he swept over hill and dale
 In his mad career through the live-long night
 Till the stars waxed dim and pale?

All, all are gone, aye, forever gone,
 They have vanished this many a year,
 And their ancient halls stand drear and lone,
 Without a sound of cheer
 To wake the echoes which long have lain
 In dreary and silent thrall,
 And chase that heavy gloom again
 Which looms like a funeral pall

O'er the silent realm of Faerie land,
 Hill, rath, and crag, and lake—
 No more, no more, will the fairy band
 Night's mournful silence break
 With their merry songs, or their roundelays
 In the moon's pale, silvery light;
 Alas! alas! like those good old days,
 They have vanished from mortal sight.

Ah! well they loved the olden land,
 Through chance and change away—
 Her castles tall, her mountains grand,
 And Abbeys old and gray—

Her mystic raths, and murmuring rills,
 Her crystal wells and sheeny lakes,
 From Antrim's coast and Wicklow's hills
 To Kerry's grim and towering peaks.

Where are the Fairies of Ireland gone
 Who dwelt there in days of yore?
 In vain we'd search for them now; mavrone
 They have vanished for evermore.
 They have faded away with the land's decay
 Where they ever loved to dwell,
 And their festive halls are mute to-day
 'Neath lake and rath and well.

Some say they have followed the exiled Gael,
 (Tho' others that romance have
 spurned),
 And some assert—but I doubt the tale—
 That they have to Heaven returned—
 That home which they forfeited long ago
 For opposing the Godhead's will;
 But wheresoever they've gone or go,
 My blessing be with them still.

IN MEMORIAM.

GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

DIED JUNE 4, 1879, AT CARROLTON, MO.

I.

A MONTH since thine ashes were laid, Shields,
 To rest in thy Western grave,—
 A month in death's trappings arrayed,
 Shields,
 Lying stark by Missouri's wild wave,
 And not one Irish poet or bard, Shields,—
 Though rhymers a legion there be,—
 O'er thy heroic clay, battle-scarred, Shields,
 Has chanted a requiem for thee!

II.

Old Ireland is mother of sons, Shields,
 Right famous in historic lore,—
 Of soldiers who stood by their guns, Shields,
 On battle-fields crimson with gore:—
 The O'Neills—Shaun, the valiant, and Owen,
 Shields,

Fought bravely for freedom of yore;—
 'Mongst the hills of thy native Tyrone,
 Shields,
 Their memory is green evermore.

III.

And Sarsfield was clever and brave, Shields,—
 Defender of Limerick's wall;—
 At Landon he found a red grave, Shields,
 And Ireland long mourned his fall;
 Tom Meagher was brilliant and bold,
 Shields;—

Gallant soldier of Freedom proved he,
 Where battle's mad billows high rolled,
 Shields,
 Like the waves of a storm-lashed sea!

IV.

Phil Kearney was found in the front, Shields,
 When freedom stood struggling for life;
 In many a fierce battle's brunt, Shields,
 His sword-flash illumined the strife!
 Kilpatrick rode fearless and free, Shields,
 On many a dead-cumbered plain;—
 When Sheridan gave greeting to Lee, Shields,
 Dark treason fled, routed amain!

V.

Soldier-heroes besides those we've named,
 Shields,
 Have sprung from the old Gaelic sod,—
 Before whom pale cowards slunk, shamed,
 Shields,
 In the presence of man and of God;
 But 'mongst all her soldiers of fame, Shields,
 In ancient and modern day,
 Thy country shall treasure *thy* name, Shields,
 In story and record and lay.

VI.

And Freedom will never forget, Shields,
 Her gallant and chivalrous knight,
 Who on many a battle-field met, Shields,
 The foes who dared question her right;
 Those wounds on thy cold clay attest, Shields,
 How freely thy blood had been shed,
 'Neath the star-spangled flag of the West,
 Shields,
 In Heaven's own glory outspread!

VII.

On Mexico's tower-capped hills, Shields,
 Old Echo is whispering thy name;
 By Mexico's rivers and rills, Shields,
 The peasants remember thy fame;
 Though years nigh two score have flown by,
 Shields,
 Over Mexican valleys and bowers,
 Since you planted the starry flag high,
 Shields,
 On her Capitol's turrets and towers.

VIII.

CONTRERAS, in letters of gold, Shields,
 Is blazoned on history's scroll;
 CHERUBUSCO'S proud story'll be told,
 Shields,
 While men deeds of valor extol;
 CHEPULTEPEC'S record shall stand,
 Shields,
 While the "Star Spangled Banner" floats
 free;
 CERRO GORDO towers solemn and grand,
 Shields,
 Monumental forever of thee!

IX.

The memory of Winchester's day, Shields,
 Is linked with thy name evermore,—
 Where Jackson's grim host in dismay,
 Shields,
 Fleed, vanquished, thy onset before;
 Till the last flickering moment of time,
 Shields,
 Expires in the red flame of Doom,
 The light of that story sublime, Shields,
 Shall shine 'mid thy sepulchre's gloom!

X.

No "Soldier of fortune" wert thou, Shields,
 Save fortune (uncertain) of war;
 And nought of war's fortune, I trow, Shields,
 Was thine, save the red battle-scar!
 Ah! meagre and mean the reward, Shields,
 Dead soldier of Freedom, they gave;
 But Honor shall evermore guard, Shields,
 The ashes which hallow thy grave.

XI.

On this, Freedom's memoried day, Shields,
 While her cannon triumphantly boom,
 This tribute I tearfully lay, Shields,
 With reverent heart, on thy tomb.
 May Heaven grant peace to thy soul, Shields,
 High o'er the fierce storms of War!
 While Missouri may oceanward roll, Shields,
 Undimmed be the light of thy star.

New York, July 4, 1879.

AN IRISH-AMERICAN LAND LEAGUE BALLAD.

I.

COERCE away, while yet you may;
 Your sway is nigh its ending.
 The people's will you may trammel still,
 But the Right shall stand unbending.
 You may crowd your jails with "rebel" Gaels,
 And flash your hireling sabres
 In Ireland's face; but the brave old race
 You'll find as stubborn neighbors.

II.

Your pompous force,—both foot and horse,—
 Your "Peelers" and your cannon,
 March back and forth, from south to north,
 By Avonmore and Shannon.
 Be this your day to make display
 Of steel and guns and banners;
 But, by our land! with steel and brand,
 We'll teach you better manners.

III.

By Jove and Mars! your "Coldstream
 Guards,"
 Your footmen and your "Lancers"
 Shall soon retire before the fire
 Of Freedom's grand advance, sirs;
 For, Saxons, know, where Thames doth flow
 In tortuous, muddy courses,
 We've men enough of Gaelic stuff
 To smite your hireling forces!

IV.

On Saxon land our legions stand
 United and reliant;
 And *there* you'll feel old Ireland's steel
 When those men rise, defiant,
 To burn and sack, 'mid ruin and wrack,
 Your cities and your castles;
 Then, then shall quake, and, palsied, shake
 Your lordlings and their vassals.

V.

From "Treaty Stone" to old Athlone,—
 By Shannon's storied water,
 Hill, vale and glen,—dwell daring men,
 Unfearing death or slaughter;—
 Where songful Lee flows to the sea,
 In waves of crystal beauty,
 Are brave men true, to dare and do
 In danger's hour of duty.

VI.

Tipp'rary's vales hold gallant Gaels,
 Who dread nor gun nor sabre:
 When comes the fight for Ireland's right,
 They'll bravely "die to save her."
 Round Ulster's coast a mighty host
 Of patriot men stand ready;—
 Give Connaught's sons e'en empty guns,—
 They'll march to battle steady.

VIII.

On Leinster's plains and broad domains,—
 Where erst ruled brave O'Beirne,—
 Are Celts *galcre*,—enough or more
 Old Dublin to environ,
 And plant the "Green," in victory's sheen,
 On rampart, tower and Castle,
 Whence now, old foe, 'mid Ireland's woe,
 Outrings your heartless wassail.

VIII.

By Hudson's banks our Celtic ranks
 Stand vigilant and stern;—
 We've brooked too long our country's wrong,
 And now for vengeance yearn.
 Reserve your power until the hour
 Of Gaelic vengeance direful,
 When on your shores impetuous pours
 The tide of valor ireful.

IX.

For centuried years of blood and tears,—
 Since false MacMurrough's treason,—
 Our native land you've chained and banned
 With "neither rhyme nor reason;"
 You've ruled by force, and,—what is worse,—
 By force and fraud united;
 But mark you, Bull, the cup is full;—
 Those wrongs shall now be righted.

X.

That land is ours, and, by the powers
 That reign above, we'll gain it!
 Your braggart sway has had its day,
 With bayonets to maintain it.
 That day's nigh past; the die is cast;—
 Lo! Freedom's dawn is streaming
 On Ireland's hills and streams and rills!—
 This is not idle dreaming.

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.

WHEN our lives are on the wane, and youth's
 sunlit joys are fled,
 And we long to end earth's pain and lie down
 among our dead;
 When our dearest ones have flown, and life's
 tree stands bleak and bare,
 Its sere Autumn leaves far strown—spectral
 symbol of despair—
 Then comes Faith, with guiding hand, point-
 ing, 'mid the gathering gloom,
 O'er Death's river to that land—mystic land
 beyond the tomb,
 Where our friends expectant wait, they whose
 souls have flown before,
 'Round the Great White Throne, elate, for
 our coming evermore.

When life's storms come rushing down, like
 rude Winter from the pole,
 And misfortune's dark clouds frown, like
 grim fate, o'er heart and soul;
 When Faith's pole-star in life's skies wanes
 to weak and flickering ray,
 And our deeds of high emprise echoes are
 from yesterday;
 When our dreams of pride and pow'r prove
 nought else than Dead Sea fruit,

And the sorrow of the hour 'round our heart-
 strings twines its root—
 Then Hope springeth from the slough of
 that dark hour's deep despair,
 And with pinion strong, I trow, upward
 cleaves the lurid air,
 Till God's light, heart, soul and brow fills
 once more with radiance rare.

When earth's loves all scattered lie, dead on
 Memory's charnel waste,
 And the love-light in the eye lacks the old
 fire—lewd or chaste;
 When our airy castles grand, frescoed by
 Love's magic art,
 Prove but fabrics built on sand, and our fairie
 dreams depart;
 When the heart-strings thrill no more 'neath
 the touch of fond desire,
 And fair "Love's young dream" is o'er, and
 youth's incandescent fire
 Smolders darkly on life's hearth, and we
 ponder sad and lone,
 On the vanished joys of earth that our dream-
 ful days have known—
 Then the soul, like carrier dove, fain would
 spread its wings for home,
 Where God's all-absorbing Love fills, like in-
 cense, Heaven's dome.

God of mercy and of love, God of justice and
 of truth,
 From Thy throne supreme above, save us
 from sin's bane and ruth!
 When our life's green Spring is past, and its
 Summer waned away,
 And its Autumn's faded fast, and its Winter,
 grim and grey,
 Chills the life-blood in the heart—dims the
 vision of the soul,
 Till our lives seem but a part of sad Nature's
 dreary dole—
 Then, O Father! when old Earth seems a
 corpse within its shroud
 Vouchsafe us a second birth, 'neath life's
 sorrows bent and bow'd—
 Grant us Love and Faith and Hope, our
 poor, trembling souls to save;
 Let us not in darkness grope through life's
 Winter to the grave!

OUR 'PRISONED IRISH CHIEF.

I.

PARNELL! all hail! in Saxon jail
 To-day immured—
 Bold champion of our trampled race.
 Who've long endured
 Deep wrong, though strong each man among
 The Clan-na-Gael
 Who long to front the battle-brunt
 In Innisfail.
 Thou'st nobly strove, with patriot love,
 For native land;
 In Freedom's cause 'gainst alien laws
 Your fight was grand;
 Since gallant Tone fell stricken, prone,
 Since Edward's spirit fled,
 Since Emmet died by Liffey's side,
 Than thou none truer led
 The Celtic race, with chieftain grace,
 Brave heart and hero head.

II.

When clouds hung dark o'er Ireland stark—
 A corpse almost;
 When cynics said the cause was dead,
 And Ireland lost,
 Your spirit flamed, your banner streamed
 Like meteor bright,
 And lit the land from shore to strand—
 Bold beacon light.
 Brave Chief! to-day within those gray
 Old walls of stone!
 Thy grand soul shines, like diamond mines
 To light us on;
 Nor gyves nor chains can shackle brains
 Or brawn like thine;
 Thy spirit soars o'er Ireland's shores
 From brine to brine

III.

Dear 'prisoned Chief! the Saxon thief
 Our rights who stole,
 With guilty fear may hold thee there
 In dungeon's dole;
 Kilmainham's walls and felon stalls

May shut the sun
 Out from thy sight; but Ireland's fight
 Goes bravely on.
 O patriot heart! how true thou art
 Let history tell;
 This much we know—old Freedom's foe
 Fears thee, Parnell!
 None braver rose to beard our foes,
 Through all the years,
 Than thou, O Chief, whose battle brief
 Blanched England's Peers.

IV.

Parnell, 'tis well, in dungeon cell,
 A martyr thou—
 Truth's coronet sublimely set
 Upon thy brow!
 Nor prison's murk, whose shadows lurk
 In corners dank,
 Can dim thy light which shineth bright
 By Liffey's bank.
 Chained chieftain now—like eagle thou
 Wilt soar anon
 On pinion strong, when Saxon wrong
 Is past and gone;
 "Old Ironsides" brave soul abides,
 In thy heart's core;
 With those of old in fame enrolled
 Thy name ranks evermore.

V.

Nor woman's tears, nor craven fears,
 Have we for thee
 Who'st fought the fight 'gainst fraud and
 might
 For liberty;
 No banshee croon with woeful rune
 Is meet to-day;
 No funeral knell with solemn swell
 Sounds "clay to clay."
 All that is past, and now, at last,
 Let triumph's song
 Ring out amain o'er hill and plain,
 And vales among,
 For thee, bold chief, whose sorrow brief
 Is but prelude
 To vict'ry's strain—a people's pæan,
 For new-born nationhood.

VI.

On with the cause! nor idly pause
 While still remains
 One cursed link, with rusty clink,
 Of Ireland's chains.
 Parnell, to-day, within those gray,
 Cold prison walls,
 Wields mightier rod than when he trod
 Proud Britain's halls.
 My countrymen! be guarded then—
 Let wisdom guide
 At Council Board; and gun and sword
 Be yet untried;
 The day will come, at tuck of drum
 And trumpet blast,
 When freedom's force, both foot and horse,
 Shall smite at last
 That hireling host whose braggart boast
 In Ireland's face is cast.

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

Out upon this "march of science," with its
 wheels of Juggernaut,
 Crushing out the soul's reliance on kind
 Nature's tender thought—
 Severing that fond alliance which in solitude
 was wrought!

Hill and glen and dale and meadow rest no
 more in solitude,
 For in sunshine and in shadow iron footsteps
 now intrude;
 Nor remains an El Dorado in recesses of the
 wood.

Birds of song within the forest silent sit the
 whole day long,
 While old Echo findeth no rest, hills or woods
 or vales among;
 But the Poet is the sorest and the saddest of
 the throng.

As the dove, of old tradition, flying outward
 from the Ark,
 Found no green spot on its mission 'mid the
 watery desert dark,
 So the Muse, to-day, in vision findeth Nature
 dead and stark.

Bridges span brook, creek and river, cutting
 solitude in twain;
 Sylvan sunbeams, frightened, quiver, shadow-
 guarded all in vain—
 E'en the hoary mountains shiver, from the
 summit to the plain.

Silence peaceful shelter seeketh vainly, vain-
 ly thro' the night;
 Still, as backward she retreateth, like fair
 maiden in affright,
 Science his advance repeateth in his rude
 and iron might.

Iron horses, snorting, prancing through the
 valley and the plain,
 Fright the timid moonbeams dancing on the
 greensward of the lane—
 In their mad career advancing, like fierce
 demon-steeds, amain.

Hills that erst were Nature throning, now
 are tunneled through and through,
 And their ancient trees are groaning—oak
 and pine and ash and yew;
 List! the grey old rocks are moaning, while
 the wind is wailing, too!

Like a mighty boa constrictor, iron bands
 coil round the earth—
 Or, to speak in language stricter, huge octo-
 pus, monstrous birth;
 Sceptred Science is the victor, banning van-
 quished Nature's mirth.

Mother Earth! cease, cease thy weeping for
 the dead and buried past;
 Fateful shadows o'er thee creeping, dark
 eclipse upon thee cast;
 Time is madly onward sweeping, for this age
 may prove his last.

Out upon this "march of science," steel-be-
 dight and iron-shod!
 Man may style it self-reliance. Who is man?
Sans soul, a clod—
 And his "march" means rank defiance of the
 laws of nature's God.

POEMS OF WILLIAM D. KELLY.

FANNY PARNELL.

WOE and alas,
Unheralded, how often cometh death:
Swifter than ever summer tempests mass
The clouds that hide the lightning underneath;

Faster than whirlwinds gather, and then
move

In rapid race across the startled waves,
It comes betimes, and hurries those we love
To early graves.

Well may we weep:
The bravest of our sisters here lies dead,
Where the sad hearts of stricken kindred
keep

Their mournful watch above her narrow bed;
Grief is not weakness here, and we who stand
Tearful beside this lifeless form of clay,
Not for ourselves, but for her motherland,
Sorrow to-day.

For whose dear sake
She, whose mute lips were touched with
sacred fire,

Bade her sweet harp its sweetest chords awake
That all the world might know her heart's
desire;

Soft as the cooing dove's could be her song
When she would sing her love for Innisfail,
But when she branded tyranny and wrong,
Fierce as the gale.

Ah! bright blue eyes,
In whose clear depths we saw the soul within,
No more in mute but eloquent replies
Shall ye flash courage to your kith and kin:
Sweet, silent lips, so tenderly and oft
Whence flowed the numbers of immortal lays,
Never again shall Erin hear the soft
Notes of your praise.

Had she survived
To see the glory of that coming day,
When her dear land impoverished and gyved,
Cast all its woes and manacles away,

Death had not seemed as cruel then as now,
When hence it calls her as the dawning
bright

Flushes the paleness of her mother's brow
With its glad light.

Over her grave
Green grow the triple leaves forever more:
Of her young life and love she freely gave
Their best endeavors to her native shore.
Sing, summer winds, your sweetest lullabies
Above the grasses on her tomb that grow,
The bravest daughter of green Erin lies
At rest below.

AN APRIL FANCY.

AROUND the borders of the meadowlands,
Broad belts of green. upon whose bosoms
show,

Where, smiling at the contrast, April stands,
Glisten white circles of remaining snow.

The robin flitting yonder through the hedge,
Where the warm zephyrs welcomes to him
croon,

Scans these white fringes on its outer edge,
And marvels if he northward came too
soon.

The lissome rushes and the slender reeds,
Awakened by the singing of the brook,
Look with amazement on the ermined meads,
And wonder if the summons they mistook.

The little flowers, whose slumber-laden eyes
Open beneath the kisses of the rain,
View the pale lingerers with quaint surprise,
And half incline themselves to sleep again.

"But it is spring!" cries April, as in glee
She twines a snowdrop in her flaxen curls;
"I merely called these strangers in to see
How emeralds would look offset with
pearls."

POEMS OF JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.

BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN, JUNE
25, 1876.

ON through the mist of the morning,
On through the midday glare;
A hard, rough ride by the Rosebud's side,
Cutting swaths through the sultry air.
With tightened girths and with bridles free,
Their sabres clattering beside the knee;
Pistol and carbine ready at hand,
And one brave heart through the wide com-
mand, [red—
Rode the sun-browned troopers till eve grew
Rode Custer right at the column's head.

"Small rest to-night; by to-morrow's sun
We'll strike the red man's trail,
But an hour to breathe till the fight is won,
Till the climax caps the tale." [more,
And the troopers spring to the saddle once
For Custer has heard that the Sioux are near,
And he longs for Glory as never before,
And he knows not the name of doubt or
fear.

"On by the stars, scan well the trail,
And miss not an Indian sign."
Now the dawn is gray and the stars are pale,
And hope is high on the lengthened line—
The hope, half joy, of the soldier's trust,
That waits not trump or drum.
"Scatter out, my lads, so the heavy dust
Shall not tell the Sioux we come."

But up on the hills, a moveless shape—
An Indian plumed for war—
Sees the mad advance, sees the carbines
glance
'Mid the galloping lines afar.
"Custer, the Chief of the Yellow Hair,"
He mutters with bated breath,
"Boldly you ride to the red man's lair:
Welcome, white chief, to Death."

And Custer, still at the column's head,
Spurs on that none may share
The first glance down the river's bed—
The game he's hunted there.

Brave child of the battle, with hope elate,
See you not with your frank blue eyes
They are five to one and they lurk and wait,
On every brow the stamp of Hate
That never wears out or dies.
But the soldier turns in his saddle and
cries:

"Hurrah for Custer's luck, the Sioux
Have met me face to face,
The game, lads, is for me, for you,
Who would a step retrace?
Not one, for never twice to man
Such battle-chance was given
To snatch red honor in the van
Since yon steep crags were earthquake-
riven.

Reno, dash over the river there.
God, how the prancing devils swarm!
The squaws shall wail
Thro' the mile-wide vale

When sweep we down it like a storm.
Mine be the charge on their midmost band,"
And his broad-brimmed hat in the air he
tossed.

"Now, lads, ride on like a prairie flame,
You follow a man who has never lost."

Three hundred horsemen spring at his heels,
And every trooper his ardor feels,
And the clatter and rush of their horses' feet
The terrible rhythm of War repeat,
As they sweep by the bluffs while, cocked at
hand,
Their carbines glint 'long the brave com-
mand,
Custer in front, down the steep incline,
Into the Indians' ambushed line.

On through the smoke of the battle-

Dimming the blinding glare,
A headlong ride to the riverside,
Cutting swaths through the redmen there.
Cutting swaths, but the troopers are falling;
Falling fast, while the swarming foe
From the earth and the hills seem to grow,
And the roar of their rifles, appalling,
Rolls out in a long thunder rattle.
See! Custer has swerved from the river,
"Fire! fight to the hill! we'll have Reno
soon here!" [quiver,
His voice like a clear trumpet sound, without
Is heard by the remnant unfallen. A cheer
Is their answer; but leaving their cover
Fresh swarms of the Sioux ride down on
the band.

In the grim wild fight from the river
Three hundred had shrunk to a score,
Their track was of heroes' gore
And corpses of heroes who went to rest
Fighting one against ten, but breast to breast,
With savage foes in their death-embrace,
The brave and the braves dying face to face.

Unhorsed, in a narrow circle
That blazed at its outer rim,
Whence their fast-fired bullets hurtle,
Stood Custer and ten with him.
"If Reno comes he will find us here,
If he comes not we'll meet him *there*."
And he looked up to Heaven unblanched by
fear,
With the sun on his yellow hair.
"Here, while a man is left," he cried,
"Let a gun be heard till dust is dust.
Death is in front, but the end of Fame
Comes not to the brave who keep their
trust."

A rampart of dead men around him,
Doomed Custer stands all but alone.
He but speaks through the mouth of his rifle,
And there's death in its every tone.

On through the smoke of the battle,
With maddening cries on the air,
The wild Sioux rush from the riverside
Like wolves on a man in their lair.

Like wolves, and trusting to numbers
They sweep on the desperate few,
Who each bid a stern adieu
To the tried, to the trusted and true,
Then die where they stand, as the oncoming
yell
Of the savages lifts up its chorus from hell.

Ere the horse hoofs trampled the ramparts
dread—
The last of the whole command lay dead,
A sight for the world, in pride, to scan,
While Valor and Duty lead the van.
They charged, they struggled, **THEY DIED**
TO A MAN.

And Fame will never forget that ride,
That wild, mad dash to the riverside,
Where Custer died.

AT LIBERTY'S FEET.

I.

GODDESS, slow-born of the ages—Liberty,
light-giving soul!
Raised, looking seaward, gigantic in sheen
of bronze,
What dost thou see in the wastes afar,
Beyond where the waters throb,
Out where the future's nurselings are
And the woes of the future sob?
What glory the coming day dons,
What gleams and what glooms hither roll?

II.

Here we have set thee in majesty fronting
the rising sun,
Rock-bastioned, steel-strengthened and
splendid with crown of fire,
To last while man treads the circling
world,
To hold us to hate of the wrong,
To live 'neath Love's banner unfurled,
To be good and for Justice strong,
To ascend, to uplift, to aspire,
To stand fast by each right well-won.

III.

Dost thou see the fulfilment of this, grand
 Queen of all men free!
 The old law moving to better, the new
 law on to the best,
 Ever on Toil a more sunny brow,
 Ever in thought a purer flight,
 With songs of sweetness undreamed of
 now,
 Silver laughter and golden light,
 A bond of Trust from east to west,
 A band of Peace from sea to sea?

IV.

But ah, when thy mantle of bronze has
 crusted with rust of green,
 And the fresh-cut stones at thy feet are
 worn by cycles of storm,
 And all who gazed at thy new-lit flame
 Are gone on the wind of Time,
 Shalt thou stand for an empty name?
 Shall our hopes and dreams sublime
 Be as rust and dust of thy form,
 Be as dust of thy rust of green?

V.

Oh never be thou in one glory dimmed or
 thy stars be less,
 Great image of all men's strivings to reach
 man's topmost goal!
 Thy flame we'll watch for the years un-
 born,
 Though the olden wrongs die hard;
 Thine altar with flow'ring deeds adorn;
 Thy throne with our lives we'll guard,
 That thou may'st enter the broad world's
 soul,
 Forever to light and to bless.

A DECADE OF LOVE.

AN angel came down with a golden lyre
 And the strings of the lyre were ten,
 And the sounds of its notes, played one by
 Trembled and intertwined; [one,
 And he passed away ere the playing was done,
 But the harmony dwelt on the wind
 Like the mingling of all the celestial choir—
 And the echoes it waked were ten.

A spirit came bearing a chalice of tears,
 And the sighs that he breathed were ten,
 And the tears from the chalice dropped one
 by one
 On my bride's fair face and mine;
 But above us was glowing Love's glorious
 sun,
 Whose rays are a joy divine
 That shines serene through the passing
 years—
 And the drops that it dried were ten.

A nymph came laughing o'er fields of June,
 And the roses she bore were ten,
 And they dropped from her fingers, one by
 one,
 Kissing our brows as they fell,
 While her laughter rang clear as the stream-
 lets run,
 Or the tones of our marriage bell,
 Till our hearts beat time to the blightsome
 tune—
 And the perfumes she breathed were ten.

Oh decade of love to my marvelling soul!
 Can the years be truly ten
 That have flown like a rhapsody, one by one,
 O'er me and my darling bride?
 Was it yesterday morn that her heart was
 won?
 Oh, years that in moments glide!
 Still rapt into ecstasy may ye roll
 Though time counts slowly ten.

June 18, 1883.

SPECULUM VITÆ.

LET us look in the glass for a moment,
 Let us brush off the mist from its face—
 The mirror of life that is broken
 When Death in our ears knells the token
 To crumble in space.

We must fall whether praying or pining,
 Whether fearing or mocking the blow,
 Brush the mist from the mirror, then, trem-
 bling;
 The grave is no place for dissembling—
 There vaunting lies low.

The eyes, as they glaze to earth's glory,
 Peer into that mirror of pain
 Where the slain of our years lie all gory
 Bent over by grim shadows hoary
 Recording each stain.

Not a blot nor a blemish escapes them,
 The sins of the lone and the crowd,
 The crime where we pandered or paltered.
 The dark things that lips never faltered
 There cry out aloud.

They are there, and no tempest can hide
 them;

They glow with accusing and shame.
 Tho' the years be all dead, *they* are living.
 'Mid the silence they cry for forgiving
 With direful acclaim.

On the wreck-plank of life is there pardon
 When joy is worn hollow in sin?
 When the heart sees no light in the sparkle,
 Nor gloom where the drowsy waves darkle
 O'er foeman and kin?

Then brush the world's mist from the mirror
 While life in our bosom is sweet,
 And turn, with a love of the purest,
 O'er pathways the fairest and surest
 The trace of our feet.

GERALDINE.

THE rose is sweetly blushing
 And virgin lilies bloom,
 While Summer-winds are bearing
 Their heaven-sent perfume,
 And blithe young birds are singing
 Upon the beechen tree
 Beneath whose shade I'm thinking,
 Dear Geraldine, of thee.

The vesper bell is tolling
 Its solemn, measured chime,
 And nature all seems telling
 Of the golden Summer time.
 But the sun shines not forever
 And Summer perfumes flee,
 And so these musings whisper,
 Dear Geraldine, of thee.

For when in Old Dunleary,
 On many a Summer's eve,
 We wandered through the meadows
 The future's spell to weave,
 My joy, my rose, my sunlight,
 Lily and birdie free
 Were love bound and I dreamed for aye,
 Dear Geraldine, in thee.

All's gone save mem'ry's lonely smile,
 From Erin far away;
 Thy glowing soul to Heaven flown,
 Thy frame in churchyard clay.
 While the inward hope celestial
 Is all remains to me,
 And a dream across the twilight,
 Dear Geraldine, of thee.

1865.

ON THE SOUND.

At eve from the Pilgrim's lofty deck
 As we cleave through the waveless Sound
 I gaze on a hamlet's spire—a speck
 Far over the land's dim bound.

I fancy I hear its silvery bell—
 As from out of the sunset's soul—
 Sound over the opaline sea to tell
 Of a calm life's joy-lit goal.

A yacht with its canvas and masts aglow
 In crimson and gold of the west [know,
 Points fair for the shore where the bell, I
 Is singing its song of rest.

O fair bark reaching for home and cheer,
 With ripples aflame at thy prow,
 I would that my haven of life were near
 And lovely as thine is now!

But, lo! a fisher with shadowed sails
 Steers into the north and the night
 Where a dark cloud over the water trails
 From the sky's still starless height.

O brave bark driving on duty's track
 Where it takes thee, shine or shade,
 With thee goes my heart 'neath the night
 and rack
 And the storm for our work-world made!

POEMS OF MICHAEL J. WALSH.

IN MEMORIAM.

SADLY repining and musing alone
Over hopes that are blighted forever and
 flown;
As the past that was blissful I sadly review,
I am thinking, and fondly, my lost love of
 you.

I have tokens, my darling, and long may
 they last,
To remind me of thee and the beautiful
 past—
The past which to me in my sorrow doth
 seem
Like a spell of enchantment, a vision, a
 dream.

There is sorrow and grief at my heart every
 day,
And each night, as the little ones cross them
 and pray,
That heart in its anguish is rent to the core
As they mention the name of my Katie
 asthore.

No more shall I drink the rich measure of
 love
That was balm to my soul, like a smile from
 above,
For its source has run dry, and my darling
 doth sleep
In a cold, narrow cell where the tall willows
 weep.

My own love! my lost love! I seek no re-
 spite
From the grief that is mine; I shall never
 invite
A means to forget thee; henceforth, love, for
 me
There is nothing but sorrow and thinking of
 thee.

Full soon shall the summer lend beauty again,
Through its sunshine, to woodland, and
 meadow, and plain;
But the summer to me can no pleasure im-
 part,
For the winter of sorrow has blighted my
 heart.

I will go to your grave when the roses are
 blown,
They'll remind me of thee that was fondly
 my own;
There my heart will find ease in the tears
 that I shed
As I 'kneel 'mong the sad, silent homes of
 the dead!

AN IRISH SONG.

AIR: *I'd Mourn the Hopes.*"

HAS fate, alas! consigned thee
 To endless wrongs, *asthore-ma-chree*?
Shall the future come to find thee
 A captive still beside the sea?
Or will thy sons, united,
 At last throw down the gage of war,
And, till all thy wrongs are righted,
 Give blow for blow, and scar for scar?

Though dastards base defame thee,
 To us thou'rt always *Innisfail*,
And, henceforth, to reclaim thee,
 The Sundered children of the Gael,
With torch and brand united,
 Will track the footsteps of the foe,
And, till all thy wrongs are righted,
 Give scar for scar and blow for blow.

Nor do they struggle vainly,
 Who keep the beacon lights ablaze;
Far better thus than tamely
 Yield up, before the world's gaze,

The sworn ties that bind us,
Sent down from "bleeding sire to son,"
And that ever true will find us,
Till, gra-ma-chree, thy rights are won.

O'CONNELL'S BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

I.

I FAIR would weave, in deathless song,
A chaplet worthy of the fame
Of him who Kerry's hills among
Shed lustre on our country's name.
Of him, who in the penal times,
E'er those who hear me yet were born,
Denounced the demons by whose crimes,
Our mother land was rent and torn.

II.

As Carn Terul salutes the sky,
A giant 'mong his lesser neighbors,
So he, o'er men, rose ever high,
Till heaven smiled upon his labors.
And royal apes and vassal lords
Blanched pale before his higher station;
With Irish pike he dared their swords,—
Why did they yield emancipation?

III.

"That drop of blood" was all a lie,
No Kerry man was ever born
Who would not choose to fight and die,
Than live a slave, a thing of scorn.
Nor say that Ireland's great tribune,
To end all foreign domination,
Would shrink from blood or wild commune,
To make his bleeding land a nation.

IV.

'Tis Kerry's boast, no brighter name
Illumes the page of Ireland's story;
The world pays homage to his fame,
And crowns him with a wreath of glory.
Down through the years no other land
Was ever blest with fairer token,
Of purpose high sublime and grand,
Than ours, when Erin's pride had spoken.

V.

His spirit lives at Ballyheigue,
Where, like his voice, and never ceasing,
The breakers roar, and where the League
By rebel force, goes on increasing.
From Tralee town to Dingle Bay,
Thence to Listowel, up near the Shannon,
The moonlight men still lead the way
Beyond the reach of English cannon.

VI.

Coercion greets them with a frown,
They show no panic or alarm,
The people's voice 'twill never drown,
'Twill only nerve the rebel's arm.
But come what may, we're rebels still,
Like Emmet, Tone and Hugh O'Donnell;
Then, brothers mine, your glasses fill
To the memory of our own O'Connell.

MUSINGS REMINISCENT.

DARK visaged Fate looks through the clouds,
to-day as in the past,
Nor forty years have cleared away the shadows 'round me cast;
When Fortune's then uncertain hand, at boyhood's early morn,
Saw me descend old Shannon's tide an exile seaward borne.

Ah! well do I remember now the sad, sad parting scene
When my young heart was riven sore contending ties between;
I wept the friends I left behind, whilst those I longed to meet
Spoke to my heart, across the main, in accents fond and sweet.

At length came days of transient bliss, reunion's welcome boon,
Brought sunshine to the exile's home, alas, to vanish soon;
The cherished friends that blessed my life with ardent love and strong,
Are sleeping now in alien graves, their exiled race among.

<p>Mavrone! the pleasant days are gone, when life was young and gay; The hurling matches on the green have long since passed away; Alas! the sturdy villagers, so full of heart and soul, With their "Comauns," no more I'll see doing battle at the goal.</p> <p>And though I've passed through busy scenes down through the fleeting years, Though joy and sorrow gave their meed of pleasure and of tears,</p>	<p>It seems as though 'twere yesterday, that, sore at heart, I cast On scenes forever dear to me my parting gaze, the last.</p> <p>I watched the dear old hills recede, and though the sun shone bright, My eyes grew dim, nor ask me why, to me the day seemed night; The ocean's rim reached to the sky; behind its wall of blue I left my heart; 'tis there to-day, my native land with you.</p>
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POEMS OF GERALD CARLETON.

ASPIRATION.

UPWARD as the mountain eagle,
 When the storm-cloud hovers nigh,
 Scorns to fold its quiv'ring pinions
 Where the darkling shadows lie;
 But above the rolling thunder,
 Wheeling in his tireless flight,
 While the earth he spurns beneath him—
 Basks in Heaven's unclouded light.

Upward as the little oak tree,
 Bursting from its prison clod,
 While to earth its roots are clinging,
 Bears its head above the sod;
 As the sky-lark heavenward springing,
 With the morning's earliest ray,
 Woos the golden sunlight streaming
 Through the portals of the day.

Thus with true and noble purpose,
 Let us seek a higher life—
 Ever upward, ever onward,
 Never weary of the strife;
 'Till the Glorious Sun of Science,
 Bursting through far realms of light,
 Sheds a flood of undim'd radiance
 Through the shadows of the night.

THOMAS MOORE.¹

ILLUSTRIOUS poet! thou whose tuneful lay,
 Wakes in the heart the beams of freedom's
 ray,
 Whose love-fraught pen replete with tender-
 est light
 Cheers from its transient gloom fair Ireland's
 night,
 We hail thee! joyous bard of Erin's story,
 And twine our hearts in wreaths to deck thy
 glory.

We linger o'er thy lays of bygone days,
 And shower on thee the well-earned meed of
 praise;
 Hail bard of Erin! the Muses loved thy
 song,
 The patriot heart dost still thy notes pro-
 long.
 The "loves of angels" now thy chorus sing,
 And heavenly houris chant thee on the wing.

Tom Moore! I bless thee not when from thy
 heart
 This bygone legend found a new born-part;

¹(Read at the unveiling of Moore's Monument at Concert Grove, N. Y., May 29, 1881).

I bless thee not when by yón lake's dark
gloom,
The beauteous Kathleen found a watery
tomb.
St. Kevin ne'er had felt her blue eyes
love,
Or she had rested ere she soared above.

Again we tread with thee the magic strand
Thy princess peerless trod in Cashmere
land;

We catch the tear the mournful Peri wept
As downward from her heavenly home she
swept;

With Khorassan's veiled prophet we have
wailed

As at his charnel vows his lost bride paled.

In childhood's years I've roamed with Lalla
Rookh, [brook;
Her beauteous soul has touched each fairy
The Parsee's love of her transcendent tale
Has from my o'erwrought soul brought forth
a wail,

I see the "Harem's Light," the Sultan's pride
Rest for one golden hour, the monarch's
bride.

Brilliant and tender, gay and passing sweet—
Unworthy we—thy glorious memory greet,
Bard of the Emerald Isle, thy peerless name
Has stamped thy memory with undying
fame, [fade,
While Ireland lives Tom Moore can never
No greater name can e'er his laurels shade.

POEMS OF MINNIE GILMORE.

THE RIVER ON THE PLAIN.

ON high Sierra a young spring glows,
White as a babe, from its natal snows.

The soft winds over its cradle sway;
Croon, as they rock it, a roundelay.

Their dewy chaplets tell mists in gray,
Veiling it chastely from day to day:

And flocks of raindrops, on earthward quest,
With light wings dimple its pulsing breast.

A crown of sunshine it dons, as born
Of ruddy Eos, the infant Morn:

A crown of starshine it dons by night,
Waiting the kiss of the pale moonlight:

As censors swaying, blown pines that guard,
Fan it with odors more sweet than nard,

And strong young eagles, on royal wing,
Winnow the heart of the mountain spring.

* * * *

Over the mountain a streamlet speeds,
Spurred by the prick of the bulrush reeds.

The woodbine tracks it from ledge to ledge,
Twining her tendrils along its edge:

A willowed army, with cedared flank,
Presses its pathway, close rank on rank:

And files of fir-trees, armed with cones,
Riddle its picketing, lichenèd stones.

Bright bluffs and canyons it spans apace,
Clematis after, in purple chase:

Her wee green tassels the wild hop sways,
Listing its lyrics through sunny days:

The timid aspen takes heart and dips
Tremulous boughs for its warm young lips:

The blue wind-flower holds out her cup,
Yearning its ripples that sparkle up—

And coyly tinkles the plashed harebell,
Ringing the way to her citadel,

As down the mountain the streamlet speeds,
Spurred by the prick of the bulrush reeds.

* * * *

Over the prairie a river glides,
Tuft-grass a-tilt on its sloping sides.

Its white foam ripens to buds of spray,
Blooming the river as field of May:

It gaily sprinkles with opal show'r
Robes of the glittering mustard-flower:

Then slows and hushes, where rose on rose
Beside it anchors in pink repose.

Under the heavens, its clear tide glints
Rich as a rainbow in tangled tints:

And fair as Eden, along its flow,
Gardens of vetch in the sunlight glow.

Yet on forever, with panting breast,
Presses the river in vague unrest.

O, little recks it of mountain spring,
Winnowing eagles, and winds that sing!—

Of piney gulches it leaped in glee,
Chasing the blue-eyed anemone:

Of cloistered canyons with scented ways,
Flowery haunts of its early days.

For naught that has been, nor naught that is,
Merits the river's light loyalties—

But fairer ever, as moon than star,
Visions, that shadow what were or are,

Of goal that beckons, whose fair shores lie
On the veiled breast of futurity.

Alas! O river, not we, not we,
Meetly may chide of disloyalty!

Nor bid you tarry, while yet you may,
Prizing the bloom of your sunny way—

For we, too, reckon to-day a bond
And yearn the morrow that waits beyond.

A PIONEER POET.

SEE thet tent thar, whar' th' grass
Follers up th' mounting-pass?
See thet chap ez looks a clown,
Walkin' slowly up an' down?
Thar's his tent, sir, an' thar's him
Ez ye axed fur—poet Jim.

Wot on 'arth folks gits ter see
In thet feller, squelches me.
Dashed ef I hain't showed th' way
Three more times afore, terday.
Nuthin' much, he ain't, in looks—
S'pose ye've hearn ez he writes books?
'Read em?' Jest draw mild, pard! Me?—
Ya—as! thet's jest th' sort I be.

Knowed his father; me an' him
Onct wuz pards. He wuz a limb,
Old Jim wuz in his young days,
Till one year he tuk a craze
Fur a gal ez with her par
Kem ter summer on th' Bar.—
W'ite an' peaky; a poor lot—
Not my style by a long shot!
Full o' flowery, high talk
Ez hed nary stem nor stalk.
Howsomever, Jim wuz struck
Hard an' hot; an' she, wuss luck,
Caved-in ter his han'some face,
Settled down in thet same place;
Stayin' jest till thet chap kum,
Then put out her light, sir, plum'!
Jim died later, fifteen year,
Jest ez he hed struck luck here—
Left his claim an' tent ter him,
Thet poor chap thar—poet Jim.

W'u'dn't guess it, see'n him,
But he hed th' sass, hed Jim,
Ter git sweet upon my gal—
My one darter, sir, my Sal.
Hi! but thet night D's wuz thiek—
I swar some, I did, by Nick!
Sal, she cried, ez wimmen do,
But I guess she'll live it thro'.
Taint fur her, so peart an' trim,
Ter be jest Mis' Poet Jim!

Hain't no gumption, thet Jim hain't—
 Gosh! his ways 'ud rile a saint.
 Works a spell, when he's cleaned out,
 Then jest idles roun' about,
 Roamin' up an' down th' pass,
 Lyin' in th' summer grass,
 Starin' up them same old skies,
 (Ez is kin ter his blue eyes—)
 Watchin' now, jest a wild rose
 Bowin' ez th' breezes blows,
 Lookin' up et them dark pines
 Yaller when th' noon sun shines,
 Countin' all th' birds thet fly,
 Smilin', sighin'; by an' by
 Sets ter writin' fur dear life—
 Nice chap thet, ter hev' a wife!

Wot's his line—trees, birds, an' stars,
 Ain't it? Tho't so! Like his mar's.
 Fore she merried, she writ, too,
 Hevin' nuthin' more ter do.
 Gals afore they git a beau
 Kinder find life dull, ye know,
 An' some high uns tek ter rhyme,
 Jest ter pass away th' time—
 W'ich I ain't on leanin' rough,
 Ez they'll drop it sharp enough
 Et a chance ter settle down,
 With a man an' babies roun'.
 But a chap with no more vim
 Then ter be a poet, like Jim—
 Shunt it, pard, it makes me sick!—
 Eh?—O thankee! Yer a brick!

Prime stuff—thet! More? No, pard, no!—
 Wal, I don't keer—let her go!
 Ain't no poet, ye ain't, sir! Hey?
 Blast my ears, wot's thet ye say?
 Jest thet same, sir? Wal, I vum!
 Dern my boots ef thet ain't rum!
 Tuk ye fur a tearin' swell.—
 Jest a poet? Ain't thet a sell!

Eh? Good Lord! Let me set down!
 Jim th' talk o' town on town?
 Great folks thro' th' hull wide land
 Holdin' him warm heart an' hand?
 Him th' pride o' comin' times,
 Jest thro' his falutin' rhymes?

Him a gen'us—him a star—
 His name ringin' near an' far—
 Gold a-runnin' up his claim?
 Gosh!

O Jim, I say! Jest aim
 Roun' our way some night, an'—wal,
 S'pose ye jest talk over Sal?

A SORGHUM CANDY-PULL.

FIVE miles out from house or village stands
 the old farm on the prairie;
 From its roof red lanterns dangle, lest we
 miss the lonely way.
 Lamps are shining at each window, in the
 barn and in the dairy,
 And red pine-flames on the snowdrifts o'er
 the kitchen threshold play.
 Rows of sleighs stand in the barnyard; rows
 of steeds paw in the stable;
 There is sound of many voices, then a sud-
 den listing lull,
 As we sweep through the great gateway to
 the porch beneath the gable,
 Where the farmer bids us welcome to the
 sorghum candy-pull.

At the door his good wife curtsies, with both
 hands outstretched in greeting;
 Points us up to the front chamber, where
 young voices bid us "Come!"
 And we file up the wide stairway, followed
 still by her entreating
 That we "Give th' gals our bunnits, an' jest
 make ourselves t' hum."
 On the top stair wait her daughters, twin
 wild-roses blushing newly
 In their fear lest "city-people find wild wes-
 te'n doin's dull"—
 Till their warm young hands enfolding, we
 assure them, (and most truly,)
 That we know no sweeter frolic than a sor-
 ghum candy-pull.

As we enter the bright kitchen, the gray host
 presents us duly:—
 "Friends, th' city-folks from east'ards, ez is
 stoppin' ter Mis' West's."

And the bows and handshakes over, the red
logs are kindled newly,
And a hush of expectation deepens 'mong
the waiting guests.

Then from off the high pine dresser comes
the great, brass shining kettle,

And the farm-wife pours the sorghum till
the girls proclaim it full;

When they lift it to the fire, and the farmer
from his settle,

Claps his knee, and hurrahs gaily for the
sorghum candy-pull.

As the pine-flames leap and crackle, we can
see the sorghum stealing

In great golden coils that shimmer round
the kettle's circled brim;

And the lads crowd to the pantry, tall heads
dodging the low ceiling,

For the great spoons peeping brightly from
the shelf's rosetted rim.

Then what gallantry and blushes, as each to
his chosen maiden

Holds the shining pewter handle, the deep
bowl still in his hand;

And the pretty, quaint procession, as they
file in twains, so laden,

And group gaily round the kettle, at the
leader's blithe command!

Swift the first spoon seeks the sorghum, and
the stirring goes on fleetly,

Two hands clasped about the handle, hers
for holding, his to guide;

And as o'er the ruddy hearthstone, soft young
cheeks flush out so sweetly,

O, I dream the flames steal deeper, and warm
soft young hearts, beside!

And as twain each twain replaces, till the
spoons have all been christened,

Sitting back in the still corner, while the
kettle brims and boils,

To my heart float faint, stray echoes of shy
words the fire has listened,

As the spoons went slowly circling through
the golden sorghum-coils.

Out unto the ice-bound bucket go the last
twain, snows unheeding,

For a bowl of water sparkling from the well,
like rare old wine;

And what pretty anxious faces, and what
rapture swift succeeding,

As the sorghum seeks the bottom in a crisp
and brittle line!

Then the putting out of platters; routing of
canine infringers;

And the restless time of waiting till the frosty
air shall cool;

And the eager choice of partners, and the
buttering of fingers,

As the farm-wife names the candy as all
ready for the pull.

What a merry tussle follows, with the golden
ropes that shimmer

Titian-red between the embers, and the lamps
of ruddy light;

And what rival boasts and daring, while the
gold grows ever dimm.

Till the yellow merges slowly first to cream
and then to white!

What an awed and anxious silence, as from
defter hands fall gleaming

Hearts, and rings, and blent initials, linked
in true lovers' knots—

And what calls for water, after, for the sticky
palms' redeeming,

And what girlish toss of ribands, and what
brushing off of spots!

Then the bearing of the candy, in a great
dish to the table

In the dining-room adjoining, where the juicy
apples wait;

Where the giant-jugs of cider foam like nec-
tar of old fable,

And the nuts for philopening lie in lone and
dusky state.

And the merry hours that follow, winged in
jest and song and laughter,

While the apples grow but phantoms, and
the nuts but shells that seem,

And the cider ebbs out surely as the candy,
that leaves after

But the lovers' knots, that cherished, pledge
each maid a charmed dream.

Twelve strokes echo from the stairway, ere
the last good-nights are spoken,

Ere the steeds turn from the stables, and the
sleighs stand at the door;

And the farmfolk from the threshold; after
each, in kindly token,
Throw a pippin from the basket newly filled
from their rich store.
As the merry sleighs speed by us, I lean back
against the cushion,
And the moonlight blinds me strangely, for
my eyes and heart are full,
As I question if my city, with its eastern
wealth and fashion,
Boasts so truly sweet a frolic as a sorghum
candy-pull.

AFTER THE BALL.

O LITTLE glove, do I but dream I hold thee,
So warm, so sweet, and tawny as her hair?
Nay! from her hand to-night I dared unfold
thee,
As we went down the stair.

She said no word; she did not praise nor
blame me;
She is so proud, so proud and cold and
fair!—

Ah! dear my love, thy silence did not shame
me,
As we went down the stair.

Thy dark eyes flashed; thy regal robes arrayed
thee.

In queenly grace, and pride beyond com-
pare;
But on thy cheek a sudden red betrayed thee,
As we went down the stair.

O, lady mine, some near night will I prove
thee!

By this soft glove I know that I may dare
Take thy white hand, and whisper, "Sweet,
I love thee,"

As we go down the stair!

POEMS OF EDWARD J. O'REILLY.

THE EMIGRANT'S LOVE.

BESIDE her couch I bend the knee,
Where she, my earliest love, had died,
And vowed she should in Heaven be—
Though not on earth—my spirit bride.

Upon a foreign soil my oath
Of love proclaimed her mine to be,
But she had deemed it wise for both
To wait till fortune smiled on me.

When fortune came death trod the path
Of gold the fickle god had taken,
And smote the idol in his wrath
For whom I would have all forsaken.

A relic from the emerald sward
Which I had plucked from Erin's breast
I placed, as love's supreme reward,
Above her exiled daughter's rest.

She bade me plant it o'er her dust—
I promised it, and own I wept;
In truth it was a holy trust
That darkest demon would have kept!

She loved the land that gave it birth,
And deemed if it should mark her grave
She still should sleep 'neath Irish earth,
Despite the barriers of the wave.

Long may its tender plumage wave,
Enjoying spring's first virgin smile,
And bloom above her foreign grave,
As when it graced her hapless Isle.

Her tomb, the Mecca of my love,
Shall be the temple of my prayer—
That I may meet her yet above
And live forever with her there.

LIFE.

WHAT is life?

A fated being sent from God
To tread the path his fathers trod,
To toil for gold, perchance in vain,
With heated brow and hurried brain,
And, dying, all forgotten, go
To the deep shades of death below,
With darkness rife?

What is life?

A war with all of human breath—
Hushed only by the conq'ror Death!—
Ambition, honor, glory's dreams,
Are shadowed with deceptive names—
Even love's a mockery of life—
'Tis strife—all strife!

Is life no more?

Yes—with its dark, chaotic gloom,
Withering all that erst should bloom—
The Eden of primeval earth,
Proclaims some relic of her birth—
And through all human bosoms still,
Inspires the heart's instinctive will,
Upward to soar!

Poor child of toil!—

Stricken with life's organic care,
Wake from thy dreams of sad despair;
The earth which seems to thee so dark,
Shall perish, but that vital spark,
The soul by the Deity first given,
With the seraphic host of heaven,
Shall play its part.

JULY THE FOURTH.

IMMORTAL day! thy history writes
The epitaph of kings,
And bids the soul take nobler flights
Than even Homer sings.
A continent bows down to thee,
The herald of its peace,
And while its giant breast is free
Its homage ne'er shall cease!

There was a day when it was crime
That sealed for death the brow
To pray at freedom's holy shrine,
So firmly guarded now.
Then Hessians for a bloody mite
Obeyed an idiot king,
And eclipsed for a time the light
A nearer day should bring.

Now from this broad, unmeasured shore
Illumed by freedom's rays,
The cannon to the skies shall pour
Its tributary blaze!
And from the instruments of death
The millions will conspire
To show with one united breath
Their rights were won by fire!

Bright day! thy dawn made Heaven cheer
The patriot fathers on
Till mankind owned, in every sphere,
Their work was nobly done!
And when God's herald gave a tongue
To what He made us be,
With patriots' love the angels sung
"America is free!"

THE PARTING.

THE bark weighed slowly from her seat,
While on the strand a crowd
Of kindred viewed the human freight
With hearts and spirits bow'd;
And as she glided like a bird
Above the gathering spray
'Mid sighs and tears her prayers were heard
That o'er her liquid way
An angel pilot might preside
And be the wandering exiles' guide!

The bark now seems to strike a cloud
In earth's last guard of air
Ere lost within the ether shroud
That wraps it slowly there,
A maiden still surveys the main
Though all have left the beach,
And deems in fancy's kindling flame
The bark in vision's reach:
Her musing spirit soars in air
And travels with her lover there.

POEMS OF MICHAEL SCANLAN.

PRESENTING THE SHAMROCK.

THE IRISH SOLDIER TO COLUMBIA ON ST.
PATRICK'S MORNING.

Columbia, *gra*, just bear awhile
With a soldier of the rank and file,
A stepson from the Emerald Isle,
Your uniform adorning,
Who comes his poor respects to pay,
In the good old democratic way,
To wish you on St. Patrick's day
The very crame of the morning;
And ask you, Ma'am, if you would wear
Amid the glory of your hair,
Right in that nest of Cupid's there,
This emblem of his sireland!
Fed by soft winds, and rarest dew,
Wept down from skies of softest blue,
This little sprig of Shamrock grew
Near the very heart of Ireland!

You now have royal beaus, *aroon*,
Who flash about you late and soon,
Like stars about the summer moon
Ostrivalued by your glory;
But in the days when you were young,
And sleuth hounds on your traces hung,
And royal lovers gave them tongue,
'Twas then a different story;
But in those dark and bloody days
Old Ireland rose beyond the *says*
And backed your throne-upsetting ways,
In the face of rack and prison,
And gave you all she had, *asthore*,
Strong arms, true hearts, and love galore,
And cheer'd you from her sea-beat shore
Till all your stars had risen.

When you had sprung from war's alarms,
Jack Barry took you in his arms,
And smiled to see your budding charms,
On a cold St. Patrick's morning.
He wrapped you in the flag and said,
"When thrones are moldered, empires dead,

Amid the stars she'll hold her head,
Their petty kingdoms scorning!"
Montgomery was standing near,
And on your pleased and listening ear
Rang Dragoon Moylan's charging cheer;
While the Shamrock was adorning
That curl-crowned head and brow of thine,
Along the Continental Line,
That cheer was passed with nine times nine,
On that St. Patrick's morning.

You may forget those misty things,
Which time hath shaded with his wings,
And yet they are the living springs
Of all your fame and glory:
When Jackson fought at New Orleans,
And by his side the Jasper Greens,
You were a maiden in your teens,
And can't forget the story—
Your olden foe had come, once more,
To trail you as in days before;
You met him on the sounding shore
And dared the haughty foeman!
Then Jackson shook your banner free
And swore, "By the Eternal, she
"Shall hold her course o'er land and sea,
Nor cringe, nor stoop, to no man!"

And in your fullest womanhood,
Sure, Ireland's sons about you stood,
And freely poured their hottest blood
For you, their second Mother;
Where'er along the battle tide,
One of your own boys fought and died,
An Irishman was by his side,
Like brother unto brother—
Tho' sundered in the plodding mart,
You cannot tell their graves apart,
Two in race, but one in heart
For God and godlike freedom!
Whene'er the dread occasion comes,
And War should lower above your homes,
Lo, at the rattle of your drums,
They're ready when you need 'em!

Your cheeks like reddest roses blow,
 Your eyes with fires of freedom glow,
 Your bosom, chaster than the snow,
 Can dare the world's inspection;
 In looks, in acts, in pride, in mien,
 You seem like nature's freeborn queen—
Darlin', a little bit of green

Would suit your fine complexion;
 By tears bedewed, by martyrs blest,
 'Twas borne in many a gallant crest,
 'Twas worn on many a queenly breast,
 And decked their golden tresses;
 And he who to this emblem's true
 Can ne'er be false, *agra*, to you,
 Till the emerald fields wherein it grew,
 Are turned to wildernesses!

Just bend your regal head awhile!—
 No wonder, darlin', that you smile,
 A soldier of the rank and file

Has mighty awkward fingers
 About a head of 'wilderling curls,
 But faith as true as lord's or earl's,
 And heart as gentle as a girl's;

Don't blame him if he lingers
 About your wealth of sunbright hair,
 To set Old Ireland's Shamrock there,—
 May blackest sorrow be his share

Who would the twain dis sever!
 Now raise your head to all men's view,
 Columbia, while I drink to you,
 "The Green, the Red, the White and Blue
 Forever and forever!"

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

Oh, bless the Great Jehovah, whose mighty
 spirit saves!

He will cleave the crimson ocean, and con-
 duct us thro' its waves:

In Manchester our martyrs lie, moldering in
 their graves,

But their souls are marching on!

Glory, glory, unto ye, men!

Tyrants trembled 'fore ye three men!

Ye light up the wilderness for freemen,

As they go marching on.

Within the English prison they dug their
 felon graves,

Their lion hearts, 'neath foreign earth,
 tramped down by feet of slaves,

But away, beyond the ocean, by the roaring
 Irish waves,

Their souls are marching on.

Glory, glory to the people!

Ring out wild anthems from the steeple.

Tremble, ye tyrants, for the people

Are marching, marching on!

From their red graves in the dungeon will
 spring a mighty tree,

Beneath whose spreading branches, flushed
 with fruit of liberty,

We'll chant the choral anthem of the people's
 jubilee,

As we go marching on!

Glory, glory unto ye, men!

From the graves where they planted but three
 men

Will spring up an army of freemen,

To march for freedom on!

The voice of retribution rings along the con-
 scious stones,

The blood of martyr'd legions' beats anew
 about their bones,

The heart of hell is quaking for its palaces
 and thrones

As we go marching on!

Glory, glory to the people!

Ring out the news from each steeple,

"God is the Priest of the people,

And leads them safely on!"

The earth rolls on rejoicing, for the peoples
 move as one,

Their backs unto the purple past, their faces
 to the sun,

Whose light flings back the shadows, as the
 pregnant ages run,

And man goes marching on!

Glory, glory to the few men,

Whose flame fed the spirit of the new men;

The stars will rejoice when all true men

Will march, together, on!

Oh, God is everlasting, crowns and thrones
 are transient things;
 The glitter of earth's palaces, the viciousness
 of Kings,
 Will pass like empty phantoms 'neath the
 sweeping of His wings,
 As He goes marching on!
 Glory, glory alleluiah!
 Vanish Kings, alleluiah!
 Freedom shall live, alleluiah!
 While rolls the green earth on.

A PRISON LOVE SONG.

[This "Love Song" might have been sung by any of that magnificent band of men who made "Millbank" and "Pentonville" Red Letter names in the annals of Ireland and Black Letter names even in the dark and bloody annals of British prisons].

The shadows deepen into night—
 A night sans sky or stars!—
 Whose vesper hymn, to weary hearts,
 Is grating bolts and bars!
 O thou who art my strength by day,
 My thoughts, my dreams by night,
 Come, spirit of my early love,
 And make my dungeon bright.

Come in thy beauty and thy grief,
 And thy enduring faith,
 Lest, in my weakness, I rebel
 Against this life in death;
 For I was born upon the hills,
 And grow not used to chains—
 They work a madness in my heart,
 A fever in my veins.

I know not when I loved thee first,
 For on my father's knee
 I heard the story of thy wrongs
 And those who died for thee;
 And as I grew, that crescent love
 Consumed me like a flame—
 And here to-night, in felon bonds,
 I love thee still the same.

The Saxon lord, by force and fraud,
 Has wooed thee long and vain;
 He has his herds on ev'ry hill,
 His ships upon the main;

But thou dost spurn his wealth and pow'r,
 And hold him far apart—
 No wealth can buy, no pow'r can force
 The fortress of thy heart.

Couldst thou forget thy heritage,
 Made sacred by defeat,
 And wear his robes of shame and sit
 A handmaid at his feet,
 Then would I curse the rueful hour
 I took thy lover's vow,
 And dared the felon's awful doom.
 For one as false as thou!

Bethink thee how thy lovers loved,
 And how they died for thee!
 Their bones have bleach'd on ev'ry strand
 And whiten'd ev'ry sea!
 How well they fought, how proud they stept
 From scaffold to the skies!—
*Now spreads their unavenged blood
 A sea before mine eyes!*

Thou didst not quail when sore beset,
 Nor bend to his desire,
 When he, to break thee to his lust,
 Robed thy fair limbs in fire;
 And couldst thou now, when heralds sing
 The dawn of Freedom's morn,
 Forswear thy heritage of hate
 For heritage of scorn?

O Love, he knows thee not! So sure
 Of thy deep faith am I
 As that the old and changeless stars
 Still deck the midnight sky;
 Upon that faith I rest secure,
 I suffer and grow strong—
 My spirit, from this prison cage,
 Goes out to thee in song.

O Love, come kiss my eyelids down,
 For I am full of pain—
 Send holy sleep, for in my dreams
 I'm young and free again;
 Alas, thy face, save in those dreams
 I never more may see!
 But neither time, nor change, nor death
 Can shake my love for thee.

THE SPELL OF THE COULUN.

[AN IRISH SETTLER ON THE ILLINOIS.]

A down the broad river and over the prairie
The Summer moon shines, like a night from
lost years—

A dream of old moonlights! Come hither, my
Mary,

And sing me the *Coulun*, the music of
tears;

'Twas the *caione* of some minstrel, whose
proud heart was broken

When Ireland lay crush'd under rapine and
wrong,

A sigh for lost freedom, ere Mercy had spoken
The words which enfranchised his spirit of
song.

Oh, brown were thy tresses—they're gray now,
ma colleen!—

And blue were thine eyes as the blue skies
above,

When first, in fair Desmond, you sang me the
Coulun,

And an Irish moon hallowed our pledges
of love;

What visions of freedom, what hopes for the
morrow

Within our young spirits of ecstasy
bloom'd!

But there flows 'tween the moonlights a
deep sea of sorrow,

Within whose dark bosom those hopes lie
entomb'd.

Tho' Time, love, hath stolen your locks' amber
glory,

And waves his white banner above your
fair brow,

The years of our exile seem like an old story,
For the Spell of the Coulun is over us now,

And we wander, young lovers, by ruin and
river,

Where Legend lends Fancy bright pinions
of flight,

And our spirits are singing, "Forever and
Ever,"

And an Irish moon hallows our love with
its light!

Oh, bless thee, old minstrel, whose magical
numbers

Still sigh for lost freedom, still hymn the
grand faith,

That Ireland will rise from the tomb where
she slumbers

Array'd in new beauty, triumphant o'er
death—

And bridging the moonlights with love, my
dear Mary,

The prayer of our hearts is, "God send
that blest day;"

Methinks when it dawns on our grave on the
prairie

That shamrocks will spring from our
moldering clay!

A CHRISTMAS CHANT.

A truce to all our bickerings, a short farewell
to hate,

For Love, with all his retinue, stands knock-
ing at the gate;

Let antique Mirth sweep from the hearth
the ashes of Despair,

And light old fires of revelry to lay the ghost
of Care:

What tho' the world of rabblement hath
trailed us in the street!

We're Kings to-night and Fate shall crouch
a vassal at our feet!

For we will drink nepenthe from the flagon
of old times,

While Love, from his high campanile, shall
peal his Christmas chimes.

What tho' the World hath caught us in the
winter of its tears,

And led our fine ambitions thro' a wilderness
of years!

From the desert, consecrated by endurance,
we come forth,

And our unrebuking spirits, o'er defeat, pro-
claim our worth.

To-night we stand above the storm, where
men and angels meet,

Old moonlights silv'ring all the hills, life's
wreck beneath our feet,

While our thoughts, like benedictions, run
to rhythm and to rhyme,
As Love, on bells of Memory, rings out his
Christmas chime.

So set the yule-logs blazing! For to-night
must Life assume

The cap and bells, and flying feet, and Grief
forget her gloom:

We'll have no skulking spectres 'round to
mar our regal mirth—

Ev'ry face must catch its glowing from the
firelight on the hearth;

Ev'ry heart must beat a measure that shall
breathe of pray'r and praise,

Like the echoes of old pleasures from the
halls of other days—

The bells of inspiration peal in fancy's far-
off clime!

'Tis our lost selves of better days that ring
this Christmas chime.

Ring out! ring out! with silver shout, winged
voices of the bells,

And hither summon all who sleep in Mem'ry's
magic dells!

First, bid her come, now nameless, in the
robes she used to wear,

The roses glowing on her cheek, the sunlight
in her hair,

Her gentle spirit breaking upon her lips in
smiles,

Like a tranquil river flowing about its rosy
isles—

That beauty whose enchantment about all
hearts is flung

By the poets sublimated, by the minnesingers
sung.

Bid the young all come in laughter, and the
old in quiet grace,

Every dimple, every wrinkle—old-time beau-
ties—on each face;

Let Woman come in sweetness, and Manhood
clothed in power,

With Childhood's rosy weakness, and Girl-
hood in its flower,

And Grief shall lose dominion, and Love as-
sume control,

And all life's cold misgivings shall be lifted
from the soul;

While, to gild the gloomy present, we'll ring
in the olden times,

Like a ship with blessings freighted, on the
rolling Christmas chimes.

So, a truce to all our bickerings, a long fare-
well to hate,

To Love, and all his retinue, fling open wide
the gate!

We've had some dreams of death and graves,
and partings and hot tears,

And Sorrow told her litanies into our 'wil-
dered ears:

'Twas all life's fever'd fantasy! Our friends
are by our side—

The maiden and the lover, the bridegroom
and the bride—

While in each eye seems glowing the light of
fadeless climes,

And all the spheres seem rolling in a sea of
Christmas chimes.

THE FENIAN MEN.

I.

See who come over the red-blossomed heather,
Their green banners kissing the pure moun-
tain air,

Heads erect, eyes to front, stepping proudly
together,

Sure Freedom sits throned in each proud
spirit there!

Down the hills twining,

Their blessed steel shining,

Like rivers of beauty they flow from each
glen—

From mountain and valley

'Tis Liberty's rally,

Out, and make way for the Fenian Men!

II.

Our prayers and our tears have been scoffed
and derided,

They've shut out God's sunlight from spirit
and mind;

Our Foes were united, and We were divided,

We met, and they scattered us all to the
wind:

But once more returning,
Within our veins burning
The fires that illumined dark Aherlow glen,
We raise the old cry anew,
Slogan of Con and Hugh—
Out, and make way for the Fenian Men!

III.

We have men from the Nore, from the Suir
and the Shannon,
Let the tyrants come forth, we'll bring
force against force;
Our pen is the sword, and our voice is the
cannon,
Rifle for rifle, and horse against horse.
We've made the false Saxon yield
Many a red battle-field,
God on our side, we will do so again,
Pay them back woe for woe,
Give them back blow for blow—
Out, and make way for the Fenian Men!

IV.

Side by side for this cause have our fore-
fathers battled,
When our hills never echoed the tread of
a slave,
On many green fields, where the leaden hail
rattled,
Thro' the red gap of glory, they marched
to the grave.
And we, who inherit
Their names and their spirit,
Will march 'neath their Banners of Lib-
erty; then
All who love Saxon law,
Native or Sassenah,
Out, and make way for the Fenian Men!

V.

Up for the cause, then, fling forth our green
Banners
From the East to the West, from the South
to the North—
Irish land, Irish men, Irish mirth, Irish man-
ners—
From the mansion and cot let the slogan
go forth.

Sons of Old Ireland, now,
Love you our sireland, now?
Come from the kirk, or the chapel, or glen;
Down with all Faction old,
Concert, and action bold,
This is the creed of the Fenian Men.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

We've seen the Spring in budding beauty
blowing,
The dappled meadow and the waving wood;
We've seen the regal Summer richly glow-
ing—
The full-blown bloom of gorgeous woman-
hood;
And visions pure and longings soft and tender
Beguiled us thro' the dewy days of Spring;
We've glozed, entranced, by Summer's tropic
splendor,
By crooning streams or ocean's murmur-
ing—
With sympathetic hearts, while Nature
grieves,
Let us go forth into the woods and gather
Autumn leaves.

How fair is earth when Spring, with subtle
fingers,
Hath decked her form in robes of match-
less green!
How fair when brown-browed, passioned
Summer lingers
Sun-crowned upon the hills, a tropic queen!
But fairer yet when Autumn's dying glory
Hath lit her funeral fires within the woods;
When winds, like wailing dirges, tell the
story
Of transientness unto the solitudes;
When sombre suns engolden lonesome eves,
And all night long the soul is hushed with
lullaby of leaves.

A gracious sadness steeps the woods and
meadows,
And all the days seem golden afternoons
Alight with melancholy suns; weird shadows
Flit along the hills like mystic runes;
The songless birds on silent wings are flying—

The mute, cold shadows of the summer
birds;
And voices, better felt than heard, are sigh-
ing—
Old songs that still evade our warmest
words;
While Nature, nun-like, tearless sits and
weaves,
In placid sorrow, fringed with hope, a shroud
of Autumn leaves.

Behold these boughs, by rough winds rudely
shaken,

How all their leaves in show'rs come rust-
ling down!

How like the heart by sorrow overtaken

And all its blossoms to the tempest blown!
Beneath these spreading boughs, in summer
gloaming,

Has beauty sat, enthralled in love's sweet
wiles,

While, odor-laden, came the night winds
roaming,

Like wanton dryads, thro' these leafy
aisles;

He tells his love, she listens and believes—

Here, for love's sake, we'll sit and sigh and
gather Autumn leaves.

Here, where his whispered vows were warmly
breathed,

Here, where her unseen blushes went and
came,

Here shall our memorial leaves be wreathed;

Look, here is one his very tongue of flame!

And this, her glowing cheek by passion
wasted.

When her fond heart was swooning with
delight,

When her long fasting spirit wildly tasted

The bliss of plighted troth! O, Love! O,
Night!

Long-linked affinities! tho' death bereaves,
You breathe your summer bloom once more
into these Autumn leaves.

Thus when the woods have shed their leafy
glory,

And winter whistles thro' their sleety
boughs,

These Autumn leaves will still repeat the
story

Of Summer rapture and of lovers' vows:
Still shall we sit beside the sighing fountain
Still shall we wander thro' the pathless
woods,

Still shall we climb the soul-uplifting moun-
tain,

Still breathe the bliss of fragrant solitudes,
Still, hand in hand, reel out the golden eves,
And birds will sing and breezes sigh among
these Autumn leaves.

Each leaf shall be a prophet's tongue to
preach us

The vanity of time-consuming strife;
Each leaf shall be a lover's tongue to teach us

That love alone can light the waste of life.
Thus shall our hearts be so divinely blended,
So firmly pitched in one unchanging tone,
That, softly touched or by rude fingers
rended,

They'll breathe of love, redeeming love,
alone!

So shall we pass thro' life's declining eves,
Until we wander thro' the woods that know
not Autumn leaves.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

The day is dying,

The eve is sighing,

Our bark is flying,

Before the wind;

The sunset's splendor

Falls soft and tender

Upon the green hills

We leave behind:

Our tears are flowing,

The while we're going,

For Love is showing

The mountains grand,

The glens and meadows,

In lights and shadows,

And the pleasant valleys

Of our native land.

Oh skies grow brigher!
 Oh winds blow lighter!
 Let not the night or
 The deep sea hide
 From our fond vision
 That dream elysian
 That flings its beauty
 Across the tide!
 Ah, poor hearts beating,
 There's no retreating,
 The winds are cheating
 With whispers bland;
 The hills are sinking,
 Our souls are drinking
 The last sweet vision
 Of our native land.

 They say the gold land
 Is a brave and bold land,
 (Alas, the old land
 Is sad and low!)
 And the winds that fan her
 Bright starry banner
 Are never freighted
 With her children's woe!
 We've read her story,
 Of light and glory,
 'Neath ruins hoary,
 Antique and grand,
 And we will prove her
 That we can love her,
 And still be true to
 Our native land.

 Each thought we knew, love,
 Was but for you, love,
 And so, old true-love,
 A fond adieu!
 While night is shading,
 We see thee fading,
 A sea-nymph dipping
 'Neath ocean blue;
 But Love has painted
 Thy face, sweet-sainted,
 In hues all tinted
 By Heaven's own hand,
 And in our spirit
 We'll proudly wear it,
 And so be true to
 Our native land.

THE SPIRIT OF DREAMS.

The Spirit of Dreams in her fantasy sought
 us—
 What time our young hearts unto Dream-
 land belong—
 And all the bright gifts of her empire she
 brought us—
 The mirage of Youth and the magic of
 Song,
 The vision of Hope and a vista, unbroken,
 Of Life flowing onward, all sunshine and
 flow'rs,
 Thro' valleys of light, where, our wishes once
 spoken,
 Their balm and their beauty and wealth
 should be ours.

 There temples to Truth should arise in new
 splendor,
 And Friendship and Love should preside
 at each shrine,
 While Pity, with Pow'r, as high priest, to
 attend her,
 Should rule the fair queen of this empire
 benign;
 There Man should essay in the spirit of
 duty,
 For Glory should sit at Humanity's feet;
 And Woman, endow'd with new strength and
 new beauty,
 Should make, with her smiles, our Acadie
 complete!

 Oh vision of Hope, and oh, vista of glory!
 Oh gleam of white pinions, that flash and
 that flee!
 Ye seem but the dream of an old Summer
 story,
 The voice of dead lips and the sob of the
 sea!
 Where now are the tow'rs and the domes of
 that City
 That grandly arose in the Spirits' domain?
 Its temples are dust, and Love, Friendship,
 and Pity
 Are jests on the lips of the proud and pro-
 fane!

Oh Spirit of Dreams! come again and restore
us
Thine empire of Faith for this empire of
Strife;
Oh, spread, as of old, thy bright fantasies
o'er us,
And lead us away to the dreamland of Life.
Here Bedouins smite while the drifting sands
blind us,
And hate in the flash of each scimeter
gleams!
Oh, when shall we leave the red desert behind
us,
And wander again thro' our Eden of
Dreams?

THE TRIBUTE OF SONG.

My voice and the song which I sing thee
May pass like a sigh on the wind,
May pass, with the love which I bring thee,
Nor leave a remembrance behind;
But thou art my spirit's devotion,
And song is that fond spirit's pray'r,
And were I adrift on the ocean,
Alone, I would sing to thee there.

Did I, like the geni inherit
The wealth of the sea and the mine,
I'd fly, on the wings of the spirit,
And lay all that wealth on thy shrine;
Or had I the pow'r to restore thee
Lost freedom, more precious than gold,
The world should stand silent before thee,
Or sit at thy feet as of old.

Oh, thou hast brave hearts to recover,
Thy rights and redress ev'ry wrong,
While I, with the faith of a lover,
Can give but the tribute of song;
But 'tis not with song I'd assail thee,
Could fervor but render thee free,
My life, would my life but avail thee,
I'd give unto freedom and thee.

LOVE COMES BUT ONCE UNTO THE HEART.

Love comes but once unto the heart
But once and never more,
When Youth sits by Life's smiling tide
And softly woos him o'er;
In after years a joy may come
As full of peace and truth,
But **never** more that first, wild love
Of the bounding days of youth.

The first young flowers of early spring
Sleep folded thro' the night,
But 'neath the smiles of morning open
Their red lips to the light;
Thus sleeps the heart, 'twixt bud and bloom,
Thro' boyhood's April hours,
Till Love laughs in upon its dreams
Like morning to the flow'rs.

There is a vision haunts the breast
That never will depart,
It will not die, it cannot fade,
But just as wears the heart.
How fond we fold the curtains round,
Lest other eyes may gaze
Upon our hearts, while we look on
This dream of other days!

The dove, with death within her breast,
Will rise on trembling wings,
And reach the woodlands where her mate
Upon the green bough sings;
So will the fond heart journey back
Across life's sea of tears,
With death upon its wake, to find
Its love of early years.

ADIEU.

[After the manner of the old Irish and Highland laments.]

He stood within his fathers' home,
His home no more to be,
For like a wail of warning rose
The sighing of the sea,

Whereon his good ship rode at bay
 To bear him from the shore—
 “Adieu, forevermore, dear friends,
 Adieu, forevermore!”

As down the orchard walks he went
 The robins piped his name;
 He paused upon the trysting stile,
 The West was all aflame;
 And she, the best belov'd of all,
 Wept at her mother's door—
 “Adieu, forevermore, my love,
 Adieu, forevermore!”

He turned upon the shore and saw
 The slanting sunbeams fall
 Across the meadows and the brook,
 And 'gainst the castle wall;
 The milkmaid sang her evening song,
 The echoes sang it o'er—
 “Adieu, forevermore, dear home,
 Adieu, forevermore!”

He stood upon the deck and felt
 The fresh winds blowing free
 Upon the swelling sails, and heard
 The moaning of the sea;
 And darker grew the twilight gloam,
 And fainter grew the shore—
 “Adieu, forevermore, dear land,
 Adieu, forevermore!”

“A long farewell to thee, dear land,
 We sigh unto the sea;
 Our hopes lie toward the setting sun,
 Our hearts fly back to thee;
 'Tis grief upon the heaving main
 And death upon the shore—
 Adieu, forevermore, dear land,
 Adieu, forevermore!”

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF DERRY.

WHEN I was a bachelor, young and hearty,
 Sporting, raking,
 Merry making,
 In gay delights
 I spent my nights,
 The pride of each frolic and party;

I had friends whom I loved and who loved
 me,
 In their kindness, who never reproved me;
 I was full of youth's fires
 And wild desires,
 And gave play to each spirit that moved me;
 My only care
 Was dance and fair,
 I was merriest of the merry
 Of all the gay boys,
 For frolic and noise,
 In the beautiful City of Derry.

But discontent, like a blight, came o'er me,—
 Song and story,
 Gold and glory,
 Mixed in gleams
 Of glowing dreams,
 Were flowing forever before me!
 I resolved to cross o'er the ocean,
 To carve out wealth and promotion,
 Come back, make amends
 By enriching my friends—
 'Twas a wild but a beautiful notion;
 So I bid good-by
 To my friends, and I
 Kissed my love's lips of cherry,
 And the very next day
 I sailed away
 From the beautiful City of Derry.

I worked on many a winding river,
 Vale and mountain,
 Never counting
 The years go by,
 So sure was I
 In my dreams that Fortune would give her
 Rich stores of golden treasure,
 Pour out her wealth without measure,
 That I spent my life
 In labor and strife,
 And fled the gay smiles of pleasure;
 Still dreaming of home
 And bright days to come,
 When the boys should all dub me Sir Terry
 And flowing with cash,
 I'd cut a big dash
 In the beautiful City of Derry.

I went to the land where the ore was growing,
 Where Fortune's holding
 Her purse at the golden
 Gate that leads
 To the flowery meads
 Where the golden sands are glowing;
 I wrestled with mountain and river.
 Within me the hardness of fever,
 Tunnelled and fought,
 Barter'd and bought—
 I'd have gold or burrow forever,
 For at every stroke
 An angel spoke,
 With bright eyes and lips of cherry,
 "We wait for you
 O'er the waters blue,
 Come back to your friends in Derry."

At last fair Fortune came up smiling!
 With the witch's
 Smiles came riches
 To bless me at last
 For the barren past,
 And her years of deceit and beguiling;
 And soon o'er the blue waters going,
 With fair winds merrily blowing,
 The days of my youth,
 Like the breath from the south,
 Warm, soft round my senses flowing,
 By my side on the green
 Was Kitty McQueen,
 And we danced to the "Humors of Kerry—"
 The moonbeams danced too,
 As they used to do
 In the beautiful City of Derry.

An Irish summer night was shaking
 Her dark locks over
 Her ocean lover;
 With pale surprise
 She ope'd her eyes,
 And beheld the morning breaking;
 'Twas then o'er the blue waves appearing
 We saw the green hills of Erin,
 The sun burst in light
 Thro' the shadows of night,
 And we hailed the bright omen with cheer-
 ing.
 Into the bay
 I sailed that day

And leapt into a wherry;
 The dream I prized
 Was realized—
 I was rich in the City of Derry!

I looked around in wildest wonder,
 Paused and falter'd,
 Things looked alter'd,
 In all the place
 I knew no face,
 The town seemed all battered asunder;
 I asked for my friends in the city,
 I searched thro' the maidens for Kitty,
 But none heard before
 Of the name that I bore,
 Till an old man looked on me with pity,
 And said, with surprise,
 While the tears filled his eyes,
 "Why, God bless me! your name must be
 Terry,
 Who sailed away
 On that long summer day
 When we were both boys in Derry!"

"Many a year your Love sat sighing,
 Patient waiting,
 Never mating,
 Her heart beat true
 Alone for you,
 She named your name when dying;
 And oft, when the roses were blooming,
 And the bees thro' the gardens went hum-
 ming,
 The boys used to meet
 At the end of the street
 And talk with delight of your coming;
 But the long years pass'd on,
 And took, one by one,
 The sad, the serene, and the merry—
 Some gone o'er the waves,
 And the rest in their graves
 In the beautiful City of Derry."

I went to the Green, saw the merry making,
 Bright eyes glancing,
 Light feet dancing,
 Dancing, too,
 As we used to do; [ing.
 They danced on my heart, for I felt it break-
 I saw the maids green garlands twining,

I thought of a loved one long pining,
 I looked for her eyes
 To the blue summer skies,
 And the stars seem'd in mockery shining.
 I said to the girls,
 With the long, sunny curls,
 Who danced to the "Humors of Kerry,"
 Oh, maidens, go pray,
 How can you be gay
 And so many green graves in Derry?

I wander away in the shadowy gloaming,
 Sadly musing,
 Always choosing

The path of glooms
 Among the tombs,
 And think—do they know I'm coming?
 I sit on the graves where they're sleeping,
 Lone watch, in return, I'm keeping;
 And this is the meed
 Of worldly greed,
 Sorrow, and woe, and weeping.
 I'd give all the gold
 The ocean could hold
 To kiss my Love's lips of cherry,
 Be young once more
 With friends galore,
 In the beautiful City of Derry.

POEMS OF MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

MYSTERIES.

AIR—"Sliabh-na-mhari."

How strange the subtle, mysterious power
 That sways his spirit who's doomed to
 roam,
 When contemplating some simple flower,
 Which decked the fields of his boyhood's
 home!
 Who that has loved sees those azure blos-
 soms,
 But treads, in fancy, the hallowed spot—
 Where throbb'd responsive two trusting
 bosoms
 And fond lips murmured "Forget-Me-
 Not!"

The Primrose fair, that perfumed the hedges,
 By which, in childhood, I loved to play—
 With one whose true heart required no
 pledges,
 With moistened eyes I behold to-day:
 It bloomed in beauty where last I kissed her,
 Ere I departed to cross the wave:
 The flower so loved by my gentle sister,
 Now sheds its fragrance above her grave.

Those sweet home-charmers I seldom greet
 here
 (They rarely bloom in a stranger clime);
 But there's a wizard I daily meet here,
 Whose spell annihilates space and time,
 "Green Erin's Emblem!"—with blossom-
 golden,
 That links my heart with its triple band—
 Of Nature's twining, to memories olden—
 Of Love, and Friendship, and Native Land.

LEATH SLIGHE'DIR EOCHAIL'S CEAP-UI-CHUINN.*

From all the rivers which son or daughter
 Of Adam prizes, the world within,
 The "Branch of Beauty!" you bear—"Black-
 water,"
 From Youghal Harbor to Cappoquin:
 For, nowhere else do the dancing billows,
 In slanting sunbeams so softly shine,
 As where they stream through thy fringing
 willows—
*Leath Slighe'dir Eochail's Ceap-ui-
 Chuinn!*

* Half ways 'twixt Youghal and Cappoquin.

'Twas there, in old times, a jilted lover
 Met a blooming lass on a summer's day;
 She, blushing, owned that "a fickle rover
 With her young affections had fled away;"
 To soothe *her* sorrows and end *his* straying,
 Their severed heart-strings they jointly
 twine;
 And ten thousand pipers have since been
 playing—
*"Leath Slighe'dir Eochail's Ceap-ui-
 Chuinn!"*

Where the limpid flood to the South is
 sweeping,
 For a backward glance at loved Knock-
 meltdown,
 Lies, crowned with oak-wreaths, like wood-
 nymph sleeping,
 In mirrored beauty, my native town:
 God guard the hearts that those gray roofs
 cover,
 Whose fervid pulses respond to mine,
 When in raptured visions I fondly hover
*"Leath Slighe'dir Eochail's Ceap-ui-
 Chuinn."*

Then fairy music seems floating o'er us,
 As larks pour down their melodious floods;
 While, all around, springs the thrilling
 chorus
 Of Irish songsters, in Irish woods:
 The vesper-bell, in the "Abbey" ringing,
 Sounds faintly sweet at the day's decline;
 And, in the moonlight, the boatman's sing-
 ing—
*"Leath Slighe'dir Eochail's Ceap-ui-
 Chuinn."*

I sadly wake from those dreams Elysian
 To find the vision dissolved in air,
 And God's bequest to the "Clan-Milesian!"
 Usurped by robbers hell-planted there:
 That Erin's children—the loving-hearted,
 Should seek new homes o'er the ocean
 brine,—
 To sigh through life for the friends they
 parted—
*"Leath Slighe'dir Eochail's Ceap-ui-
 Chuinn."*

A CAOINE

FOR

ANDREW O'MAHONY CAVANAGH.

DIED APRIL 27, 1879.

DEDICATED TO HIS MOTHER.

Though bright the May-day sun illumines the
 west,
 My soul gives no response to Nature's joy;
 For in the green oak's shade I've laid to rest
 Our "Baby Boy!"

This tearful Spring Death's flood has burst
 its banks,
 O'er our hearts' garden desolation spread,
 But for the flowers yet spared we give Him
 thanks,
 Who'll raise the dead.

With loving friends' the pangs of grief I've
 shared,—
 Who now will share a parent's grief with
 me?
 Would that from this those stricken hearts
 were spared
 Beyond the sea!

They shared my joy when our beloved was
 born,
 The hopes forerunning all his future years;
 They'll mourn him (now that I am left for-
 lorn),
 With kindred tears.

The hopes that seem but visioned memories
 now,
 The love that centred round "His Mother's
 Son!"
 God only knows—to His decree we bow—
 "His Will be done."

An "Irish shamrock" on his breast he bore—
 A "true-love token" to the faithful band—
 Who still the glorious "Three-in-One" im-
 plore
 To bless our land.

I loved to teach our boy to love the "Green,"
 To lisp his childish prayers in Erin's
 tongue;
 To chant for him the lays sublime Oisín
 Melodious sung.

To croon, while he clung nestling to my
breast,
Old rhymes of Erin's glories and her
wrongs;
The lullabies to which he sank to rest
Were Irish songs.

I hoped to rear him in the ancient creed,
Teach him to think of his old race with
pride,
To live like them—true men in word and
deed—
Die as they died.

That, gifted with the might which knowledge
brings,
And trained to wield a soldier's weapon
good,
He, in the People's struggle with the Kings,
Would show his blood.

That haply when I'd run my destined race,
(Pray God to find a grave by Amhan-Mor's
banks),
My free-born boy would take his father's
place
In Erin's ranks.

That in the cause of Fatherland and Right
He'd prove a credit to the name he bore,
And see the Isle illumined with Freedom's
light
From shore to shore.

Those glowing hopes have sank into his
grave—
Earth's emanations—all have now grown
dim; [save,
The Beacon Light, which shone Mankind to
Encircles him.

Christ said, "Let little children come to Me,
Of such the Kingdom is composed of
Heaven."
For those consoling words our thanks to Thee,
Good Lord, are given.

Thanks for Thy precious gift of Christian
Faith, [eyes,
That teaches us to lift our tear-dimmed
And see, beyond the misty "Vale of Death,"
Life in the skies.

I know that through those boundless starry
spheres
Our little cherub floats on radiant wings;
That with his blest angelical compeers,
Thy praise he sings.

I know he's happy in Thy Home above;
I strive to be resigned, but yet I miss
(Forgive, dear Lord, this yearning human
love)
Our "Birdie's kiss."

Yet Nature's love must spring from source
divine,
A pure ethereal essence like the soul;
Man's heart is but its temporary shrine,
Thy home its goal.

When his pure spirit sought Thy mansion
blest,
It bore away a portion of my heart,
To light, with Love's electric flame, the rest,
Ere I depart.

I pray Thee, Lord, to guide our steps alway,
Whate'er the means Thy wisdom doth em-
ploy;
Till, in the light of Thy eternal day,
We meet our boy.

MY IRISH BLACKTHORN.

(*A Patrick's-Night song.*)

(*The Bard inviteth his cronies to "smile."*)

True sons of the old land,
Of Brian and Eoghan;
Fill up, with a bold hand,
This pure *Innishowen*;
For in liquor that's meaner
This blest night we'd scorn
To wet our *cruiskeen*, or
To toast my *blackthorn*.

(*He apostrophiseth the old sod.*)

To the "Rock of Dromana!"
(The place where it grew in),
Now quaff (if ye can) a
Full quart of this brewin';

For there, in full sight of
Where we, boys, were born,
The blossom shone bright of
My *Irish blackthorn*.

(*He recalleth youthful days.*)

There, in March, the young thrushes
We sought—ye remember;
And from brown hazel bushes
Plucked nuts in September;
And *druichteens*, with the girls,
We picked on May-morn—
When the dew gemmed with pearls
The blooming *blackthorn*.

(*And the brave days of old.*)

In old blood-letting days,
On that Rock, high and hoary,
Fiery bards hymned their lays
To the Geraldine's glory;
And, ten ages before,
There Oisín wound his horn,
While the Fiann chased the boar
Through the copse of *blackthorn*.

(*He caressingly addresseth the "blackthorn."*)

Prized gift from my sire-land,
I feel, when I grasp you,
A hand-shake from Ireland!
Then tighter I clasp you.
When I'm *waked*, let no wreath
My plain coffin adorn;
But, beside me in death,
Let them lay my *blackthorn*.

(*He exhibiteth "the ruling passion strong in death."*)

Then, when over the Styx
I shall find myself landed,
'Mong our old fighting "bricks"
I'll seek "Looe-Long-Handed!" *
So when Gabriel's trump
All the nations shall warn,
O'er the *Sassanach's* rump
He can swing the *blackthorn*.

(*He toasteth "The boy who cut his stick."*)

"*An Ceangal (The winding up)*
"*Sho do slantha! O'Hogan!*"
Who brought my stick over;
All through life may your *brogan*
Tread lightly "in clover;"
May you ne'er want a "snifter"
Of "malt" or "old corn,"
When a *rife* you'd lift, or
An *Irish blackthorn!*

* "Long-Handed-Looe" was a King
Whose fame old poets loved to sing.
'Tis he that sword or axe could swing
In glorious battle fray.
They say his equal ne'er has been
Encountered on an Irish green,
Save Oscar—Champion of the Fiann!
In Erin's later day:
For forty years King Loee reigned,
And victories, in scores, he gained,
His "right to rule" his hand maintained,
Until his head was white:
Then, circled by the braves he led—
(A chief of chiefs alive and dead),
He filled a hero's crimsoned bed
On Usnagh's olden height.

A POEM BY KATHARINE MURPHY.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

With the Sign of the Cross on my forehead,
as I kneel on this cold dungeon floor,
As I kneel at your feet, reverend father, with
no one but God to the fore;
With my heart opened out for your readin'
an' no hope or thought of release
From the death that at daybreak to-morrow
is starin' me straight in the face,

I have told you the faults of my boyhood
—the follies an' sins of my youth—
An' now of this crime of my manhood I'll
spake with the same open truth.

You see, sir, the land was our people's for
ninety good years, an' their toil
What first was a bare bit of mountain brought
into good wheat-bearin' soil;

'Twas their hands raised the walls of the
cabin, where our childher were born
an' bred,

Where our weddin's an' christenin's wor
merry, where we waked and keened
over our dead;

We wor honest an' fair to the landlord—we
paid him the rent to the day—

An' it wasnt *our* fault if our hard sweat he
squandered an' wasted away

In the cards, an' the dice, an' the race-course,
an' often in deeper disgrace,

That no tongue could relate without bringin'
a blush to an honest man's face.

But the day come at last that they worked
for, when the castles, the mansions,
the lands,

They should hould but in thrust for the
people, to their shame passed away
from their hands,

An' our place, sir, too, wint to auction—by
many the acres were sought,

An' what cared the sthranger that purchased,
who made 'em the good sale he
bought?

The ould folks wor gone—thank God for it
—where trouble or care can't purshue,

But the wife and the childher—O Father in
Heaven—what was I to do?

Still I thought, I'll go spake to the new man
—I'll tell him of me an' of mine;

The thrife that I've put together I'll place
in his hands as a fine;

The estate is worth six times his money, and
maybe his heart isn't cowl:

But the scoundhrel that bought "the thief's
pen'orth" was worse than the pauper
that sowld.

I chased him to house an' to office, wherever
I thought he'd be met,

I offered him all he'd put on it—but no,
'twas the land he should get;

I prayed as men only to God pray—my prayer
was spurned and denied,

An, what mattered how *just* my poor right
was, when he had the *law* at his side?

I was young, an' but few years was married
to one with a voice like a bird—

When she sang the ould songs of our country,
every feeling within me was stirred.

Oh! I see her this minnit before me, with a
foot wouldn't bend a *croneen*,

Her laughin' eyes lifted to kiss me—my dar-
lin', my bright-eyed Eileen!

'Twas often with pride that I watched her,
her soft arms fouldin' our boy,

Until he chased the smile from her red lip,
an' silenced the song of her joy.

Whisht, father, have patience a minnit, let
me wipe the big drops from my brow—

Whisht, father, I'll *thry* not to curse him;
but I tell you, don't prache to me now.

Excitin' myself? Yes, I know it; but the
story is now nearly done;

An', father, your own breast is heavin'—I see
the tears down from you run.

Well, he threatened—he coaxed—he ejected;
for *we* tried to cling to the place

That was *mine*—yes, far more than 'twas his,
sir; I tould him so up to his face;

But the little I had melted from me in
makin' the fight for my own,

An' a beggar, with three helpless childher,
out on the world wide I was thrown.

An' Eileen would soon have another—an-
other that never drew breath—

The neighbors wor good to us always—but
what could they do agin' death?

For my wife an' her infant before me lay
dead, and by *him* they wor kilt,

As sure as I'm kneeling before you, to own
to *my* share of the guilt.

I laughed all consolin' to scorn, I didn't mind
much what I said,

With Eileen a corpse in the barn, on a bun-
dle of straw for a bed;

But the blood in my veins boiled to madness
—do they think that a man is a log?

I thracked him once more—'twas the last
time—and shot him that night like a
dog.

Yes, *I* did it; *I* shot him—but, father, let
thim who make laws for the land

Look to it, when they come to judgment, for
the blood that lies red on my hand.

If I dhrew the piece, 'twas they primed it,
that left him sthretched cowl'd on the
sod:

An' from their bar, where I'm sintinced, I
appeal to the bar of my God

For the justice I never got from them, for
the right in their hands that's un-
known.

Still at last, sir—I'll say it—I'm sorry I took
the law into my own;

That I stole out that night in the darkness,
while mad with my grief and despair,

And dhrew the black sowl from his body,
without givin' him time for a prayer.

Well, 'tis tould, sir; you have the whole story;
God forgive him an' me for our sins;

My life now is indin'—but, father, the young
ones, for them life begins;

You'll look to poor Eileen's young orphans?
God bless you. And now I'm at paice,

And resigned to the death that to-morrow is
starin' me sthraight in the face.

A POEM BY THOMAS J. M'GEOGHEGAN.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

The prison doors are closed on you, yet still
your hopes are bright,

They fling you in a dungeon when you dare
defend the right.

They think to crush your spirit, but 'twill
take a bolder flight

Up, up, towards Freedmen's meteor as it
flashes through the night!

And thus, O'Brien, they tell us they have
branded us at last,

A "felon" in a convict's cell, with lawless
ruffians classed,

Yet still we see *asthore machree*, you never
can lose caste

Among the Gael while still you nail your
color to the mast!

That color is the Irish Green, the same which
fluttered o'er

Your sire's* legions when they chased the
Danes from Erin's shore—

O, for an hour of Brian's power to lift that
Green once more

And give our foe back blow for blow amidst
the battle's roar!

The will remains to break the chains that
bind our native land.

His sons are true to Brian Boru, and, noblest
of the band,

And thou, O'Brien, whose one design is but
to do and dare,

That Freedom's eagle yet may soar through
Ireland's mountain air!

The vile, malignant Tories, may bolt your
prison doors,

And bind you there, still through the air
your chainless spirit soars!

They cannot chain that spirit down; it bursts
and breaks away,

Like phantom bright that sweeps by night
o'er ocean's voiceful spray!

Your spirit moves the Irish heart, and thrills
it through and through;

It throbbed before, but now still more, since
you prove real and true:—

Nay, from the precincts of your cell your
spirit now can wield

More power to kindle Freedom's flame than
armies in the field!

Let Tories call thee traitor; let Tory knaves
deride,

We know thee as our hero, for thou art Ire-
land's pride,

And Tories feel that Irish steel could scarce
prove such a power

As you prove now with knitted brow—THE
HERO OF THE HOUR!

*Brian Boru.

POEMS OF JOHN WALSH.

THE FEAST OF GILLA MORE.

A BALLAD OF THE BLACKWATER.

I.

There was feasting in the castle,
And they danced within the hall,
'Till the rusted armor rattled,
That was pinned upon the wall;
For when Gilla More held wassail,
There was plenty at his door,
And a welcome for the stranger
To a place upon his floor!
But *macrach!* and *macrach!*
There was one sad heart and sore,
That was forced to join the revel
Of the chieftain Gilla More.

II.

Right royally the chieftain,
Sat his board like any king,
And his bearded captains round him,
Made the clinking glasses ring;
And a stranger sat beside him,
In the Saxon's silken guise,
With a fawning smile upon his face
And cunning in his eyes.
While *macrach!* and *macrach!*
'Twere the captains' hearts were sore,
For he wooed the only daughter
Of the chieftain Gilla More.

III.

"Arise, our guest and comrade!"
Said the chieftain Gilla More,
"And lead our daughter in the dance
Upon the sanded floor!"
Then up stood he—the Saxon,—
With a haughty air and high,
While the sun-browed captains bit their lips,
And swore as he passed by.
For, *macrach!* and *macrach!*
'Twas a trying hour and sore
For the sunny-hearted daughter,
Of the chieftain Gilla More.

IV.

"'Twere better far," they whispered,
"She were spear-deep in the clay,
Than be that cunning Saxon's bride
For one short winter's day."
"Ho! strike the swelling music loud
And clear the dancing floor
For my heiress and her lover!"
Said the chieftain Gilla More!
Then *macrach!* and *macrach!*
With a heavy heart and sore,
Did the maiden leave her oaken seat
And stand upon the floor.

V.

When up the lofty hall there strode
A swarth Milesian knight,
With cap in hand and pointed shoon,
And golden spurs so bright;
His waving *cúilfion* floated down
Upon his purple vest,
And five bright colors jauntily
Were striped across his breast.
Then *macrach!* how she blushed
And the sunshine floated o'er
The fond face of the heiress
Of the chieftain Gilla More.

VI.

He stood before the chieftain,
And he smiled into his face:
"I am come to join your revel,
And to claim a knightly place!"
"Then I tell you by this good right hand,
That often grasped the sword,
That I give you Irish *faillthe*
To my hall and to my board!"
Then *macrach!* and *macrach!*
Did the clansmen laugh aloud,
While upon the gazing Saxon
Many scornful eyes were bowed.

VII.

The stranger seized a *mother*,
 And he held it to the light.
 "Oh, Gilla More, here's to your weal,
 I drink your health to-night—
 Here's strength to us, and black dismay
 To all who hate the Gael!"
 With wild "*Farrahs!*" they drank with him,
 "Success attend the Gael!"
 But *macrach!* and *macrach!*
 'Twas the Saxon stared awide,
 And held his hand as stark as tho'
 'Twere pinioned to his side.

VIII.

Then he, the gallant Irish Knight,
 Took Mourna's snow-white hand—
 Did ever pair so young and fair
 To dance a measure stand?
 Then quoth the Knight, "Mac-Gilla More
 I came to claim my bride—
 Long since I won her heart and hand
 Beside the Finisk's tide!"
 Then *macrach!* and *macrach!*
 Did the clansmen's eye-balls glow,
 While with mailed fists they madly
 struck
 The table many a blow.

IX.

There reigned an iron silence,
 When the Gilla More stood up—
 With one hand on his graven *skein*
 While th' other held the cup—
 "'Tis right, and you have won her!
 And I pledge you troth to-night,
 For the Saxon is a laggard,"
 "And a *coward!*" said the knight.
 Then *macrach!* and *macrach!*
 With what joy and wild uproar
 Did the stranger kiss the daughter
 Of the chieftain Gilla More.

X.

"Aye! a coward, and a recreant,
 And a traitor double-dyed,
 For I've known his Saxon features
 And his hateful scowl of pride;
 When we trailed the Butlers' banners
 Thro' the Glen of Aherlow,

He was with us in the morning—
 In the evening with the foe!"
 Then upon the trembling Saxon
 Did they rush with fierce "*Farrah!*"
 Like an eagle on his quarry,
 Or a wolf upon his prey.

XI.

"And he sought my life in combat,
 And by every fiendish guile
 Did he try to win my blooming bride—
 My Mourna's sunny smile;
 Ten times he sprawled upon the earth
 Before this hand of mine—
 For I am John Fitzgerald,
 Of the House of Geraldine!"
 Then *macrach!* and *macrach!*
 Like the mad waves of the sea,
 When they lash the shore in winter,
 Was the clansmen's shout of glee.

XII.

"By the grey head of my father!"
 Said the chieftain Gilla More,
 "I would be first if he should lie
 A corpse upon my floor;
 But he feasted at my table,
 And he ate my salt and bread,
 And that I broke a *faillthe*
 It shall never yet be said!
 Then open wide the draw-bridge,
 Let him hasten from my door,
 For my Irish blood is boiling!"
 Said the chieftain Gilla More.

XIII.

There was feasting in the castle
 'Till the revels shook the wall,
 And brave knights in purple vesture,
 Without number, thronged the hall;
 They spoke in silver phrases
 To the ladies blooming fair,
 And they led them in the flowing dance,
 The daughters of green Eire.
 And *macrach!* and *macrach!*
 Not a weary heart nor sore
 Saw the wedding of the heiress
 Of the chieftain Gilla More.

THE BRIDE-SIDE.

The stream pours down through the dancing
reeds,

And the long grass waves by the tide-side,
And the wild birds dive 'mid the flaunting
weeds

That fringe the banks of the Bride-side;
The herdsmen whoop to the drowsy kine
That wind to the mountain's wide side,
And peace and plenty they breathe around
The pleasant banks of the Bride-side.

The fresh, the fair, the green old fields
Still stretch by the babbling tide-side;
But alas! for the fresher and fond young
hearts

That bloomed by the banks of the
Bride-side.

Ah, me! but the years they have tarried long,
And many have rolled above me,

Since my boyhood flowed like an Irish song
From the lips of the maid that loved me;
When the pebbly stream stole away the hours,
As I fished by the gliding tide-side
And my life seemed wreathed with summer
flowers

When I played by the happy Bride-side.
The pebbly strand and the bending banks
Still stretch by the bubbling tide-side;
But the time is gone when my heart was
young
By the pleasant banks of the Bride-
side.

But I hold my own against death and thrall,
And ne'er do I mean to give in,
Though the foreigner's frown, like a jet-black
pall,

Still shadows the land we live in,
I will till my fields in the fresh spring's prime,
Still trusting in God that's o'er me;
I will brace my heart for the coming time
That I now see clear before me;

For to work and hope is the right of man,
And labor has many a bright side;
So I'll cling to the soil where I gladly toil,
By the pleasant banks of the Bride-
side.

WESTWARD, HO!

Westward, Ho! Westward, Ho! to the
land of the rolling prairie;

Westward still, and for evermore; so there's
food in the land, what care ye?

Hope, and health, and strength and wealth;
they are smiling there before ye.

Death and doom, and a pauper's grave, hold
sway in the homes that bore ye.

Westward, Ho!—and westward still, for the
scourge is behind that drives ye

From the green old hills and the pleasant
vales; sure the wrongs must be deep
that drive ye

From the mountain sides where the Fenian
chiefs,—as we read in the olden story—
With their deer-hounds dun, chased the ant-
lered elk thro' the twilight dim and
hoary.

There's many a green wood and pleasant
glen, there is many a home in Erin,
Where the pillared towers of the Priests of
Baal to the clouds their heads are rear-
ing,

Where the full moon shining as white as
snow on the holy well-springs glances,
And the bounteous streams of the island
flow while the light on their bosom
dances.

Westward, Ho!—for it seems that a curse
on the head of your tribe is falling;
A heavy, woeful, and blighting curse, your
hearts and your souls appalling.

Eating into the core are the rusted chains,
with the famine-shriek howling round
you,

While the pleasant fields that your fathers
tilled with a motherly love surround
you.

Westward still, hardy souls and true, there
is gold in the land of the stranger,
Wealth and riches are waiting there, to be
won but with toil and danger;

But the manly heart and the iron hand, they
will cherish the roof above you,
And honor and plenty will laugh in your face,
with the innocent ones that love you.

Westward, Ho!—for a long time yet—who
 would live as a slave in Erin?
 With the cowardly brand of the Helot's lot,
 on his blushless forehead bearing,
 To crouch like hounds from each tyrant's
 frown, to tremble and cringe beneath
 him,
 When a gleaming brand in his strong right
 hand were the way that a MAN would
 meet him.

Westward, Ho!—for many a chief in that
 land of the brave and bold are,
 Who will stir your blood with their tongues
 of fire, or will teach you the trade of
 a soldier,
 When you grasp the steel, and your strong
 hearts feel that the green is above
 you flying,
 The flag of the home that you left in woe,
 when your eyes were dim with crying.

Ah! there are our bravest and noblest ones,
 the flower of our race and nation—
 The truest children that Erin nursed, since
 the Geraldines' generation.

They are filling their ranks, and taking their
 place—for God knows but how much
 we need them,
 And he of the "*urbs intacta*"* is there—
 like a Moses prepared to lead them.
 Then, Eastward, Ho!—to the rising sun, ye
 come ploughing the breast of the ocean
 Fair blow the breezes that fill your sails with
 a pleasant and gentle motion,
 Till you cheer the captive that wept so long;
 till you burst her chains asunder,
 When you wake the hills with the welcome
 news—till it peals through the glens
 like thunder.

THE SUMMING UP.

I have seen the shadow of Brian Boru, with
 the Dane beneath him lying,
 And the gauntleted arm of Owen Roe—with
 the Saxon before it flying,
 And I know what will roll from a cycle of
 years, for they say I'm a seer and a
 prophet,
 But I tell you the truth as it seems to my-
 self, without hope of reward or of
 profit.

* Thomas Francis Meagher.

A POEM BY MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

'Tis once more the joyous Christmas, and
 while bells are gaily pealing,
 Calling to the mountain echoes, laughing
 o'er the smiling plain,
 Whence the sprites of darkness hasten driven
 backward by the music,
 Which the blessed bells are scattering o'er
 the earth in silvery rain.
 While the hymn by Angels chanted over
 Bethlehem's lowly grotto
 Thrills the gray dawn of the morning,
 soaring upward to the sky,

Calling faithful souls to hasten with their
 loyal love and homage,
 With their humble adoration to the Lord
 and God Most High.

Friends beloved, before the Altar where the
 Infant King reposes,
 While the glad "*Venite*" pulses on the
 music-laden air,
 Lo! the shining hand of Memory strews
 o'er us her fragrant roses,
 And the names of all our dearest breathes
 in each heart-spoken prayer.

There we clasp the links long severed by the
power of change or absence,
Links of love, of kindred, friendship, that
on Christmas days of yore
To our hearts the loving greetings of the
holy season wafted,
To our lives the cheering sunshine of a
happy Christmas bore.

There, where heaven seems nearer to us, and
the gifts the Infant Saviour
Brings to all this glorious morning, burn
with pure celestial glow,
Do we pray that countless blessings fall on
you in fullest measure,
And your lives, dear friends, forever in
joy's peaceful currents flow.

POEMS OF MRS. A. E. FORD.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

The surging sea of human life forever onward
rolls,
And bears to the eternal shore its daily
freight of souls,
Though bravely sails our bark to-day, pale
death sits at the prow,
And few shall know we ever lived a hundred
years from now.

O mighty human brotherhood! why fiercely
war and strive,
While God's great world has ample space for
everything alive?
Broad fields, uncultured and unclaimed, are
waiting for the plow
Of progress that shall make them bloom a
hundred years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly in life's short,
narrow span,
On golden stairs to climb so high above our
brother man?
Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish
homage bow?
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hun-
dred years from now!

Why prize so much the world's applause?
Why dread so much its blame?
A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of
fame;

The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn
that dyes with shame the brow,
Will be as long-forgotten dreams a hundred
years from now.

O patient hearts, that meekly bear your
weary load of wrong!
O earnest hearts, that bravely dare, and, striv-
ing, grow more strong,
Press on till perfect peace is won; you'll
never dream of how
You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hun-
dred years from now.

Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil that
freedom, right and truth
Alone may rule the universe, for you is end-
less youth;
When 'mid the blest, with God you rest, the
grateful lands shall bow
Above your clay in rev'rent love a hundred
years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O Time! like
breakers on thy shore;
They rush upon thy rocks of doom, go down,
and are no more;
The starry wilderness of worlds that gem
night's radiant brow
Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred
years from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eyes the past
and future stand
An open page, like babes we cling to Thy
protecting hand;
Change, sorrow, death are naught to us if we
may safely bow
Beneath the shadow of Thy throne a hun-
dred years from now.

THE CAPTIVE.

[Edward O'Meara Condon, who was arrested and tried with the "Manchester Martyrs," is still a captive in a British prison.]

'Tis night, the dull day's drudgery is done,
And in his cell the captive sits alone—
The grated vault his jealous keepers give
Him barely space to breathe in, not to live.
All's dark, all silent, neither sight nor sound
Breaks through the gloom, the solitude pro-
found,

Save where, "drip, drip," slow from the
tomb-like walls

In heavy tears the gathered dampness falls,
As if more soft than rulers' hearts, each stone
Wept o'er the woes of him compelled alone
In dreary desolation, rayless night,
To pass the days Jehovah made so bright.

Resplendent sunset, calm and blessed eve,
That come the weary spirit to relieve,
You can not gather friends around the
hearth,

To cheer the hearts that languish 'neath the
earth.

The dungeon-fettered bears his doom alone,
And sighs to those who can not hear his
moan:

"O friends, my friends, away beyond the sea,
Whose days are dark with sorrowing for me,
In spite of rocky wall and iron door,
My heart, my thoughts are with you ever-
more.

My child, my child, my careless, happy boy,
Why must my darkness cloud your days of
joy?

And oh, my faithful wife, whose youthful
head

Is bowed to weep the buried, not the dead,
Alas! how dreary have I made your life—
A lonely widow, yet a captive's wife.

My mother's cheek is channelled with the
tears

Shed for her prisoned son; my father's
years

Are dark with grief, with hopes that failed,
and I,

The cause of all, can neither live nor die!
Oh, for the thunder's crash, the earthquake's
shock,

To rend these cursed doors, these walls of
rock,

And strike with awe the earthly powers that
dare

Deny God's creatures his free light and
air—

That pile the earth above the living head
And yet forbid the slumber of the dead!

"Land of my deathless love, fair storied isle,
When, when shall Freedom on thy valleys
smile?

Thy day must come. Can despots dream
they bind

The soaring soul, the strong, unfettered
mind?

These chains that keep my limbs from being
free

But link my heart more strongly yet to
thee;

This loathsome cell that's never blessed with
day,

The silent witness of my life's decay,
My spirit spurns, and eagle-like can soar
Away, away to thee, my native shore.

When thy oppressors in the clay shall rot,
All, all except their cruelty forgot,
Green as the laurel shall their memory be
Who bore captivity or death for thee,

Old trampled land. Through centuries of
wrong

Thy mighty soul unbowed has swept along
Fierce torrents of oppression; but thy light
Of woe must end in Freedom's glorious
light."

GOD PITY THE POOR.

The wild, rushing wings of the Tempest are
sweeping

The frost-fettered land like a spirit of
wrath;

His fierce, icy breath with keen arrows is
piercing

The breast of the wand'ers who stand in
his path;

The earth in a trance lies enshrouded in si-
lence,

The storm king knocks loudly at window
and door;

The prayer of the pitiful fervently rises—
God shelter the homeless and pity the
poor!

God pity the poor who are wearily sitting
By desolate hearth-stones, cold, cheerless
and bare,

From which the last ember's pale flicker has
faded,

Like hope dying out in the midst of de-
spair;

Who look on the wide world and see it a
desert

Where ripple no waters, no green branches
wave,

Who see in a future as dark as the present
No rest but the death-bed, no home but the
grave.

God pity the poor when the eddying snow-
drifts

Are whirled by the wrath of the winter
wind by,

Like showers of leaves from the pallid star-
lilies

That float in the depths of the blue lake
on high;

For though they are draping the broad earth
in beauty,

And veiling some flaw in each gossamer
fold,

That beauty is naught to the mother whose
children

Are crouching around her in hunger and
cold.

God pity the poor, for the wealthy are often
As hard as the winter, and cold as its snow;
While fortune makes sunshine and summer
around them, [woe;

They care not for others nor think of their
Or if from their plenty a trifle be given,

So doubtingly, grudgingly, often 'tis doled,
That to the receiver their "charity" seemeth

More painful than hunger, more bitter
than cold.

God pity the poor! for though all men are
brothers,

Though all say "*Our* Father," not *mine*,
when they pray,

The proud ones of earth turn aside from
the lowly,

As if they were fashioned of different clay;
They see not in those who in meekness

and patience

Toil, poverty, pain, without murmur endure.

The image of Him whose first couch was a
manger, [poor.

Who chose for our sakes to be homeless and

God pity the poor! give them courage and
patience [brave,

Their trials, temptations and troubles to

And pity the wealthy whose idol is Fortune,

For gold can not gladden the gloom of the
grave;

And as this brief life, whether painful or
pleasant,

To one that is endless but opens the door;

The heart sighs while thinking on palace
and hovel,

God pity the wealthy as well as the poor.

THE GREEN AND GOLD.

Who quails at the frown of power, who talks
of a hopeless land?

There's hope for the daring ever, and strength
for the willing hand;

There's light in our grand old banner, and
glory in every fold;

Then down with the might of tyrants and up
with the green and gold!

The scorn of the stronger nations—you've
long in the dust been trod;
You've bent to the lash with patience, and
looked through your tears to God;
You *whine* to the Lord of Armies, who smiles
on the *brave and bold*,
But *strike*, and His strength will aid you to
raise up the green and gold!

Work, work, for the days are fleeting, e'en
now may your chance be nigh;
And oh, if your hands are folded, how swiftly
the time will fly!

The wreath of the victor never was seized by
the dull or cold,
'Tis ceaseless and strong endeavor must raise
up the green and gold.

Up, up, for our grand old Island! On, on,
with the world advance!
Dash into the sea her fetters: she'll leap from
her death-like trance.

Bright light to the homes long dreary, and
hope to the hearts now cold;
Then down with the might of tyrants, and up
with the green and gold!

You *sleep* while the lands are waking, and
stand while they're marching on;
You *dream* while they forge their armor, and
stoop while their rights are won;
Success is the meed of labor, and grasped by
the true and bold;
Then toil for the fall of tyrants, the rise of
the green and gold.

O men! if your hearts are earnest and true
as your hands are strong,
Ring out to the world around you the knell of
the reign of wrong.
Brave bells are the flame-tongued cannons,
on *them* let that knell be tolled,
Down, down with the might of tyrants, and
up with the green and gold!

POEMS OF MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

THE RHINE.

It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards lav-
ing,
I see the bright flood shine!
Sing on the march with every banner wav-
ing—
Sing, brothers! 'tis the Rhine!

The Rhine! the Rhine! our own imperial
river!
Be glory on thy track!
We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—
We bear thee freedom back!

Hail! hail! my childhood knew thy rush of
water
Even as my mother's song;
That sound went past me on the field of
slaughter,
And heart and arm grew strong!

Roll proudly on!—brave blood is with thee
sweeping,
Poured out by sons of thine,
Where sword and spirit forth in joy were
leaping,
Like thee, victorious Rhine!

Home! home! Thy glad wave hath a tone
of greeting,
Thy path is by my home,
Even now my children count the hours till
meeting;
O ransomed ones! I come.

Go tell the seas, that chain shall bind thee
never!
Sound on by hearth and shrine!
Sing through the hills that thou art free for-
ever—
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

Yes! rear thy guardian hero's form
On thy proud soil, thou Western World,
A watcher through each sign of storm,
O'er freedom's flag unfurled.

There, as before a shrine, to bow,
Bid thy true sons their children lead;
The language of that noble brow
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit reared in patriot fight,
The virtue born of home and hearth,
There calmly throned, a holy light
Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let that work of England's hand,
Sent through the blast and surges' roar,
So girt with tranquil glory stand
For ages on thy shore!

Such, through all time, the greetings be,
That with Atlantic billow sweep!
Telling the mighty and the free
Of brothers o'er the deep!

THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! O, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle
boughs?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry
wings,

Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine;
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand?—

Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the
tomb,—

It is there, it is there, my child!"

A PARTING SONG.

When will ye think of me, my friends?

When will ye think of me?—

When the last red light, the farewell day,
From the rock and the river is passing away—
When the air a deepening hush is fraught,
And the heart grows burdened with tender
thought,

Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?

When will ye think of me?—

When the rose of the rich midsummer time
Is filled with the hues of its glorious prime—
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours
fled,

From the walks where my footsteps no more
may tread—

Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?

When will ye think of me?—

When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye
At the sound of some olden melody—
When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream—

Then let it be!

Thus let my memory be with you, friends!

Thus ever think of me

Kindly and gently, but as one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone—
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found—

So let it be!

POEMS OF DANIEL CRILLY, M. P.

"THE END O' THE ROADS."

There are scenes in our land and their praises
have long

Wrought a charm as they've echoed from
story and song;

In Leinster those scenes sparkle bright by
the score,

And Ulster, and Munster, and Connaught
have more;

There are lakes and broad rivers and moun-
tains and glen,

Where the bird builds her nest, and the fox
makes his den;

But of all the bright spots hymned in sonnets
or odes,

There is none loved by me like "the end o'
the roads."

In the sweet distant time when my life was
still young,

And the hours flashed as sunbeams on heart
yet unwrung—

When the world seemed to me free from sor-
rows and sins,

And nought knew I of care save when
"poundin' the whins,"

Or when "gatherin' heads" or when "hurdin'
the cows,"

While the laughter of comrades rang high
through the boughs—

Then all boyish burdens, all wearisome loads,
Were made light by the spell of "the end o'
the roads."

For 'twas there after Mass-time on Sundays
we'd seek [a week,

All the boys and the girls we'd not seen for
Nor long at that trysting-place had we to wait

For Terence or Jemmy, for Mary or Kate;
There, too, with eyes dancing, we'd fashion
the fun,

To bring joy in its train ere the set of the sun,

And countless as sands on the shore were
the modes

In which mischief was planned at "the end
o' the roads."

'Twas from there on St. John's Eve we'd
speed up the braes

To kindle for miles all the whins in a blaze,
Or set out with minds seldom shadowed or
sore,

To cross o'er the top of Slieve-Ban to Clough-
more.

Was there crow's nest to rob? Was there
hare to be chased?

Were the fish to be netted in silence and
haste?

Were the birds to be snared in their wooded
abodes?

You might hear 'neath the hedge at "the
end o' the roads."

For there oft in summer we've raced to the
shore,

And have launched our light craft and then
bent to an oar.

Or with sail boldly swelling have sped on
our way

Through the blue sunlit waters of Carling-
ford Bay,

While our laugh and our song stirred the
waters beneath,

As we swept past Greencastle, Greenore, and
Omeath—

Oh, never the wealth from the mines' choic-
est lodes

Could make hearts light as ours round "the
end o' the roads."

Ah! where are they now, who thus gathered
of old?

Some have mingled their dust with Kilbro-
ney's dark mould;

Some found homes in strange lands washed
by cold alien seas,
Where their graves are now swept by the
harsh foreign breeze.
And with those who remain rests the hope
evermore
That when earth's rugged pathways are all
trodden o'er,
When they journey no longer 'neath life's
pressing loads,
They'll unite as when young at "the end o'
the roads."

THE HILLS OF MOURNE.

The grey mists steal from out the sky with
silent sombre tread,
They veil the lowlands from the sight, they
hide each mountain's head,
The noise of busy marts is stilled, the streets
are filled with gloom,
And in them forms appear and fade like
shadows from the tomb,
But if the darkness felt around were black
as raven's wing,
I'd see—as if the sun shone high at noonday
in the spring,
And I were to Slieve Donard's peak by some
magician borne—
The heather, grass, and crags that crown the
proud old hills of Mourne.

I know them all as when in youth I knew
my mother's face,
In childhood's hours I gambolled free and
grew up at their base,
I climbed their sides through brackens high,
when boyhood's years were mine,
I've rested on their topmost heights to watch
the sun's decline,
And ev'ry nook, or knoll, or crag from
Cloughmore to Croc-Shee,
Across Slieve-Ban and Keady, are familiar
still to me;

And ever while the strength God gives re-
mains with me unworn.
I'll bless them and I'll love them well—those
sweet old hills of Mourne.

No fairer hills are mirror'd where the Rhine's
blue waters play
Than those that break the moon's pale beams
in Carlingford's broad bay;
No prouder hills, to me at least, point up-
ward to the skies
In any land than those on which I first cast
youthful eyes;
And should Dame Fortune only deign to
smile upon my days,
I'll haste me home and by those hills I'll walk
my quiet ways
Until death comes; and when my bones by
friends to earth are borne,
I'll rest at peace because I lie beside the hills
of Mourne.

THOMAS DAVIS.

Great minds, endowed with power to fashion
men
For giant purposes, for noble ends
That can knit foes in bonds fresh as friends,
Are God's chief artificers. Be the pen
Or sword the instrument they use, what
then?
Our nature moulded by this touch ascends
To higher plains, and lifted there it blends
With all we count as good within our ken.

Such potent mind was his who taught his
race
To look from thralldom sunward, and who
gave
To Ireland's life new sweetness and new
light;
Who scourged with iron force the habits base
That fostered but the instincts of the slave,
And held our land from Freedom, Union,
Right.

POEMS OF JOHN J. MCGINNIS.

MY FIRST LOVE.

In childhood's days my heart's delight,
To eyes with love enraptured,
With Irish scenes first met my sight
And all affection captured;
Her artless smile in lone exile
Is beaming always near me—
Her winsome grace in every place
I wander e'er doth cheer me.

Her features formed in perfect mould
Admired by all are dearly,
And every line of worth's true gold
To my fond gaze shows clearly
The beauties fair and virtues rare
That e'er are with her dwelling,
Tho', o'er them all, a darkening pall
Her mournful state is telling.

Tho' rolling seas of seething foam
Between us wildly thunder,
She still appears with that old home
Which memory ne'er will sunder;
And as the sun, when day has run,
Behind leaves shadows dreary,
Whene'er my thought from her is brought
My heart is sadly weary.

The light of honor's diadems,
Which crown her person charming,
Still scintillates the burning gems
That are love's feelings warming;
Oh! many a heart for her did part
With all that manhood cherished,
And nobly strove to win her love,
Till hope, with life, had perished.

With pangs of sore unhappiness
For conquests more she's sighing,
Yet, dream not that 'neath loveliness
Coquettishness is lying;
Oh, no! A trace of such disgrace
Can ne'er her charms appear in;
She's pure and true, and loved by you
Is my first love—Green Erin.

THE VOICE OF SONG.

Where are the bards whose mighty song
Rushed as a lava tide,
Bearing the burden of right and wrong,
Scathing the tyrant, smiting the strong.
Nerving the timid, thrilling the throng—
Say is the song-spring dried—
Where are the bards ?

—*Dublin Nation.*

Where are the bards ? They are living still,
Their strains are sweet as ever,
And strong and deathless as the will
That bows to despots never;
Their lyrics charm the Celtic soul
That breathes this side the ocean,
And stirring bars of their music roll
To the land of their hearts' devotion.

The Irish bards may in exile live—
But their song-spring dried ? No, never—
Their lays are as nerving yet and give
New strength to use the lever
Which works its way underneath the wrongs
That threaten Ireland's morrow—
The hopes that live in their martial songs
Are stars in her night of sorrow.

The shells that stir on each Irish beach
At the wavelet's every motion,
If you lift them up to your hearing's reach,
Will whisper the emotion
That steals across the waters blue
In breakers of song-voiced passion,
To fill those shells and the caverns, too,
In no changeless mood or fashion.

The white-capped waves on Atlantic's breast
Are the storm-signs of their feelings,
That sail along with never a rest
Till they merge in vengeful peelings;
The rushing hate of the Irish race
Is voiced in that ocean thunder,
While tides beat in at a surging pace
The towering sea-banks under.

Nor has the muse from Ireland flown
 There is "T. D. S.," the charming,
 Whose metrical words and fiery tone
 The Castle deems alarming;
 There is Katharine Tynan, sweet and strong,
 And "Droilin" ever tender,
 And a dozen more whose welcome song
 Brings forth the cause's splendor.

But if these were dead; if our singers all
 Had rest within that region
 From which to earth inspirations fall
 To bless our poet legion;
 The spirit of 'Forty-eight would fire
 That poor downtrodden nation
 Which scorns its care when touched the lyre
 That breathes of jubilation.

EXILED REFLECTIONS.

'Tis summer in Ireland! The streamlets are
 leaping
 Adown the brown mountains to kiss the
 green sea,
 The mists are unrolling and shamrocks are
 creeping
 Through grasses that cover the wide-
 spreading lea;
 The lambkins are bleating, and every green
 valley
 Is blessed with the music that charmingly
 flows
 In ripples that glide 'neath the thorn and
 the salley
 By banks where with violets true Irish love
 grows.

The thrush leaves the thorn, and her notes
 are now ringing
 In madrigals gentle to swell the glad praise
 That skylark—in mid-air so lovingly wing-
 ing—
 Is singing in outbursts of merriest lays;
 New life's in the land where the farmer's eyes
 rest on
 The promise of produce the landlord shall
 claim,

While peace steals from high just to place
 its own crest on
 The scenes that to me are all seasons the
 same.

'Tis summer in Ireland! And now—three
 and twenty—
 The memories of childhood me backward
 allure
 From loneliness here to where friends are
 in plenty—
 Where nature is wealthy and human kind
 poor;
 Where the grasp of the hand speaks the
 strength of the feeling
 That lives in the hearts—never changing
 but true—
 That never yet felt low hypocrisy stealing
 Their pure-blooded veins or their warm
 tendrils through.

Dreaming once more of the haunts of young
 pleasure—
 Oh! what a joy to forget our exile,
 And stroll back again in each hour of our
 leisure
 To spots that we knew in our own lovely
 isle;
 To fancy again that we live where are glanc-
 ing
 The hues that are stolen from Heaven's
 own dome,
 Is a magical art with illusions most trancing
 Whose beauties grow dearer when longer
 from home.

ANSWERING FOR LOVE.

Why does he love thee? Were the wondrous
 glory
 His fancy sees within the future fair
 But painted for thee, thou would'st know
 the story
 That's whispered to him now and every-
 where:
 Two eyes that twinkle with expressive humor,
 A tongue that speaks as prompted by the
 heart—

That heart that only knows deceit through
rumor,

And, true to nature, never flirts with art.

Nor are these all! A deeper sense of feeling
Pictures the beauties that the soul alone—
Through mystic haunts with searching vision
stealing—

Can realize, for are they not its own?

Jewels these are—and from no earthly
places— [above—

Charms willed thy person by the One
Angelic attributes whose virtue graces
Thy very being and inspires his love.

The stream can tell not why it seeks the
ocean,

Nor shamrocks whisper why they love the
dew;

Nor songbirds say why chorus-voiced devo-
tion

Is due the summer—this they never knew;
Nor can the blossoms in the zephyrs swaying
Divine the secret of each 'customed hue;
They feel, but know not what is o'er them
playing—

It is their nature; this his nature, too.

But yet one cannot say his love like these is,
To change with seasons, or to ebb and flow
As tides, or rise and fall as do the breezes,
Or with the blossoms just to come and go,
No, love with him is not an idle fashion,
Put on and off as fancy's whims may force;
But is his life—at least it adds a passion
That is as changeless as the sun's own
course.

POEMS OF RICHARD W. COLLENDER.

A SONG.

A health to poor old Ireland,
And her flashing Flag of Green,
To her sunny bosom rising
From the ocean's glossy sheen.
Like a queen in beauty beaming,
While the big waves dance and play
At her feet, like suppliants bending—
With a seeming fond delay.
Bright hearts glowing, bumpers flowing,
In her unbaptized potheen;
Oh, comrades, drink to Ireland
And her flashing Flag of Green.

A health to poor old Ireland,
And her glinting Flag of Green,
To her saints in glory gleaming
To her chiefs of mighty mien;
Her heroes, bards, and sages,
The dreams around them cast,
The giant men of story,
The pillars of the past.
Oh! we boast them, we toast them,
In unbaptized potheen;
Oh, comrades, drink to Ireland,
And her flashing Flag of Green.

A health to poor old Ireland,
And her flashing Flag of Green,
To the days its bright folds streaming
O'er each conquered field was seen,
To the hardy deeds of daring,
Old Limerick and Benburb,
To the time, the men, the valor,
That did oft our proud foe curb.
Oh, we cling to them, we drink to them,
In unbaptized potheen;
Oh, comrades, here's to Ireland,
And her flashing Flag of Green.

A health to poor old Ireland,
And her drooping Flag of Green,
While the clouds of darkness lower
And the ray is scarcely seen,
While the death-grasp thickens tighter,
And her life-blood ebbs away,
While her health and hope are flying
From her breast in pale dismay.
Still endearing, still unfearing,
In unbaptized potheen;
Oh, comrades, drink to Ireland,
And her flashing Flag of Green.

A health to poor old Ireland,
 And her flashing Flag of Green,
 To the better days before us,
 Robed in glowing Summer sheen,
 To the morning when her soldier sons
 In ordered lines are seen,

To the hand that plants above the Red
 The Harp of Gold and Green.
 Bright hearts glowing, bumpers flowing,
 In our unbaptized potheen;
 Oh, comrades, drink to Ireland,
 And her flashing Flag of Green.

TO H. W. COLLENDER,

WITH A BROTHER'S LOVE.*

THOUGH wide is the ocean between us that
 rolls;

Though fierce raving storms disturb its
 dark sea;

Dear HUGH, they can never unlink from our
 souls,

The chains of affection which bind us to
 thee.

And ever a thought from this heart will be
 winging,

Its flight o'er the waves and the ocean to
 thee;

And back in my dreaming it comes to me
 bringing,

Thy form of old 'neath a smiling roof tree.

Ah! gloomy and sad was the dawn of the
 morn,

Which told of thy quitting that Old Home
 and me;

An outcast, an outlaw—poor, lonely and lorn;
 Thy high hopes defeated—no Country for
 thee.

Yes dark was thy fate then, 'mid peril and
 danger;

As a helmless bark on a treacherous main,
 Exposed to the tempest—a fate-stricken
 ranger;

With no hope thy lost home and thy rights
 to regain.

But the Searcher of hearts looked on thine
 with a smile,

Its throbbings He knew were for Justice
 and Truth;

In the cause of thy injured and suffering Isle,
 Were the thoughts and aspirings of thy
 ardent youth.

And He succoured thee on thro' that dark
 time of care,

He gave thee a home of affection and love;
 And peopled with bright hearts fond, loving
 and fair;

And brightened with Liberty's light from
 above.

The hearts in that home these eyes ne'er have
 beheld,

And Fate has ordained that we dwell still
 apart—

By some mystic tide of affection impelled,
 We mingle—and never in thought they
 depart.

And a hope—a fond hope, do I nurse thro'
 the day,

And dream thro' the long silent hours of
 the night;

Of a home—filled with faces now far, far
 away—

In Green Erin illumined by Liberty bright.

Could I once see that day, could I once see
 that home,

All this heart's earthly longings were fully
 allayed—

For one hour of such joy—beneath Heaven's
 blue dome,

It were happy within the still grave to be
 laid.

Though vast is the Ocean between us that
 rolls—

Though wild raving storms disturb its dark
 Sea;

Dear HUGH, they can never unlink from our
 souls,

The chains of affection which binds us to
 thee.

CARPOQUIN, August, 1860.

* Hugh W. Collender was one of the exiles of 1848.

AN ELEGY.

ADAPTED FROM THE MEXICAN.

FADING, fading, fleetly fading,
 All earth's splendours pass away.
 Those that seem to mock decay,
 Like lilies by the cool stream shading
 The tide of time, soon shall bear away.

Purple, gorgeous type of power,
 And the rose, fair beauty's hue;
 One fate and brief day have the two—
 Like flowers that drink the sightless shower,
 Twin buds that glint in dawning's dew.

Glistening in its crystals gleaming,
 Dight in its pearlets glad and gay
 (Like angels' tears o'er their decay),
 Soon 'the day-god's bright eye beaming
 Their tinsel blossom in blight shall lay.

All is fleeting, fading, changing—
 All subjected to one sad doom—
 Flowers their gorgeous morning bloom
 For scentless blight ere night exchanging,
 Mortals, life for the charnel gloom;

Aye, in the noon of their pride and splendour,
 The weak, the mighty, the fair and brave,
 In cot and palace, on land and wave,
 To the one great Rule their allegiance render—
 The wide, big earth is a narrow grave;

All sprung from earth, and unto it clinging,
 Allegiance pay to the grim King, Death!
 To his rule despotic and sudden scathe,
 Save where, like sun-flowers, fair souls,
 springing,
 Live in the glowing, bright sun of faith.

Aye, as the fountain, the stream and river
 Flow downward ever and ever on,
 From meadows glancing or mountain dun,
 To their deep grave, the wide ocean ever,
 Deepening their path as they downward
 run.

Where are the great of the olden glory,
 Who sate in canopied golden thrones,
 Who ne'er knew poverty's pains and
 moans?—

Deep in the vault is their transient story
 Writ in the dust of their crumbled bones.

Theirs were power and pomp and treasure;
 Law with hosts was their simple word:
 Flattery's fulsome breath they heard;
 Short was their day ere its noontide measure:
 Low they're laid by the smiting sword.

Fading, fading, fleetly fading,
 Gone like vapour before the wind,
 Like the fabled fruits of the tempting rind,
 Their fallen thrones, so short-lived, aiding
 To stamp the lesson they left behind.

Ours is to-day—whose is to-morrow?—
 Amid earth's bustle and rolling hum
 This voice will speak to the dull and dumb;
 Yours is the present, from it to borrow
 Life and light for the time to come.

Up, O, my friends, lift your hopeful voices,
 Your hearts and tongues lift in tuneful
 praise
 To where the Sun-God's true splendours
 blaze—

Where all is glory, where all rejoices,
 Beaming with beauty that ne'er decays.
 CAPPOQUIN, July, 1868.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BLUE PLUME.

A LEGEND OF THE BLACKWATER.

[In the time of John Earl of Desmond the English garrison at Youghal were attacked and routed by the Irish forces, and obliged to fly from the town in their boats. Though it was but a temporary riddance, and they, alas! but too soon returned, yet a fair day's work and the sturdy workers deserve some commemoration.]

THE waves of Blackwater laugh lightly be-
 tween

Tall wild waving woodlands all glossy and
 green.

Where silence resides, 'neath their dark dewy
 crest,

Our giant forefathers found shelter and rest;

And revelled and courted, and hunted the deer,
 And feasted and drunk of the red wine and beer,
 And marshalled in glory to meet the stout foe—
 So rhyme we a wreath of their famed Long Ago.

Gay banners are floating on Strancally wall,
 Proud soldiers are thronging round Strancally hall,
 The *easlach* * has blazoned the war summons stern,
 To galloglass tall and to light-footed kern.
 Like mountain streams rushing all speedily down,
 They haste over hill, glade, and wild moor and brown,
 And sweetly, Blackwater their fair weapon's sheen
 Flings backward in light to its woods glowing green.

Like bees in the summer they swarm, they come;
 Like winds on the hill-side, their deep din and hum;
 Like rocks mid the waters, each stout heaving breast
 Flings off every terror; and lightly they jest,
 And long rings their laughter, and feasting, and cheer,
 While circle broad *methers* of brown ale and beer,
 And bright beats each gallant heart, glad-some and light,
 While gayly they bustle and trim for the fight.

A voice speaks aloud from the dark oaken hall—
 "Ho! Donal Dhu, quick, my black steed from the stall."
 'Tis the Dark Knight, and donning his helmet and plume,
 And grasping his long lance, he strode from the room.

* A mounted courier.

At the door neighs his charger, with bowed neck of pride,
 The fosterer, Donal Dhu, stands by his side.
 He springs to the saddle, each wild voice is still,
 Each man in his place, and the word is "Eoschoill." †

The waves of Blackwater laugh lightly between
 Their tall waving woodlands, all glossy and green, [they,
 And many a bright band and gallant saw
 But never a brighter than that sunny day.
 Their steel armour glistens, their proud chargers prance,
 Their bannerets wave from each tapering lance—
 A Blue Plume is kissing the light summer shine, [line.
 The Dark Knight of Strancally heading their
 * * * * *

In the old town of Youghal that stands by the sea,
 The Red Flag is floating, all glorious and free;
 High, high o'er the Clock Gate, and high o'er the town,
 In speaking defiance it proudly looks down.
 The red Saxon soldier is seen on the walls,
 His home o'er the waters his rude heart recalls,
 As the broad sun is sinking, and twilight steals down
 O'er moorland and mountain, with many a frown.

The nightwatch is set, and a vigilant guard
 O'er the slumbering town holds a close watch and ward,
 The sentinel, treading his lone chilly round,
 Looks into the dim gliding shadows around.
 "Ho! 'tis but the trees or the wind through their leaves,
 Methought of the ghosts, the rude Papist believes;
 God wot! I am sick of these wilds I declare,
 Heigho, merrie England, I wish I was there."

† Youghal.

But, lo! the dusk shadow at morning ap-
 pears,
 A rampart that bristles with lances and
 spears,
 Where, grinning through earthwork and piles
 stoutly strewn,
 Are cannon, and matchlock, and bright
 musketoon,
 Where helmets are gleaming and wild sol-
 diers throng,
 And quick comes the light'ning shower, red,
 loud, and long;
 The Irishrie batter the town through the
 day,
 At even, before them a breach gaping lay.

Farrah to the onset! with wild shouts of
 glee.
 The Saxons are ready. Like sea meeting sea,
 They mix and they struggle, they sink and
 they rise,
 Their war-cries like thunder-peals ring to
 the skies,
 Like tempest-tost waters, they sway to and
 fro;
 Broadsword to battle-axe, stout blow for
 blow;
 They thicken, the strife gathers round them
 and o'er
 Till the breach like a hell gaping wide seems
 to roar.

The fair Irish pause. Blood of Brian! they
 quail;
 A moment, a moment their hearts seem to
 fail.
 See! the Dark Knight is waving his bright
 plume of blue,
 "St. Patrick for Strancally, *Shannet Aboo!*" *
 Like lions, their blood seems within them to
 burn,
 Like hawks on the quarry, they rage and they
 turn,
 Like a tempest that sweeps o'er the loud-
 lashing sea,
 They charge till the stout Saxons turn them
 and flee.

* A war cry of the Geraldines.

The Saxons are flying—they rush to the
 shore,
 And hot at their heels do the proud Irish
 pour.
 The Dark Knight is dealing destruction
 around,
 Till a giant behind lays him flat on the
 ground,
 Saying, "Ha! have I trimmed thy gay
 feathers so blue."
 "*Dhar Dhia!* then here is a keepsake for
 you!"
 The bright spear of Donal Dhu flashed as he
 spoke,
 And straight through the skull of the grim
 giant broke.

The Dark Knight is down, in a death-seem-
 ing sleep,
 And gory his wounds are, and varied and
 deep.
 When life pulsed anew in his pain-troubled
 breast
 A fair Irish maiden sat watching his rest.
 What boots it to sing how she tended him
 then—
 How love sprang between them, and strength
 came again;
 How back to his home when a few months
 were o'er,
 The Knight of the Blue Plume a noble bride-
 bore.
 * * * * *

The waves of Blackwater laugh lightly be-
 tween
 Tall wild waving woodlands, all glossy and
 green.
 There is sheen on the wavelet and balm on
 the air,
 And music and health in their beauty they
 bear.
 All, all to the brave men of yore that they
 gave,
 Is wasted in nursing the cold crouching slave.
 Shall Fame reach them never, save story or
 song?—
 How long shall they slumber—"How long,
 Lord, how long?"

POEMS OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

McFEETERS' FOURTH.

It is needless to say 'twas a glorious day,
And to boast of it all in that spread-eagle
way
That our forefathers had since the hour of
the birth
Of this most patriotic Republic on earth!
But 'twas justice, of course, to admit that
the sight
Of the old Stars and Stripes was a thing of
delight
In the eyes of a fellow, however he tried
To look on the day with a dignified pride
That meant not to brook any turbulent glee
Or riotous flourish of loud jubilee!

So argued McFeeters, all grim and severe,
Who the long night before, with a feeling of
fear,
Had slumbered but fitfully, hearing the
swish
Of the sky-rocket over his roof, with a wish
That the urchin who fired it were fast to the
end
Of the stick to forever and ever ascend:
Or to hopelessly ask why the boy with the
horn
And its horrible havoc had ever been born:
Or to wish, in his wakefulness, glaring
aghast,
That this Fourth of July were as dead as the
last!

So, yesterday morning, McFeeters arose,
With a fire in his eye and a cold in his nose,
And a guttural voice in appropriate key,
With a temper as gruff as a temper could
be.
He growled at the servant he met on the
stair

Because he was whistling a national air,
And he growled at the maid on the balcony,
who
Stood enrapt with the tune of "The Red,
White and Blue,"
That a band was discoursing like mad in the
street,
With drumsticks that banged, and with
cymbals that beat.

And he growled at his wife, as she buttoned
his vest,
And applausively pinned a rosette on his
breast
Of the National colors, and lured from his
purse
Some change for the boys—for firecrackers
—and worse;
And she pointed with pride to a soldier in
blue,
In a frame on the wall, and the colors there,
too;
And he felt, as he looked on the features, the
glow [ago,
The painter found there twenty long years
And a passionate thrill in his heart, as he
felt
Instinctively round for the sword in his belt.

What was it that hung like a mist o'er the
room?—
The tumult without—and the music—the
boom [fife?—
Of the cannon—the blare of the bugle and
No matter!—McFeeters was kissing his wife,
And laughing and crying and waving his hat
Like a genuine soldier—and crazy at that!
But it's needless to say 'twas a glorious day,
And to boast of it all in that spread-eagle way
That our forefathers have since the hour of
the birth
Of this most patriotic Republic on earth!

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album
all alone

And muses on the faces of the friends that
he has known,

So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy
design

I find the smiling features of an old sweet-
heart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a
flicker of surprise,

As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in
my eyes;

And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh
that seems to yoke

Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish in
the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving
thoughts that start

Into being are like perfumes from the blos-
soms of the heart;

And to dream the old dreams over is a lux-
ury divine,

When my truant fancy wanders with that
old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a flut-
tering of wings,

The voices of my children, and the mother
as she sings,

I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me
any theme

When care has cast her anchor in the harbor
of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds
a charm

To spice the good a trifle with a little dust
of harm—

For I find an extra flavor in memory's mel-
low vine

That makes me drink the deeper to that old
sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty and a form of airy
grace,

Floats out of my tobacco as the genie from
the vase;

And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of
azure eyes,
As glowing as the summer and as tender as
the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little
checkered dress

She wore when first I kissed her and she an-
swered the caress

With the written declaration that "as surely
as the vine

Grew 'round the stump, she loved me"—that
old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender
little hand

As we used to talk together of the future we
had planned—

When I should be a poet, and with nothing
else to do

But write the tender verses that she set the
music to.

When we should live together in a cosy little
cot

Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden
spot,

Where the vines were ever fruitful and the
weather ever fine

And the birds were ever singing for that old
sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a
day,

And she my faithful sweetheart till the gold-
en hair was gray;

And we should be as happy that when either's
lips were dumb

They would not smile in Heaven till the
other's kiss had come.

* * * * *

But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon
the stair,

And the door is softly opened, and—my
wife is standing there!

Yet with eagerness and rapture all my vis-
ions I resign

To greet the living presence of that old
sweetheart of mine.

THE DRUM.

OH, the drum!

There is some

Intonation in thy grum

Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit
dumb,

As we hear

Through the clear

And unclouded atmosphere,

The rumbling palpitations roll in upon the
ear!

There's a part

Of the art

Of thy music-throbbing heart,

That thrills a something in us that awakens
with a start.

And in rhyme

With the chime

And exactitude of time

Goes marching on to glory to thy melody
sublime.

And the guest

Of the breast

That thy rolling robs of rest

Is a patriotic spirit as a Continental dressed;
And he looms

From the glooms

Of a century of tombs,

And the blood he spilled at Lexington in
living beauty blooms.

And his eyes

Wear the guise

Of a nature pure and wise;

And the love of them is lifted to a something
in the skies

That is bright,

Red and white,

With a blur of starry light,

As it laughs in silken ripples to the breezes
day and night.

There are deep

Hushes creep

O'er the pulses as they leap,

And the murmur, fainter growing, on the
silence falls asleep;

While the prayer

Rising there

Wills the sea and earth and air

As a heritage to Freedom's sons and daugh-
ters everywhere.

Then with sound

As profound

As the thunderings resound,

Come the wild reverberations in a throe that
shakes the ground,

And a cry

Flung on high

Like the flag it flutters by,

Wings rapturously upwards till it nestles in
the sky.

BABYHOOD.

HEIGH-HO, Babyhood! Tell me where you
linger;

Let's toddle home again, for we have gone
astray—

Take this eager hand of mine and lead me
by the finger

Back to the lotus lands of the Far-away!

Turn back the leaves of life—don't read the
story—

Let's find the pictures and fancy all the
rest;

We can fill the written pages with a brighter
glory

Than old Time, the story-teller, at his very
best!

Turn to the brook where the honeysuckle,
tipping

O'er its vase of perfume, spills it on the
breeze,

And the bees and humming birds in ecstasy
are sipping,

From the fairy flagons of the blooming
locust trees.

Turn to the lane where we used to "teeter-
totter,"
Printing little foot-palms in the mellow
mould—
Laughing at the lazy cattle wading in the
water
Where the ripples dimple round the but-
tercups of gold.

Where the dusky turtle lies basking on the
gravel
Of the sunny sand bar in the middle tide.

And the ghostly dragon fly pauses in his
travel
To rest like a blossom where the water-lily
died.

Heigh-ho, Babyhood! Tell me where you
linger;
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone
astray—
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me
by the finger
Back to the lotus lands of the Far-away.

POEMS OF ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE MAID OF ERIN.

METHOUGHT I saw her, beauteous, stand
Where day-beams darkened down the west;
A golden harp was in her hand,
The sunburst sparkled on her breast;
And round about her shining hair
Was twined a wreath of shamrocks fair.

Serenely framed, in robes of snow,
Betwixt the glowing sky and sea,
A rosy splendor seemed to flow
From out her wind-blown drapery;
And lissom form and lovely face
Were full of rare majestic grace.

"O, peerless Beauty! Maiden sweet!"
I, kneeling, cried, with outstretch'd arms;
"The sea lies docile at thy feet;
The world is captive to thy charms;
The lights of heav'n around thee shine,
The glory of the earth is thine!"

But lo! a voice in far-off tones,
That pierced the distance clear and low:
"O, child of Erin's martyred sons
Why dost thou mock me in my woe?
Draw nearer still, and, closer, see
The glory earth hath given to me!"

Ah! then with strangely throbbing heart,
And forehead damp with falling dew,
I tore the veil of mist apart
That shut the Maiden from my view,
And saw her as she truly stood,
Her feet and ankles bathed in blood!

Around her temples, pure and grand,
A crown of thorns was tightly press'd;
A cross was in her bleeding hand,
A lance embedded in her breast;
And thro' her white robe flowed a tide
Of blood drops from her virgin side.

I could but kneel and kiss her feet—
All mangled, like a broken flower.
Surpassing fair, surpassing sweet,
She seemed to me that solemn hour;
For, in her stigmas, faith descried
The red wounds of the Crucified.

"O, more than martyr! Joy or fame—
What boots it all," I cried, "to thee?
More blest art thou in grief and shame,
Than in earth's false felicity.
Heiress of wounds and woes divine,
The glory of the Lord is thine!"

THE DEATH OF THE LILY.

THE lily died last night:

I heard a whisper tremble from the mere,
I marked the crescent of the rounding year,
Pale from the mellow lustre of its light.

I saw the lily dead:

Her floating bier of reeds and woven grass;
Her shroud a moonbeam, and her requiem
mass

The hollow music from the willows shed.

While all the rushy things

That grow and green beside a summer
mere,

Wailed thro' the glamour of the atmos-
phere

An anthem, as on airy cither-strings

The lily slowly rocked

In the dim light upon the grassy pool,

Fragile and pure, funereal and cool,

Her waxen lids in deadly slumber lock'd.

Oh, grieving heart of mine!

(I said, with tears), Oh, friends! that
mourn with me,

The legend of the soul's lost purity
Is written in the lily's swift decline.

Take ye the idle pen,

And let me weep until the purple dawn;

A something pure from out *my* life has
gone,

And it can never, never come again!

POEMS OF JOHN LOCKE.

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST.

[The incident which prompted the writing of the following lines was related to the author by a friend on his return to America from a visit to Ireland. On the voyage over the American gentleman made the acquaintance of an old Irishman, who, in his frank and candid way, told him that he had been thirty years in the States, and that he was then going home to spend the evening of his life amid the scenes of his boyhood. The old man's deep anxiety to see Ireland once more made the author's friend take a special interest in him. The night before the boat reached the Irish shore they both remained on deck, and as the dawning broke they were rewarded for their weary vigil by beholding the dim outlines of the Irish coast. The sight awakened the old man's slumbering enthusiasm, and his first impassioned exclamation was: "The top o' the mornin' to you, Ireland, alanna!"]

THAN-A-MO-DHIA! but there it is!

The dawn on the hills of Ireland-
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sireland;
O Ireland! isn't it grand you look,
Like a bride in her rich adornin',
And with all the pent-up love of my heart
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

This one brief hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight
There's so much joy in returning—

Watching out for the hallowed shore,

All other attractions scornin';

O Ireland! don't you hear me shout.

I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

Ho, ho! upon Cleana's shelving strand

The surges are grandly beating;

And Kerry is pushing her headlands out.

To give us the kindly greeting.

In to the shore the sea-birds fly

On pinions that know no drooping,

And out from the cliffs with welcome charged,

A million of waves come trooping.

O kindly, generous Irish land,

So leal and fair and loving,

No wonder the wandering Celt should think

And dream of you in his roving!

The alien home may have gems and gold,

Shadows may never have gloomed it,

But the heart will sigh for the absent land

Where the love-lights first illum'ed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,

Watching the wild waves' motion,

Leaning her back up against the hills,

And the tips of her toes in the ocean?

I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells—
 Oh, maybe their chiming's over,
 For it's many a year since I began
 The life of a Western rover!

For thirty summers, *asthore machree*,
 Those hills I now feast my eyes on
 Ne'er met my vision, save when they rose
 Over memory's dim horizon.
 E'en so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
 In the landscape spread before me;
 But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would
 ope
 To see Texas' sky still o'er me.

Oh, oft upon the Texan plains,
 When the day and the chase were over,
 My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave
 And around this coast line hover!
 And the prayer would rise that some future
 day
 All danger and doubting scornin',
 I might help to win for my native land
 'The light of young Liberty's mornin'.

Now fuller and truer the shore-line shows—
 Was ever a scene so splendid?
 I feel the breath of the Munster breeze
 Thank God that my exile's ended!
 Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
 The vale and the cot I was born in!
 O Ireland! up from my heart of hearts
 I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

THE WIDOW'S FAREWELL TO HER SON.

Well, Shamus, may God be with you,
 And give me your parting kiss—
 Through all the troubles and changes
 I thought 'twould ne'er come to this!
 But you'll think of me sometimes, Shamus,
 When over the stormy sea—
 When the waves of the windy ocean
 Are rolling 'twixt you and me.

Yes! you'll think of me, Shamus darling,
 When far from the lonely glen,
 Though I never may hear your footsteps
 Or look in your face again.
 For I know they'll bury me, Shamus,
 Down deep in the churchyard clay,
 When the wintry winds are sweeping,
 And *ma bouchal's* far away!

I thought you'd be near me, Shamus,
 When the long, long weary years
 Should bow my head with their burdens
 Of sorrows and anxious fears.
 But you're going away *mavourneen*,
 And I never shall see you more;
 When I'm dying sure you'll be roaming
 Far off on the stranger's shore.

Away in some crowded city,
 Or down by the silent sea,
 Longing, alas! but vainly,
 For message or word from me;
 But some of the kind old neighbors
 Will write to you o'er the sea,
 To tell you my heart and pulses
 Are stilled *astor machree*.

Then, if ever you come back, Shamus,
 Come back o'er the ocean wave,
 Won't you steal in the hush of the twilight,
 To visit my lonely grave?
 You know the spot in the churchyard
 Where they'll lay me down to rest,—
 Just under the slender hazel,
 With my feet to the starry west.

Now, Shamus, may God be with you,
 When over the stormy sea,
 And remember ould Ireland always—
 Wherever your home may be.
 And you won't forget me, darling,
 When far on the stranger's shore,
Ma bouchal, my heart is breaking,
 And I never shall see you more.

A THOUSAND LEAGUES FROM CARLOW TOWN.

[Scene: Castle Garden, New York.]

ALONG the cold, dark city's streets
The wind of wild November blew,
And cloud and vapor thick and gray,
Hid all the sky's o'erarching blue,
When thus I heard a maiden fair,
In sad and tender accents say:
"Ah, me! they little think at home
How lonely I am here to-day."

Methought I heard her voice before,
Her face was like a face I knew;
So from the heartless crowd I turned—
For I, oft touched by sorrow, too,
Knew how to feel for others' woes,
For hearts that joy but seldom bless'd—
And oft had found a sweet relief
In soothing souls by anguish press'd.

And thus I said: "Hast thou, sweet maid,
Along the path of sorrow trod—
Sad wandered o'er the desert ways,
Thy pilgrim staff, strong hope in God?"
Her white hand trembled as she spoke,
And meekly bow'd her Grecian head,
And o'er her cheek the first faint flush
Of early April roses spread:

"No sorrow dimmed my girlhood's days;
The desert ways were strange to me,
Till from my own fair country home
I turned and came across the sea.
A fond, fond mother cared me then,
But she no more shall kiss my brow,
For when I left her poor heart broke—
She sleepeth in God's acre now!

"I lived a league from Carlow town,
Just near the Barrow's winding tide;
And often in the summer eves
I roamed along its woody side.
The throstle through the twilight hours
Sang softly from the hazel tree;
And every wind that stirred the flow'rs
Flung fragrance 'round my love and me.

"As on the Lora's deck I stood,
The sadness came that brought unrest;
And then the winds that filled her sails
Quenched joy's last flame within my breast
And now unknown, uncared for here,
I weary wander up and down—
The grief and hunger at my heart,
A thousand leagues from Carlow town."

I told her tristful tale to one,
Whose heart had ne'er heard sorrows
moan,
But down her cheek the round tear rolled,
As if the sorrow were her own.
Then from the cold November wind,
In from the darkness and the rain,
We bore the lonely, wandering one,
And strove to make her blithe again..

But woe is me! the sickness came,
Her trembling voice grew faint and weak;
The lilies faded on her breast,
The roses paled upon her cheek.
She drooped and languished day by day,
The grief and fever kept her down;
And with th' old memories next her heart
She died far, far from Carlow town.

MILKING-TIME.

GREEN were the meadows and blue was the
sky,
Soft o'er the harebells the June wind was
blowing;
A wave-sounding songlet, the river rolled by,
And close to us Brindle and Dhrimin were
lowing.

They knew it was milking-time—so did we
both;
But as well might we strive to prevent the
stream flowing,
As try to shake off Love's Arcadian sloth,
Though all the old cows in the kingdom
were lowing.

You remember the fires of the sunset went
out,
The cornerake's cry sounded shrill from
the hollow;
And Brindle and Dhrimin—grown weary no
doubt—
Moved lazily homeward ere we rose to
follow.

O darling, my heart in the love-lighted rays
Of that eve—if it could—would for cen-
turies dally;
I'd surrender a year of these soul-dulling days
For another such hour in that Ossory Val-
ley.

But a wearisome way lies between me to-
night
And the scene of that evening's celestial
enjoyment;
I can only write of it—ah! if I could write
All I feel, this dull pen had meet bardic
employment.

We, too, are apart—there's a bridgeless ravine
Twixt the pathways we tread; yet *your*
heart will not wonder
Why mine is close linked to that long-van-
ished e'en,
By a tie that no time or mutation can sun-
der.

SONG OF THE IRISH MOUNTAINEER.

HURRAH, men, hurrah, for the wild Irish
hills,
Where the brown heath and green fern
grow,
Where the iron cliffs frown o'er the long,
level plains,
And the bright bounding rills ever flow,

Where the peasants leap bravely along the
gray rocks,
While the tempest-shout rings loud and
clear,
And the eagle soars proudly the tall crags
above—
Hurrah, I'm a wild mountaineer.

I'm a wild mountaineer, and the hills are my
home,
And the deep hollow cavern my bed,
Where the dark-frowning limestone and
brown granite arch
The crystalline dome overhead.
I care for no master, no landlord I own,
In battle no foeman I fear;
Hurrah, then hurrah, for the mountains
again,
And the life of the wild mountaineer.

When our fathers, o'erwhelmed in patriot
strife,
Saw their standard go down on the plain,
'Twas here to the mountains they came to
recruit
Their ranks and their vigor again.
And when Freedom's glad clarion shall sum-
mon once more
Our kindred to shoulder their spears,
The first to respond and the last to retreat
Will, I ween, be our brave mountaineers.

Then hurrah, men, hurrah, for the wild Irish
hills,
Where the brown heath and green fern
grow,
Where the iron cliffs frown o'er the long,
level plains,
And the bright, bounding rills ever flow.
Where the tall lithe-limbed peasants are
hardy and strong,
And cherish through each changing year,
The fame of the fathers who died long ago—
Hurrah, I'm a wild mountaineer.

POEMS OF MRS. JOHN LOCKE.

(MARY COONEY.)

ECHOES THAT CHRISTMAS BRINGS.

THERE was never a day in the stretch of
years,

That has dawned and died since I left thy
shore,

My land of the manifold trials and tears,
That some thought of thee was not wafted
o'er

Old Ocean's tide, to my throbbing heart,
From the rural haunts where the hawthorns
bloom,

Where lovers loiter, so loth to part,
In the lingering twilight's favoring gloom.

To-night, from Memory's silent deeps
Scenes from my youth's old home arise—
Fair pictures from Fancy's highest steep
Are thronging before my tear-dimmed
eyes;

While I sit and muse, in my dreamy way,
Of that dear Green Isle, and her matchless
charms,

I curse the hand and the despot sway
That have forced me out of her fondling
arms.

For, of all the lands on this fair, wide earth,
With their countless beauties of sea and
sky,

The one that cradled and gave us birth
Should be ours to live in, and there to die,
But, alas! for that long-afflicted land,
Whose rich-loamed fields such treasures
hold,

She's still the prey of an alien band,
Who turn the fruit of her womb to gold.

No spiritless hours filled my girlhood's days:
O'er steepest mountain, through deepest
glen,

Rang echoes of stirring, rebellious lays,
When the land was alive with stalwart
men—

Men with the quick, hot pulse of youth,
Bound by the ties of brotherhood's vows—
With souls of honor, and hearts of truth,
Dauntless bosoms, and Godlike brows.

Not theirs the blame if the effort failed:
They fought against desperate odds and
fate.

The right went under and might prevailed;
But they kindled the fires of a stubborn hate.
They woke the land from her languid trance,
And quickened the pulse they found so low;
And taught her to gaze, with a sharpened
glance,

Square in the face of her planning foe.

Now, cast with the rest of her scattered race,
Found far and wide 'neath the blue of
heaven,

Still eager as ever the foe to face
Is that veteran remnant of Sixty-seven;
And some in death's cold, dreamless sleep
Are laid in this friendly soil to rest;
And some were borne back over the deep
To their long last home on Ireland's breast.

O wonderful land, by the wind-swept sea—
My first true love in the long ago,
Made dear by many sweet bonds to me
Are thy hedge-rimmed haunts where wild
roses blow!

Thou hast strivers, now, of the purest mould—
Though lacking the fire of that Fenian
time—

And under their guide, untiring and bold,
May Liberty's bells ring their cheeriest
chime.

'Tis Christmas night, while I build my
dreams

Of a future bright for our beauteous isle,
And paint her fields and her flowing streams
Illumed by the light of Freedom's smile.

That the Yule log's glow, with the conflict's
 cease,
 May find on her features no trace of tears;
 And her Christmas times, with good cheer
 and peace,
 Be blithe as they were in her happiest
 years!

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

I PICTURE the old folks to-night, not cheerful,
 But silently sad by a lonesome hearth,
 Gloomily musing with grave eyes tearful
 On the sorrows and losses of earth.

What a picture of life before them passes!
 What a host of memories must arise!
 Forms all damp from the graveyard grasses,
 To sadden their sombre eyes.

They'll think of the absent ones they scolded,
 In the hope of bending the strong self-will;
 And then of the dead, with fair hands folded,
 Lying so white and still.

They'll remember them all, whate'er their
 number,
 They'll pass and repass as the fire-light
 glows—

The exiled waifs and those that slumber
 In peace where the shamrock grows.

Ah! Christmas-time is a time for thinking—
 When snows are deep and the frost winds
 keen—
 When the last red beam of the sun is sinking
 'Neath the sea with a stormful sheen.

The fire's red hollows fill up with faces,
 All young and fresh as the dawn of May;
 But out from the glowing mystic spaces,
 There soundeth no laughter gay.

Oh! if the wings of love would bear me
 Home to-night o'er the bounding main,
 I would steal so soft that they would not hear
 me,
 And peer through the window pane.

But my soul would be sorely smitten
 If the place were dark and the hearthstone
 drear,
 There may be a change, for they have not
 written
 A word in more than a year.

Ah! when the cares of life come crushing
 In our own lives from every side,
 With wave after wave of trouble rushing
 O'er the soul like a foaming tide—

Folk cannot write with a doleful story
 Of their long, hard struggles they send no
 word,
 But Christmas comes with its snow flakes
 hoary,
 And memory's pulse is stirred.

The heart goes back with an old-time longing
 To the home that sheltered it long ago;
 And a thousand tremulous thoughts come
 thronging
 Each with an odor of mistletoe.

And it matters not how our spirits are
 maimed—

How our lives with troubles be fraught—
 A father or mother's face comes framed,
 In the heart of a tender thought.

CIS-ATLANTIC MUSING.

ONLY three years; yet it seems an age
 Of yearning heart-love and care
 Since I've heard in my own land the New
 Year's chimes

Peal out on the midnight air—
 Out o'er the frost-crisped hills and fields,
 Away to the farthest bounds
 Of echo's reach, from the beautiful bells
 Rolled a volume of glorious sounds.

Only three years since I stepped from the
 shore,
 When new day, with bright hopes reborn,
 Burst in golden shafts 'tween the sapphire bars
 Of the eastern gates of morn;

I sailed away o'er the blue, cold sea,
 Yet no fear in my breast would rise.
 For what or for whom had I periled my life
 And sundered its sweet home ties?

I was happy at home till my soul was stirred
 And my thoughts took a wider range,
 And my dreams went out o'er the unseen
 waves

To a new world, vast and strange.
 'Twas like as my life grew twofold, and one
 Was struggling with tortured breast,
 While the other one roamed in restless search
 Far out in the crimsoned West.

What cared I that life from one's land and
 kin

Was bitter or hard to bear—
 Comprising many a heart-pang sore
 And many a sad, salt tear?
 My life was lost in a love unknown,
 That in welcoming gladness smiled,
 Waiting my advent. I seemed to be
 Obeying an impulse wild.

I leaned on the rails of the steamer's deck,
 Looking back o'er the stretch of sea
 That was distancing far my native land
 And all that was dear to me.
 Had I cheated myself into the belief
 That no sorrow my soul oppressed—
 That there must be another love somewhere
 More potent than all the rest?

Now my life is linked with that new-found
 life—

Whether for weal or woe
 For him, for me, as Time's wheel whirls
 round,
 The gathering years must show.
 We must have our trials and our struggles,
 too,
 But the future fair days may hold.
 He's wise and sometimes wild, but, oh!
 At heart he's as good as gold.

And there's never a cloud on his cheerful face,
 Nor gloom in his hopeful eyes,
 So clear and keen that their depths of blue
 Seem borrowed from May-day skies;

And the laugh leaps up from his genial heart,
 So careless and void of guile,
 As he mirthfully tells me for richer times
 I must wait for a little while.

Well, we have wealth in each other's love,
 and so

Let the years their shadows fling
 Upon our brows, with their winter snows;
 In our hearts can be always spring;
 And out on the starry midnight air,
 O'er the old land's vales and dells,
 We'll hear again, in glad, glorious tones,
 The peal of the New Year's bells.

ELLIE.

I WAS dreaming so strangely of Ellie—dream-
 ing of Ellie all night;
 She comes to me always in trouble, looking
 so tearful and white.

Ellie was handsome and haughty, seeming so
 stately and cold;

But Ellie was truthful and tender—her heart
 was a treasure of gold.

Ellie and I were children—only two years
 between;

Children and girls together. Ah! Ellie was
 proud as a queen;

I was studious and thoughtful—more like a
 woman than child,

Wistful and wise as a fairy—Ellie was
 thoughtless and wild.

Ellie was fair, with a fairness of face so pecu-
 liarly sweet

That, in all my sad, wearisome wandering,
 one like her I never could meet;

But, prone like a blight-stricken lily, slowly
 bent the proud, beautiful head,

And the pure spirit soared from earth's prison
 —Ellie, our sister, was dead.

'Twas the first time death came to our house-
 hold; and, oh! in her freshness and
 bloom,

In the flower of developing fairness, young
 Maggie was marked for the tomb.

Ere the fourth moon had rounded to fulness,
and the tears at our loss were scarce
dried,

'Neath the green, swampy sward of old Mot-
hill the sisters were laid side by side.

Ellie sleeps under the shamrocks, fondly
clasped to old Motherland's breast;

But she comes to me over the ocean when-
ever my soul is oppress'd;

For Ellie had love that was stronger than
death, when those loved were in strife;
Ellie's well cared for in heaven, and I—I'm
a world-anxious wife.

In the home of my heart and my youthhood,
the land of my sorrow and pride,

With a mother's love lighting me onward, it
was not my luck to have died;

There was exile and troubles before me, and
work I was given to do;

Ellie and Maggie are cared for, but I have
my trials to go through.

A PATRICK'S DAY GIFT.

Written, while Residing in the Old Country, to
a Very Dear Friend then in America.

As a token of the friendship,

Ever fresh, that fills my heart,
To mine eyes that oft, while toiling,
Cause the trembling tears to start;

I have culled for thee a bouquet,
Bright of heaven's own radiant sheen;
'Tis a tiny bunch of shamrocks,
Blooming beautiful and green.

Other hands for thee may gather
Flowers of fondness, rosebuds fair,
Blue forget-me-nots, sweet violets,
Carnations red, geraniums rare,
Such as tell of love tales tender;
Still from me, with smile serene,
Take this little gift of shamrocks,
Blooming beautiful and green.

From the hillside where, in youthhood,
Thou hadst loved always to roam,
I have gleaned them while the dewdrop
Laved, like tears, the sparkling loam,

To bring back to thee of old times
Every fond, familiar scene;
Take my little gift of shamrocks,
Blooming beautiful and green.

Kiss them once before they wither,
Press them closely to thy heart;
Breathe one blessing on the giver,
Faithful still, though far apart;
And for sake of Erin mother,
Crownless crushed, though beauteous
queen,

Wear my tiny bunch of shamrocks,
Blooming beautiful and green.

I might cull for thee of field flowers,
Purple harebell, primrose mild,
And the golden-bosomed daisy,
Yellow cowslip, leaflets wild;
But of hope, of truth, of fondness,
Sweeter souvenir, I ween,
Is my little gift of shamrocks,
Blooming beautiful and green.

Reaching thee from fair Kilkenny,
Will they not thy fond soul charm?
Oh, to hear the words of greeting,
Gushing from thy brave heart warm.
From one loved haunt where thou hast wan-
dered

Oft at sunset's glorious e'en
Gathered I this gift of shamrocks,
Blooming beautiful and green.

'Tis a trifling boon to send thee,
But as emblems of esteem,
Of a friendship ever verdant,
Not the memory of a dream;

As a pledge of truth untarnished,
With no shadow on its sheen,
Take my tiny bunch of shamrocks,
Blooming beautiful and green.

From the dear old place of trysting,
With great love, tear-laden eyes,
Thou wilt hail them fondly, proudly,
And look on them as a prize;
With my own heart's holiest yearning,
Love, as in life's spring-time, keen,
Take my trifling gift of shamrocks,
Blooming beautiful and green.

Once, in girlish mirth, I gave thee,
 Gathered from a wayside hedge,
 Shrinkingly some pale primroses,
 Of youth's early griefs a pledge;
 And to-day, as emblems tender,
 Of the love no cloud could screen,
 Take my tiny bunch of shamrocks,
 Blooming beautiful and green.

Sorrow came in silent anguish,
 Swift and burning flowed my tears,
 And the bright young brow grew clouded,
 Shadowed as it still appears;
 But as types of truth, unchanging,
 That will be—hath always been,
 Take my little gift of shamrocks,
 Blooming beautiful and green.

Life was sweet while thou wert near me,
 Oh, what deep-felt joy was mine;
 Though I trembled, scarcely ever
 Lifting my drooped eyes to thine;
 Of those days as dear mementoes,
 I, heart bounding, stooped to glean,
 Fresh for thee this gift of shamrocks
 Blooming beautiful and green.

Reverently they now remind me
 How, unfearing tyrant laws,
 Thou, with patriot soul unflinching,
 Toiled unwearying in the cause;
 Then, for love of Erin mother,
 Chained and bowed 'neath sufferings keen,
 Wear to-day my gift of shamrocks,
 Blooming beautiful and green.

POEMS OF RICHARD MacHALE.

A LOST FRIEND.

A TIME-PIECE was the gift a cherished friend
 Once gave me, saying, when I ceased to
 care

For it, 'twould show my love had run its end.
 And I received the present and did swear
 That, while its hands my own had power to
 move,

The gift would be to me most fondly dear,
 That e'en in this I would my friendship prove.
 I gave the pledge and felt no tinge of fear.

The time-piece for a while it was my pride
 To keep as I had vowed it would be kept,
 And, like my tongue, thus far it never lied,
 And, like my love, it never, never slept.
 But richer friends soon stole my heart away,
 And the vile treachery it seemed to know,
 For in its cold, neglected place one day
 "It gave a mournful tick and ceased to go.

And there corroded by long gathering rust,
 The once-prized token of affection stayed,
 Till I had power the new friends all to trust,
 And find that every one the trust betrayed;

Too late then all my zealous care returned,
 For though a deep remorse had filled my
 heart,

The little clock my fond advances spurned,
 It stopped just after I had made it start.

And when, affection beaming from his eyes,
 It pleased God that my olden friend should
 come

And see the gift that I had sworn to prize;
 So voiceful of my vow and yet so dumb,
 He turned from me as he would turn from
 crime,

And slowly said: "I may not trust again,
 For though my gift cannot record the time,
 It can the treachery of faithless men."

I pleaded hard that my neglect was brief,
 And to forgive me begged him o'er and o'er;
 I thought his love would come to my relief,
 And make us friends as we had been before.
 But though it seemed so for a little while,
 Alas! it was not as my heart desired,
 Distrust e'er mingled with his sunniest smile,
 The love chords of his heart seemed worn
 and tired.

And thus we drifted on apart, till now
 Of all our love there lives no single ray,
 And when we meet a civil word or bow
 Tells of a friendship lightly thrown away,
 And it will ever, ever be the same,
 For friendship is, as all mankind doth
 prove,
 A fragile mechanism in a fragile frame,
 That stops if not kept active by the oil of
 love.

TO A SHAMROCK.

Taken from the Martyrs' Tomb in Glasnevin.

THOU art withered, little shamrock, and there
 is no brightness in thee;

Thou seemst desolate and stricken as the
 land that gave thee birth,

But I know how loving exiles' hearts would
 throb with joy to win thee,

And I view thee, little shamrock, as a gift
 of priceless worth.

Thy tender leaves were gathered in that
 graveyard o'er the ocean

Where the dust of Ireland's martyrs has
 been laid away at rest;

And cold, indeed, would be my heart and
 wanting in devotion

If I failed to love and cherish such a sweet
 and holy guest.

Thou art withered, little shamrock; so are
 tongues that loved to praise thee

In the sweet and soulful music of our
 bleeding mother land.

Thou art crumbling, little shamrock; so are
 hands that sought to raise thee

To be emblem of the freest race 'neath
 God's all-ruling hand.

Yes! thou'rt crumbling, little shamrock,
 and ere many days pass o'er thee

None can tell that thou wert gathered
 from dear Erin's sacred sod;

So it is with noble hearts and true that loved
 the land that bore thee

With a love as pure and holy as the love
 they gave to God.

But those tongues and hands and true hearts,
 though within the cold grave sleeping,
 Have not lost the pow'r they wielded in a
 holy cause on earth,

For as their glorious memory down time's
 dark flood goes sweeping,

Once barren soil is watered and new pa-
 triots have birth,

So 'with the little shamrock that an Irish
 exile reaches:

It brings him back, in thought, to kith and
 kin beyond the foam;

'Tis a messenger, a missioner that ever, ever
 preaches

The doctrine that the faithful heart will
 ever stay at home.

THE FALLEN.

BE bravely just and praise all good work done!

Be chary not of honor and applause

To those whose bold persistency has won

A Titan eloquence unto our cause.

But oh! remember, too, the men who thought

That Liberty was worth its fullest cost;

Who through their chains and death a revo-
 lution wrought—

The men who fought and lost.

Remember what nobility was theirs,

In failure calm, unflinching to the last,

Charming the world, and leaving to their
 heirs

A record that will never be surpassed.

What though they fell 'mid coward curse
 and jeer,

What though in pauper graves their bones
 were tossed,

Do not the humble mortals like to gods appear
 Who battled thus and lost?

God bless the humble graves where such men
 rest,

For their deeds wakened up the world to
 know

That you were of the sad ones and oppressed,
 Their tragic fate brought comfort to your
 woe.

And as you crown your victor chief with bays
 When you unto the promised land have
 crossed,
 Oh! spare some flowery garlands and some
 praise
 For those who fought and lost.

I LONG TO SERVE MY LAND.

I CARE not to be high or great
 In martial deeds of fame,
 Nor yet where statesmen congregate
 To win a deathless name.
 'Twas never my desire to be
 By fortune's fair winds fanned
 Enough this simple wish for me:
 I long to serve my land.

It matters not the how or where,
 In exile or at home,
 Within my native village fair
 Or far beyond the foam,
 If but the friends, some future day,
 Who round my tomb may stand
 Can read that, in his humble way,
 He loved and served his land.

THE MANLY MAN.

HIS words, a reflex of his heart,
 Are bold; and he will not be swayed;
 He scorns all diplomatic art
 And cannot quibble or evade.
 A holy love his guiding light,
 This is his platform and his plan:
 Speak always truth, do ever right—
 Say, is he not a manly man?

Angered by even word or look
 That might retard a hoped-for end,
 Yet mildly yielding to rebuke,
 If, haply, he himself offend.
 In age as earnest as in youth,
 For freedom ever in the van,
 But never sacrificing truth—
 This seems to me a manly man.

These men, in love and hatred strong,
 Add glory to our glorious cause,
 Although they train not with the throng
 And hear not often "loud applause."
 They dare abuse as they would dare
 The scaffold or the prison pen,
 Ah! brothers, always speak with care
 Of these unselfish, manly men.

POEMS OF REV. WM. J. McCLURE.

THE CRUSHED ROSE.

A ROSE lay crushed upon the sod,
 By some unknown and heedless heel
 That o'er it ruthlessly had trod,
 But could not all its beauty steal.
 'Twas with'ring on the dew-damp ground,
 Snatched from its life-providing stem;
 Its sweet companions blushed around:
 Though crushed and dead, 'twas one of
 them!

A kindly hand preserved the rose,
 And placed it in a casket fair;
 A soot voice said: "Howe'er life flows,
 'Twill prove a moral mentor there."

Unconscious was the reckless heel
 That crushed the rose upon the sod;
 It could not all the fragrance steal,
 That drew another soul to God!

THE SUMMER RAIN.

A BLESSING from God is the summer rain,
 Refreshing the world, whose dryness is pain.
 The earth woos the clouds when tired of the
 sun,
 Whose love's too ardent ere summer is done,
 And pleads for affection tempered by tears,
 For shadow mingled with shimmer of years.

O merciful rain! the verdure is drenched,
 And the thirst of panting nature is quenched.
 Man looks o'er his fields of tillage revived,
 The landscape shines forth like a sinner
 shrived;
 The brooks are aflow and the full streams run
 Through scenes lit again by earth's glory—
 the sun.

MOORE'S CENTENARY.

May 28th, 1879.

A HUNDRED years ago a bard was born on
 Irish ground,
 A hundred years have passed, and as a bard
 he is renowned;
 His birth is marked in history, his fame in
 verse and prose,
 By countrymen, by foreign pen, the world
 his title knows.

With wreath of poesy is crowned that singer
 of true song,
 That lovers of sweet melody hath moved to
 pleasure long,
 And Thomas Moore is full secure in memory
 stretching far
 Whereto the future promises no black obliv-
 ion's bar.

No songster else more varied or more tuneful
 was than Moore:
 Burns' tenderness, Heine's beauty and Be-
 ranger's fire allure,
 Yet other lands of South or North—the
 farthest and the near—
 In brimming minstrelsy, they've not the Irish
 singer's peer.

The moods of joy and grief and love, of
 battle and of peace,
 He sang in strains that have not ceased, nor
 will, till chaos cease;
 For they're taken up from heart to heart—
 from lip to lip their tone
 Is sounded, till the stranger feels the charm
 as 'twere his own!

A loving touch was Thomas Moore's that the
 harp of Erin thrilled;
 With the presence of his music the Irish
 breast is filled;
 'Twas caught from ancient ballad-tunes, 'twas
 gathered as fine gold
 From the deep-enriching mine of song—from
 Erin's heart of old.

Thus, while we wander back in thought
 throughout a hundred years,
 We mark the great and master-bard, e'en
 through his country's tears,
 And raise the voice of praise, and pray that
 ever may endure
 The memory of the Irishman and poet—
 Thomas Moore!

THE SHAMROCK AND LAUREL.

THERE'S a lofty love abounding
 In the emblem of a land;
 There's a fellowship, confounding
 The evil mind and hand,
 In the token of a nation,
 In the flow'ret of a race;
 And a multiform oblation
 Is lifted by the grace
 And patriotism of millions—
 To the hearthstones, homes and hamlets
 Where gush the native fountains;
 To the valleys, groves and streamlets,
 The cities and the mountains—
 With a pride as high as Ilion's!

As the Lily was the glory
 Of the olden flag of France,
 As the Rose illumines the story
 Of Albion's advance—
 In the Shamrock is communion
 Of all Irish faith and love,
 And the Laurel crowns the union
 Of grandeurs interwove
 Round the temple of the chainless
 To the Laurel fill libations,
 The cup with Shamrocks wreathing;
 And before the monarch nations
 Raise the symbol-breathing
 Equal Rights—to lordling's gainless!

Interweave the lowly Shamrock,
 Freedom's Laurel to endow;
 Ay, unite with Ireland's Shamrock
 Columbia's Laurel-bough—
 For there's hope and help unchary
 Columbia's skies beneath,
 And from ev'ry cliff and prairie
 To Erin's hills of heath,
 Salutations clear and cheerful
 Resound across the ocean,
 And Celts, in might increasing,
 With patriot-emotion,
 Vow in their souls unceasing:
 "We will aid thee, Mother tearful!"

SAINT PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL,

New York.

THE cause of God ennobles every work
 Done for His glory. In far times and deeds
 Rose the vast basilicas, and the seeds
 Planted through Christ's blood had generous
 fruitage,
 Despite the wars of heretic and Turk.
 How is it with the Church in this proud age?
 Her children for her altars plant founda-
 tions,
 Erect the column and place the capital,
 Till high the cross-crowned spire invites
 the nations.
 There rises o'er Manhattan a cathedral,

Venerable, yet new, of Gothic beauty.
 It is a mark of holy love and duty;
 'Tis a splendor, resting on earth in blessing,
 Pointing to Heaven—Christian Faith con-
 fessing.

EASTER LILIES.

WHAT may we offer to the Lord arisen,
 To Him most precious, sweet and beauti-
 ous?
 Our hearts, all purified, like lovely lilies,
 Our hearts, in God's attachment duteous,
 Some flowers that grow beside an earthly
 river
 Are emblems of men's thoughts and yearn-
 ings—
 Of human griefs and modesty of living—
 Of sensual and heavenward burnings.
 O brothers, sisters of the race of Adam,
 Select your gifts from earth's bright floral
 Yet gather nothing for your Lord eternal
 That breathes not of His grace and moral.
 Bring ye forth lilies of your hearts to give
 Him,
 Tokens of freedom from sin's fetter;
 And, as they never fade in this life's winter,
 They'll fructify unto a Better!

POEMS OF JAMES MURPHY.

THE ADVENT OF THE MILESIAHS.

THE GIFT OF THE GAELIC TONGUE.

THE summer sun is streaming o'er many a
 galley tall,
 Where Eastern wave, by Syrian coast, builds
 up of foam a wall;
 And bright the golden streak of rays that
 marks the vessels' track,
 And bright the sheen of summer light the
 parted wave gives back.

But brighter far the lines of light from waven-
 swords that gleam,
 And brighter still of high resolve in warrior
 eyes the beam;
 As from the galley's sun-lit decks into the
 temple's gloom
 Pass armed hosts with glancing helm and
 wave of tossing plume!
 The sacred shrine above them—the spreading
 sea before—
 The silken sails, as yet unfurled, their wait-
 ing galleys bore—

In shrouding mist and silence—none dared
to whisper then!—
Await the God of Destiny a thousand bearded
men.

No arching roof or canopy o'erspreads the
temple where
Before the awful shrine of Fate the mustered
warriors are—
In solemn silent reverence the mystic words
of fate
From the High-priest of Prophecy the pluméd
chiefs await.

A leader stands before them, whose broad
and ample breast
In mantling folds of purple cloth by kingly
right is drest;
A head above the tallest, his helm, athrough
the mist,
Beams bright as day with diamond and gleam
of amethyst!

That sword he bears, in Babylon from royal
hand he tore;
That golden circlet on his arm the regal
Pharaoh wore;
The diamonds on his sword-hilt, that gleam
like liquid fire,
Once graced the golden shrines above the
idol-gods of Tyre.

A warrior he of warrior race, Assyria owned
his sway;*
His iron-bands through Scythia tore their
resistless way;
And women wailed in Egypt, and cities lay
as lone
As Isis in the desert, when once his flag was
flown!

But leave he must! The fabled isle, the an-
cient seer foretold †
In burning words of prophecy—whose hills
were throned in gold—

Whose streams were tuned to melody—whose
shores with pearls were lined—
And where the perfumes of the East sur-
charged the summer wind—

Called him afar! He cannot stay! At night
the golden beams
That flooded that fair island-home, shone in-
ward on his dreams;
At day nor eastern wave he saw, nor eastern
land, nor sky—
Along the golden rim of heaven sought out
that isle his eye!

And now, amid his followers, before the
shrine he stands—
Before the unknown God that holds the fu-
ture in His hands—
And a bright blessing prayeth he his fol-
lowers for, and on
That island-home, that fabled land, e're yet
his ships were gone.

The aged priest before them stands, the mys-
tic reed in hand:
“Milesius! Heber! Heremon!—seek ye the
fabled land?
My heart-strings rend at parting—with grief
my breast is wrung—
But a priceless gift I give thee:—the Bless-
ing of the Tongue!

“A tongue for men to pray in to listening
gods on high,
A tongue whose ringing accents shall cheer
the brave to die—
Meet, in the dark'ning even, when falls the
night above,
For red-lipped maids in Eire to speak the
words of love.

“A tongue wherein the Druid may worship
at the oak,
A tongue wherewith magician may hidden
spells evoke—‡
In airy mist at noonday shall her fair hills be
drest,
Or golden light shall deck her at eve—at his
behest.

* See O'Mahony's "Keating," pp. 178-9.

† "Caicer," a principal Druid among the Gadeliens [a kindred race of the Milesians], informed them by his prophetic knowledge that there was no country ordained for them to inhabit until they arrived on the coast of a certain western isle—meaning thereby Ireland.—*Keating's Ancient Irish History*.

‡ The pagan Irish were enabled by their magic gifts to enshroud their enemies in a mist, whereby they were easily defeated.—*Keating*.

"Its notes the flow shall rival of Eire's silver streams,
Breathe it at night—a benison falls on the sleeper's dreams!
And angels' speech of sorrow (for ruined souls) in bliss
Shall lose its tone of anguish when women cry in this!"

The chieftain frowned in anger: "Not gift like this," he said,
"Want we to stir the heart to love—to sorrow for the dead;
For the brave heart to conquer, and the bright blade to slay,
Shall win us woman's love, I trow—let sorrow those who may.

"Hast thou no other blessing?" "Hush!" the aged seer replies,
"Than gleaming sword, or gallant heart, in this more power lies;
Swords rust and throbbing hearts grow still, but in this gift I give
Thy princely name and glorious deeds and bright renown shall live!

"Its kindling words shall valor feed within thy children's breasts;
Its song shall prouder tribute be than heralds' gleaming crests;
Its strains shall make their swords outflash when dangers gather round;
And ever shall its clarion cheer o'er conquered foe resound.

"Its trumpet tones in battle hour shall point the lifted spear;
The battle-axe through surging foes shall make a pathway clear;
For victory won its song of joy shall grace the festive cup"—
The sword-blades in their jewelled sheaths came ringing swiftly up!

"But hand to-hand unitedly—on this condition rests
The mystic charm of victory that in this blessing vests—

Your ranks must join; your arms strike;—
your valiant hearts must know
Nor treason nor disloyalty when dares your strength the foe:

"Else shall your pæans of victory be songs of woe instead;
Else shall the conquering feet of foes above your bravest tread;
Else shall—but no!—the perfumed breeze to bear you hence away
Swells in your sails—mine aged lips the rest forbear to say!"

He lifted high his trembling hands—the chieftains forward sprang
And, kneeling, with the clank of spears the marble pavement rang;—
A glorious sunburst flashed athrough the temple's solemn glooms—
A thousand swords outflashed!—the air was swept with tossing plumes!

Uprose the bannered lances, like lines of tapered oaks;
Rang on the pave their sabres, like hammering forgerman's strokes:
A cheer arose! "The sunburst! The God of Fate," they cried,
"Our banner in the golden sky with golden light has dyed!

"Never to die that banner! Never that tongue to die,
Till the warring world is voiceless, till the sun dies in the sky;
Till the god-like gift of manhood dies out from heart and veins,
And on the breast of Eire no son of our race remains.

"To the golden shores of Eirinn! To her sun-lit hills!" The cry
In the mystic tongue, that now they spoke, on the swelling breeze rose high,
And the silken sails and the cedar masts that their tossing galleys bore,
On that Eastern wave, when the sun went down, threw a shadow nevermore!

THE EXPULSION OF THE MOORS.*

'Twas in Seville Cathedral; and many a
gorgeous hue,
The sunlight on the marble floor in chequered
tracery threw;
On carved screen and silver shrine, through
many a storied pane,
Pours, in all its wealth of glory, the golden
sun of Spain.

Nor Mass is said, nor organ peals therein this
harvest day,
Nor gather aught of worshippers before the
shrine to pray;
No prayers arise from kneeling forms for
mercy or for grace,
For penitent to armed men, and priest to
chief give place.

Sandalled and tonsured, mutely, with heads
and eyes bowed down,
The monks stand ranged in lengthening line
of sombre-colored brown,
While falls upon their listening ears, where
priests were wont to kneel,
The tread of armed warriors, the clank of
ringing steel!

"The Moor has passed the barrier!" 'Twas
thus Count Maurice spake;
"And Spain from her long years of trance,
at length to life's awake;
Our King, with princely valor, the challenge
stout has ta'en,
And at his call are mustering the bravest
hearts of Spain.

"For Freedom and for Holy Church!—the
war cry has gone forth
From Seville and from Malaga unto the trusty
north;
Even now all Spain is gathering; and press-
ing southward fast,
The mountain chiefs of Arragon the Ebro's
wave have passed.

"Valencia sends her valiant lords with many
a gallant train;
Never the cry for Liberty to Creuse has gone
in vain;
In every mountain gorge is heard of naked
steel the ring,
As Murcia pours her thousands forth to join
our Lord the King!

"The chivalry of old Seville have risen to
the call;
Count Alva's marching with his men from
Leon's seabound wall;
Bishops vacate their palaces; priests leave
the holy fane,
And mothers send their only sons—to fight
for God and Spain!

"Never since first the Moorish sword was
dyed in Spanish blood,
Never, since first the Crescent flag above our
fair land stood,
Never, since first a Spanish blade by Spanish
arm was bared,
The fight for home, with fairer chance, the
Spanish heart has dared.

"Will you stand still, when Spain is stirred?
When Spain her children calls
To Freedom! will you dumb remain within
your convent walls?
Will you not, like your brothers through
wide Iberia, bring
Your arms, to join at Toledo our sovereign
lord the King?"

With folded arms and bended heads the
monks unanswering stood;
Mayhap long years of solitude has chilled
their Spanish blood.

"Cloisters but ill teach nationhood: their
blood but sluggish flows
In coward veins," Count Maurice thought;
when slow the Abbot rose:

"For fifty years my life has passed within
these convent halls;
For fifty years the Mass I've said within these
sacred walls;

* This poem was intended to commemorate the call made on the Irish people by SIR PHELM O'NEILL, in the great rebellion 1641; but, for reasons, it took other shape during composition, and appeared in this guise in the columns of the *Nation*. Hence its appearance in these pages.

And not till now has vain regret within my
bosom stirred,
And not till now has passed my lips one vain
complaining word;

"But now I mourn my vanished strength—I
mourn this palsied hand
Must fail to bear, when Spain has risen, the
soldier's warlike brand;
Else truly, as God breathed life into this
breast of clay,
And Spain gave of her generous strength,
mine arm were there to-day!

"The guerdon bright of those who tend the
sacred shrine is sure,
And their reward, exceeding great, will end-
less years endure;
The lives of those are blessed indeed whose
steps in peace have trod,
But—they who fight for Home and Faith,
thrice blessed are of God!

"For He of old in Palestine, His chosen
leader gave
The stern command to smite the foe, and
none to spare or save;
At His behest the scimitar the gentle Judith
drew,
And Holofernes in his tent with arm un-
shrinking slew.

At His behest did Gideon the tents of Midian
smite;
At His behest o'er Ajalon the sun stood in his
flight;
And Syrian hordes were scattered (as good
Elisius said)
When Samaria's sons, unconquered, swooned
on her walls for bread.

"What worse were they in Amaleck, whom
God's white wrath effaced,
Than those, of Moslem faith accursed, whose
swords our lands lay waste?—
Highest and holiest destiny the Spanish
heart may know,
To slay the foe and spare not!—So, brothers,
arm and go!

"Not we—not we—the blood-shedders, but
they who seek our shame,
Who at their lying Prophet's call give our
fair homes to flame;

Yea! God will bless them lastingly who
fiercest strike the foe,
So, brothers, slay and fear not—God bless
your arms and go!"

Then from the forms uplifted, along the
brown-robed line,

Rang out a cheer that seemed to move Our
Lady's silver shrine;

And the brave cry the altars gave back with
echoing ring—

"God speed the Spanish arms—God bless
our Lord the King!"

Doffed robes of brown—doffed cincture grey
—of cloistered life all trace;

And cuirass bright, and belted sword, and
spear, supply their place,

Showing to all—(lurk cowardice or treachery
where it will)—

The bravest hearts, when strikes the hour,
are in the cloisters still.

As well became their stainless lives, as free
from guile as dread,

Their gallant heart's red welling flood for
Freedom bright was shed;

And never cloistered convent saw them kneel
to pray again,

For they died, where died the bravest, in the
cause of God and Spain!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY BY THE MIS- SISSIPPI.

FAR from the fair Green Island
Of the loving heart and hand,
We meet to-day by the rushing spray
In this glorious Western land,
With thoughts as deep and fervid
As when in early dreams

We saw arise in morning skies,
Green Ireland of the streams.

Green Ireland of the streams, boys,

Dear Ireland of the streams,

As when we dreamt of Freedom

In Ireland of the streams.

The graves our kindred rest in,
 The ruins old and gray,
 The holy hills of Ireland,
 These be our toasts to day!
 The hearths our mothers knelt at,
 The legends old they wove;
 But, above all, in cot and hall,
 The treasured hearts we love—
 The throbbing hearts we love, boys,
 The burning hearts we love,
 Our cherished toast, our fondest boast,
 The dear fond hearts we love.
 And sing we too of those our sires
 Who broke the foemen's laws,
 And on the hill, through good and ill,
 Rose up for Ireland's cause;
 And all the mighty leaders
 Who ruled, of old, the Gael,
 And those who died in warlike pride
 In the battles of the Pale.
 In the battles of the Pale, boys,
 In the battles of the Pale,
 For those who died with patriot pride,
 In the battles of the Pale.
 Our gallant sires, they bore thee,
 Bright land! brave love untold,
 They dealt the foe unceasing woe;
 They spurned his bribes of gold;
 And dauntlessly they forayed
 From many a castle hold,
 With flashing sword by bridge and ford,
 In fearless days of old.
 In the gallant days of old, boys,
 The glorious days of old
 They poured their hot blood freely,
 In the glorious days of old.
 To Ireland, boys! to Ireland!
 This brimming bumper drain,
 And may we see great, fair, and free,
 Our native land again:
 And not with chains unbroken,
 And not in woe or pain,
 May Ireland be, when next we see
 Our native land again!
 Our native land again, boys,
 Our native land again,
 With the help of God we'll tread the sod
 Of our mother-land again!

OUR CRY!

THEY speak us false who say our hopes of
 Nationhood are o'er;
 That shame and folly wait on him who
 dreams these fancies more—
 Those dreams that, like the pillar-light that
 wandering Israel led,
 For seven centuries showed the way unto our
 martyr'd dead!
 If peaceful hearths and plenteous boards a
 nation's needs suffice,
 Sure never yet on chieftain's head were set a
 felon's price,
 Never O'Moore had drawn the sword—had
 Sarsfield cross'd the foam,
 Never a grave Tyrconnell found beneath the
 shrines of Rome;
 O'Neale might rule his broad estates in peace
 and power instead [upon his head;
 Of wandering, an outlawed chief—a price
 The bloodhounds ne'er had Desmond tracked,
 his head were never brought
 A present to the Saxon foe, if wealth were
 all he sought.
 Think you the dreams that, vision-like, for
 seven centuries long,
 Have brightened all these gloomy days when
 right succumbed to wrong;
 The glorious hopes that never ceased their
 golden rays to give,
 Shall shroud their light for one poor gift—
 the humble right to live?
 The land is ours by right Divine—no title
 half so true, [our Freedom too!
 By charter from God's signet hand we claim
 And He whose breath the galleys steered that
 bore our fathers here,
 When next the Irish flag unfurls, shall make
 His intent clear.
 The songs in days of gloom and woe the
 hunted minstrel tuned,
 The lays the Irish mother o'er her sleeping
 baby crooned,
 The hopes that lit the beacon fires on many
 an Irish hill [us still!
 In '98 for Freedom were—and they are with

We lack not hearts of chivalry—let scoff and
scorn, who may—

To kindle bright as in the past the sacred
fires to-day;

Nor lack we ranks of serried strength to
fight for freedom still,

Let those forget the Olden Cause, or traitor
turn, who will.

Our land is crushed in bitter woe—but not
so black as theirs,

Who once in Goshen ate their bread bestrewn
with women's tears;

Our future dark and gloomy looks—what
brighter rays were shed

O'er those who through the parted waves of
Egypt Moses led?

The God of Moses guideth *us*; He holdeth
in His hand,

To human prescience unknown, the future
of our land,

And never yet in Nation's heart so firmly
hath He cast

The love of Freedom strong as ours, but wins
its own at last.

What fear we? Ashur's marshalled hosts re-
sistless in their might;

Sisera's legions countless were as stars of
summer night;

The spears that girt Samaria round—like
web the toiler weaves—

Were as the sands upon the sea, as thick as
autumn leaves:

Yet, one short night the marshalled host of
Ashur saw o'erthrown,

Before Barack's undaunted men Sisera's
might had flown;

And Jordan's waters witnessed—in panic dis-
array,

By sudden terror stricken—the legions melt
away.

The hand that smote Sisera's hosts, that
Hand's potential still,

And now, as then, the tyrant's strength is
nought before His will,

But—God helps those who help themselves,
even now as then; and they

Who Freedom seek, through struggle keen,
and long must cleave their way.

No cravens we to shrink the fight, let suffer-
ing come what may;

No coward hearts bear we who love the olden
flag to-day;

But trustily and sturdily like true and fear-
less men,

Are ready for the good old cause to challenge
Fate again!

The sapling on the mountain side (a tiny
seed at first)

A giant grown by light and air—the iron
rock will burst;

So never yet the chains were wrought, a na-
tion's neck to bend,

The iron might of banded men could not
asunder rend.

A POEM BY PATRICK S. GILMORE.

IRELAND TO ENGLAND.

I.

EVERY man to his post at the shrill trumpet
sound!

With his hand on his sword let each true
man be found!

There's no power on the earth that can stand
in the way

Of the proud Irish lads when they enter the

[fray.

II.

With a cause that is just and a heart that is
brave,

Is there one son of Erin who would be a
slave?

If there is let him die—he's a stain on the
land!

For we'll have none but freemen with strong
heart and hand.

III.

See the rivers of blood that for England we've
shed,
Fighting battles for her in the coat that is
red!
If she'll not do us justice let none stand be-
tween,
And we'll march to our graves in the coat
that is green.

IV.

But if England will come with her heart in
her hand,
And will say, "My brave boys, you shall have
your own land
If you swear that our union you'll never op-
pose,
We will drink to the shamrock that clings to
the rose.

V.

"We will give you 'Home Rule' with its
pleasures and cares;
Go and make your own laws for your local
affairs;
But the Crown of Great Britain shall reign
over all—
You must stand by forever in its rise or its
fall.

VI.

"Then what more do you ask, will you an-
swer us now?
And for evermore banish that frown from
your brow!
Tis the voice of all England your rights to
restore
And from Ireland's old heart to remove every
sore."

VII.

Let these words once be heard in the isle ever
green,
And a million of healths will be drank to the
Queen.
If our rights we can have without striking a
blow,
Then we'll stand by Britannia—our breasts
to her foe.

VIII.

May the Lord in His mercy these tidings soon
send,
Then the whole heart of Erin with England's
will blend,
We will bury our sword—there'll be joy in
the land—
And forever and ever united we'll stand.
NEW YORK, March, 1889.

A POEM BY REV. CHARLES P. MEEHAN.

BOYHOOD'S YEARS.

AH! why should I recall them—the gay, the
joyous years, [sorrow and by tears?
Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by
Or why should mem'ry love to trace youth's
glad and sunlit way,
When those who made its charms so sweet
are gather'd to decay?
The summer's sun shall come again to
brighten hill and bower,
The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath
the balmy shower,

But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain
we shed our tears,
They're gone away and can't return—the
friends of boyhood's years.
Ah! why then wake my sorrow and bid me
now count o'er
The vanished friends so dearly prized—the
days to come no more.
The happy days of infancy when no guile our
bosoms knew,
Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each
moment flew?

'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a
 dream appears,
 And where are they—the lov'd, the young,
 the friends of boyhood's years?
 Go seek them in the cold churchyard—they
 long have stol'n to rest,
 But do not weep, for their young cheeks by
 woe were ne'er oppressed.

Life's sun for them in splendor set—no cloud
 came o'er the day,

That lit them from this stormy world upon
 their joyous way.
 No tears about their graves be shed, but
 sweetest flowers be flung
 The fullest off'ring thou canst make to hearts
 that perish young—

To hearts this world has never torn with
 racking hopes and fears;
 For bless'd are they who pass away in boy-
 hood's happy years.

POEMS OF REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL.

OUR MIDNIGHT MASS.

LONG hours ere yet the Christmas sun
 Has smiled upon the snow,
 When Father Christmas has but waxed
 A minute old or so;
 In the mid-hush of starry night
 The joybells warble clear,
 Out on the moonlight keen and crisp,
 And through the warm air here.

Here, in this homeliest home of God,*
 We kneel a happy few,
 While the first buoyant Christmas glow
 Serenely thrills us through.
 At solemn hour and strange we kneel
 Before our Captive's throne—
 On this one night of all the year
 He must not watch alone.

He is not lonely now. Around
 The breath of prayer ascends,
 And night glares redder than the noon—
 With silence music blends.
 Their souls are on the singers' lips.
 They sing: "*A Child is born!*"
 Come, let us worship at the crib,
 For this is Christmas morn."

'Tis Christmas, and green arches rise
 Of ivy, twined with flowers;
 From lamp and taper mellow light
 Streams round in joyous showers.
 Nor deem that hearth-stone's ruddy blaze
 Too home-like or too gay:
 Our pilgrim-path is dear enough,
 Beguile it as we may.

The light upon yon altar gleams,
 And the Cross above the shrine,
 And, higher up, on Him who points
 Unto his Heart divine;
 And on our Mother's queenly form,
 Begirt with blushing flowers,
 And on that meek old man whose smile
 Half seems to answer ours.

And then within the lustrous haze
 Basks many a sculptured form—
 From wreathed wall and ceiling peer
 The Christmas greetings warm.
 But now a broader, merrier glow
 The wistful gazer charms
 Back to the nook where Mary beams,
 Her Baby in her arms.

The same sweet Child cloth Stanislaus,
 The Child-saint, raptured bear.
 And see! again It smiles at us
 Beneath the altar there.

* The room which served as a chapel for the Jesuit Fathers when they first began their work in Limerick, in 1859.

There, poor and cold, yet tenderly,
 The new-born Babe is laid.
 Who is He? It is He who said,
"Be light!" and light was made.

This is the birthday of God's Child:
 For He was once a child,
 Born for our sake in snow-roofed cave
 One winter midnight wild;
 Whilst angels chanted from the skies
 (Are those their voices still?)
 "Glory on high to God, and peace
 To mortals of good-will!"

To-day that Child is born again.
 The Midnight Mass has sped,
 And Jesus steals in meaner guise
 Our souls more close to wed.
 I scarce may envy her who clasped
 The Infant to her breast,
 Since He, the Babe of Christmas, comes
 In this poor heart to rest.

The Midnight Mass is o'er. The lamp
 A paler radiance sheds
 On cross and crib and gay festoon,
 And all those drooping heads:
 While flowers and leaves and happy hearts
 Throb with a Christmas thrill:
 "Oh! glory unto God on high,
 And unto us good-will!"

For leaves will fall, and flowers will fade,
 And Christmas tide will pass,
 And hearts and hopes and fondest cares
 May change, must change, alas!
 Yet still let's keep the simple faith
 Of those whose gifts adorn
 This modest fane so lovingly
 To welcome Christmas morn.

God's blessing on those kindly hearts,
 And on each skilful hand
 That with such quiet fervor wrought
 What pious taste had planned.
 Heaven is for such. Yet here, e'en here,
 May fairest fate befall!
 May Christmas last their lifetime round!*
 God bless us each and all.

* This was the Christmas of 1860, and before the next Christmas came round, one of the sisters referred to in the last stanza had given herself to God, while God had taken the other to Himself. One is now a Sister of Charity, and the other is, as we more than hope, in heaven. For which was the minstrel's prayer best fulfilled.

THE FIRST REDBREAST:

A LEGEND OF GOOD FRIDAY.

A QUAIN^t and childish story, often told,
 And worth, perchance, the telling, for it
 steals
 Through rustic Christendom; and boyhood,
 bold
 And almost pitiless in pastime,* feels
 The lesson its simplicity conceals.
 Hence^kind Tradition, to protect from wrong
 A gentle tribe of choristers, appeals
 To this ancestral sacredness, so long
 In grateful memory shrined, and now in
 grateful song.

One Friday's noon a snowy-breasted bird
 Was flying in the darkness o'er a steep
 Nigh to Judea's capital, where stirred
 The rabble's murmur sullenly and deep.
 Far had it sailed since sunrise, and the sweep
 Of its brown wing grew languid, and it
 longed
 To rest a while on some green bough, and
 peep
 Around the mass that on the hill-side
 thronged,
 As if to learn whereto such pageant stern
 belonged.

The robin whitebreast spied a Cross of wood
 That lifted o'er the din its gory freight.
 Beneath, the sorrow-stricken Mother stood,
 And silent wailed her Child's less cruel fate.
 But lest she mourn all lone and desolate,
 Has reason whispered to that fluttering
 breast,
 Whom, Whom, on Whom those fiends their
 fury sate?

Mark how it throbs with pity, nor can rest,
 Till it has freed its Lord, or tried its little
 best.

And see, with tiny beak it fiercely flies,
 To wrench the nails that bind the Captive
 fast.

Ah! vain, all vain those eager panting cries,
 That quivering agony! It sinks at last,
 Foiled in the generous strife and glares
 aghast

* Un fripon d'enfant (cet âge est sans pitié).—*La Fontaine*.

To see the thorn-crowned Head droop faint
and low,
Mute the pale lips, the gracious brow o'er-
cast;
While from the shattered palms the red
drops flow,
Staining the pious bird's smooth breast of
speckless snow.

That snow thus ruddied fixed the tinge of all
The after-race of robins; and 'tis said
Heaven's fondest care doth on the robin fall,
In memory of that scene on Calvary sped.
Hence, urchins rude, in quest of plunder led
To prow round hedges, never dare to touch
The wee white-speckled eggs or mossy bed
Of "God's own bird." So from the spoiler's
clutch
Would you, God's child, be free? Ah! feel
for Jesus much.

THE LITTLE FLOWER STREWERS.*

DEAR children, kiss your flowers, and fling
them at His feet;
He comes, the Lord of flowers, of all things
fair and sweet.
His glory all is hidden, but who He is you
know:
Then throw your flowers before Him, and
kiss them as you throw.

Yet envy not the flowers that die so sweet a
death—
One heart's fond sigh is sweeter than rose's
perfumed breath;
More sweet than sweetest incense the tears
of love that flow,
The thrill of faith that mingles with every
flower you throw.

Yes, let your flowers be emblems of holy
thoughts and prayers
That from your hearts are springing—for
hearts alone *He* cares.

Oh! may your hearts before Him with loving
worship glow,
While thus you throw your flowers and kiss
them as you throw.

With lips unstained and rosy, kiss all the
roses fair—
But thorns lurk 'mid the roses, and life is
full of care.
Accept its thorns and roses—*both* come from
God, you know:
So bear your crosses gaily, and kiss them as
you go.

Not all your path, dear children, can smile,
like this, with flowers:
For lifetimes would be fruitless, if all were
sunny hours.
The rain and snow in season must make the
roses grow:
So throw your flowers, dear children, and
kiss them as you throw.

Ah! soon the rose-leaves wither—we, too,
like flowers must die,
But in the heavenly springtime shall bloom
again on high,
That God unveiled beholding whom 'neath
these veils we know,
And at whose feet, dear children, our flowers,
our hearts, we throw.

TO T. D. SULLIVAN,

ON READING HIS "PLEA FOR THE SONG-
BIRDS."

The Nation, Feb. 12, 1876.

AY, save the little song-birds, and bid them
fill the grove
With mirth and life and motion, with melody
and love;
But yet their fate so cruel we now the less
deplore,
Since it has forced thee, Poet, to sing for us
once more.

* These verses, which borrow their name from one of the prettiest stories ever written—"The Little Flower Seekers"—were suggested by seeing the children kiss each handful of flowers with which they strewed the corridors of the Convent of Mercy, Baggot-street, Dublin, during the Procession of the *Quarant' Ore*, June 24, 1873.

<p>The chirping of the robin, the carol of the thrush, The nightingale's rich warbling, the skylark's liquid gush— Each in the glorious concert of nature has its part; But better than all song-birds our Irish poet's heart.</p>	<p>Then let the gentle birdies still flit from spray to spray, Still lilt their airy music and live their little day; But they for whom thou pleadest have no such gift of song As God has lent thee, Poet. Ah! be not silent long.</p>
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POEMS OF LOUISIANA MURPHY.

“WHAT WOULD YOU DO FOR IRELAND?”

WHAT would you do for Ireland,
 When o'er the mist of passion tears
 Rise mem'ries of the glorious band
 Who strove for her through cheerless years?
 To win, like these, and wear anew
 The fadeless wreaths that hail the sky
 From Erin's palm, what would you do?
 You ask me this, and I reply:—
 I'd write a song for Ireland—
 A ballad of the Red Right Hand,
 Whose measures, ringing wild and free,
 Would stir the pulse of Liberty;
 And when courageous deeds had sprung,
 Like off-shoots, from my words so sung,
 A place I'd claim her crowned among,
 Saying, “*Mine* these deeds for Ireland!”

What would you do for Ireland,
 When by some high ambition stirred
 Amongst the throng to take your stand,
 Your name hath grown a household word?
 That ages thus should honor you,
 And, meetly thus, your life complete,
 What would you choose to-day to do?
 You ask me this, and I repeat:—
 I'd write a song for Ireland—
 A lyric for her hero band
 My spirit to the world would give,
 That I in it might ever live.
 Were this my sole, undoubted claim,
 To shine on Erin's roll of Fame,
 I *know* she'd chronicle my name,
 Saying, “This she did for Ireland!”

SONG.

FROM “DUNMORE.”

I FEEL my heart and brain on fire,
 On sad decline, whilst gazing,
 Of all the valiant sons of Eire
 Once held beyond all praising.
 The mingled scenes I've looked upon,
 These days of fierce endeavor,
 Proclaim that chivalry is gone
 From Ireland's shores forever!
 CHORUS—Sing sad a dirge in memory
 Of Ireland's ancient chivalry!

Time was when woman's piteous plight
 No cry appealing needed,
 Forth from their scabbards at the sight
 Strong swords were swift unsheathed;
 To-day strong men gaze carelessly
 When she's to prison borne,
 And Ireland's ancient chivalry
 Her wailing daughters mourn.
 CHORUS—Sing sad a dirge, etc.

Dear maid, when in thy dungeon cell
 The shadows close around thee,
 Know there are willing hands which well
 Would like to have unbound thee.
 Yet stayed these hands from aiding thee,
 And man may please thee never,
 For thou'lt believe that chivalry
 Is gone from us forever!
 CHORUS—Sing sad a dirge, etc.

CHORUS.

FROM "DUNMORE."

HARK! from the tomb they cry
 Death to the tyrant!
 Ring out our fierce reply,
 Death to the tyrant!
 High on the breeze it thrills,
 Death to the tyrant!
 Fear his pale visage chills,
 Death to the tyrant!
 Dark was the life he chose,
 Death to the tyrant!
 Dark be its sudden close,
 Death to the tyrant!
 For him no tear shall flow,
 Death to the tyrant!
 With him no blessing go,
 Death to the tyrant!
 Earth, Hell, and Heaven shout,
 Death to the tyrant!
 Whilst justice wild metes out
 Death to the tyrant!
 To him and his minion base,
 The death linked with foul disgrace,
 Death to them! Death to them! Death to
 all tyrants!

SONG.

COULD I, an Irishman, prove ungallant?
 Verily, no, not I!
 Pause when a widow protection may want,
 Verily, no, not I!
 Carp at her figure, her eyes, or her hair,
 Hint that her age she does artfully wear,
 Let such mere trifles my ardor impair?
 Verily, no, not I!

Shall I a proxy instruct on the case?
 Verily, no, not I!
 Am I unequal its bearings to face?
 Verily, no, not I!
 Could I unfeeling turn me aside,
 When, on my appreciation relied,
 Widowhood *gifted* in me did confide?
 Verily, no, not I!

Shall I prove false to so precious a trust?
 Verily, no, not I!
 Let her large funds uninvested rust?
 Verily, no, not I!
 Happy idea!—Could any such be
 Better invested, henceforth, than in me,
 Know I than Hymen a better trustee?
 Verily, no, not I!

BALLAD.

AM I of those we see, too late,
 Life's early faults retrieving?
 Must I, too, share the sceptic's fate
 Reduced to stern believing?
 At Love I've mocked, at Passion smiled,
 To find my heart in peril
 In sight of Nature's sweetest child,
 An artless Irish girl!
 So frank and free,
 Yet maidenly,
 This simple Irish girl!

I've drunk of Cyprus' sparkling wines,
 A gay and laughing lover;
 I've worshipped at a hundred shrines
 The smiling, broad earth over;
 I've sorrowed o'er a faded flower.
 Penned sonnets to a curl,
 Yet never felt true Passion's power
 Till came this Irish girl,
 Of wayward mood,
 And charm subdued,
 A winsome Irish girl!

Oh! she is true, and such as she
 Response might aptly render
 The honest heart's idolatry,
 Whilst scorning wealth and splendor.
 From such belief fond hopes arise,—
 He'd be a soulless churl
 Who'd gaze into those candid eyes,
 And doubt my Irish girl—
 Whose orbs of blue
 Proclaim her true,
 My dauntless Irish girl.

POEMS OF ROSA MULHOLLAND.

EMMET'S LOVE.

In yon green garden, sweet with hawthorn-
breath,
Knee-deep in flowers we talked of love and
faith,
O year-dead Love, and, smiling, you and I,
We did not think of death.

The crimson rose, with rain-drops 'neath its
hood,
I plucked for you reeked not with tear of
blood,
Like these I gather now; we did not sigh
When past us from the wood

The night owl whirred, as silver-sandalled
Eve,
With floating veils around her, 'gan to weave
Sad spells across the grass, and at our ears
Made the young pigeons grieve.

We had no sorrow; all that life we knew
Was like our summer walk 'neath skies as
blue
As violet-drifts, and we could see our years
Before us in the dew,

Like miles of hawthorn bloom the lanes
along,
That slant toward purple rain-mists out
among
The sunlit hills, while all the perfumed air
Is sweet with thrushes' song.

I had no fear save that some nobler eyes
Might win my love from me, so little wise,
So weak and small, although you called me
fair
With love that glorifies.

And I was jealous once. 'Twas thus it came:
I heard you say some other woman's name
I knew not, and my wits were all undone,
My heart was in a flame,

Till out you laughed, such laughter good,
and cried,
"The land, my love! Are you or she my
bride?
No other rival have you but this one,
Erin, the queen sad-eyed!"

And then you told me, for I had not known,
Pent in this garden, how the land made
moan,
The lovely flower-faced land that gave us
life,
A queen without a throne—

A beggar queen, with bare feet in the snows,
No crown upon her head, and no sweet rose
Within her breast, with soft hands scarred
from strife,
Who weepeth as she goes,

A vagrant 'mid the kings and queens of
time,
Yet ever lovely in the gracious prime
Of beauty nourished by her children's love;
Though monarchs fall and climb,

Still lives she 'mid the bramble and the
thorn,
Her fair face lifted to eternal morn,
While nest with her the lark and the pale
dove,
In the shamrock grass unshorn.

Weeping I heard, and cried your heart, I
knew,
Was Erin's more than mine. Love, it was
true.
For her you died, and where so cold you lie,
Under the shamrock dew,

I am forgot, and she is mourning still.
But then you chid me, telling many an ill
Her children bore, like savage beasts at bay
In hunted wood and hill,

While all the thick-draped, wide-armed,
friendly trees
That hid their woes were fired against the
breeze,
And near the mounds of flame the slave-ship
lay
Fast-bound for foreign seas:

How in the mountain cave the priest was
snared,
The law-breaker who death and torture
dared
With Christ's red wine-cup in his obstinate
hand,
And crucifix all bared:

How you yourself beneath the sick moon's
beam,
Had heard strange flutterings and an eagle's
scream,
And seen a rood across the haunted land,
As in a horrid dream,

The dead Franciscan in his monkish gown,
His cord of poverty and shaven crown,
Swing from the bough and with the irrever-
ent winds,
Go wavering up and down.

I had not known, here in this garden green,
Walled high with poplars and the tall beech
screen
Of hedges, where the white the red rose
binds,
Such things had ever been.

My days had been so fair, so tranquil sweet,
Until you came and made the world's heart
beat
For me, and 'twixt the fluttering of the
flowers
Showed me the yellowing wheat,

Love's harvest growing, our life's susten-
ance,
Out in the open where the shadows dance,
Dropped from the hill-tops with the slanting
showers,
Down-driven by many a lance,

And glittering spear of sunshine. Our birth-
right
That field of golden grain and waving light,
And flame of poppies cooled with steadfast
blue
Of meeker blossoms bright.

I had not known, nor yet full knowledge
came
Until your sudden sword leaped out in flame
Of hate for tyranny, and struck the Untrue
That willed your death of shame,

On that red day that drained my world of
tears:
A dry old world, unknowing hopes or fears,
That weeps no more, but only groans and
turns
The wheel of its slow years;

Asking for you with eyes that strain, and
stare,
And not close though seeing you no-
where,
While every floweret for a rain-drop burns
Under a mad sun's glare;

Save when the tender night will sometimes
have
A drop of dew for your unhonored grave,
In that green gloom unnamed where she,
your queen,
Hides all her vanquished brave,

Erin, the queen who won you. She hath yet
Full many a love will woo her to forget,
She lies not prone upon one spot of green,
Seeking with dews to wet,

With dews of grass to wet her withering
eyes;
Sweet tears as ever 'neath her fair lids rise,
To float her smiles along the coming years
Toward new love's sympathies.

She might have left me you, O year-dead
Love.

It is not she who craves you from above,
And from below, with eyes that have no
tears,
And voice like that wood dove

That ever moans, moans, moans and has no
word
To tell her pain,—not Erin, whom your
sword
Leaped for,—not she of whom you dreamed,
And with your death adored.
For her you died. Now would I that you
might
Have turned on me your sword, and in the
light
Have lived for her. Full sweet to me had
seemed
Forgetfulness and night.

THE BUILDERS.

I saw the builders laying
Stones on the grassy sod,
And people praised them, saying:
“A fane to the mighty God
Shall rise aloft in glory,
Pillars and arches wide,
Windows stained with the story
Of Christ the Crucified.”

I saw the broken boulders
Lie in the waving grass,
Flung down from bending shoulders,
And said, “Our lives must pass
Ere wide cathedral spreading
Can span this mossy field
Where kine are slowly treading
And flowers their honey yield.

“Oh, dreaming builders, tarry!
Unchain your souls from toil,
Leave the rock in the quarry,
The bloom upon the soil;
For life is short, my brothers,—
And labor wastes it sore,—
Why toil to gladden others
When you shall breathe no more?

“Oh! come with footstep springing,
With empty hands and free,
And tread the green earth singing
‘The world was made for me!’

Pray amid nature's sweetness
In pillared forest glade,
Content with the incompleteness
Of fanes that the Lord has made!”

The builders, never heeding,
Kept piling stone on stone,
Their hands with toil were bleeding—
I went my way alone.
Prayed in the forest temple
And ate the wild-bee's store;
My life was pure and simple—
What would the Lord have more?

The years, like one long morning,
They all flew swiftly by;
Old age with little warning
Came creeping softly nigh.
Now (be we all forgiven!)
I longed to see, alas!
What the builders had raised to heaven
Instead of the tender grass.

I heard a sweet bell ringing
Over the world so wide;
I heard a sound of singing
Across the eventide.
What sight my soul bewilders
Beneath the sunset's glow?
The fane that the dreaming builders
Were building long ago!

'Tis not the sculptured portal,
Or windows jewelled wide,
With joys of the life immortal,
And woes of Him who died,
That fill my soul with wonder,
And drain my heart of tears,
And ask with voice of thunder,
“Where are thy wasted years!”

But a thousand thousand creatures
Kneel down where grew the sod,
And hear with glowing features,
The words that breathe of God.
Alone and empty-handed
I wait by the open door:
Such work hath the Lord commanded,
And I can work—no more!

The builders, never heeding,
 They lie and take their rest,
 And hands no longer bleeding
 Are folded on each breast—
 The grass waves o'er them sleeping,
 And flowerets red and white,
 Where I kneel above them weeping,
 And whisper, "You were right."

A FLEDGLING.

A BIRD was sheltered in my breast
 That sang both night and day,
 And had I toil or had I rest
 That birdie sang away.

I sleeked its feathers 'gainst my heart,
 And laughed to hear it sing;
 The wind kissed not in any part
 A sweeter, blither thing.

It piped upon the hedge-row green,
 It sang up in the blue,
 At morn it bathed in sunlight sheen
 At eve it sipped the dew.

On one green bough it perched at night.
 And trilled through all my dreams,
 And wakened me at peep of light
 To see the first dawn-gleams.

It cooed so soft of moonlit eves
 I dared not let it sing,
 But covered it with red rose-leaves,
 Its head beneath its wing.

I swore that we should never part,
 And then I let it fly.
 No music have I in my heart,
 No more until I die.

HOPE DEFERRED.

A DREARINESS came o'er me
 Once, on a dim spring day;
 The summer on before me
 Seemed far and far away.

Full dark had reigned the winter,
 With cloud, and mist, and gloom;
 My spirit longed to enter
 Into the fields of bloom.

The tempest's wild repining
 Made sorrow in my soul;
 I craved the cheerful shining
 When heavy clouds unroll.

I saw a gleam on heather
 Stray through a rifted cloud;
 The masses swept together,
 The winds spoke fierce and loud.

The mist upon the mountain
 Dropped down in hopeless rain;
 Fell in a bitter fountain
 Over the grieving plain.

A POEM BY A. M. SULLIVAN.

THE DYING BOY.

"MOTHER, say why are you weeping,
 Sitting there beside my bed,
 While this weary vigil keeping,
 And from tears your eyes are red?"
 "Ah, my child, I thought you sleeping,
 And a rosary I said."

"Mother, do not thus be grieving
 That all hope for me is vain.
 Do you weep that I am leaving
 Such a world of grief and pain?"
 "No, my child, in hope believing
 We shall meet in Heaven again."

"Mother, where the flowers are springing
 Make my grave among the trees,
 That a requiem may be singing
 Always o'er me in the breeze."
 "Ah, my child, my heart you're wringing
 By such bitter thoughts as these."

"Mother, 'tis not death before me
 Brings this tear upon my cheek;
 But my father—he'll deplore me
 Till his poor old heart will break."
 "O my child, may Heaven o'er me
 Give the comfort we must seek."

"Mother, comfort him and give him
 My own little cross of gold;
 Mother, cheer him, do not grieve him,
 When this heart of mine is cold."
 "O my child, all heart will leave him,
 And he will not be consoled."

"Mother! hark! what voice is saying
 'Hasten, hasten, come away' ?
 I have heard sweet music playing
 Somewhere near me all the day."
 "Hush, my child, 'tis I am praying
 'Twas an echo you heard play."

"Mother, mother, who is crying,
 And why turn you now so pale ?
 Now I know that I am dying ;
 'Tis the Banshee's mournful wail."
 "Hush, my child, 'tis but the sighing
 Of the beech trees in the gale."

"Mother!—ah!—my sight is growing
 Dim; my feet are cold as lead.
 Kiss me, mother; I am going,
 Up."—The weary spirit fled ;
 And the mother's tears were flowing
 O'er the features of the dead.

POEMS OF M. J. O'MAHONY.

A WELCOME TO A FRIEND.*

I.

HE comes! for lo, the bright horizon bursts
 with gleaming golden glee,
 And fast shoots forth the rider from the
 deepest depths of sea.
 He comes! the waves grow sadder in their
 sullen monotones,
 And joy is past the wailing of the wind's sep-
 ulchral moans.

II.

He comes not as a stranger to the stran-
 ger's heedless home;
 He comes not as an exile, where none might
 bid him come.
 No! the very earth is cheerful, and his foot-
 prints on her shore
 Are cheered by fellow-workmen, whose wel-
 comings outpour.

* Mr. Mannis J. Geary, of the *N. Y. Herald*, on his return from England.

III.

Thou wert lonesome in thine exile—thy home
 was all to thee;
 Though round about thee splendor flashed,
 and Pleasure, proud, was free;
 But all her grand allurements could not
 swerve thy noble soul;
 It yearned to see the beauteous land where
 Stars and Stripes unroll.

IV.

*Ta sa failthe mor ta nahar mavoureen, agus
 failthe nis!*
 The mothers of the weary heart and chil-
 dren's longing wish,
 Who watched while hours—like seasons—
 weighed down their aching breasts,
 Until the dove returned—in their bosoms
 now he rests.

V.

The dreary clouds of England shall not
break thy slumbers now,
Nor heavy tread of man to toil, to furnace or
to plough,
Where mighty towers of labor vomit forth
their wealth of woe,—
For “sundry blessings” crown thy brow and
in thy spirit glow.

VI.

Oh, could we give the greeting from out our
souls to-day,
We would give thee grace and length of days
upon the pilgrim's way;
But from our heart of hearts, dear Friend,
our welcomes doth essay
And the air resounds the echos of a loud and
long hurrah!!!

WASHINGTON.*

I.

FAR-FAMED Mount Vernon, fair shrine of
the brave,
Unfold thy mantle of death—let him come
forth
Who within thy breast serene hath slept so
long, so well,
Unto the land of love, which teemeth with
his worth.

II.

Oh, let his spirit beam in floods of light,
And mingle with the song of joy that floats
to-day
Unto that realm of peace where Freedom
reigns with God,
And prostrate angels ministering doth his
name essay.

III.

Nor peaceful shall thine opening be, O tomb!
But with thund'rous voice the very elements
might shake,
As he whom thou dost now, with awful grasp,
embrace,
When bade Columbia's fetters evermore cast
down and break.

IV.

But if the trump of man disturb him not,
Nor cannon's boom, nor shrieking maid, nor
warrior's cheer,
Let him still sleep on, unmindfully and
dreamless,
In his dream's fruition, when to him not
death itself was fear.

V.

When nations waged with fearful thought
the blow,
Which shed the Patriot's paroxysmal pride,
and paralyzed the proud,
When Napoleon's shattered Throne stood
tottering in the grasp
Of England's ruthless hand, and Ireland's
Cross shone forth thro' Freedom's
cloud,

VI.

Then 'twas thine, O mighty Man of War!
To raise that banner of the free, whose Stars
should shine
Through the dreariest dreariness of War's
direst gloom,
And crush thy foe beneath its Stripes—this
was thine.

VII.

Then earth's proud nations' onward march
stood still,
The heavens reversed as thunder from thy
crashing gun
Reached the very Throne of Grace, with joy
most fair,
And Angels sang thy immortality, O Wash-
ington!!

* Written in honor of the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of Washington's inauguration as President of the United States.

POEMS OF WILLIAM DOWLING.

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

"Here is the thought that makes my bliss:
To find a face that a child would kiss,
Gentle, tender, brave and just,
That a man might honor or woman trust."

J. G. WHITTIER.

MANY a time, in prose and rhyme,
I have tried and tried to tell
The hope of hopes that makes my heart
With a love of life to swell;
The hope that gilds each passing hour,
As its swift-winged moments flee,
With a warm glow of pure desire
Now comes, dear one, from thee,—
From thee, and only thee.

Many a time, as day calls me forth,
I long for the time to come
When a loving voice might eager ask,
How soon are you coming home?
And the voice so sweet to the mental ear,
Bringing life and joy to me,
Is but the echo of my heart,
Of a hope that's born of thee—
Of thee, and only thee!

Many an eve, 'as I sit alone,
While the stars—those eyes of night—
Look from their homes in God's vast domain
With a solemn, tranquil light.
From year to year unchanged they look—
Ever the same to me;
And Faith points them to my heart
As what it dreams of thee—
With love and trust of thee.

Storms may come and life may frown
As dark as life can be:
What care I if you're all my own—
If you but smile on me!
With constant heart that knows no change
Whate'er our fortune be,
Love shall the future overthrow;
My heart's hope's built on thee,
On thee, and only thee!

LINES.

To

EVEN simple words, when kindly meant,
May bring the heart supreme content,
May kindle hope or banish fear,
And make the path of duty clear.
Curbed as I am by rule and line,
Redundant fancy can entwine
Only kind wishes such as flow
From friendship's pure unselfish glow.
Time in its flight may bring to you
Strains far more sweet, but none more true.

"WHERE IS LITTLE MUCCO"?*

"My spirit o'er an early tomb
With ruffled wing lies drooping,
And real forms of blighted bloom
Have in my heart left little room
For those of fancy's grouping.
The eyes that kindled with delight
In death are sunk and hollow—
No more I'll tempt the inborn might
Of that young heart to follow."—J. D. FRAZER.

THE little voice is silent,
The little heart is chill,
The little feet in death's repose
No more obey the will.
The little hands are folded
Calmly upon his breast,
And the bright, joyous spirit
Has found eternal rest.

Ye who, like me, with nameless joy,
Have watched some tiny bed,
Can know how dark is hope's eclipse
When the little tenant's dead.
Though few and simple were the words
That little voice might speak
Yet for us no minstrel's muse
Could such melody awake.

* Mr. Dowling had lost a beautiful child. Returning from the funeral, one of the little toddlers of the household met the father at the door, and the first question he asked was: "Papa, where is little Mucco?" This incident suggested the poem, under this title.—EDITOR.

O wondrous Heavenly Father,
 How mysterious are Thy powers!
 'Tis but a few brief moments
 Since this folded bud was ours,
 Which now, like the smile of morning,
 Can scan the realms of space,
 With the halo of Thy glory
 Evermore upon its face.

Drawn back again by daily toil
 We seek our silent home;
 We set the little shoes away
 With a grief that's all our own.
 In silent thought we move around
 Through each familiar place,
 But vainly bid our hearts forget
 The joyous little face.

We know our love is selfishness
 That would again reclaim
 From a present home of endless bliss
 To one of care and pain.
 We will span life's turbid river—
 Soon its waters pass away,
 And merge themselves in the Ocean vast
 Of God's eternal day.

But look down from that home in heaven,
 My beautiful angel boy,
 Where thy untried spirit quaffeth
 From the founts of eternal joy.
 Let thy mother's sad, low wailing
 Thy joyous spirit move,
 To dry with thy angel pinion
 Her bounteous tears of love.

A POEM BY MICHAEL DAVITT.

INNISFAIL.

IN England's felon garb we're clad, and by
 her vengeance bound ;
 Her concentrated hate we've had—her *jus-*
tice, never found.

Her laws, accurs'd, have done their worst ; in
 vain they still assail
 To crush the hearts that beat for thee, our
 own loved Innisfail.

Nor can the dungeon's deepest gloom but
 make us love thee more :
 We'd brave the terrors of the tomb to keep
 the oath we swore ;
 In chains, or free, to live for thee, and never
 once to quail
 Before the foe that wrought such woe to our
 loved Innisfail.

From Irish mothers' hearts has flowed this
 sacred love of thee,
 And Erin's daughters' cheeks have glowed
 that love in deeds to see,

A coward-born fair lips will scorn, while joy-
 ously they hail
 The hearts that beat for love of thee, our
 own loved Innisfail.

Then let our jailers scowl and roar when
 cheerful looks we wear ;
 The patriot's God that we adore will shield
 us from despair.
 Fair bosoms rise with love-drawn sighs by
 mountain, stream and vale
 And day and night in prayers unite for us
 and Innisfail.

Here, chained beneath the tyrant's hand, by
 martyr's blood we swear
 To Freedom and to Fatherland we still alle-
 giance bear ;
 Nor felon's fate, nor England's hate, nor
 hellish-fashioned jail
 Shall stay this hand to wield a brand one
 day for Innisfail.

POEMS OF JAMES THOMAS GALLAGHER.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

James Thomas Gallagher was born in Ougham, county of Sligo, Ireland, in 1855. His parents, who belonged to the "well to do" farming class, intended him for the priesthood, but he chose rather the profession of journalism. He was for years connected with the *Dublin Nation* and *Shamrock*, and some of his best and most spirited poems were written for those journals. In the great struggle for the Parliamentary representation of Roscommon in 1879 between Charles Stewart Parnell and the O'Connor Don, Mr. Gallagher first distinguished himself. The distinguished Irish leader stated at a public banquet given him in Roscommon "that without the assistance of the young Poet he would never have won that O'Connor Don stronghold." For his service in that struggle Mr. Parnell offered to procure his election to Parliament, but being too poor he declined. In 1880 he came to New York, in which city he still resides. His poems and sketches are among the leading features in the best journals and magazines of the city. In 1884 he entered Bellevue Medical College, graduating with honor in March 1889, when he joined the regular house staff of that institution as a surgeon.

OUR BELOVED DEAD.

IN MEMORIAM—REV. THOS. N. BURKE.

DEAD! Erin, weep! your friend is gone;
Your truest and your best;
The bright unchanging star that shone
Across your darkened breast.
The star, when slander's poisoned breath
Would blast your flower of fame,
Which scorched the slanderer to death—
Immortal made your name.

Yes, weep; the tongue is chained in death,
That pity woke for thee;
The voice is hushed, and still the breath
That told thy misery.
The arm that did defend the right
And battle with the foe
Will ne'er again storm falsehood's height
Nor lay a bigot low.

Oh! how the haughty foeman reeled
Before his lightning glance;
How soon he pierced the braggart's shield
With truth's subduing glance.
Such mighty flood of facts he poured
Upon the Saxon's head
That shamed, defeated, drenched and gored
The brazen liar fled.

Oh, patriot! and gifted sage
And eloquent divine,
Time has not traced upon her page
A grander name than thine.
But ah, too soon you passed away—
Too soon withdrew your light—
Still memory holds one treasured ray,
To cheer us through the night.

Many a heart is sad to-day,
Many a tear is shed;
Bright hope that cheered the exile's way
For evermore is fled.
Thou wert, brave Father Tom, the pride
Of all who love to see
Poor Erin take her place beside
The nations that are free.

Light press the turf upon your breast,
You sleep in Irish clay;
We'd rather all beside you rest
Than thus in exile stray.
Rest, spirit, rest! while bends a sky
Above your native shore,
Your name and fame shall never die—
Shall loved be more and more.

ANNIE.

BRIGHT as the face of a morn in May,
When first from the East it wings forth its
bright way;

Sweet as the thrushes' first note in the grove,
Or pale infant primrose, is Annie, my love.

Pure as the dew-drops that lovingly creep
Into the young lily's bosom to sleep;
Fair as the hawthorn wreath that is wove
By nature's own hand, is Annie, my love.

Chaste as the breath that at eventide flows
From the bright dewy lips of the opening
rose;

True as the vow of seraph above,
Rarest of rare ones, is Annie, my love.

TRUE LOVE.

OH, what on earth is half so sweet
As love, true love?

An equal joy you'll only meet
In realms above,

Where all is beauty, all is bliss—
One long day of happiness.

Oh, what on earth is half so bright
As love, true love?

What thrills the heart with such delight
As love, true love?

Not all the song birds, all the flowers,
That sing or bloom in earthly bowers.

Oh, what on earth is half so grand
As love, true love?

Be its chain for motherland
Or mankind wove,

Its every link is rarer gem
Than ever flashed in diadem.

TELL ME YOU LOVE ME.

STAR of my night!

Sun of my day!

Happy when near thee,

Sad when away.

Beautiful maiden

With smile half divine,

Tell me you love me,

Say you'll be mine.

How dearly I love thee

Words cannot tell;

Mortal has never

Loved woman so well.

Since first I saw thee

My heart is thine;

Tell me you love me,

Say you'll be mine.

In every tress

Of thy rich, wavy hair,

That streams down thy neck

And shoulders snow fair;

In every feature

Such rare beauties shine,

I would not exchange them

For earth's richest mine.

Peace of my soul,

Comforter, kind,

Deep in my heart

And fond thou art shrined;

So deep and true

Time can't undermine;

Tell me you love me,

Say you'll be mine.

Oh, for that word

I'm longing to hear!

Earth knows no sound

Half so sweet to mine ear.

Oh, for those lips,

More ruby than wine;

Tell me you love me,

Say you'll be mine.

GRANT AND DEATH.

THE hand of dawn with pencil bright,

Was tracing morning o'er the sky

When Grant upon McGregor's height,

Beheld grim Death in armor nigh.

"O hero of undying fame!

Who saved the Union, peace restored!

Grant! Victor! Chief! on Mars' red plain,

Yield, yield to Death thy flaming sword!"

Spoke Grant; and valor sat enthroned

Upon his brow's majestic field;

"What victor never claimed before

To thee, King Death, my sword I yield."

A POEM BY JAMES MARTIN.

THE MARCH OF THE IRISH RACE.

O, spirits that watch for the coming dawn
at the promised Arcadian gate,
Have you read God's signs in the arching
skies, and his lines in the book of fate?
Have your weary eyes been at last made glad
with the visions that seem to say
That the alien's cause, like the gloom it
brought, is fading in death away?

O! patriot hearts that have throbb'd to be
free, as free as your sires of yore,
Do you feel the thrill of the roseate hope
you never had felt before?
O, bards, you may hush your requiem lays
o'er the loss of our glories gone.
For the Irish race, 'neath its banner of old,
is speedily marching on.

Out of the valley of sin and death, down
from the barren crags,
Where a peasant toiled (that a lord might
wine) while his children slept in rags.
Out from the scorn of serfdom's shame, out
from the dungeon grim,
Out from the lair where gyves and chains
encumbers each Irish limb.

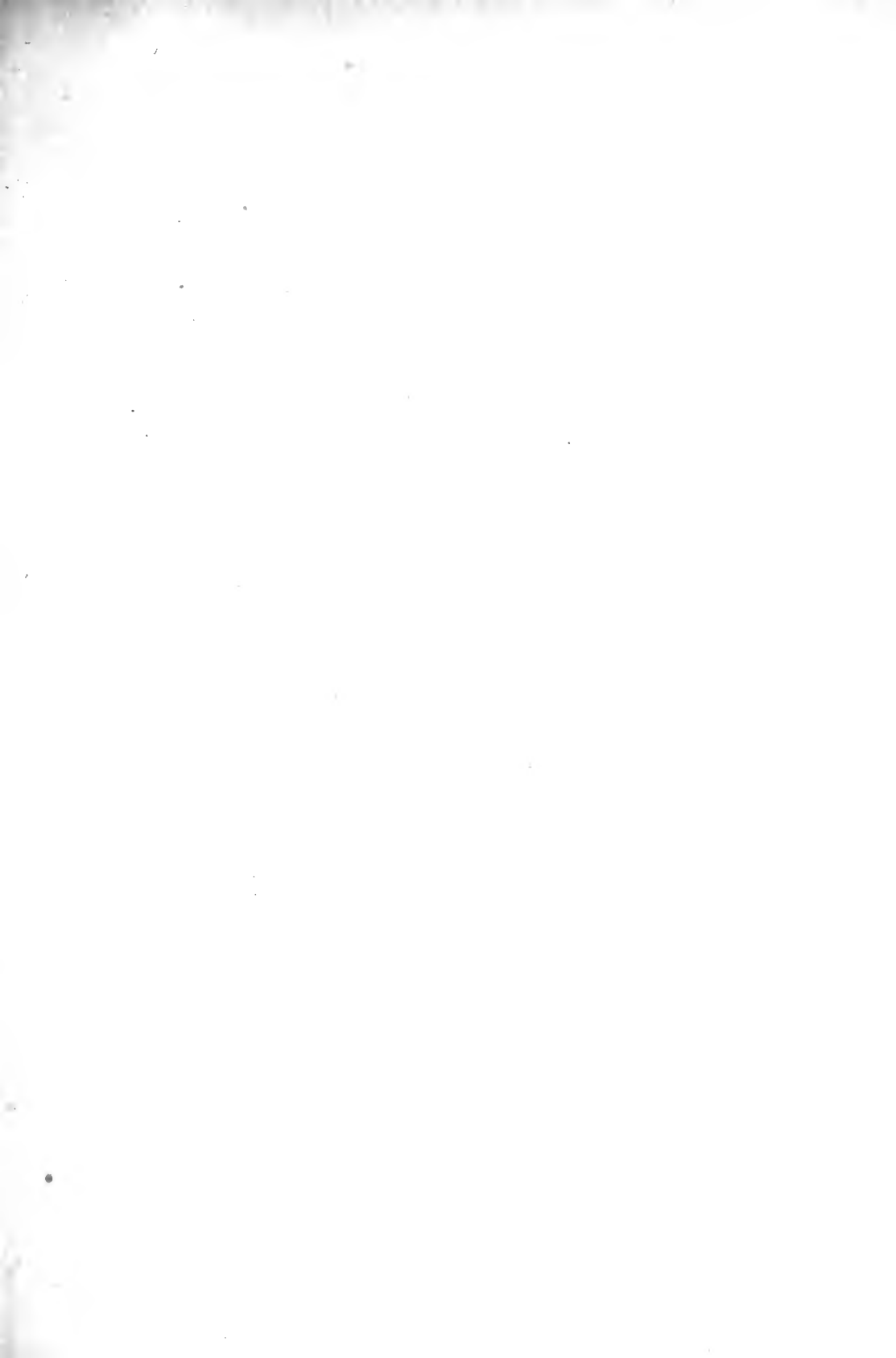
On, on to the vistas of human light, on, on
to the uplands, where
Men kneel at the shrine of freedom's God,
and the skies look ever fair.
On, on the shores where the sands be gems
that are kissed by the glad sunbeams;
On, on to each plain where the waving grain
from the golden meadow gleams.

Up, up from the swamps where the fetid
gusts of the poisonous vapor kill.
On, on in the march of the people's might,
with the strength of a people's will.
On, on in the part of the human race, to the
light of a better day,
Where tyrants' thrones and scepter'd drones
be ruthlessly swept away.

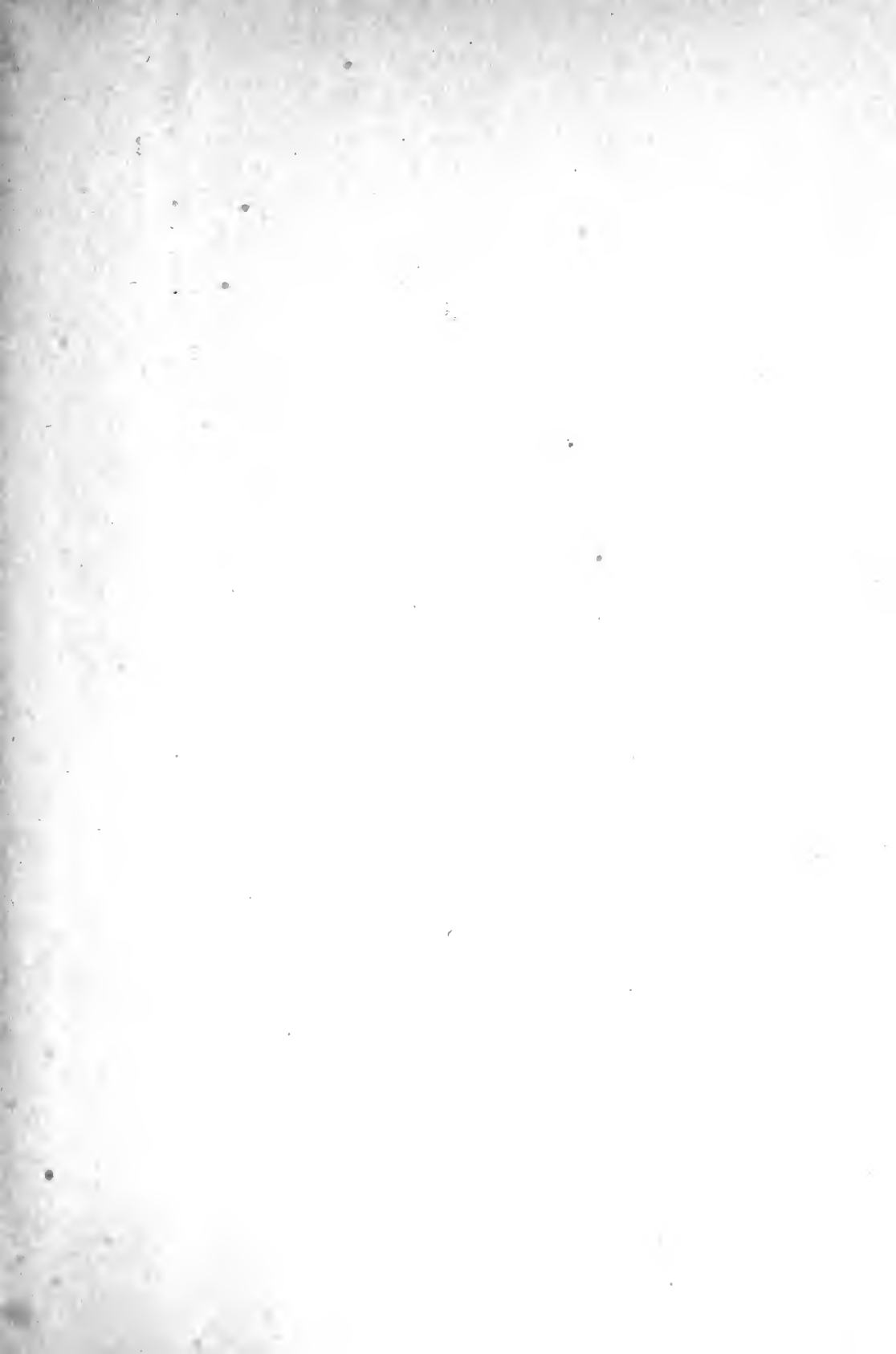
Where the earth shall not store the stains
of an outraged country's tears,
And the world will bask in peace and rest
'neath the glow of the coming years,
Then hurrah! hurrah! for the onward march
to the gates of the promised land,
Where never again the sceptre of state shall
be grasped by an alien's hand.

O, shades of our Hugh and Owen Roe, and
Emmet, and Orr, and Tone,
The land that you died to disentrall is
boldly marching on.
On, on through the night to the morning
bright where the green flag points the
way,
While her titled peers in terror fly like ghouls
at the dawn of day.

Till the castle be wrecked and the last red
coat of its myrmidon hordes be
gone,
The Irish race, through time and space,
shall ever go marching on.







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